

The Sunday at home

PATERNOSTER ROW 164 PICCADILLY.

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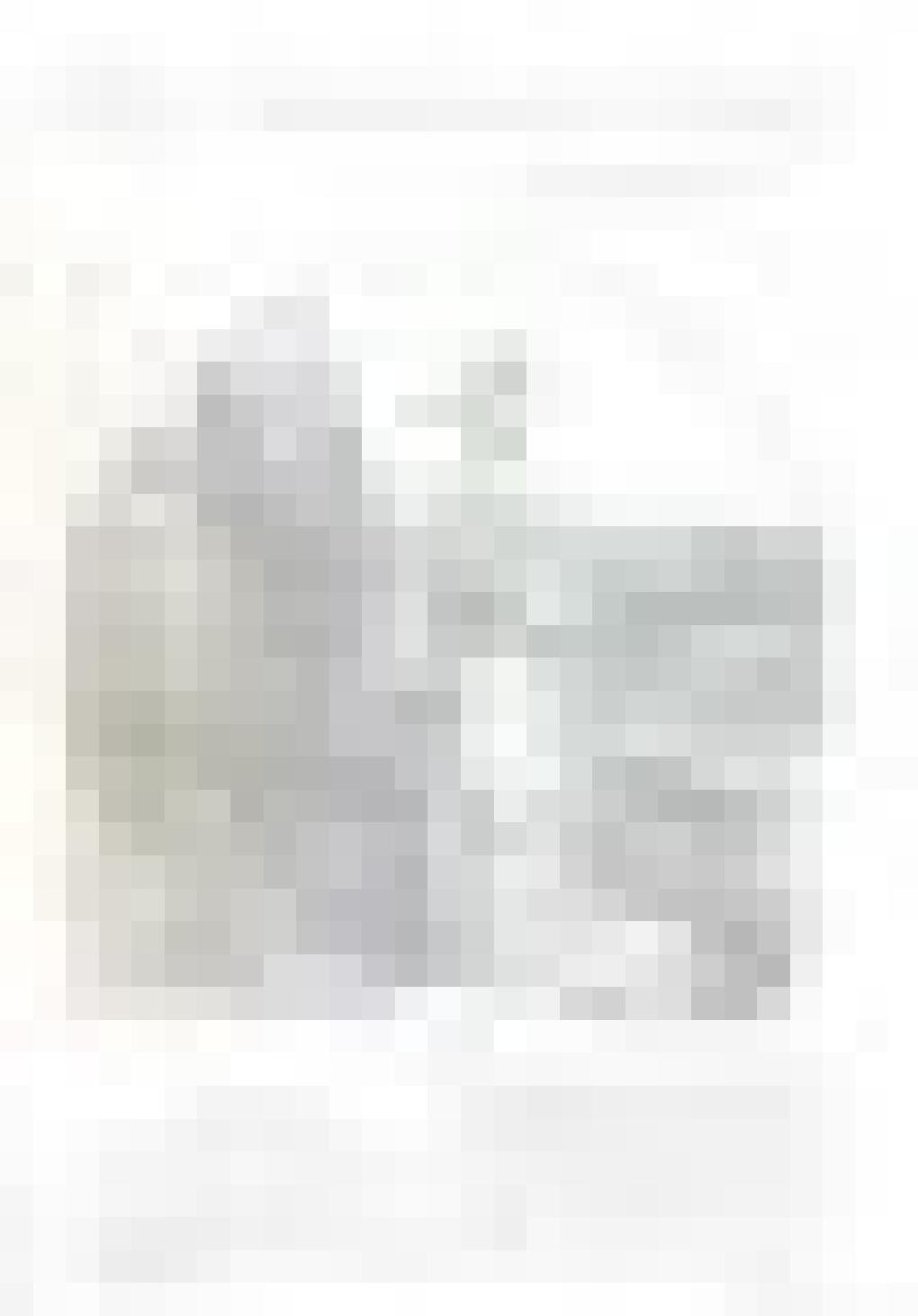
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"I dare say you have none of any importance."

"Gwendoline Halcombe, at twelve."

"The pretty girl that we met in the Academy with her father? But that need not take you out. You don't seriously suppose any lady would keep an appointment in this fog."

The lawyer's grey eyes laughed pleasantly beneath their broad brows. He was unlawyer-like, in aspect, according to conventional notions, being strong and upright in build, with ruddy colouring and particularly straightforward expression.

"I don't for a moment suppose so of any lady," he said. "I suppose it to be not improbable in the case of Miss Halcombe."

"I do not like young women to be too independent,—very young and pretty ones especially."

"Perhaps Miss Halcombe does not like it either. Independence becomes a matter of necessity in certain instances,—with the eldest of ten, for example."

"Is she that?"

"Ten is the number, I believe, ranging from nineteen to three."

"What made her fix on to-day?"

"She wrote and asked if she might have a few words with me. I named the day and hour."

"Why not telegraph to put her off?"

"That is far from being my only engagement. Also I could not reach her. She will be at her painting in the Academy or Kensington, I don't know which."

"Painting! yes, you promised to take me some day to see her drawings. She is clever, is she not?"

The lawyer was becoming absorbed in another letter. His wife surveyed the window afresh, trying to glean encouragement thence. Failing to do so, the conclusion at which she arrived was uttered aloud, with a sigh of despair

"It is perfectly awful."

"Eh?" said Mr. Selwyn.

"The fog! It is awful, Stuart."

"It is rather thick, but I have seen worse," mildly admitted Mr. Selwyn.

"If this is only 'rather,' I can't know what 'very' thick may be. You will never get back from the city alive."

"That will scarcely be the fate of every city man. I hope I shall be among the survivors."

"O Stuart, don't joke about it. Suppose something really did happen."

She had been married only nine months, and was as yet unaccustomed to the vicissitudes of the London atmosphere, after twenty-six years in the clear air of a country village. There was something country-like still about her soft plumpness and rosy cheeks. She was rather a pretty little woman, over twenty years her husband's junior. Mr. Selwyn had been married once before for a brief space, and had spent a long widowhood before finding a second wife to his mind. He was still in the prime of life, a lawyer in good practice, a man of considerable private means, and a general favourite, greatly esteemed by all who knew him, for his unwavering rectitude and for his exceeding kindness of heart. He had one son, Mortimer by name, four or five and twenty in age.

"Never expect evils, Isobel. I am an old hand at fogs. But, as you say, no need to jest. I have a note from Miss Withers. Lady Halcot desires an interview."

"Halcot! Isn't she the old lady at Riversmouth, who gives you so much trouble?"

"I should not like that description to reach Lady Halcot."

"Not very likely. I don't know any one belonging to her. And Miss Withers is the lady-companion, is she not? I remember. What do they want you to do?"

"I shall have to run down to Riversmouth to-morrow."

"So soon."

"Lady Halcot expects me to-day. Impossible, unfortunately."

"I am sure I would rather have you go into the country than into the city. There would be some likelihood of your leaving this horrible fog behind you."

"Yes, but I am tied to city work, to-day,—no help for it. I think the fog shows signs of lifting."

"I wish I could see them," sighed his wife.

Mr. Selwyn went to his office as usual, only not so quickly as usual, for traffic was under serious difficulties, and the promised "lifting" of the fog took place but slowly. If other people kept to their appointments that day, however, Gwendoline Halcombe unexpectedly failed in hers.

Riversmouth was a seaside place within tolerably easy distance of London, but it was by no means a seaside place, of the fashionable description. No railway station existed within four miles of the village—called flatteringly by some of its inhabitants a "town." No trim parade was laid down above or below the beetling low cliffs, which overhung the shingly beach, parted by only one sharp and narrow cut, through which trickled a tiny brooklet beside a rough pathway. Houses stood irregularly above, tire above tire, and two or three of the oldest buildings jutted almost over the edges of the cliffs.

Lady Halcot, the aged owner of the land in and about Riversmouth, strenuously resisted every attempt at improvement or "innovation:" her one aim being to keep the place precisely in the same condition as she had known it sixty or seventy years earlier. The traditions of her family sternly prescribed "selectness," forbade admission of strangers, discouraged popularity, abhorred excursionists, fought against social and religious changes of any kind or description. The old lady strove to carry out these traditions to the letter, and where she failed she lamented sorely.

That the place had so far increased as to possess two churches in lieu of one was a distress to her, and no one yet ventured to suggest in her presence the growing need for a third. She was regularly to be seen each Sunday, once if not twice, in the cushioned square pew of the parish church, where her ancestors had sat from time immemorial, but she had little to say to the Riversmouth clergy. The Rev. Charles Jay of the chapel-of-ease she had always disliked and ignored, simply from the fact that he belonged to a building the very existence of which she depre-

cated. The Rev. William Rossiter of the parish church, appointed to it by herself some twelve years earlier, had long been honoured by her friendship and confidence. But three or four years ago a change had crept quietly over the dream of peaceful parish slumberousness, wherein the old lady delighted. Nobody knew exactly when or how it began. Only, somehow, Mr. Rossiter's placid moral essays grew into earnest expositions of Bible truth and vigorous appeals to his congregation to repent and be saved; also an active young curate came upon the scene, and Bible-classes were started, and cottage-lectures sprang into being.—“Such things as were never even mentioned in my grandfather's days,” Lady Halcot said in her disgust.

She remonstrated with Mr. Rossiter, but was met by a gentle resistance, on which she had not calculated. Mr. Rossiter had reached that point where the question becomes one of obedience to God rather than man. He would have spoken of a change in himself and in his views of work to be done for His Lord and Master, but she would not listen. If he did not choose to conform to her will she had nothing more to say to the matter—or to him. Mr. Rossiter was permitted only to bow and withdraw, and from that day he was admitted no more into the Leys. He went quietly on with what he believed to be his duty, scattering the Word of Life to right and left, as he found opportunity, and meeting with much happy encouragement at times. But he saw no more of Lady Halcot, except in her pew and her pony-carriage. She vouchsafed him occasionally an icy bow in passing; and she studiously placed every possible obstacle in the way of his labours. It never occurred to her that she was thus actually hindering work for God. The idea might have startled her, had she looked it in the face.

No London fog had found its way to Rivers-mouth next day, when Mr. Selwyn stood upon the eastern cliff, enjoying the strong sea-breeze. He unbuttoned his great-coat, threw back his shoulders, and drank in large gulps of salt air, with a Londoner's appreciation of the same. Waves below were tumbling in, one upon another, with reckless haste, as the breeze helped onward the rapid spring-tide. There was not a gale, but the wind possessed sufficient force to whisk off the white wave crests, scattering them in small spray around, and to wail weirdly among roofs and chimney-pots. Rock-boulders lay upon the beach, where at intervals in the past they had fallen from the cliffs above, and amongst them the waves splashed roughly, swirling round, and drawing back, and leaving trails of white foam to die upon the stones.

A zig-zag flight of narrow steps, guarded by a stout hand-rail, led down the face of the cliff. Mr. Selwyn, standing at the top, had made up his mind not to descend, when his eye was caught by a figure below. “If it is not —” he ejaculated.

He paused for another look. The figure was that of a girl, standing upon a low boulder near the margin of the water. Her ungloved hands were clasped lightly together, and a grey closely-fitting ulster, swaying in the breeze, encased the slim figure from head to foot. The

neat little feet showed below, and the little head wore a cap of the same material as the ulster, from beneath which peeped short curly brown hair.

“What is she after here?” asked Mr. Selwyn half-aloud.

He made his way down the steps with no further hesitation, strode over the crunching shingles, and drew near. She glanced round at the sound of footsteps, and turned to meet him with a gesture of surprise.

“Mr. Selwyn!”

It was a lovely face, oval and delicate, with large brown eyes like those of a deer, liquid and wistful. The boyish shortness of the hair and the severe simplicity of the grey suit rather enhanced than detracted from the general effect.

“You here!” the lawyer said, in accents of unmitigated astonishment.

“I couldn't help it. I had the chance, and—I came. Was it wrong?”

“What chance?”

“Honora Dewhurst offered to bring me for two nights. It is just a reviving breath. We work together at our painting, and she is my friend. Mother said I ought to use the opportunity, but I could not feel sure about the ‘ought.’ Still—a third-class return doesn't come to so very much.”

“No, no,” Mr. Selwyn assented.

“Of course we can't really afford it,” she remarked ingenuously. “But then it is a question what one ever can afford. There is always something else wanted which seems just as needful. If it comes to a question of necessities, I suppose one could do in a hovel, with dry bread and water. But on the other hand I can't afford another illness, and I have felt like that lately.”

“Time you had change then. How has the work gone on?”

“Which work! The ‘stitch, stitch’ never does go well. Mother and Ruth have done my share as well as their own the last week, for I just couldn't. And then my painting began to fail, and life was looking awry, and I began to see it was time for a change, as you say; yet I could not feel sure. Perhaps I ought to have fought on without it. How is one to know which is the right thing to do, Mr. Selwyn?”

She looked at him questioningly.

“Generally by the exercise of common sense,” he said.

“Is that always enough? Common sense sometimes points in two directions equally. Mother would tell me to pray to be shown the right way.”

He did not exactly smile. His was not a cynical face by any means; but his expression for a moment was curious. Gwendoline's brown eyes had a sudden flash in them.

“And mother is right,” she said. “For what we want to do is God's will—of course; and how are we to know what His will is, unless He shows us. So it is the exercise of common sense to ask Him!” Gwendoline's bright eyes met Mr. Selwyn's steadily again, seeking to discover whether he agreed.

Mr. Selwyn contrived to banish from his face any manner of decisive expression. He did not

wish to enter into a discussion upon this question. "So you settled to come," he said.

"Yes, they all said I ought. And besides, I had another reason—" she stopped, and coloured brilliantly.

"Your journey prevented your coming to me yesterday, I suppose?"

"No, we did not start till the afternoon. I was near your office at twelve; but I changed my mind."

Mr. Selwyn showed surprise.

"I changed my mind," she repeated, looking down. "It was only something I wanted to consult you about, and just at last I decided not to ask you. I thought you would discourage me, and I wanted to be free."

"You would rather not tell me what the 'thing' is?"

"I'll think about it. Not now, please," she said sedately. Then with a sudden change of manner, turning towards the sea, "Oh, that wave!"

She fairly wrung her hands with delight, as a massive billow rolled in upon its predecessor, rising in a broad green wall of water, and curling over to fall with booming crash and hissing swirl. Mr. Selwyn uttered a word of warning and stepped back. Gwendoline did not move, and the foam rushed in a flood round her feet and ankles. She said only, "There!"

CHAPTER II.—LADY HALCOT.

"What are you going to do now?"

"I have only this pair of boots with me. It does not matter. Nobody ever takes cold with salt water."

"You have shoes, I suppose?"

"Yes, but I couldn't stay in-doors to-day."

"Where does your friend live?"

"Honora. She does not live here at all. We are visiting her uncle and aunt—dear kind little old people, Mr. Selwyn, but not the very least bit in any august circle of 'society.' It is a mite of a house, some way from the beach. Honor is coming to me presently. I could not bear to lose a moment of the sea."

"But you will go back now, and look to your wet boots," he said, with polite persuasiveness.

She gave an impatient gasp, then said,—"If I must"—and turned to spring lightly up the steps.

At the top they paused. "I wish I could go farther with you," Mr. Selwyn said. "But I am due at the Leys."

"I wondered what you were here for. Oh, what a delicious little carriage!"

The carriage, low and open, drawn by two exuberant ponies, went past rapidly. An old lady sat beside the drab-liveried young driver,—small and shrunken in figure, muffled well in ermine wraps, with thin snowy hair, bushy grey eyebrows, and two bright black eyes, which scanned Mr. Selwyn and his companion sharply. Mr. Selwyn lifted his hat with an air of profound politeness, and the old lady's head made a slight movement in acknowledgment of the same.

"Who is that?" asked the girl.

"Lady Halcot."

"It is? Mother wondered if I should see her. She looks—severe."

"She is severe."

"She has a splendid Roman nose,—if only she were a taller woman to match it."

"When you are a famous artist you may offer to take her likeness."

"Ah,—when!" she said, sighing deeply. "The poor old lady will scarcely live so long. But I really am taking a likeness now—of Mrs. Hobbs, our grocer's wife. She hasn't exactly classical features, and she wears an astonishing cap. I am to have a guinea for it, however." Gwendoline looked up laughingly.

"Most of us have to begin on the lowest rung of the ladder," said Mr. Selwyn, liking her courage.

"I think I am glad to have seen Lady Halcot," she said abruptly. "I understand better now."

Mr. Selwyn looked for more.

"About the state of things. You know I am a believer in physiognomy, though not always in my own reading of it. But Lady Halcot has a face easy to make out. If she made up her mind to any one course of action, she would not soon swerve from it."

"Your knowledge of the past gives you fair reason for supposing so."

"I was not sure till I saw her face. But I am now. I am afraid I should meet with a cold reception, if I ventured to call on her."

"I fear so, indeed. I could not recommend the step."

"Good-bye," said Gwendoline.

He shook hands and passed on. Gwendoline stood still, sighing deeply once more.

"It will not do," she said. "No, it will not do. I have been indulging day-dreams. I am glad I did not mention my idea to any one. Things looked different from a distance, but now I am here I see it will not do! I just couldn't take any such step. Mother says one's way always becomes clear, if one prays and waits. I suppose this is the becoming clear of my way. It isn't what I wished and dreamed. But to go to the Leys uninvited!—oh, no. What was I about, to think of such a thing? And yet—oh, mother, if I could but bring you ease somehow—anyhow! What could I not bear for your sake? if only it were God's will."

Half an hour later Lady Halcot, having reached home, was seated in her favourite arm-chair, a large chair for so small a woman. The greater portion of her time was spent in this plainly furnished morning-room or boudoir, more correctly a study, since it contained two handsome writing-tables besides a davenport, and was almost lined with books. The study proper, usually called "the library," was seldom used by her.

Divested of fur wraps, Lady Halcot might be found slightly deformed as well as small. One shoulder was a little raised, and the shape of her hands was singular, the knuckles being exaggerated in size. She sat upright, making no use of her chair-back. The davenport, close beside her, was covered with correspondence; and one of the said bony hands wielded a pen rapidly, filling page after page with bold handwriting.

Opposite the old lady, at the largest writing-

table, sat a light-haired young man, of depressed look and generally timid aspect.

" You may address these for me," Lady Halcot said suddenly, tossing some note-sheets towards him.

The young man's depressed look deepened into positive unhappiness. He took the letters slowly, examining one after another in a hesitating manner. Lady Halcot surveyed him with her bright cynical eyes, and finally broke into a—"Well?"

" I—I—am not quite sure—that is to say—I—"

" Ring the bell," said Lady Halcot impatiently. The young man obeyed, with a nervous start of response, and a man-servant appeared.

" Call Miss Withers."

The servant disappeared, and presently came back with a deprecating air. Miss Withers was out, and had not yet returned.

" Where is she gone?"

The man-servant was not aware. Lady Halcot looked at the young man for information, and with a second start he immediately turned over a small ink-stand, deluging two of the notes. He stared at the results of his own awkwardness, in blank despair.

" That will do for to-day," Lady Halcot remarked frigidly. " Give those papers to me, Bryce. Take care, here is a sheet of blotting-paper. I shall not require any further assistance this morning, Mr. Withers. You had better remove the cloth, Bryce, immediately, or the table will be ruined. Dear me, it is one o'clock. Mr. Selwyn will be here soon."

" Mr. Selwyn has just arrived, your ladyship," Bryce said, as he gathered up the ink-bedewed table-cloth.

" Bring him here to me, at once. You may go, Mr. Withers," for the young man seemed at a loss what to do. " Cannot you understand? I wish to see Mr. Selwyn alone."

Mr. Withers in alarm bowed, and precipitately retreated. Outside the room his face assumed a boyish expression of relief, and he sped at a headlong pace along the broad corridor. Passing

below the draped curtains, which divided it from the entrance hall, he nearly ran down a slim and quiet lady, over thirty, perhaps even over thirty-five, in age, dressed with unexceptionable neatness, having calm light-blue eyes, and smooth washed-out fair hair.

" Really, Conrad!" she said.

" I beg your pardon, aunt—didn't mean to hurt you, I'm sure I'm very sorry," said the dismayed Conrad, staggering back from the collision.

" Where are you going?"

" I turned over an ink-stand, and Lady Halcot ordered me off."

" You never get through a day without a blunder of some sort," the lady said in hushed tones, moving with him towards the ponderous front door. " Lady Halcot will grow tired of it soon, and dismiss you altogether."

Mr. Withers looked as if a worse event might happen, in his own opinion, than such dismissal.

" Yes, that is all very well," she said. " But think what the disappointment would be to me,—and to your sisters. Remember, Conrad, you have had difficulty enough before this, in finding any work for which you were fitted."

" I don't really think I am fitted for this," said disconsolate Conrad.

" Yes, you are, quite sufficiently, if you would determine to do your best. You are not brilliant, but you have sense enough for all that Lady Halcot requires," she said, lowering her voice to almost a whisper. " What you have to do is to make yourself necessary to her, Conrad. You understand. Make yourself necessary, in her every-day life. You should be incessantly on the watch to forestall her slightest wish—yet you must take care never to seem obtrusive. It is far more a matter of tact and attention than of cleverness. If you let this opportunity slip, you will never in life have such another."

Conrad Withers' expression was not responsive, but he said meekly, " I'll try, aunt, I'm sure I mean to do my best." Whereupon Miss Withers released him.

LAST DAYS OF A MAN OF SCIENCE.

THERE are few names more distinguished in the annals of science in our time than that of James Clerk Maxwell. In the highest departments of physical and mathematical research, he was one of our foremost men. In Astronomy, Optics, in Magneto-electricity, and above all in Molecular Physics, he held a pre-eminent place. As a teacher of Science, first at Aberdeen, then at King's College, London, and lastly as Professor of Natural Philosophy at Cambridge, his reputation was high. Although he died comparatively young, he was laden with honours. The Rumford medal, conferred in 1860, was the first of a long list of honorary distinctions, which up to his last year, in 1879, accumulated from all countries; among the savans of which universal

sorrow was felt at the death, in his 48th year, of "a man of profound and original genius, too early lost to England and to Science."

His life has been written, with a sketch of his contributions to Science.* A collection of his works is in preparation by the Cambridge University Press. These volumes will form a worthy memorial of "one who has enriched the inheritance left by Newton, and has consolidated the work of Faraday—one who impelled the mind of

* "The Life of James Clerk Maxwell;" with a selection from his correspondence, and a sketch of his contributions to science. By Lewis Campbell, M.A., Professor of Greek at St. Andrews, and Professor William Garnett, M.A., Nottingham. Macmillan and Co.

LAST DAYS OF A MAN OF SCIENCE.

Cambridge to a fresh course of real investigation." It is not the place in this journal to enlarge on his scientific work or fame, but the chapter in his biography recording the close of his career is worthy of special notice. In times when many assume a necessary antagonism between science and revealed religion, it is gratifying to learn that one of the highest men in natural research was also one of the humblest students of the Bible; and was as distinguished for personal piety as for scientific attainments.

It was this excellence of Christian character, even more than his scientific eminence, which produced the almost unexampled impression at Cambridge when he died. When in Scotland, his native land, for the last time, an insidious malady which had now for two years been weakening him, came to a crisis; and his physicians told him that his life could not be prolonged for a month. He returned to Cambridge to die. His intellect remained clear and unimpaired to the last. No man ever met death more consciously or more calmly. He had long lived with Christ, and was willing to depart and be with Christ. He never expressed one word of regret, except for leaving the wife with whom he had been for twenty-one years united in loving sympathy. Rumours of his wonderful peacefulness in suffering touched many hearts. And when the end came, all Cambridge sorrowed over one of whom Cambridge had long been proud. It was a deep and widely-spread emotion which found a voice that Sunday in St. Mary's Church, through the mouth of one who had known him when both were scholars of Trinity, the Rev. Dr. Butler, Head Master of Harrow School:

"When I came up to Trinity twenty-eight years ago, James Clerk Maxwell was just beginning his second year. His position among us—I speak in the presence of many who remember that time—was unique. He was the one acknowledged man of genius among the undergraduates. We understood even then that, though barely of age, he was in his own line of inquiry not a beginner, but a master. His name was already a familiar name to men of science. If he lived, it was certain that he was one of that small but sacred band to whom it would be given to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge. It was a position which might have turned the head of a smaller man; but the friend of whom we were all so proud, and who seemed, as it were, to link us thus early with the great outside world of the pioneers of knowledge, had one of those rich and lavish natures which no prosperity can impoverish, and which make faith in goodness easy for others. I have often thought that those who never knew the grand old Adam Sedgwick and the then young and ever youthful Clerk Maxwell, had yet to learn the largeness and fulness of the moulds in which some choice natures are framed. Of the scientific greatness of our friend we were most of us unable to judge; but any one could see and admire the boy-like glee, the joyous invention, the wide reading, the eager thirst for truth, the subtle thought, the perfect temper, the unfailing reverence, the singular absence of any taint of the breath of worldliness in any of its thousand forms.

"You know in part, at least, how in his case the promise of youth was more than fulfilled, and how the man who, but a fortnight ago, was the ornament of the University, and—shall I be wrong in saying it?—almost the discoverer of a new world of knowledge, was even more loved than he was admired, retaining after twenty years of fame that mirth,

that simplicity, that child-like delight in all that is fresh and wonderful, which we rejoice to think of as some of the surest accompaniments of true scientific genius.

"You know, also, that he was a devout as well as thoughtful Christian.

"We may well give thanks to God that our friend was what he was, a firm believer, and that his powerful mind, after ranging at will through the illimitable spaces of Creation, and almost handling what he called 'the foundation stones of the material universe,' found its true rest and happiness in the love and the mercy of Him whom the humblest Christian calls his Father. Of such a man it may be truly said that he had his citizenship in heaven, and that he looked for, as a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, through whom the unnumbered worlds were made, and in the likeness of whose image our new and spiritual body will be fashioned."

Dr. Butler said that the living power of the gospel could be seen in the daily life of a lowly peasant who walked with God, and had his citizenship in heaven, but it was well also to have testimony that scientific genius and fame also could be united with simple Christian faith. To one of his friends Maxwell said in those last days, "I have read up many queer religions, but there is nothing like the old thing after all;" and, "I have looked into most philosophical systems, and I have seen none that will work without a God." The same conclusion is more fully stated in an account of his last illness, written by the Rev. Dr. W. H. Guillemard, of the Little St. Mary's Church, soon after Maxwell's death.

"He suffered exquisite pain, hardly able to lie still for a minute together, sleepless, and with no appetite for the food which he so required.

"He understood his position from the first; knew what it all meant, and calmly girded himself for the awful struggle. He welcomed me at once as visiting him, not only as a friend, but as the Parish Priest come to assist him and to minister to him, and spoke of our relations with a grave, simple cheerfulness. You know the lightheartedness of the man in ordinary times; and really it abode on him throughout; he was never downcast or overburdened, and yet he was the humblest and most diffident of men, with the deepest sense of his own unworthiness, of his many shortcomings, of his neglected opportunities. 'But he loved much, and love had cast out fear.' I used to go to him nearly every day of the five or six weeks he was here, to read and pray with him. He preferred the prayers of the Church, and asked for them, and by the wonderful power of his memory knew them all by heart; but he gladly joined in other devotions, and took special delight in sacred poetry, of which I generally read him two or three short pieces.

"He knew all our best writers in that line thoroughly: Milton, Keble, Newman, Wesley, George Herbert—the latter his chief favourite. His knowledge of the Bible was remarkable, and he constantly asked for his most deeply-prized passages. Four days before he was removed from us he received the Holy Communion at my hands, with holy, reverent, fervid devotion, and said what strength it gave him.

"I saw him only once again; he was too weak and restless and exhausted for much intercourse; but as I rose from my knees he said:—'My dear friend, you have been a true under shepherd to me: read me, before you go, the beautiful prayer out of the Burial Service, "Suffer me not at my last hour"—and his grasp of my hand, as we parted, told me all he felt.'

"I had known but little of his inner self before his illness; he was singularly reticent; and though we occasionally discussed a text critically, we rarely got upon doctrine, or anything that touched upon the spiritual life. He was a constant regular attendant at church, and seldom, if ever, failed to join in our monthly late celebration of Holy Communion, and he was a generous contributor to all our parish charitable institutions. But his illness drew out the whole heart and soul and spirit of the man: his firm and undoubting faith in the Incarnation and all its results; in the full sufficing of the Atonement; in the work of the Holy Spirit. He had gauged and fathomed all the schemes and systems of philosophy, and had found them utterly empty and unsatisfying—'unworkable' was his own word about them—and he turned with simple faith to the Gospel of the Saviour."

To Professor Lewis Campbell, the biographer and early friend of Maxwell, Dr. Guillemand wrote a similar account, thus concluding:

"His faith in the grand cardinal verities was firm, simple, and full; and he avowed it humbly but unhesitatingly, with the deepest gratitude for the revelation of the truth in Jesus. I do not think he had any doubts or difficulties to cloud his clear mind or shake his peace."

"He was calmly and serenely resigned to the will of God, and bowed in meek acquiescence before what he believed to be the Word of God."

"I never saw a sign of impatience or fretfulness under all his long suffering, or heard an approach to a murmur. His one and only care was for his wife. It was a grand sight to see him day by day girding himself calmly and resolutely for the last struggle, and he passed through it undismayed."

This wonderful display of faith and patience in the sunset of his life was but the fruit and crown of a long growth in grace. As to his religious beliefs and feelings he had always been unobtrusively reticent in public; as was Faraday also, who seldom in scientific circles made reference to the truths of revelation, of which he was an expositor as well as a follower. Of Maxwell's outward observance of Church worship and service, the letter of Dr. Guillemand speaks clearly, but it was only to his nearer friends, and in his home life, that the depth of his religious feeling was known. When repeatedly asked to join the Victoria Institute, one object of which, in addition to its scientific proceedings, is to bear testimony to the Christian belief in revelation, Maxwell wrote:

"I do not think it my duty to become a candidate for admission into the Victoria Institute. Among the objects of the Society are some of which I think very highly. I think men of science as well as other men need to learn from Christ, and I think Christians whose minds are scientific are bound to study science that their view of the glory of God may be as extensive as their being is capable of. But I think that the results which each man arrives at in his attempts to harmonise his science with his Christianity ought not to be regarded as having any significance except to the man himself, and to him only for a time, and should not receive the stamp of a society."

This implied no unreadiness to make open profession of his faith, wherever duty seemed to call for it. In his Scottish country house he had regular family worship, and took deep interest in the religious as well as secular welfare of all dependent on him. A member from early years

of the English Church, he worshipped also in Presbyterian or in Nonconformist Churches, as circumstances led him. Thus we find in one of his letters, a reference to his attending a Baptist Church, because the minister, he says, "knows his Bible, and preaches as near it as he can, and does what he can to let the statements in the Bible be understood by his hearers."

But the clearest glimpses afforded of his inner life appear in the few published letters to his wife. Here are some extracts.

"Lewis preached on 'Ye must be born again,' showing how respectable a man it was addressed to, and how much he, and all the Jews, and all the world, and ourselves, needed to be born *from above* (for that is the most correct version of the word translated *again*). Then he described the changes on a man new-born, and his state and privileges. I think he has got a good hold of the people, and will do them good and great good."

"Phil. iii.—There is great wisdom in v. 13. Never look back with complacency on anything done, or attained, or possessed. See the description of those who mind earthly things, and let us depart from their ways. Conversation in v. 20 means going backwards and forwards, and refers to the 'walking' of the preceding verses. What a description of the power of Christ in the last verse, over 'all things,' and our vile bodies among the rest, and what a day it will be when He has done all His work and is satisfied!"

"I think the more we enter together into Christ's work He will have the more room to work His work in us. For He always desires us to be one that He may be one with us. Our worship is social, and Christ will be wherever two or three are gathered together in His name."

"May the Lord preserve you from all evil, and cause all the evil that assaults you to work out His own purposes, that the life of Jesus may be made manifest in you, and may you see the eternal weight of glory behind the momentary lightness of affliction, and so get your eyes off things seen and temporal, and be refreshed with the things eternal!"

In another letter he writes:

"Think what God has determined to do to all those who submit themselves to His righteousness and are willing to receive His gift. They are to be conformed to the image of His Son, and when that is fulfilled, and God sees that they are conformed to the image of Christ, there can be no more condemnation, for this is the praise which God Himself gives, whose judgment is just. So we ought always to hope in Christ, for as sure as we receive Him now, so sure will we be made conformable to His image. Let us begin by taking no thought about worldly cares, and setting our minds on the righteousness of God and His kingdom, and then we shall have far clearer views about the worldly cares themselves, and we shall be continually enabled to fight them under Him who has overcome the world."

"I can always have you with me in my mind—why should we not have our Lord always before us in our minds, for we have His life and character and mind far more clearly described than we can know any one here? If we had seen Him in the flesh we should not have known Him any better, perhaps not so well. Pray to Him for a constant sight of Him, for He is man that we may be able to look to Him, and God, so that He can create us anew in His own image."

Here is seen the true life of the man, the faith and piety which consecrated and ennobled the extraordinary natural and acquired gifts by which he was distinguished.

M E C C A H.

BY CANON TRISTRAM.

I.

JERUSALEM—Rome—Athens—scarcely less familiar, not less intimately connected with the history of mankind, as we retrace it for centuries back into the dim past, is MECCAH, the mysterious centre of Islam worship, the magnet of Arabian nationality for ages before its great prophet rose. Yet who has seen Meccah? How many Christian eyes have ever looked on the Káabeh? Never until this year has any pictorial representations of the sacred city been produced, and that only a single photograph, which has found its way to Europe. Every previous sketch of either Meccah or Medinah has been either from memory or imagination. Hateful as is the limner's art in the eye of every true believer (in Mohammed), still more odious is that of the photographer; for he combines necromancy with the breach of the second commandment. No blacker crime could possibly be committed than to employ those forbidden arts for the exposure of the most sacred scenes of the faith of Islam to the gaze of unbelieving dogs. Yet this is what photography has accomplished, and so far without detection.

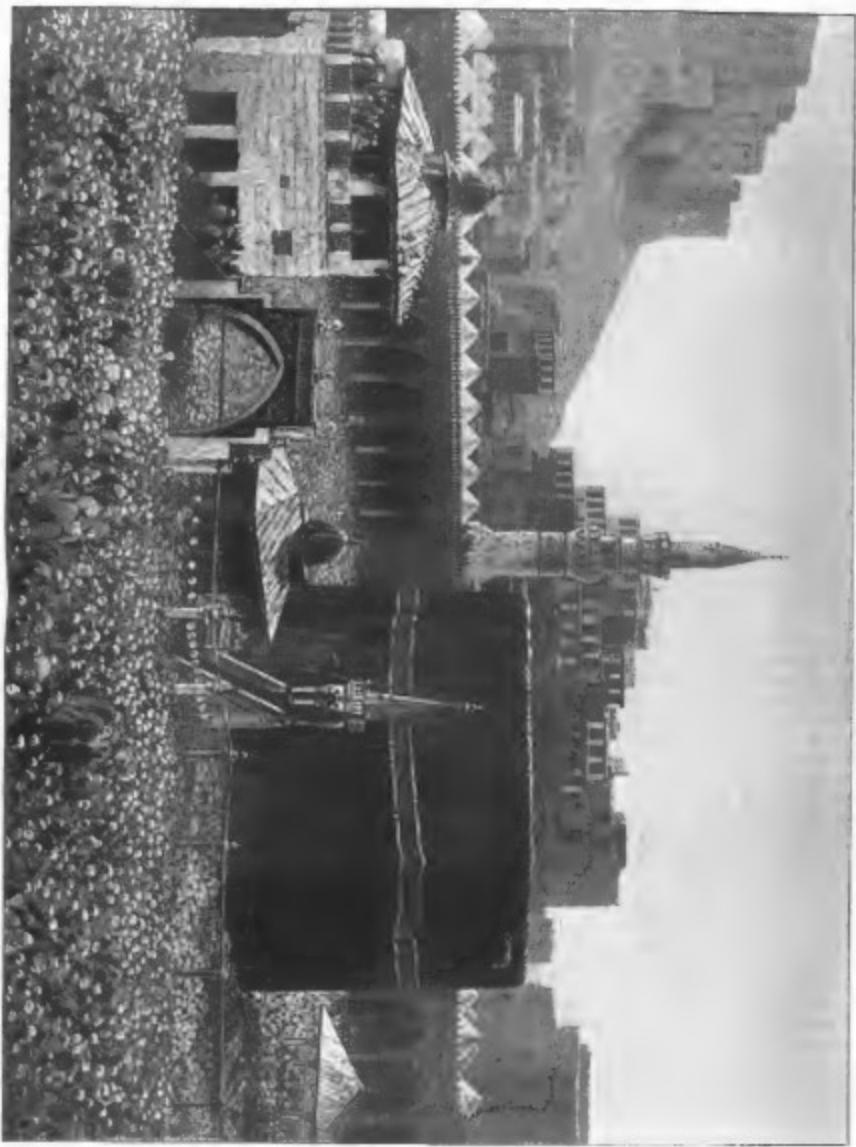
A young Mussulman who had been employed for some years by an Italian photographer in the Levant, and was a very clever manipulator, determined last year to make the "hadj," or pilgrimage to Meccah. Now it by no means detracts from the virtue or sanctity of the pilgrimage, to make it an opportunity for trade, and no hadji is thought the worse of because he has taken with him several camels' load of merchandise, and has made a few shrewd bargains in the intervals of his devotions at the sacred shrines. "How can you be so wicked as to rob the devout and holy men who are going the hadj?" inquired the writer, of a well-known Anizeh Sheikh, who, there was reasonable suspicion for believing, had often enriched himself at the cost of the Damascus caravan. "We rob no saints," was the reply, "we only relieve roguish traders of the goods with which they might defraud the faithful at the holy shrine." It is the well-known fact of the great amount of commerce connected with the pilgrims' caravan, that adds its greatest danger to the pilgrimage, by exciting the cupidity of the nomad Bedouin far and near—tribes whose devotion to Islam never has reached the same pitch as their enthusiasm for a raid in which the promised booty is rich, and the danger slight. Our young photographer was advised by his friend not to travel without baggage, and to let that baggage consist of dry photographic plates, for which he was to endeavour to find use from time to time. Shrewd enough to keep his own counsel, and hiring at Meccah a chamber first on one side of the Great Mosque, and then on the other, in which to warehouse his commercial ventures, he succeeded in securing photographs showing not only the city of Meccah, but

the interior of the great square of the Mosque, with the canopy of the Káabeh, taken both from the east and west sides. He also obtained, undetected, two views of Medinah with the pilgrims' camp in the foreground, and one view of the sacred mountain of Arasat, brought his dry plates back in safety, and developed them at Jeddah. The positives from which our illustrations have been engraved, are, we believe, the only copies which have yet reached Europe, for the adventurous pilgrim faithfully kept his pledge to his patrons.

The value of these photographs is immense, enabling us as they do to check or confirm the "travellers' tales" of the very few explorers who have reached the mysterious city, and on whose journals, chiefly written from memory, we had exclusively to depend for our conceptions of the shrine which it embraces. And it is satisfactory to note how they supply the illustrations needed to understand clearly the journals of Burkhardt, Burton, and Keane.

Meccah itself is situated near the south-east extremity of the Hejaz, the long, thinly-peopled strip of Arabia which runs down from the north-west angle by the Red Sea, and intervenes between the sea and the central Arabian desert. Long before Mohammed arose, not only had Meccah been the religious centre of Arabia, but the black stone of the Káabeh (as it is now written) had been the object of popular adoration, being probably an aerolite of unusually large size, which, like the stone of Diana at Ephesus, was looked on by the inhabitants as a divinely-sent gift from Heaven. Though over and over again rebuilt, there is every probability that the encircling *temenos* has always been restored on the same lines as its predecessor. The authentic history of Meccah begins in the fifth century of the Christian era, when the chiefs of Koreysh, a clan pretending descent from Ishmael, had made themselves masters of the sacred shrine, and were the acknowledged guardians of the Káabeh. To it the Arab had for ages been in the habit of bringing yearly offerings, and of making devout pilgrimages. This guardianship gave the Koreysh clan a religious pre-eminence over all the other Arabian tribes, as well as making them masters of the treasures of jewels, gold, and silver, which the devotion of ages had laid in accumulating heaps on the holy shrine. The keys of the temple had long been held by the kings of Yemen, the successors of the Queen of Sheba, but the Koreysh clan having once obtained them, held them fast for many generations, both against their rivals in the peninsula, and also against the otherwise successful invasion of the Christian Abyssinian army in A.D. 570.

This invasion is one of the most singular episodes in Arabian history, and throws some light on the rapid propagation of the creed of



THE SQUARE AND CLOISTERS OF THE GREAT MOSQUE, WITH THE KAADEH, AT MECCA.

Printed at Edinburgh.

Islam one-hundred years later. The king of Yemen, the southern and richest part of Arabia, had become a convert to Judaism, and the Koreysh clan had much commercial intercourse with Aden and the other ports of Yemen. They must thus have become conversant with the externals at least of the Mosaic code, and hence doubtless Mohammed derived much of his system, in so many points a distorted caricature of the old Covenant. It is remarkable that while the Roman Empire had been Christianised; and Judaism utterly banished from Palestine, it should have become an aggressive and even a persecuting power in Arabia. But the fanatic zeal of the Arab converts brought about their own destruction. The king of Abyssinia landed an army of 70,000 men at Aden in A.D. 529, to avenge the ruthless persecutions of the Christians, and for seventy years the Christian rule was established throughout the whole of Southern Arabia. It was in the year of Mohammed's birth, A.D. 569, that the Abyssinian King Abraha pushed farther north, but only to suffer ignominious defeat the next year under the walls of Meccah. After this repulse the Christian kingdom had to stand on the defensive; until thirty-five years later when the Abyssinians were finally driven out, A.D. 605, by the aid of the Persian conqueror Chosroes, the fire worshipper, who so nearly subdued for a time the whole Eastern Empire. Chosroes, monster of cruelty though he was, was certainly a monotheist. And when we remember what must have been the national aspirations, and the popular feeling during the whole period of Mohammed's youth and early manhood; how the Christians would be looked on as the foreign enemies of his race; how many sympathies the Koreysh clan must have had with the Jewish kingdom of Yemen; and how the Persian champion of the unity of the God-head, and the enemy of material emblems, had been the national ally and champion; while the use of *eikons* and figures had already corrupted the simplicity of primitive Christianity, we can almost trace the natural results on the mind of the excitable and visionary enthusiast; who had certainly, at first, many noble and patriotic aspirations.

The clan of Koreysh, to which Mohammed belonged, boasted of a pedigree going back to Ishmael; and this pretension, which can scarcely be accepted as historical, was encouraged by the Jews, and doubtless had its effect on the predilections of the prophet. The Arabian authorities also claim Joktan the son of Heber, as the ancestor of the southern tribes, whom they thus admit into a sort of cousinship.

Such was the condition of Arabia when Mohammed first asserted his prophetic character. No centre could have been better adapted for the headquarters of a reviver of national aspirations than Meccah. With the sacred shrine, and the heaven-descended stone in its midst, it had always been the religious capital. Besides, only a day's journey from it was held the great annual fair and gathering of Okad, a national meeting in the plain, lasting for the whole month before the ceremonies of the pilgrimage and visitation of the shrine, and in which naturally the Koreysh chiefs held the first place. Here all questions of peace and

war, of alliances and treaties, were discussed in open assembly, and its decisions, if not always accepted, had due weight in every part of the peninsula.

Yet, though Meccah was the natural centre of Arabian nationality as well as religion, it has not, since the flight of Mohammed, from which the Hegira, the Moslem epoch dates, A.D. 621, been, except temporarily, the seat of the Khalifat. This soon passed from Medinah to Damascus, when the Ommiade dynasty reigned. The Abasside dynasty removed the seat of government to Baghdad, to which Meccah paid allegiance.

When these in turn yielded to the Fatimite dynasty of Egypt, Meccah followed the fortunes of war; and up to the time of the conquest of Egypt by the Sultan Selim I, in A.D. 1517, the whole of the Hejaz and the sacred cities were looked on as Egyptian territory. With Egypt it passed under Ottoman rule, and possessed an uneventful history for about 300 years, till captured in 1803 by the Wahhabees, the great puritan reformers of Islam, who would restore it to its original purity; reject the invocation of saints, as not authorised by the Koran; and denounce the use of everything, such as tobacco, not expressly permitted by the sacred book. Ten years afterwards Medinah was stormed and Meccah captured by Mehemet Ali as the lieutenant of the Sultan. The conqueror made Meccah his head-quarters for nearly two years, as did Ibrahim Pasha after him. Since the rupture between Turkey and Egypt, the Hejaz and sacred cities have remained under the rule of Constantinople and not of Cairo: the Shereef or religious head of Meccah, in fact of Islam, being appointed and sometimes deposed, directly by the Sultan. Though Meccah brings in little pecuniarily to the Turkish treasury, yet its possession, even though it be but titular, is of immense value to the Porto, for the possessor of Meccah is in the eyes of all true believers (of Islam) the representative of the Khalifa and the head of the whole Moslem world.

It is this association of the Porto with the Moslem "Holy Land," as they call this district, which hedges round the Sultan with divinity, and speculation is often rife as to what would happen in case the connection were dissolved. But though scarcely supported by physical force, there is at least no opposing force to Turkish rule, or non-rule. Arabian nationality is a thing of the past, except among the Wahhabees, and provincial jealousies absorb all the energies of the race. No doubt the Wahhabees aspired to the rule of all Arabia, and especially of the holy cities, but unless they can enlist the sympathies of the other tribes and provinces, of which there does not seem any immediate prospect, they have scarcely the numbers nor the resources to carry on an aggressive war beyond their own boundaries.

Though so inaccessible to the European, so enveloped in mystery, Meccah is but fifty miles from its frequented seaport of Jeddah, with a polyglot population, among which the English sailor mixes freely and unmolested. No passport or permit is needed for the pilgrimage. It is simply the absolute necessity of passing for a

Moslem, and being thoroughly conversant with the minutest details of religious and social ceremonial, which has sealed the holy city to the ordinary Frank. The only travellers who have reached it have done so in the guise of pilgrims, and have rigidly gone through every part of the prescribed and lengthy observances.

The intervening country between Jeddah and Mecca is dreary in the extreme, for the first day's journey a sandy plain, and afterwards a more rugged mountain range with rocky defiles. The country round to the northward is described by Burton as "a desert peopled only with "cohoes—a place of death for what little there is "to die in it, a wilderness, where, to use my "companion's phrase, there is nothing but Ho. "Nature scalped, flayed, discovered all her skeleton "to the gazer's eye. The horizon was a sea of "mirage; gigantic sand columns whirled over the "plain; and on both sides of our road were huge "piles of bare rock, standing detached upon the "surface of sand and clay. Here they appeared in "oval lumps, heaped up with a semblance of "symmetry; there a single boulder stood with its "narrow foundation based upon a pedestal of low, "dome-shaped rock. All were of a pink, coarse- "grained granite, which flakes off in large crusts "under the influence of the atmosphere." The first sight of Mecca is not imposing. It is a huge collection of stone-built and often white-washed houses, scattered over rocky slopes, with narrow winding irregular streets, all converging upon the Haram or sacred enclosure, within which stands the Káabeh, the Moslem Holy of Holies. The vast *enceinte*, with its deep cloisters, the roofs of which are supported by row after row of columns, reveals in its outlines and general plan the arrangement and features of Solomon's Temple, and it is very possible has been in some degree suggested by the descriptions of the centre of Israel's worship. There is the sacred stone in place of the ark of the covenant; the enclosing masonry with its pall answering to the holy place and the veil of the Temple; Zem-Zem or the Holy Well, instead of Solomon's brazen sea, but for drinking as well as for ablutions; the vast open area around floored with marble near the shrine, and gravelled beyond; and then the labyrinth of cloisters, or arcades brilliantly illuminated with thousands of lamps, recalling the various courts of the Gentiles, the women, the king, the porch of Solomon, and, the rest. One great feature alone is absent. There is here no altar, no semblance or type whatever of sacrifice.

The Moslems have also, after the fashion of the Christians in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, brought together within these walls the sites of many events in the lives of the patriarchs. The spring of Zom-Zem, close to the Káabeh, is that which was miraculously supplied to Hagar in the wilderness. In the streets hard by is the course about a third of a mile long, which Hagar took when running up and down in her search for water. On Jebel Kubays, the hill overlooking the city, Mohammed wrestled with Nimrod and defeated him. Inside the sacred area is the stone which Abraham used as a platform while building the Káabeh, with the print of his foot on it. Close to the Káabeh is the

tomb of Ishmael; a little farther on is Abraham's house; while at Muna, only a day's journey off, is the place where Abraham prepared to offer up Isaac, the thicket where the ram was caught, and the altar where he was sacrificed. But we need not enlarge further on these idle tales. They only serve to show how utterly valueless as to topography are the traditions of the East; and the invariable readiness to localise in convenient spots, the events historical, or traditional, which are connected with the faith of the people.

The best view of Mecca is to be obtained from the Mosque on the Jebel Kubays. The city lies in a basin about a mile and a half long, and about half that width, surrounded by steep hills, up whose sides climb the houses in most irregular order; while the whole valley is crammed with buildings of all shapes and sizes, many of them of considerable height, built of roughly dressed or undressed stone, and rubble; sometimes plastered, with flat roofs and no open spaces to be detected in any direction. In fact everything is built with systematic irregularity, by a fixed law of non-uniformity. In the centre stands out conspicuous the great square of the Haram, enclosing the Káabeh. This forms the point of rest for the eye. It stands out unique from among the minarets, cupolas and domes which surround it, the Moslem's temple of the one God, the God of Abraham, of Ishmael, and of their posterity. "Sublime it was," says Burton, "and "expressing by all the eloquence of fancy the "grandeur of the one idea which vitalised El- "Islam, and the strength and steadfastness of its votaries." It is a plain, unornamented oblong of massive masonry, thirty-eight feet by thirty square, and forty feet high; covered with a heavy black cloth, of a fabric of mixed silk and cotton, which has a richly embroidered band worked in bullion, about two and a half feet deep, encircling it about ten feet from the top, with the Kalumna, the Moslem profession of faith wrought in gold letters; while the whole of the cover is damasked with the same characters.

This Kiswah, or sacred carpet, is a feature of Mecca worship long before the epoch of Islam. The habitation of Deity was first veiled by Tobba, and was said to have been the work of the children of Israel settled at Mecca. The pagan Arabs never removed the covering, but when worn and tattered put the new one over the old. Mohammed ordered the building to be covered with a new linen cloth. Gradually the ritual was changed, and the colour of the stole or vestment of the Káabeh was changed three times a year, the discarded covering being torn in shreds, and divided as precious relics among the pilgrims. The providing of the Kiswah came gradually to be looked on as the duty and prerogative of the Khalifat, and to signify the suzerainty of the Hejaz. Then it passed from the Abassides in Baghdad, to Egypt and Yemen, its colours being changed from white to red, and then to green, till, on the establishment of the Ottoman supremacy, the Sultan assumed the duty of providing it, and ordered it to be black, which has been the colour ever since, except during the conquest of the Wahhabees, who restored the red

veil. The "holy carpet," as it is generally called by Europeans, is now manufactured at Khurunfish near Cairo, by a family who claim the hereditary prerogative of supplying it. When ready, it is carried in solemn procession to Cairo, to the Mosque El Hasanayer, where the pieces are sown together, and lined; after which is the well-known pageant previous to setting out on the pilgrimage.

The Look Out.

I AM looking far away;
But the soft mist fills the bay,
Coiled like gray wool on the sea
Where the ship rolls heavily.
I am looking out for Land—
All is hidden where I stand.

I have taken to my aid
Long-range telescope, well made—
Glass to brass so dexterously bound,
So I search the air around—
Still 'tis dark and thick to me,
Blinding mist and shifting sea.

I can hardly keep my grip
On the sides of my good ship;
Deep she plunges to the gale,
High aloft her strong storm-sail—
But since dawn I have stood here,
For I know the Land is near.

Lo! a bird soars through the air,
White-winged, wide-winged messenger
Faring forth from granite cliff,
Quiet port and anchored skiff;
And it gives one plaintive cry,
Plaintive look, and so floats by.

* * * * *

Some are looking far away
Through the New Year's night and day,
To a promised, perfect Rest,
Where the soul at length is blest—
But they cannot see its rim,
Stormy sins make sad eyes dim.

Take us, oh our God, this year;
Bid us look at duties near,
Bid us patiently fulfil
Each and all with steady will;
Looking at the rich To-Day,
Not where shadowy Futures play.

To this loneliness of ours,
Send Thy Voice in quiet hours;
Winging inward, like a bird—
Till, our deepest nature stirred,
We shall find in Thy Will done
Heaven within us here begun.

Just one glimpse whilst skies are clear
Over all the far-stretched year—
Beat of winds and whirl of waves,
Empty houses, waiting graves—
Saviour by the Eternal Throne,
Hold us—have us for Thine own.

ALFRED NORRIS.

SOWING AND REAPING.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.*

IN spring time and in autumn it is very common to hear sermons and to read essays about sowing and reaping. But the subject is one which ought rather to meet us at the threshold of the year, from the first day and first waking hour of which the process begins, and the warning word is heard, "Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he reap."

Consider, then, that from the beginning of this year, we all sow the invisible and mysterious grain of the future. By every act, by every word, by every idea, each one sows the habits of the future; and as is the sowing so will be the harvesting.

We do not gather figs on bramble bushes, nor do days of peace and contentment spring from hours of idleness or vanity. We do not reap joy and hope, when we have sown in the heart and the imagination vain and bad thoughts, by means of pernicious reading, of improper conversation, or of dissolute companions. Be on your guard, then, as to what you sow to-day. You especially, young sowers, think carefully of the nature of the seed that you spread over the field of life. To-morrow, to-morrow, you will find again what you have sown: brambles and thorns if you have sown brambles and thorns. Sow in the spring-time of your life disobedience towards parents, vain conceit, or evil purposes, and in the autumn of your life (I forewarn you without being a prophet) you will receive, it may be, from the hands of your own children the bitter fruits of contempt and disobedience. Oh! young people, you who will not listen to the counsel of wisdom, the day is approaching when you also will eat the fruit of fickleness and discontent, like that prodigal son who, at the end of his life of pleasure, found only misery and distress for his recompense.

Sow sin, and punishment will germinate in the furrow. Moral law is not less rigorous and inflexible than the laws of the physical world. The sinner likes to withdraw himself from this law, and he is always flattering himself in some way with being able to escape. But a superior Will has fixed a punishment for sin, as the shadow is attached to the body. Have you ever seen a body without shadow? No; as well might you expect to see sin remain unpunished. Have you ever seen the seeds of the poppy produce wheat? No; as well might you imagine that the seeds of lying, of revolt, of anger, and of fraud would produce peace of mind and universal esteem. There are many things impossible with man, but possible with God. There is a thing that is also impossible both with God and man: it is to bless sin. To do this God must cease to be God, or He must be divided between two opposite inclinations. God would not then desire the conversion of the sinner, and his change of life.

* From a volume of discourses preached at Geneva by Pastor L. Choisy, one of the most eloquent and popular of Swiss preachers, on the "Prodigal Son," *L'Enfant prodigue*. (Sandz et Thuillier, Paris.)

"Consider," said Jesus, "the lilies of the field, and the birds of the air." He showed everywhere the action of Providence in preserving the life of beings that He has created. Consider human society; the destiny of every sinner, the empires based on injustice and tyranny; consider what becomes of families; you will find everywhere that Providence is holy, just, and does not regard the guilty as innocent, but strikes, strikes, and strikes again, until justice triumphs. Undoubtedly, the sentence against bad actions is not executed immediately, and because men see this delay, their hearts are obdurate and bad.

But if Divine justice is slow in coming, yet they who sin must expect punishment. The Bible is not necessary to tell the world that sin is a transgression of the moral law; for that law cannot remain and be despised. The innumerable sufferings of innumerable sinners, the natural and certain result of their sins, the wail of complaining, and doleful cries of sinners, who bite their tongues with vexation, sufficiently make known that the sinner is punished sooner or later, and that the vengeance of our God does not sleep.

Some one will object perhaps, that among the young people who come out into life like the prodigal son, but do not follow him by repenting, some young people exhibit a career somewhat honourable according to the world, and seem to give a lie to the parable, because they have remained exempt from the dreadful consequences that the parable indicates.

Exempt! That depends on what is meant. If we look only on the exterior, it is possible. But the scars of the soul, do you reckon these as nothing? For the sinner has a soul whatever he may say. Let us make an examination of one of these young souls addicted to vice.

Look attentively. Sin has marked this soul with a red hot iron, just as they used to brand and mark slaves; yes, I say slaves, because the power of resistance is broken. "Young people do not know," says a contemporary author, "a worse degradation of force than this, and that such practices abase the heart: that after ten years of such a sinful life, they will lose the half of their will; that their thoughts will have an after-taste of bitterness and sorrow, that their moral sense will be weakened or depraved." You who are young, understand me. At the time when the will bends down, faith is lowered. Do not go and search for other causes for much of the unbelief now so prevalent. In four cases out of five you may be sure that immorality has prepared the way for irreligion and scepticism.

Shall we furnish you with the sad inventory of sufferings? the punishments which are the lot of the sinner? The first is misery. There must be money, much money to serve sin, this hard and severe master, and money goes away faster than it comes. The dissipating man always goes on faster than the gaining man. The rich man of yesterday finds himself the debtor or the relieved man to-morrow. Making the most of the number of the honest poor, of the wretched made so by bad seasons, by sickness, by commercial disasters, or by incapacity of many kinds, how many of the rest may not attribute their ruin to sin? And if

David has written, "I have been young, and am become old, and I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread," can we not say "I have been young, and am become old, and I have seen the unjust abandoned, and his seed begging their bread"?

From sin and vice arise regrets, and unfavourable comparisons are formed with what the sinner might have been, and with what he was formerly. On his course old companions are met with, and friends of times of prosperity. The good health these enjoy, their family life, in the bosom of which are spent their many happy days, their prospects of the future, the active and honoured life which they lead, and the frequently unexpected success they have derived from their moderate means, all these are envied. The sinner then begins to curse his lot, and to accuse himself. "Ah! if I had known! If I had seen it before! But I believed nobody; I believed only in my own wisdom: I laughed at both well-meant advice and severe reproof; I went headlong into idleness, into dissipation, or admiration of myself. What is done cannot be recalled; youth will never return; I have lost vigour of heart and of mind; I have no longer any joys of my family; I can no longer think but with sorrow of my old paternal abode; the tomb has taken everything; to go and ask pardon at the grave is of no use. It is too late to commence a new career; my lot is cast, the draught is bitter, but I must drink it. No, I should never have thought that evil habit, bad company, bad temper, negligence, or envy could thus have weighed on my whole life."

There is more justice than people think in the judgments that Providence renders against sinners, even in this world. They announce in advance His sovereignty, by severe trials, in order the better to prepare us for the final judgment which will be pronounced, when all nations shall be assembled before His throne. Condemnation and death are not, we know, vain words intended to frighten simple and credulous minds. Our own consciences witness the necessity and certainty of the day of judgment. Even the punishments which afflict the sinner in this life often appear to be light compared with those which press on a guilty conscience. The morrow of sin! Ah! it is remorse, it is the worm that dies not, the weeping and gnashing of teeth?

Nor is it necessary, like the prodigal son, and so many others who repeat his story, to have dissipated one's youth in order to have this sorrow, this death of the soul, which are the inseparable companions of sin. If you do not love God, if you live without God your heavenly Father, you will experience a vacancy, a boundless discontent. In vain you are treated with consideration in your own circle, see yourself surrounded by children, and gain easily by continual exertion your bread and theirs. The cry of the prodigal son escapes nevertheless from the heart: "Here I am dying of hunger." In fact away from God the soul dies of hunger; you cannot nourish it with money, with reputation, with worldly success, any more than with grosser pleasures; husks that are given to the swine. Far from God the soul feels bewildered, going

astray. Far from God a weight oppresses it, the soul is perplexed by all things.

Oh! perishing soul! out of compassion for yourself, acknowledge your real evil. You long for your Father. You desire a Father, a God who is a Father. You have a heart to give away, a heart hungry and thirsty. In vain you have tried other nourishment; nothing can appease it, you are dying of hunger. God alone can satisfy you. When you love God, you will hunger no more.

Do you believe it? Do you feel it? And what must I say that you may feel and believe? This perhaps: God loves you, sinner, and he waits, even now, to receive you to His heart!

Pages for the Young.

A PROUD HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HOUSE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.



THE INTRODUCTION.

"GOOD-BYE, dear mother." Janet Leslie tried to speak the words firmly, though in her eyes tears and a smile struggled for victory; but her will was firm, and her spirit brave, and the smile prevailed. For the first time in their lives, she and her mother had to separate from each other.

Mrs. Leslie understood the varying expression of Janet's face, and drawing her little daughter once more closely to her, "Good-bye, my child," she said, then added, gently, "I think you will be happy. In Mrs. Temple I am sure you will find a kind and true friend."

"And they will not be all strangers. Margaret Dakin is there, mother."

"Yes, I hope you will find her a kind friend also."

Mrs. Leslie did not speak too confidently. In her heart was a latent distrust of Margaret Dakin, but she would not cloud Janet's departure by any doubtful expressions.

A minute later Janet was seated in the cab that was to take her to the station. As the conveyance moved slowly away, Janet, with her head out of the window, sat looking back with earnest, wistful gaze. It was but a humble home

she was leaving, but how precious in that moment of parting seemed all connected with it! Even Sarah, the good-natured maid of all work, who, appearing at the front door, with her stout arms folded, was watching evidently with kindly interest the momentous event of Miss Janet's first departure for school—even Sarah seemed to become just then a specially lovable object. Then all minor surroundings were lost sight of. Only her mother's face seemed visible to her as, the carriage turning a sharp angle in the road, the old familiar spot was lost to view. Just for a moment, Janet leaned back in the carriage, and the tears, hitherto so firmly repressed, flowed unrestrained. But Janet had promised to be brave and cheerful, and moving her hands from her face, she dried her eyes, and sat looking out quietly at the many well known objects and scenes she was passing. She was a little creature, and not more than twelve years old; not strong or robust, and her face, with its quickly varying expression, betokened a sensitive nature. It was not a face attractive for prettiness. The features were scarcely regular enough for beauty, but inherent truthfulness and candour shone out of the soft, dark eyes, into which the irrepressible tears would ever and again find their way. Not that Janet regretted for herself the change in her life; instead, she looked forward hopefully to her fresh career. But just at that moment, the home she had quitted, the mother thus left behind, assumed prominent position in her thoughts. Janet, through Mrs. Leslie's ill health, had already become helper and companion to her mother. Now, as she sat alone in the carriage, she was thinking sadly to herself how Sarah would perform all the many little attentions and kindly offices which had hitherto devolved upon herself alone. But against just such thoughts as these Mrs. Leslie had cautioned her.

"When we are doing what is right and evidently our duty, we must leave all else in God's hands, my child. To give way to moodily anxious fears is wrong and faithless."

So Janet once more tried to look at things bravely, and, as a means of consolation and help, took from her pocket a letter which she opened and read carefully through. It began, "My dear little sister," and was full of kind counsellings and loving hopes on her behalf.

John Leslie was sixteen years Janet's senior, and ever since his father's death—which had occurred when Janet was too young to understand the trial—he had endeavoured to the utmost to supply the loss which had thus fallen on the little household. With a fair degree of talent, much perseverance, and unfailing energy, he had already attained to a considerable degree of scholarly eminence. The results of his industry had provided the means for the completion of Janet's education.

As Janet read that letter through once more, the kind thoughts and fond wishes it expressed roused her to the determination that in no way would she fail to fulfil the loving expectations thus formed of her. Her mother should have two children who should gladden her heart by their diligent application to the duties before them.

Thus resolving in her mind, with a cheerfulness which this time was almost spontaneous, she looked out to ascertain how far they had proceeded on the road. At that moment the conveyance was passing a stately-looking house, standing amidst extensive and well-cultured gardens and grounds. It was the residence of Mr. Dakin, whose daughter Margaret was one of Mrs. Temple's pupils, and to whose friendship Janet had looked hopefully forward. The house and surroundings were in decided contrast to Rose Cottage, Janet's home, yet despite the apparent difference of rank, a friendly intercourse had arisen between the two families. Mrs. Dakin was a woman of kind heart and generous impulses. Besides, in Mrs. Leslie she recognised a culture and refinement that would have graced a much higher station; so a steady friendship had sprung up, and fruits

and flowers, and many little delicacies acceptable to an invalid, Mrs. Dakin would frequently carry with her own hands to Rose Cottage. On these visits Margaret had often accompanied her mother. She and Janet had exchanged books, and Janet had often been invited to spend a long afternoon with Margaret at her own home. Margaret was three years older than Janet. An only daughter, somewhat petted and spoiled. Naturally of an arrogant disposition, she had met with no adverse or chastening influences. Mrs. Dakin sometimes gently attempted to correct the pride of heart to which her daughter was so evidently prone, but she was herself of too easy and loving a disposition to give the stern check that was needed to Margaret's besetting sin. Still Margaret, when she chose, could be pleasant, lively, and agreeable. Such Janet at least considered her, and that Margaret might see fit to look upon their friendship in any other way than she herself in her simplicity of heart regarded it, never for a moment entered Janet's mind.

From Mr. Dakin's house it was but a short distance to the station, and Janet was shortly seated in the railway carriage, whirling rapidly away farther and farther from Rose Cottage and its familiar surroundings.

Two hours later she had arrived at her destination, and found herself in the presence of Mrs. Temple.

Janet's mother had spoken correctly, when she said Mrs. Temple would be a kind and true friend. She possessed much nobility of spirit, and true and warm affections, but the softer part of her nature was frequently concealed under an habitual air of command which she unconsciously assumed. To Janet, in her first glance at her face, she seemed a person to be feared rather than loved; but when in reply to kind inquiries concerning her mother Janet's eyelids lowered and her lips became suddenly tremulous, Mrs. Temple, looking kindly at the downcast face, drew her little pupil close to her and kissed her fondly, and then Janet glancing up, caught the softened expression of her eyes, and knew instinctively that Mrs. Temple was a woman who would be tenderly loved, as she would be also strictly obeyed.

Mrs. Temple herself conducted her new pupil to the schoolroom. Janet had mentioned her acquaintance with Margaret Dakin. Mrs. Temple called that young lady forward. "I find," she said, "Miss Leslie is a friend and acquaintance of yours, therefore I especially give her to your charge, to introduce her to her young friends and companions, and see that she is happy and comfortable among them."

Margaret Dakin rose in obedience. She was tall for her age, her face bright and handsome; but its beauty was too often utterly marred and spoiled by an expression of supercilious arrogance and pride. Her face flushed hotly as she advanced. Very coldly she took Janet's eagerly proffered hand. The little girl so unpretending in appearance, in her plain, simple attire, was not the kind of friend Margaret Dakin cared to thus openly recognise. Her look and manner were not unobserved by Mrs. Temple, but seeing Janet seated by Margaret's side, and a formal process of introduction having been gone through, she thought it wisest to make no comment just then.

Janet felt for a moment surprised and hurt at her friend's cold reception. Her mistake in calculating at all upon Margaret Dakin's friendship, she had yet more fully to learn; Janet Leslie at home, a plain little girl, whom Margaret could befriend if she chose, and whom it was pleasant to occasionally astonish with exhibitions of her own grand possessions and surroundings, was a rather desirable acquaintance; but Janet Leslie at school, to be acknowledged and treated as her equal and friend, was another matter altogether. Margaret Dakin felt herself almost insulted by the supposition, and as soon as Mrs.

Temple quitted the room, she signified her intentions towards Janet, by quietly withdrawing apart from her and ignoring her presence altogether.

A hard experience it was for Janet, sitting there shy, unnoticed, alone; thankful would she have been for a word or two of kindly greeting, instead she met with coldness and isolation. For one by one Margaret's companions followed her example, and withdrew from the newcomer. Then surrounded by a group of her chief friends, Margaret lost no time in explaining to that little circle—a very important circle it seemed to her just then—that it was altogether a mistake that she and Janet Leslie were friends. The Leslies were poor, quite poor; her mother had been very kind in taking Mrs. Leslie fruits, flowers, and such things; but it was quite wrong to suppose that plain-looking girl was any friend of hers.

While Margaret Dakin indulged in this despicable conduct, her natural beauty became distorted and disfigured by the contemptible spirit she thus displayed, and the plainest face illumined by a kindly soul would have looked more attractive than Margaret Dakin's at that moment. Janet, sitting apart, felt rather than heard, for the voices were too low for words to catch her ears, that she was the theme of their conversation. For awhile she silently, quietly endured her position; then rising, quitted the schoolroom and went sorrowfully upstairs to her own room.

Margaret felt a sense of relief at only her temporary absence, neither knowing nor caring that by this manifestation of paltry pride, she had cast the first chill of disappointment over a young and sensitive spirit. Janet's friend had bitterly failed her, and had sown the first seed of distrust in a loving, confiding little soul. Disappointments and disillusionments come to all of us, they are part of life's discipline, and if seen aright, as we grow older, make us pitiful as well as wise. Still, woe be to those who first rudely shake a young heart's faith, and make one of these little ones to doubt.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

I.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

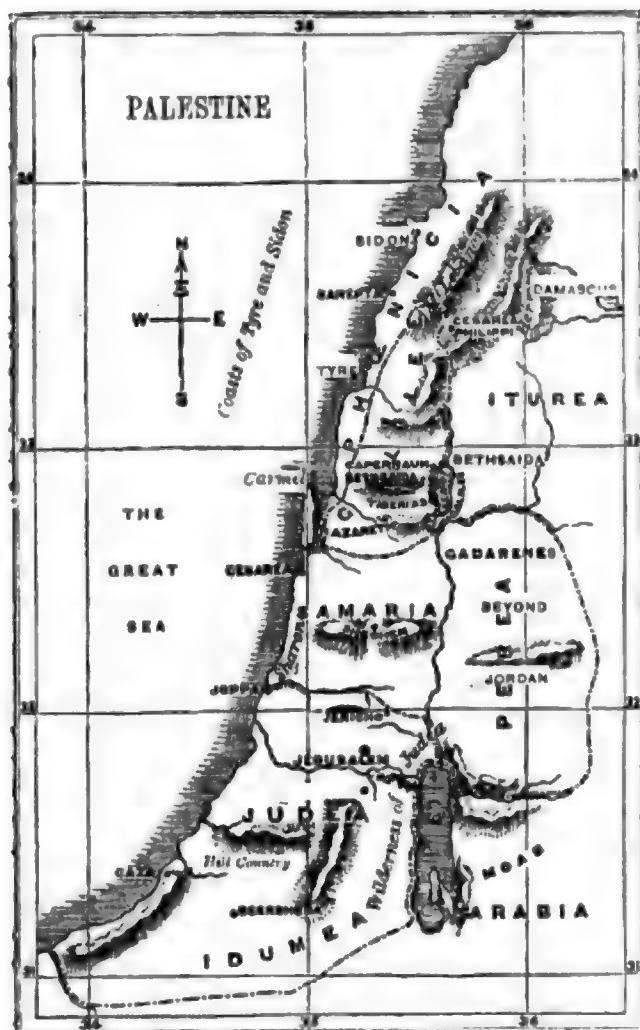
[This course of lessons on the Journeys of our Lord, now commenced, is intended to help parents and teachers by way of a home Bible Class for children who cannot attend Sunday Schools. We would suggest that the little service should be opened with prayer; perhaps the beautiful collect for the second Sunday in Advent may be used. The text for the day should not only be learned by heart, but should afterwards be copied in a book, in which should be written answers to the questions given in Italics; this book may be illustrated with drawings or prints cut out and pasted in, of subjects or places referred to in the lesson, so as to become a kind of Sunday Album. The class should conclude with singing a hymn and prayer. We shall give suggestions as to hymns suited to the lessons, and likely to be well-known.]

Text for the day.—"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." (2 Cor. viii. 9.)

Read Luke ii. 22-32.—Here we have an account of the first journey of our Lord.

First let us ask, *from what place did the parents bring the infant Saviour?* I suppose there is not a Christian heart that does not feel a peculiar interest in that place, that little city, so "little among the thousands of Judah" (Micah v. 2), yet so famous; the "city of David;" the city of David's Lord, Bethlehem! Here the parents of Jesus had come, in

obedience to the decree of Caesar Augustus. (Luke ii. 1-4.) From this place they now took their journey in obedience to the law of the Lord (v. 24), reminding us of the Saviour's own words at a later time, "Render unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's, and unto God the things which be God's." (Luke xx. 25.) Bethlehem lies upon a hill, covered with vines and olives, planted upon terraces rising above each other like stairs. Among the fields below, Ruth the Moabitess gleaned corn. (Ruth i. 19-22.) Among its pastures, David the son of Jesse, the Bethlehemite, who was the great-grandson of Ruth, kept his father's sheep. And there, as we have so lately heard in the glorious songs of Christmas, still ringing in our ears, "While shepherds watched the flocks by night," the angel of the Lord appeared to them, and brought them good tidings of great joy; and a multitude of the heavenly host, amidst a burst of light and music, sang the first Christmas anthem, "Glory to God in the highest!"



From Bethlehem to Jerusalem a winding road leads through the hills for about six miles. The travellers would pass the "well of Bethlehem," for whose waters David had longed. (2 Sam. xxiii. 14, 16.) And farther on they would see the sepulchre of Rachel, Jacob's beloved wife, buried "in the way to Ephrath which is Bethlehem." (Gen. xxxv. 19.) At last they reached Jerusalem, and here let us consider as our second question, *the place to which they went*. The Temple of God in Jerusalem.

Now I cannot think that any of my readers suppose that this was the temple built by Solomon. That magnificent building had been burnt by the Chaldees 588 years before our Lord's time. (2 Kings xxv. 9.) Nor was it the house of God built after the children of Israel returned from Babylon. (Ezra vi. 15.) This had also been destroyed. The temple we are now speaking of was built by Herod, whom

men called the Great, and when the Saviour was brought to it, this temple was not completed. By all accounts it must have been a most splendid building, perhaps one of the finest in the world. We know how the Lord's disciples admired it. (Mark xiii. 1.) But Jesus who knew that it was built by Herod, one of the wickedest of men, admired much more the humble gift of the poor widow who put in two mites which make a farthing into the treasury! (Luke xxi. 2, 3.) Almost as humble was the gift which his own parents brought at this time, and this leads us to consider *the object of this journey*—the third question to be answered.

The object of the journey of the infant Saviour was twofold, and in obedience to two Divine commands. First the parents had to "present him to the Lord, as it is written in the law of the Lord," etc. (Luke ii. 22; see Exodus xiii. 2.) "Sanctify unto me all the firstborn;" and "The firstborn of thy sons shalt thou give unto me." (Exodus xxii. 29.) Next it was appointed of God that the mother should "offer a sacrifice according to that which is said in the law of the Lord, a pair of turtle doves, or two young pigeons." (v. 28; see Lev. xii. 8.) If his mother had been a rich woman, the offering would have been a lamb, but she was so poor that she could only bring the offering of the poor!

As she and her husband Joseph entered the house of the Lord, none of the priests or worshippers knew that the little Infant in her arms was anything more than the child of a very humble and poor woman, though He was indeed the Lord of all; so poor did He condescend to become for your sake and mine, that we might be rich, and dwell with Him for ever. But there was one who was moved by the Holy Ghost to meet his Saviour there; the aged Simeon came into the temple, and poured forth a song of praise never to be forgotten, blessing God that he had lived to see that day. To us that song is peculiarly interesting, for Simeon foretold that the Saviour who was to be the glory of His people Israel, should be also "a light to lighten the Gentiles," and we are those Gentiles whom He came to save.

Sing the hymn, "While humble shepherds."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. I.

1. The name of the lake where the miraculous draught of fishes was taken.
2. A name by which David, and all Christians, call Jesus.
3. Aaron's second son.
4. That which formed the fuel for the sacrifice celebrating the return of the ark.
5. The valley where Goliath was slain.

The initials and finals give two of the principal attributes of Christ.

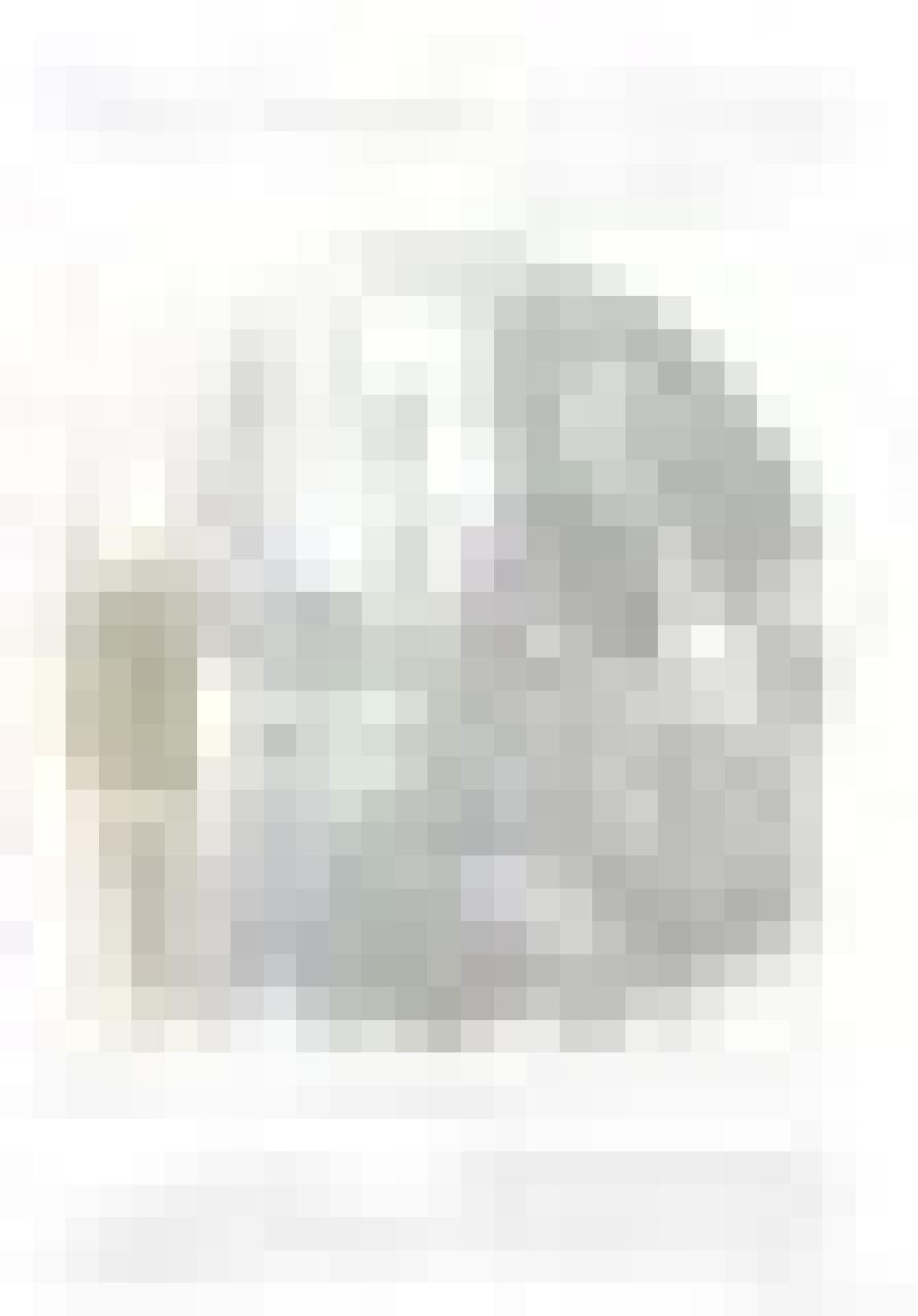
G. W. B.

NO. II.

1. The brother of one who was struck dead by God for irreverently touching the ark.
2. The state into which the church of Laodicea had fallen at the time when Christ dictated the messages to the seven churches of Asia.
3. One commanded to the Christian Church by Paul, as "the succourer of many."
4. The name given by Ezekiel to the valley in which the last enemies of the Jews are to be buried.
5. One of whom we never hear more than that he was almost persuaded to be a Christian.

Two words by which Christ describes His eternity.

G. W. B.



these were questions which might have been quite as easily discussed by post. Mr. Selwyn was perfectly well aware that they had not yet come to the point. He began to doubt whether after all he would get away by the early afternoon train, which he had set down in his mental plan.

"You have Miss Withers still with you," he remarked, when a pause occurred in the conversation.

"Yes, I have," responded Lady Halcot. "With me, and likely to remain. She is an invaluable person. I can rely entirely upon her memory, and my own plays me false occasionally. I suppose I must expect as much at my age."

"You are to be congratulated, Lady Halcot, if it never played you false until now."

"I do not say that, but my memory has been remarkably good. Time was when I could read a stanza once through, which I had never seen before—not a short one either—and repeat it afterwards, without a mistake. I cannot do so now."

"And Miss Withers' memory serves to fill up gaps."

"Precisely so." She looked at him keenly. "You do not like Miss Withers."

The lawyer made a slight deprecating bow. "Pardon me! Miss Withers and I can boast but the barest possible acquaintance with one another. You appear to find her well suited to her post."

"She is exactly that—quiet and ladylike, always helpful and never in the way. I wish Mr. Withers were her equal."

"Your secretary?"

"He calls himself so. I allow him to hinder me in my work, for two or three hours every day, by way of giving satisfaction to Miss Withers. She foretells that the hindering is soon to develop into helping. I have my doubts, but I am willing to give him a fair trial."

"Miss Withers is a near relative of Mr. Withers?" the lawyer said inquiringly.

"His aunt. He has two sisters, I believe, but no parents living. Miss Withers seems to have acted a motherly part to the three. Very praiseworthy, of course. Mr. Selwyn—"

Now it was coming! The lawyer looked expectant.

"Who was that charming girl upon the cliff yesterday—speaking to you? I was not aware that you had friends in the place."

"She is a charming girl—a London acquaintance, down here for two days. We met accidentally on the shore," Mr. Selwyn said slowly, his mind taking a rapid survey of the situation.

"I was struck with her appearance. A clever girl, I should imagine."

"Yes—in many respects, no doubt, and she certainly has marked artistic talent."

Lady Halcot's withered face brightened with a look of interest. "Talent," she repeated. "Not genius?"

"Perhaps I should rather have said genius,—but really I do not know. I imagine that she has power to originate, though at present she chiefly copies. It is uphill work, and she is the eldest of a large family."

"What is her father?"

"A clerk, Lady Halcot."

"In your office."

"No,—in a house of business. I have only seen him once. He is much occupied, and has very poor health. I do not know what would become of them all, if he broke down."

"Then they are poor. What is their name?"

"They are poor unquestionably. If this young lady succeeds by-and-by—"

"As an artist!" Lady Halcot shook her head. "How old is the girl?"

"Not twenty yet, I believe."

"She may get butter to her bread by picture-making, ten years hence,—and possibly a competence twenty years later. That is all you can hope from even first-rate talent. Possibly a competence."

"Some do better."

"Some have genius. Has she it, or not? That is the question. You do not know,—no, but I could soon judge. How long does she remain? Only till the day after to-morrow. And of course she has no pictures here. I might be able to give her a helping hand, if there is genuine power. I never lend my aid to passing off mediocrity for genius. We must consider what to do. Meanwhile,—if you think it would be acceptable, I have no objection to sending a five-pound note to the parents."

Mr. Selwyn decided on his line of action. "I think, your ladyship, that it would unquestionably be acceptable, if sent direct from yourself, with a few kind words accompanying."

"Very well. The name and address, if you please."

She passed a slip of paper, and a pen. Mr. Selwyn wrote slowly and handed it back.

"James Halcombe, Esq."

She read so far aloud, stopped, and lifted her black eyes to Mr. Selwyn's face. Inwardly, he was just a little nervous. Gwendoline Halcombe interested him, and he was anxious to do his best for her; but naturally he did not wish to offend his wealthy client.

"James Halcombe," repeated Lady Halcot.

"Gwendoline Halcombe's mother, and James Halcombe's wife, was Eleanor Halcombe."

The old lady's start was irrepressible, and her hand shook, but she said in a stern and unfaltering voice, "Then Eleanor Halcombe is dead."

"No—she is living. I meant 'was' only in the sense of before her marriage."

Lady Halcot folded the paper, and slipped it into a drawer, with hands that trembled still. She was evidently vexed with herself for the display of weakness.

"You may send the five-pound note for me, if you choose," she said. "But it must be a strictly anonymous gift. I was not aware that you knew these people, Mr. Selwyn."

"Mr. Halcombe called on me once to consult me upon a difficulty, and his daughter has been two or three times since. Also I have met her in the Royal Academy, and elsewhere. One is naturally drawn to a struggling young artist."

Lady Halcot offered no reply. The luncheon-bell rang, and she rose to lead the way out of the

room. The express object of Mr. Selwyn's journey had not yet been broached.

Gwendoline had truly described Gladiolus Cottage as a "mite of a house." It had one tiny parlour in front, with a single window, and a tinier kitchen on the same level behind; and two bedrooms above; and two sloping-roofed garrets at the top, one of which was the servant's domicile, and the other a receptacle for lumber. Of the two best bedrooms, one was tenanted by Mr. and Mrs. Widrington; the other was reserved for guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Widrington had no children of their own. One little baby had come and had vanished, in days long gone by, leaving tender memories behind it. Mr. Widrington, after fifty or sixty years of steady work, had made his little competence, and had retired into an easy life, his chief trouble thenceforward being to know what to do with himself. He had many a longing for his old city-home and old interests. The sleepy quiet of Riversmouth palled upon him, and the rumble of carts and omnibuses would have been as music to his city-bred ears. But the step once taken could not easily be reversed, even so far as a home was concerned, and could not be reversed at all so far as business was concerned.

Thus Mr. Widrington found himself in for the somewhat tiresome leisure of a healthy and objectless old age. Literally and actually objectless. His leading aim through long years past had been to make enough money for present needs, and to secure a sufficiency for comfort in declining years. He had made enough; he had secured the sufficiency; and declining years were coming upon him gently. What next?

That was the question. Mr. Widrington had no "next." He had attained to his life-goal, and no loftier goal lay beyond. He was conscious of this, and he was dissatisfied in the consciousness. Hitherto a pleasant prospect had always lain ahead, in the shape of this same "comfortable old age," spurring him on to exertion. He had lost the spur now, and he missed the stimulus. The happiest old age cannot last for ever, and Mr. Widrington began to dislike the thought of being an "old man," to object to the term being used in respect of himself.

For there lay now no pleasant prospect ahead. Mr. Widrington was not exactly troubled by fears as to his future. He counted himself to have done his duty on the whole, towards himself; towards his family; towards his neighbours; towards God? Mr. Widrington did not care to look very closely into that last question, but he hoped things were all right, and he hoped to get to heaven somehow, a vague and shadowy heaven, not particularly attractive to his imagination, only of course desirable.

Thus Mr. Widrington's hopes as well as his heaven were vague. He had also a vague knowledge of his Bible, which he seldom read, and a vague belief that Christ had died for men generally. But in all this he found no real comfort for the future or joy for the present. How should he? So Mr. Widrington, though to superficial observers seemingly a chatty and contented old man, was in fact by no means a happy one.

The change of life to Mrs. Widrington was less severe. A stout little old lady, good-humoured and kind, often ailing as to health, but always even in spirits, she could be well satisfied with the mild excitements incidental to "pottering" about the house all the morning, taking a turn out of doors in the afternoon, knitting and sleeping through the evening. The comforts of husband and household had been her aim during nearly half a century, and that aim was before her still. She had not even a wish for anything beyond this tame level of her existence.

A visit from Honora Dewhurst was a great event in their lives, and the interest of the event was doubled by the presence of Honora's friend, Gwendoline Halcombe.

"She is a pretty girl, and there's no denying it," Mr. Widrington said emphatically, as he and his wife awaited the return of the two walkers to early tea; a primitive tea of bread and butter and cake, shrimps and watercresses. "She's a downright pretty girl, and uncommon nice too. Now there's Honor, as good and nice a girl as can be, and clever too there's no denying, for her pictures are amazing good. But nobody ever called Honor pretty. The goodness is all of an inside sort, and not of an outside—though it shows through and no mistake. But this young thing has got both, and there's no doubt she's greatly favoured. For a pleasant outside is by no means a thing to be despised."

"I wonder if they don't mean to come back soon. The tea will spoil," rather irrelevantly observed Mrs. Widrington, who, dressed in her best black silk, was seated in her easy chair, with the invariable knitting in her plump round hands, and the invariable content in her plump round face. Mrs. Widrington was better born than her husband, and forty-five years earlier her family had counted the marriage a serious downward-step for her. Perhaps for a while she had felt it so herself. People grow used to new levels, however, and Mrs. Widrington was most happily accustomed to the platform upon which she stood. She looked up to her husband with dutiful wife-like submission; and if in particular instances she usually counted her own judgment superior to his, this was not at all because of any original difference in social position, but simply because she was a woman, and he was, as she would have said, "only a man."

"There they come,—just in time," Mr. Widrington said, gently striking his hands together, as he stood at the window. "Just you look, wifie,—now don't you call that a pretty picture."

Mrs. Widrington moved to his side obediently. "But it's a dreadful mess," she said.

The two girls were approaching at a quick pace, laden with spoils from the sea-shore. Honora Dewhurst, a strongly-built and upright person, four or five years Gwendoline's senior, walked steadily as well as swiftly, looking little to right or left. But Gwendoline, dressed still in her severe grey suit, seemed to be rippling over with frolicsome enjoyment, and the sound of her clear low laugh came through the open window, and was matched by the half-dancing step. Honora's hands were full of stones and shells, and

Gwendoline bore a big pile of sea-weeds. One long ribbon spray had been caught by the breeze and twisted round her head, and the brilliant cheeks and merry eyes looked out from an unwanted surrounding.

"She's better for the change already," Mr. Widrington said, and he opened the door.

"We are not fit for the drawing-room," exclaimed Gwendoline. "Our boots, Honora!"

"Now you are going to have some tea before ever you take one step up-stairs," said Mr. Widrington decisively, avoiding his wife's eyes lest he should read disapproval. "Just you throw all that rubbish down in the passage, and take off your cloaks."

Neither would consent to this manner of proceeding. Possibly they saw the disapproval in another quarter, of which he preferred to be ignorant. They vanished up-stairs, and speedily reappeared, Gwendoline still in a glow of enjoyment, Honora quiet and staid, with her plain strong face, and broad, thoughtful forehead.

"And you like the sea, my dear—eh?" Mr. Widrington said to Gwendoline.

"It is lovely—past words," she said. "If I could just live within sight and hearing of it, I think I should want nothing else in life."

"It's lively, there's no doubt," said Mr. Widrington. "But it isn't a cheerful sort of liveliness, by any manner of means. Now you'll think me odd, may be, but I'd a deal rather have a 'bus going past the door every five minutes, than I'd look on the finest sea that ever was, a deal rather."

Gwendoline refrained from remark.

"Riversmouth is a pretty little place, and it has got capabilities. Take some cresses? Yes, do, Miss Halcombe, and lay your butter on thick, and have a little jam a-top—don't you stint yourself. Yes, Riversmouth's a pretty place. But dear me, as long as that poor old lady is alive, the village will never grow to what it should be. Why, it might become a first-rate watering place of the fashionable sort in no time; just lay down a double line of rail, and put up a station, and have a good band and an excursion train or two in the week. Now that would be lively-like."

The two girls exchanged amused glances. Honora Dewhurst knew of the relationship between Gwendoline and Lady Halcot, though the Widringtons did not.

"My dear, you needn't suppose anything of that sort is likely to be," Mrs. Widrington said. "There are ever so many things wanted in the town, and nobody dares name them to Lady Halcot. She has everything her own way, and not a man ventures to cross her will. She's regular queen here, and that's what it is."

"I am afraid some of her subjects are in a rebellious state of mind," said Honora. "But as for excursionists, the longer the place can escape that infliction the better. Here comes a visitor to disturb our meal."

"Mr. Selwyn," exclaimed Gwendoline.

"A friend of yours, Miss Halcombe?" asked Mr. Widrington.

"Yes, at least I know him. He is a friend really. He is down from London for a few hours,—Lady Halcot's lawyer."

"My dear, you take an old man's advice, and you beware of lawyers," whispered Mr. Widrington very audibly, as the door-handle turned. "You take my advice, and be warned. There's always a six-and-eightpenny charge behind, sure as he takes a step in your behalf. And I may say it, if anybody may, for I know it to my—"

"Mr. Sellon," announced the bewildered maid-servant, unused to so much company; and Mr. Selwyn entered, bowing and apologising for the interruption, but might he have a few words with Miss Halcombe?

"To be sure, to be sure, as many as ever you please, sir," Mr. Widrington said eagerly, forgetting that he addressed a lawyer, and delighted with a fresh addition to the party. "But we are having our tea, and tea is a beverage that doesn't improve by keeping beyond a certain stage—not beyond a certain stage, sir—and these young ladies are hungry. So you just sit down, and take a cup of tea with us, and then we'll all clear out—eh, wife? and leave you two in undisputed possession of the parlour."

Mr. Selwyn was slightly troubled. "The parlour" was evidently the only parlour, and he did not relish the idea of "turning out" its lawful inmates, though he would much have preferred a few words alone with Gwendoline. He sat down, however, and consented to take a cup of tea, declining substantials. "I dine at half-past seven," he said.

"You will hardly reach home in time for your dinner," suggested Gwendoline.

"Lady Halcot has persuaded me to remain over the night. I must leave by the 7.20 train in the morning."

"Mrs. Selwyn will be disappointed."

"I am afraid so. I have just sent her a telegram."

After a few minutes of general conversation, he turned again to Gwendoline, having decided to forego the private conversation. "I bring you an invitation, Miss Halcombe. Could you dine at Lady Halcot's this evening?"

"This evening!" The proposal seemed to take away her breath, and she turned pale.

"You would dislike it?" asked Mr. Selwyn, while Honora watched her gravely, and the old people were flustered at the magnitudo of the proposal.

"No—oh, no—not at all. I am only—surprised—" said Gwendoline, hardly able to speak. She sat quite still for two seconds, putting a strong restraint upon herself. "I will do exactly what you advise."

"I should recommend you to accept the invitation."

"To-night, at half-past seven."

"Punctually. Lady Halcot never waits. I think you should arrive ten minutes earlier."

"But I have no dress, except this."

Mr. Selwyn surveyed the dark tweed, neatly fitting, but almost devoid of ornament. Heavy trimmings were just then in vogue, and he was dimly conscious of something unusual.

"It must do of course," he said. "I suggested that matters might be so, and Lady Halcot said you could come as you were."

Gwendoline sat lost in thought, and Mr. Selwyn

rose, with the air of a man who has discharged himself of his office.

"Gwen, you had better open the front door for your friend," suggested Honora, guessing that the two might wish for a few more words, and she kept her uncle back, and shut the parlour-door.

"What does this mean?" asked Gwendoline, laying her hand on the slab, for she was positively trembling.

"It means simply that Lady Halcot desires to use this opportunity to form your acquaintance, Miss Halcombe."

"How does she know that I am here?"

"She saw you with me on the cliff this morning, and has since inquired your name."

"Strange—" murmured Gwendoline. "I had a feeling when I came that I might perhaps see her—might perhaps say a word about—"

"A word about what, if I may ask?"

"My mother, and our circumstances. But I found that it would be impossible."

"I think you would be wise to count it impossible still," Mr. Selwyn said with gravity.

"But if an opening came—"

"I think you will, in any case, be wise to avoid a single word which might leave an impression that you were seeking anything from her. Pardon my frankness," he said, as the colour rushed again into her face. "I understand the state of affairs, and your true motive; but she would not."

"Thank you, I will take care," said Gwendoline, in a low voice. "I don't suppose I should have dared, after all. I am frightened of Lady Halcot."

"Don't be afraid to-night," he said shaking hands. "She is interested in art, so you will have one subject in common. The carriage will bring you home at half-past nine. Lady Halcot

keeps early hours, excusable at seventy-five. Good-bye."

"One word," said Gwendoline hurriedly. "Mr. Selwyn, do you suppose she means anything by this?—do you think it hopeful?—do you think we may count—for the future—"

"No," Mr. Selwyn said gravely. "I should be wrong to encourage hopes. What may come of it by-and-bye no one can predict. At present I see no signs whatever of any softening towards your family, though she is disposed to feel some interest in yourself personally."

Gwendoline sighed. "Thank you—good-bye," she said, and she went back to the parlour.

"Honor, would it be very rude of me to run away to the shore for half-an-hour? I don't want to be nervous and shy at dinner, and a look at the sea would give me back my balance." Gwendoline spoke beseechingly.

"You silly child," Honor said, smiling. "Yes, go, of course; only come back in good time. I must find some lace for your throat and wrists."

"You don't mean to say you are a friend of Lady Halcot's?" the old people chimed in, with accents of respect and amazement. "Why, you are quite a grand young person, my dear. Fancy never saying a word about it."

Gwendoline laughed and vanished. "Her mother is Lady Halcot's cousin," Honora said quietly,—"first cousin once removed, I believe. But it had better not be talked about in Rivers-mouth, please, uncle. Lady Halcot has had nothing to say to Gwen's mother since her marriage with Mr. Halcombe. I don't know who was most in the right or in the wrong. I only know that the less said about the matter, the better pleased Lady Halcot will be,—and probably Mrs. Halcombe also."

"Trust a city man to keep a secret, Honor," said Mr. Widrington, nodding his head energetically.

THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES AND THEIR LEADER.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D., OF MANCHESTER.

"Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, . . . looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of faith.—*Heb. xii. 1, 2.*

WHAT an awful sight the rows above rows of spectators must have been to the wrestler who looked up at them from the arena, and saw a mist of white faces and pitiless eyes all directed on himself! How many a poor gladiator turned in his despair from them to the place where purple curtains and flashing axes proclaimed the presence of the emperor, on whose word hung his life, whose will could crown him with a rich reward!

That is the picture which this text brings before our eyes, as the likeness of the Christian life. We are in the arena; the race has to be run, the battle to be fought. All around and high above us, a mist, as it were, of fixed gazers beholds us, and on the throne is the Lord of life, the Judge of the strife, whose smile is better than all

crowns, whose downward-pointing finger seals our fate. We are compassed with a cloud of witnesses, and we may see Jesus the author and finisher of faith. Both of these facts are alleged here as encouragements to persevering, brave struggle in the Christian life. Hence we have here mainly two subjects for consideration, namely, the relation between the saints who are gone and ourselves, and the encouragement derived from it; and the contrasted relation between Jesus and ourselves, and the encouragement derived from it.

I. The metaphor of the "cloud of witnesses" is perhaps intended to express multitude, and also elevation. It may have been naturally suggested by the thought of the saints of the Old Testament (of whom the previous chapter has been so nobly

speaking) as exalted to heaven, and hovering far above and far away like the pure whitenesses that tower there. Raphael's great Sistine Madonna has for background just such a light mist of angel faces and adoring eyes all turned to the gentle majesty of the Virgin. There may also be blending in the writer's mind such a reference to the amphitheatre as we have already noticed, which certainly exists in the later portion of the context. But we must remember that tempting as it is to a hasty reader to deduce from the words the idea that the saints whose "warfare is accomplished" look down on our struggles here, there is, at all events, no support to that idea in the word "witnesses." It is not used, it often is in our speech, as equivalent to "spectators," but means here exactly what it does in the previous chapter, namely, attestors or testifiers. They are not witnesses of us, but to us, as we shall see presently. It may, indeed, be that the thought of the heavenly spectators of our Christian course is implied in the whole strain of the passage, and of the imagery borrowed from the arena, which would certainly be incomplete if there were nothing to answer to the spectators, who, whether at Corinth or Rome, made so important a part in the scene.

We shall be going too far, I think, if we dogmatically assert, on the strength of a figure, that this context teaches a positive communion between earth and heaven of such a sort as that they who have "overcome by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of His testimony," know about the struggles of us down here in the arena. Still, one feels that such an idea is almost needed to give full force either to the figure or exhortation. It does seem somewhat lame to say, You are like racers, surrounded with a cloud of witnesses, therefore run, only do not suppose that they really see you. If this be so, the glowing imagery certainly seems to receive a violent chill, and the flow of the exhortation to be much choked. Still we can go no further than a modest "perhaps."

But even as a "may be," the thought of such a knowledge stimulates. As all the thousand eyes of assembled Greece looked on at the runners, and all the dialects of its states swelled the tumult of acclaim which surged round the victor, so here the general assembly and church of the first-born, the festal gathering on Mount Zion, into relations with which this very chapter says we have come, may be conceived of as sitting, solemn and still, on the thrones around the central throne, and bending not unloving looks of earnest pity on the arena below where they too once toiled and suffered.

It may be that, before their eyes, who have been made wise by death, and who, standing within the "sanctuary of God, understand the end" of life and life's sorrows, are manifest our struggles, as with weary feet and drooping limbs we blunder on in the race. Surely there is love in heaven, and it may be there is knowledge, and it may be there is care for us. It may be that, standing on the serene shore beside the Lord, who has already prepared a meal for us with His own hands, they discern, toiling on the darkened sea, the poor little boats of us downhearted, unsuccess-

ful toilers, who cannot yet desory the Lord, or the welcome which waits on the beach.

At all events the thought may come with cheer to our hearts, that, whether conscious of one another's mode of being or no, they in their triumph and we in our toils are bound together with real bonds. The thought, if not the knowledge, of their blessedness may be wafted down to us, just as the thought, if not the knowledge, of our labour may be in their restful souls. The hope of their tranquil shore may strengthen us that are far off upon the sea, though we cannot see more of it than the dim lights moving about, and catch an occasional fragrance in the air that tells of land, just as the memory of their stormy voyage mingles in their experience with their gladness because the waves be quiet, and God has brought them to their desired haven.

Such thoughts may come with encouragement for the conflict, even if we hesitate to assert that the cloud of witnesses is a cloud of spectators. What, then, is the sense in which these heroes of the faith, which the previous chapter has marshalled in a glorious bede-roll, are "witnesses"? The answer will be found by observing the frequent occurrence of the word, and its cognate words, in that chapter. We read there, for instance, that the elders "had witness borne to them" (verse 2, Revised Version); that Abel, by the acceptance of his sacrifice, "had witness borne to him that he was righteous," "God bearing witness in respect of his gifts" (v. 4, Revised Version); that Enoch "had witness borne to him that he had been well pleasing unto God" (v. 5, Revised Version); and that the whole illustrious succession "had witness borne to them through their faith" (v. 39, Revised Version). This witness borne to them by God is, of course, His giving to them the blessings which belong to a genuine faith, whether of conscious acceptance with God, or of inward peace and power, or of outward victory over sorrows and foes. But they become witnesses to us for God by the very same facts by which He makes Himself the witness of their faith, for they therein become proofs of the blessedness of true religion, visible evidences of God's faithfulness, and their histories shine out across the centuries testifying to us in our toils how good it is to trust in the Lord, and how small and transient are the troubles and hindrances that a life of faith meets. The calm stars declare the glory of God, and witness from age to age of His power, which keeps them every one from failing; and these bright names that shine in the heaven of His Word proclaim His tender pity, and His rewarding love to all who like them fight the good fight. Like the innumerable suns that make up the Milky Way, they melt into one bright cloud that lies still and eternal above our heads and sheds a radiance on our dim struggles. So we have here brought out the stimulus to our Christian race from the faith and blessedness of these saints.

We have their history before us; we know what they were, and we have the "end of their conversation"—that is, the issue or outcome of their manner of life—as the next chapter says. It was a hard fight, but it ended in victory. They had more than their share of sorrows and troubles, but "the glory dies not, and the grief is

past." From their thrones they call to us words of cheer, and point us to their tears turned into diamonds, to their struggles stilled in depths of repose, to their wounded brows crowned with life and glory.

They witness to us how mighty and divine a thing is a life of faith. Their human weakness was filled with the power of God. Tremblings and self-distrust, and all the ills that flesh is heir to dwelt in them. Black doubts and sore conflicts were their portion. They, too, knew what we know, how hard it is to live and do the right. But they fought through, because a mightier hand was upon them, and God's grace was breathed into their weakness—and there they stand, victorious witnesses to us, that whosoever will put his trust in the Lord shall have strength according to his need inbreathed into his uttermost weakness, and have One by his side in every furnace, like unto the Son of Man. They witness to us of companions in suffering, and the thought of them may come to a lonely heart wading in dark, deep waters, with the assurance that thereto is a ford, and that others have known the icy cold, and the downward rush of the stream, and have not been carried away by it. It is not a selfish thought that sometimes brings encouragement to a solitary sufferer, "the same afflictions have been accomplished in your brethren." It helps us to remember the great multitude who before us have come through the great tribulation and are before the throne. The cloud of witnesses testify how impotent is sorrow to harm, how strong to bless those who put their trust in God.

They witness to us of the faithfulness of God, who has led them, and upheld them, through all their conflicts, and has brought them to His side at last. That wondrous power avails for us, fresh and young, as when it helped the world's grey fathers. God refers us to their experiences, and summons them as His witnesses, for they will speak good of His name, and each of them, as they bend down from their seats around the arena, calls as to us, "O love the Lord, all ye His saints. I was brought low and He helped me." So that we, taking heart by their example, can set ourselves to our struggles with the peaceful confidence, "This God is our God for ever and ever."

The word rendered "witnesses" has a narrower meaning in later usage, according to which it comes to signify those who have sealed their testimony with their blood, in which sense it is transferred, untranslated, into English, in "martyr." What an eloquent epitome of the early history of the Church lies in that one fact! So ordinarily had the faithful confessor to die for his testimony that the very name had the thought of a bloody death inextricably associated with it. And if we for a moment think of that meaning, and look back to the long series of martyrs from the days of Stephen to the last Malagasy Christian or missionary, what solemn scorn of soft delights, and noble contempt of life itself may be kindled in our souls. Easy paths are appointed to us. We "have not yet resisted unto blood." Let us run our smoother race with patience, as we think of those who ran theirs with bleeding feet, and through the smoke of

Smithfield or the dust of the arena beheld the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing ready to help, and so went to their death with the light from His face changing theirs into the same image.

But let us not forget that all these witnesses for God were imperfect men, whose imperfections are full of encouragement for us. Look at the names in that great muster-roll—Noah with his drunkenness, Jacob with his craft, Samson with his giant strength and giant passion, Jephtha with his savage faithfulness to a savage vow, David with all his too well-known sins, and in them all not one name to which some great evil did not cling.

There are quickly reached limits to the veneration with which we are to regard the noblest heroes and saints, and none of them are to be to us patterns, however we may draw encouragement from their lives, and in some respects follow their faith. Thank God for the shameful stories told of so many of them in the unmoved narrative of Scripture! They were men of common clay. The saints' halo is round the head of men and women like ourselves. We look at our own sins and shortcomings, and are ready to despair. But we may lift our eyes to the cloud of witnesses and for every evil of ours find a counterpart in the earthly lives of these radiant saints. Thinking of our own evil we may hopefully say, as we gaze on them, "Such were some of ye, but ye are washed, and ye are sanctified." Therefore I will not doubt but that He is able to keep me, even me, "from falling, and to present me faultless before the presence of His glory."

II. But we are not left to draw encouragement from the remembrance of men of like passions with ourselves only. The second of these clauses turns our thoughts to the *contrasted relations between Christ and us, and the stimulus derived from it.* "Looking unto Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith."

Our Lord is here very emphatically set in a place by Himself apart from all that cloud of witnesses, who in their measure are held forth as noble examples of faith. All these, the greatest names of old, are in one class, and He stands above them in a class of which He is the only member. There we see no other man save Jesus only. Whatever be the inference from that fact, the fact itself is plain. He is something to all the fighters in the lists which none of these are. Our eyes may profitably dwell on them, but we have to look higher than their serene seats, even to His throne, and the relation between us and Him is altogether unlike that which binds us to the holiest of these.

The names He bears in this context are noteworthy, "the author and finisher of faith," the former being the same word which, in Acts iii. 15, is rendered "prince" (of life), and in this Epistle (ii. 10), "captain" (of salvation). Its meaning may perhaps be best given as "leader." All these others are the long files of the great army, but Christ is the Commander of the whole array. "As Captain of the Lord's host am I come up," said the man with the drawn sword, who stood before Joshua as he brooded outside the walls of Jericho over his task, and that armed angel of the

Lord was He who in the fulness of time took our humanity that He might lead the many sons to glory. Not in order of time, but by the precedence of nature is He the Leader and Lord of all who live by faith.

He is also the finisher, or more properly the perfecter of faith, inasmuch as He in His own life has shown it in its perfect form and power, inasmuch also as He gives to each of us, if we will have it, grace to perfect it in our lives, and inasmuch as, finally, He crowns and rewards it at last.

One more remark as to the force of the language here may be allowed. The word rendered "looking" is an emphatic compound, and if full force be given to both its elements, we might read it "looking away," that is, turning our eyes from all others, even the grandest of these grand witnesses, to gaze on Christ alone.

All these details serve to bring out the unique position which our Lord holds, and the attitude in which we should stand to Him.

Christ is the One perfect example of faith. We are familiar with the rest of His perfect example in regard to other graces of the Christian character, but we dwell less frequently than we ought on Him as having Himself lived a life of faith. Many orthodox believers so believe in Christ's divinity as to weaken their sense of the reality of His manhood, just as, on the other hand, a vivid apprehension of His manhood obscures to many the rays of His divinity. We lose much by not making very real to our minds that Jesus lived His earthly life by faith, that for Him as for us dependence on God, and humble confidence in Him, were the secret of peace, and the spring of power. This very Epistle, in another place, quotes the words of the psalm, "I will put my trust in Him," as the very inmost expression of Christ's life, and as one of the ways in which He proves His brotherhood with us. He, too, knows what it is to hang on God; and is not only in His Divine nature the object, but in His true manhood the pattern of our faith.

And His pattern is perfect. In all others, even the loveliest of saints and most heroic of martyrs, the gem is marred by many a streak of baser material, but in Him is the one "entire and perfect chrysolite." That faith never faltered, never turned its gaze from the things not seen, never slackened its grasp of the things hoped, nor degenerated into self-pleasing, nor changed its attitude of meek submission. We may look to others for examples, but they will all be sometimes warnings as well, only to Jesus may we look continually and find unsullied purity and perfect faith.

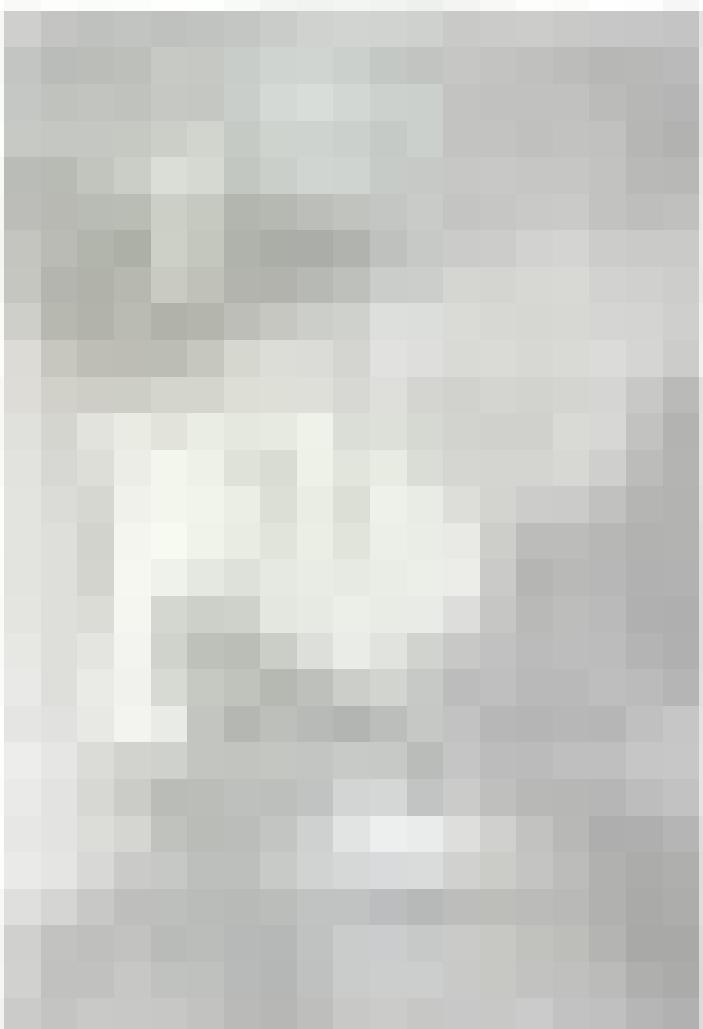
He is more than example. He gives us power to copy His fair pattern. The influence of heroic, saintly lives may be depressing as well as encouraging. Despondency often creeps over us when we think of them. It is not models that we want, for we all know well enough what we ought to be, and an example of supreme excellence in morals or religion may be as hurtful as the unapproachable superiority of Shakespeare or Raphael may be to a young aspirant. Perfect patterns will not save the world. They do not get themselves copied. What we want is not the

knowledge of what we ought to be, but the will and the power to be it. And that we get from Christ, and from Him alone. He stretches out His hand to hold us up in our poor struggles. His grace and His peace come into our hearts. Looking to Him, His Spirit enters our spirits, and we live, yet not we, but Christ liveth in us. Models will help us little. They stand there like statues on their pedestals, pure marble loveliness; but in Christ the marble becomes flesh, and the lovely perfection has a heart to pity and a strong hand stretched out to help. So let us look away from all others, who can only give us example, to Him who can give us strength. Turn from the circling thrones to the imperial throne in the centre. We are more closely bound to Him who sits on it than to them. Look away from the cloud of witnesses to the Sun of our souls, from whom, gazing, we receive warmth and light and life. They may teach us to fight, but He fights in us. They are patterns of faith. So is He, but He is also its object, and its giver.

Christ is the Imperial Rewarder of faith. At the last He will give the full possession of all which it has looked and hoped for, and will lift it into the nobler form in which, even in heaven, we shall live by faith. In that region where struggles cease, and sense and sight no longer lead astray, and we behold Him as He is, faith still abides, as conscious dependence and happy trust. It is perfected in manner, measure and reward. And Christ is the giver of all that perfects it.

Let us, then, turn away our eyes from all beside, and look to Christ. He is the Reward as well as the Rewarder of our faith. As we look to Him we shall gain power for the fight, and victory and the crown. The gladiators in the arena lowered their swords to the emperor, before they fought, with the grim greeting "Hail, Cæsar! the dying salute thee." So, in happier fashion, ought we to do. Let us fix our eyes on Him, our Lord, who has Himself fought in the lists where we now strive. Then we shall have strength for the conflict, and when the conflict is drawing to its end, and all else swims before our sight, and the din grows faint in our ears, we shall close our eyes in peace; and, when we open them again, lo! the bloody field, and the broken sword, and the battered helm, have all disappeared, and we sit, crowned and palm-bearing, at His side, hailed as victors, and lapped in sweetest rest for evermore!

MAN PROPOSES, BUT GOD DISPOSES.—The story is told, but with what historic credentials we know not, that when the great Napoleon was planning the invasion of Russia, a friend, after saying all that he could to dissuade him from the project, quoted the well-known proverb, *L'homme propose et Dieu dispose*—man proposes, but God disposes. "I dispose as well as propose," promptly retorted the would-be autocrat; how his experience contradicted his boast is too well-known to need more than passing reference. The French were doubtless indebted for this proverb to a translation of the "De Imitatione Christi" of Thomas à Kempis. In the first book of that work, ch. xix., treating "Of Religious Exercises," he says, "Nam homo proponit sed Deus disponit, nec est in homine via ejus," an epigrammatic form of the Vulgate version of Prov. xvi. 9: "Cor hominis disponit viam suam, sed Domini est dirigere gressus ejus."



of precious stones. Her hands are joined and clasp a tablet. She has a round face, compassionate eyes and highly arched eyebrows. She is styled Tien how or Tien fei, "empress" or "queen of heaven." This is not in the sense in which Ashtoreth or Astarte was called the queen of heaven, as a personification of the moon. It is rather in the sense of state investiture. A Chinese emperor issues an edict investing some deceased man or woman with a certain title, and henceforth they are worshipped with that title.

A little island, called Meichow, lies close to the Fukien coast, about half-way through the Formosa channel, and about a third of the distance from Amoy to Fuchow. Here the state-made goddess was born, in the year A.D. 960, or as some say A.D. 1093. We follow the biographer, and adopt the earlier epoch. Here she grew up in the midst of rocks and boisterous winds, a constant witness of the dangers of life on the sea, and the destruction wrought by powerful tempests. It is a coast where typhoons rage every summer, and where the people, when unexpectedly visited by violent storms, feel the weakness of unaided man, and in their moments of alarm look up longingly for help to unseen divinities. It was in such circumstances that the myth of the sailors' goddess took shape, and was elaborated into its modern form.

The family name Lin is very widely spread among the people of Fukien province. To this clan the goddess belonged. She was the sixth daughter in the family. She was very intelligent, and at eight years old was fond of reading Buddhist prayer books. At thirteen she conversed with a Tauist priest, who was struck with her love for that sort of reading. He told her that if she possessed the Buddha nature, she would be able to save men, and this would be the best fruit of her aims and longings. He gave her a book containing a secret and efficacious method. She is represented as standing in front of him with folded hands. The priest sits at a long table with a book before him. His right hand is on the book. With the forefinger of his left hand he points to her while he speaks.

One day, when the goddess was sixteen, and was walking out with other girls, they passed an old well. Unexpectedly a figure appeared rising out of the well. It was a divine man. In his hands he held up two charms above his head. They were inscribed on copper bowls. At the same time there appeared three divine persons in the air overhead, dressed like magistrates. The girls ran away full of alarm, but the goddess advanced with entire self-possession and took the copper bowls. From this time she acquired great strength of a magical kind, with very complete knowledge, and was accustomed to fall into trances.

The first recorded occasion when she did so was the most noteworthy event in her life. She knew by what she saw and heard in a trance that her brother was lost in a storm at sea, and that her father was saved. She was sitting at the loom one day. Her father and brother were in two different boats crossing the sea. They met a very violent west wind. The waves rose high and broke fiercely against their little craft.

The goddess felt her mind deeply moved. Her eyes closed. Her soul went forth on its wanderings over the ocean. Her hand grasped the shuttle, and her feet pressed the loom axle. While she held it, it seemed as if it would elude her grasp. Seeing she was in this trance, her mother called her. She woke, and fell to weeping. Her father she said was safe. Her brother was lost. It proved afterwards to be her father's boat that she pressed with her foot, and her brother's rudder that she held with her hand. If her mother had not been impatient in waking her, perhaps both might have been saved. If the question be asked in China now why this Fukien girl of the Lin family was invested with the honours of a goddess, the reply by the people on the coast will be in nine cases out of ten, that it was on account of this event in her life.

Near Meichow is a flat island, to which the goddess used sometimes to go. Once she threw down some rape seed oil, being a small quantity which her mother had given her as of no use. The whole of that part of the island became covered with pods full of rape seed, shining brilliantly, and having yellow and blue colours. Rape has grown there ever since, and may be seen all the year round. It is on this account that the island is called Rape Seed Island.

One day the goddess wished to pass in a boat to the main land. The man rowed with difficulty, and made little progress. The goddess said, "Do not be troubled. Take this straw mat, and see what it will do for you." They hung it on a spar. It moved up and down like duck's wings, from the stern a strong wind began to blow. The men rowed with sinewy arms and made quick progress, while all who looked on wondered.

On another occasion a remarkable thing occurred on the west of the island. A large rock there stands in the way, and many smaller ones are seen sprinkled among the waves. Often merchant vessels strike against these rocks. One day, when a large junk was passing, and the wind was boisterous, the sailors called out in alarm. No one would venture to go to their assistance. The goddess threw down some grass stalks, which were at once transformed into strong poles of pine wood. The men seized them, and planting their ends against the rocks, pushed their way forward, and were soon out of danger. In the drawing descriptive of this scene, the goddess is seen in the air above the junk, standing on a cloud. In her right hand she brandishes a horse-tail brush, such as is used by Tauist magicians as an instrument of supernatural power. In the left hand she holds straws such as those she has already, by her magical power, converted into the poles, which are in the hands of the sailors, and by the help of which they are now successfully conveying the junk past the rocks.

When the goddess was twenty-one, there was a severe drought. The old men said that only this divine maid could relieve them from this calamity. They came and appealed to her. She consented, and at the proper time for a fall of rain it fell in great abundance. There was a most plentiful year. All praised the wonderful powers of the divine maid.

One day, being in need of a boat to cross a

great river, she was seen riding an iron horse through the air, and in her hand was observed the magical horse-tail above mentioned, appended to a long stick. The horse went swiftly through the air. He had a black mane. He was never



THE CHINESE QUEEN OF HEAVEN, OR SAILORS' GODDESS.

seen without a saddle or taking food. When the goddess was twenty-three years of ago, she was informed that two spirits of bad influence were infesting a region in the north-west. One of them had ears which could bring fair winds by listening. The other had eyes which could see a thousand miles. She was asked to bring them into subjection. She said in reply, "They are the spirits of the elements, metal and water. They take advantage of a time of prosperity to come and work mischief. I must use the elements fire and earth to subdue them." She then put into operation certain charms and modes of enchantment. They became entirely submissive, and fell down in her presence, with expressions of humble reverence, laying on the ground beside them their weapons of offence.

There was a man of evil dispositions, Yen kung, who became a demon on the ocean, bringing trouble to mariners. The goddess used her enchanting power to subdue him. Although he felt her marvellous influence to be great, he did not show himself entirely submissive. He afterwards became a dragon, who excited the waves to commotion. On one occasion he caused a furious assault of billows on a vessel in which, by good fortune, the goddess was. She threw down a strong cable of great length, which attached itself to him more firmly the more vigorously it was pulled. Finding that it was impossible to loosen this cable the spirit became afraid, and acknowledged himself a criminal. The goddess said to him, "In the eastern ocean the voyager meets with many dangers. Be you the protector of the mariner." She received him from that day as one who was suited to hold a high place of trust among her people. She could summon spirits to her aid, and she placed him over them.

In the "City of Rushes" the magistrate's family and many of the people were sick, on account of an epidemic fever prevailing with great force. A servant of the magistrate urged him to appeal to the divine maid. He consented, prepared himself by fasting, and proceeded to her home to implore her aid. She said, "When a heaven-sent pestilence rages, how can I act otherwise than reverently?" She felt compassion for the magistrate on account of his well-known benevolence, and at once undertook to perform an office of contrition* on his behalf. She took nine joints of a favourite drug called *Calamus acorus*, pasted on them a charm written for the purpose, fried them over a fire and drank the liquid. The fever immediately left the entire neighbourhood.

The district of Kau li was disturbed by some invisible sprite. The people came in a body to ask the maid's assistance, who proceeded to paste charms in certain spots. When she noticed birds flying away from the charms she pursued them to their haunts, and swept the holes clean. Then she saw a ball of black smoke, from which dropped a little "tailor bird," which appeared when it reached the ground, as withered hair. This she burnt, when a small demon appeared, the original being which had transformed itself temporarily into the form of small birds and of black vapour.



HOW THE GODDESS LEARNED THAT HER FATHER WAS SAVED IN A STORM AND HER BROTHER LOST.

In the popular legend the neighbours are described as looking on with admiring wonder, while the

* The Chinese words *Chán, huéi* here used, both mean "to repent;" and have been used in China since the sixth

ugly demon with claws, horns and long hairy ears kneels down before the maid subdued by her charms.

On the west side of the city of Chi han there is a bridge crossing an arm of the sea, and much used by the people. One day a strange wind attacked the pillars of the bridge, which were all broken, and it became unsafe for foot passengers to cross. The maid knew that it was two evil-disposed spirits that had occasioned this mischief. From a distance she saw a black vapour going up into the sky. She used an effective means of cure of a magical nature. Men could then cross the bridge as before.

The following is another instance of the victory of the maid over two demons. One did mischief on lonely islands, and the other among the waves. Sometimes one of them would also appear just in the centre of some ship's course, with red face and golden apparel, and alarm the sailors by rowing a path through the sea in the direction contrary to that of the ship. The divine maid caused by magic another ship to appear ploughing its way across the waters. One of the demons left the first ship and proceeded to that of the maid, who seeing this uttered a charm by which he was subdued. The other demon came from his island straight to where the maid was. She brandished her horsehair brush with so much efficiency that though the demon tried to leap and run he was unable to leave the spot. He then became afraid and ran away. His demon heart was not however cleansed. Next year the demon was again troublesome, but this time he gave up resistance and became rightly disposed.

At this point in the mythical biography the divine maid becomes translated to heaven, and continues afterwards her remarkable interpositions down to the present century. The year of her translation to heaven is given as A.D. 987, and the event is described as follows.

She went out with her cousins and a few other female companions. They ascended the ridge of the Mei island, till they reached the highest point. Suddenly they heard sounds in the air. It was the music of pipes and harps, as if playing in honour of some divine person. They looked up, and saw a procession of immortals with flags, canopies and all the appurtenances of a triumphal march. In the midst was seen a chair, the covering of which bore the embroidered figures of an empress. The goddess then mounted on a cloud and rose into the air. Her companions all gazed with wonder, and wept that she was taken from them. Then in an instant clouds of different colours spread themselves out and united, so that she was no more seen. After this many remarkable events occurred in succession by her agency. The people joined in the erection of a chapel for her worship, and she was styled "the wondrous maid of profound wisdom."

The next event in this mythical account is nearly two centuries later, in 1156. At that

century for liturgical services, to which the former of these two words is applied as a name.

It is one of the many coincidences between Buddhism and Roman Catholicism that substitutionary penances may be performed in both, and that the word meaning "repent" becomes the name of a service or some act done for a religious purpose.

time, North China had been lost to the Tartars. The Sung dynasty had settled itself in a contracted empire and a new capital. The beautiful city of Hangchow, in the province of Chekiang, was now the metropolis. Tauism was basking in imperial favour. The emperor's father, a prisoner in Mongolia, was extremely devoted to Tauist ideas. The son, while reigning instead of his captive father, during many long years, was, like him, fond of worshipping Tauist divinities. An instance of this is found in the investiture by him of the sailors' goddess with a special title, and the issue of an order to perform periodical worship to her. She was called merely "the powerful and gracious lady," *Ling huai fu jen*. During the next year a locality on the east side of the City of Rushes was selected as a suitable spot for the erection of a temple. A dream of one of the villagers plainly pointed out the land of two of the inhabitants as the proper place. A minister of state, Chén chiün ching, hearing of this, had the ground examined by diviners, who pronounced it to be lucky. Here therefore a temple was founded, and in a short time completed.

The marvellous events contained in this account are selected from the biography, in two volumes, which is printed at the expense of wealthy persons disposed to almsgiving, and is given away on occasion of a festival in the court of any temple of the goddess. In adding wonderful incidents from time to time to the biography, the object is not to give correct accounts, but to excite the reverence of worshippers, and to embody ideas current among the more superstitious. If any one wishes to learn when these stories were originated he cannot obtain accurate information. No author has appended his name. The stories are not recognised in any books of authority. We can merely say that they are imitations of Buddhist legends in part, and of indigenous Tauist legends also in part. The sailors' goddess has become interwoven in modern ideas of Chinese seafaring life.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE amusements of men are as varied as their nature. They are found far more often in change of occupation than in the direct pursuit of pleasure. But the need of relaxation from the severer duties of life is recognised in some form by all. Hence the question continually arises as to what rules should govern the selection of amusements, and it is one which every generation is apt to answer in its own way.

There was a time when abstinence from certain amusements accounted worldly was deemed an essential part of Christian profession. The early Methodists were scarcely less strict in their practice than the Puritans before them. The principle by which the Quakers sought to realise a simpler habit of life was widely applied. There was a large infusion, so to say, of the doctrine of "total abstinence" in the practice of the church. All this was in part protest against gross excesses of frivolity and vice, which were as debauching to the public character as the

drunkenness against which we hear so much to-day. Nor can it be disputed that, in times of great religious earnestness, many things doubtful will be swept aside. The soul intently set on higher objects will have small regard for dubious questions. On the other hand, as Christian teaching has sway, the occasions for protest should become fewer. There may not always be the same risk of contamination or abuse. As the tone of morality rises, some boundaries may be lost sight of, and some objections that were like way-marks may go down; only let us not forget that rocks and quicksands may remain, even though the water covers them.

First, then, amusement to be legitimate should be really amusement—recreative, restorative; not trenching on the time which properly belongs to work,—not unfitting for “the daily round, the common task.” It should not be excessive or exhaustive, destructive of the sweet simplicities of home, or impeding the sterner duties of life.

It follows that amusements should be proportioned. Sometimes justly assuming a first place, and becoming the occasion of the highest interest, they must in general be subordinated. They can never be long a chief object in any true life.

In their nature, they should have some relation to our work. The amusement of one day, for example, is not necessarily the amusement of the next. Now the soothing charm of music may supply a delightful and sufficient refreshment; but again, some total and even exciting break in the daily routine may best keep the spirit healthful. In the same way, age and character must be considered. There is often much intolerance in the counsel which would bind both young and old by one law. So, too, the average possibilities of character are well taken into account. It is wisdom to remember that the ideal rule of perfection cannot be reached in this matter, while the world remains what it is; and the fact must not be overlooked that some forms of popular amusement have their root in social necessities—a root which is sure to bear fruit of some kind.

This much premised, all Christians agree that whatever is harmful to the spiritual life should be avoided. That life has “room and verge enough,” peering into the depths of thought, aspiring to the unknown heights, but ranging also among familiar objects, using the common speech, and indulging in the common laughter of men. But this one principle of limitation is recognised by all devout souls, however varied their experience. There are some natures which seem to move unharmed in any sphere; their purity is proof against any stain, they are so strong in faith that evil stirs only their indignation or their pity; but these are exceptions. Most people know well that the soul’s health needs prudent tending. An atmosphere of mere sensationalism is in itself prejudicial, whether it be found over a novel or on the stage, in the ball-room, or out of doors in the excessive pursuit of athletic sports. And this principle still holds good even where there is no Christian profession. No amusement can be expedient which endangers the moral character by exposure to unnecessary temptation. “Seeing the world” means as a rule seeing only its evil side; and many a young soul

has been stifled, as in the very smoke of hell, by reckless curiosity of this kind.

There are gradations also of spiritual health which may have to be consulted—times, it may be, of special susceptibility, when more than ordinary precautions may be required. There are, too, varieties of character upon which diverse effects may be produced by the same cause. The old saying that “what is one man’s meat is another man’s poison” applies here. A due regard for the spiritual welfare of others will, therefore, have its place in the choice of amusements. No parent would launch his children into scenes which he knew would have a fatal fascination; and some things, that might be otherwise lawful, are not expedient when they become a snare to our brother. Better a hundred times, for example, banish the card-table than let the passion of gambling grow under cover of home.

Once more, no amusement can be legitimate which tends to give the lower nature ascendancy, or which degrades those who take part in it. The bull-ring is the last notable survival of the hideous sports of barbaric times; but there are still exhibitions in which mere animalism triumphs. Gladiatorial shows are suppressed, but dangerous exploits find favour: and the popular taste, which is supposed to condemn what is simply brutal, still insists on its victims. The “human form divine” is, as one illustration, tortured sometimes into unnatural elasticity, for the mere sake of provoking laughter. Still more grievous is the degradation of spirit when low buffoonery passes into coarseness, and decency drops the last rag of natural modesty.

The question is not so much whether particular forms of amusement are theoretically right, as whether those in which we indulge help or hinder the true life. Do they dim the spiritual vision? Do they dissipate our best powers? Or do they brighten the daily round, bring a more genial charity into our hearts, and help us in our appointed work? These are considerations which cannot be too carefully weighed.

“CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.”—This is one of the most familiar proverbs of every-day life, and often quoted as if a passage of Scripture, yet, strange to say, its origin has never been traced, its authorship is unknown. The most trustworthy reference we have is to John Wesley’s well-known sermon “On Dress” (No. xciii. in the 2 vol. editions), and there it is given marked with inverted commas as a quotation. Expatiating upon 1 Peter iii. 3, 4, he says: “Slovenliness is no part of religion; neither this nor any text of Scripture condemns neatness of apparel. Certainly this is a duty; not a sin. ‘Cleanliness is, indeed, next to godliness.’ Agreeably to this, good Mr. Horbert advises every one that fears God:

‘Let thy mind’s sweetness have its operation
Upon thy person, clothes, and habitation.’ ”

“GREAT IS TRUTH, AND IT WILL PREVAIL.”—This proverb, best known perhaps in its Latin form, *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*, is traceable to the so called Apocryphal Book the 1st Esdras (styled the 3rd Esdras in Jerome’s Latin version), where in ch. iv. ver. 41 we find, “Great is truth, and mighty above all things.”

Pages for the Young.

A PROUD HEART.

CHAPTER II.



DR. REYDER AND JANET LESLIE.

NOT one of Mrs. Temple's pupils possessed a larger degree of influence over her companions than Margaret Dakin. Her naturally imperious disposition easily swayed weaker wills to her power, and an unlimited supply of pocket-money enabled her to exercise a free and easy liberality which won for her at least several nominal friendships. Therefore if she chose to ignore and treat Janet with coldness and contempt, others were quite ready to follow her example.

All this was polite torture to Janet, a torture that might have become almost unbearable; but if Margaret had failed her, in Mrs. Temple, Janet, as her mother had predicted, found a kind and true friend.

Janet uttered no complaint of the disappointment that attended her first experience of school life, but Mrs. Temple was of too observant habits not to notice and comprehend the turn things had taken; and she quietly drew Janet into companionships suitable and congenial to her; so that despite Margaret's studied coolness, and the general feeling of aversion, Janet made one or two steady friendships. Not content with this, Mrs. Temple, in her own mind, was only waiting a fitting opportunity to set Janet right in the open and general estimation of her schoolfellows. Circumstances favoured her resolution.

Janet had been only a few weeks at school, when one day, soon after the conclusion of morning lessons, Mrs. Temple, entering the schoolroom, announced a change in the usual routine of the day. The studies for that afternoon would be set aside. A gentleman then lecturing in the town on scientific subjects, being an intimate friend of Mrs. Temple's, had consented to come that afternoon and deliver a lecture to the young ladies of her establishment. The news was received with very general satisfaction.

"Dr. Reyder," added Mrs. Temple, "told me when I saw him yesterday, and made this arrangement with him, that he believed he should find among my pupils an especial young friend of his."

Mrs. Temple looked round as she concluded, and young faces glanced eagerly at each other, as though questioning to whom the honour belonged; then Margaret Dakin, with

suddenly flushed and brightening face, stepped quickly forward.

"Did you say the gentleman's name was Reyder—Dr. Reyder?"

"Yes, that is his name."

"Oh, then I know him; I am the young friend he means. I am glad he remembers me!"

Mrs. Temple looked quietly at Margaret's excited countenance.

"What do you know of him, my dear?"

"I don't know much of him myself, only he came to our house once when lecturing near us. Papa brought him home one day to lunch with us. Papa thought very highly of him—I was introduced to him, and he shook hands with me. I am so glad he remembers me! Did he not say he meant me?"

"No," replied Mrs. Temple, slowly, "he did not mention any name; he only said that in one of my pupils he believed he should recognise an especial young friend; but I was just leaving and did not inquire further."

Mrs. Temple then quitted the room; as she did so, she observed at the farther end of the long schoolroom, quite apart from all her companions, Janet Leslie, a sheet of paper lying before her, a pen poised between her fingers, a troubled, perplexed look on her young face. Janet was writing home.

The morning having come on wet, out-door exercise was prevented, and Janet had availed herself of that hour of recreation to complete her letter. But for once what ought to have been a delightful employment had become a troublous and puzzling undertaking. Only that morning Margaret Dakin had treated her not merely with coldness, but with positive incivility and unkindness. Janet's heart was wounded and sore, as she reflected on the conduct she had received; and the state of mind thus produced made her letter difficult to write. Hitherto Janet had always maintained unreserved confidence towards her mother, but now she was thinking sorrowfully, that to tell out freely the grievous experience she daily encountered, would make Mrs. Leslie both anxious and unhappy; while to assume a cheerfulness of tone and lightness of heart she was so far from feeling, seemed impossible to her. Janet would not complain, and yet concealment appeared almost like deceit. And this was not all. Into Janet's soul religious truths had been lovingly and earnestly instilled, and already had she become an earnest, humble disciple of Him who was meek and lowly in heart. But now, as she sat thus reflecting, she became conscious of bitter, angry feelings—she could not forgive, she could not much longer even tolerate Margaret Dakin's conduct. She knew the truth now. Margaret despised and ill-treated her because she was poor, and scorned and sneered at her humble home and surroundings, and Janet's soul burned with fierce indignation against the injustice thus done her. At that moment she felt she could have retaliated fiercely, have indulged in direct revenge had it only been in her power. Then, as her feelings reached this climax, a still, small voice within made itself plainly heard. Was this the spirit she had professed? Was this the disposition she wished to manifest? She knew well the loving rebuke, though mixed with tender sympathy, with which Mrs. Leslie would have met her angrily excited feelings. As the thought of her mother came forcibly upon her mind, at remembrance of her loving counsels and patient, gentle spirit, Janet's overcharged heart throbbed with a longing yearning. Tears rushed to her eyes, and putting the writing-paper hastily from her, suddenly clasping her hands before her eyes, she hid her troubled little face from view.

At that moment Mrs. Temple was about to close the schoolroom door. This act of Janet's was plainly visible to her; but Janet in the agitation of her thoughts never even noticed Mrs. Temple's exit, and not one

word of the recently uttered announcement had reached her disturbed senses. Finally the letter was laid aside unfinished, put off till a calmer season.

Meanwhile Margaret, in a flutter of excitement, the centre of an eager group, was retailing to the utmost that her memory would accommodate her, every item connected with Dr. Reyder. Yet, unconsciously, even to herself, imagination rather than memory assisted her tongue. In reality, Margaret's only recollection of Dr. Reyder was of a thin, spare, studious-looking man, who had darted one keen, almost fierce glance at her from beneath his massive brow, when in obedience to her father's request she had come forward and shaken hands with him. Margaret had afterwards simply dismissed him from her mind, as some one altogether uninteresting to her, but now, finding herself honoured by special remembrance, all that she could recollect her father to have said in his praise, all that she could herself forcibly recall of Dr. Reyder's personal appearance, was detailed to her attentive listeners, her imagination kindly supplying any points where memory proved faulty. Margaret felt her hour of triumph would be complete when that afternoon the great and learned Dr. Reyder should openly acknowledge her as his especial young friend. In the sudden tumult of gratified vanity, even her external appearance was not forgotten. Of dresses, as of money, she had ample supply, but that afternoon one or two sensible additions were made to her general attire. Then with the assembled school, she awaited Dr. Reyder's appearance.

The anticipated moment arrived; the door opened, and Dr. Reyder and Mrs. Temple entered. Margaret's memory had not altogether proved false: there was the thin, slight figure, the massive brow, beneath which the quick, dark eyes flashed with keen scrutiny upon any object suddenly presented to their notice. Margaret sat in a prominent position. Dr. Reyder almost touched her as he passed; his eyes, with their searching expression, seemed to gleam full upon her, but not a ray of recognition illuminated their depths. Something in that sharp glance deterred Margaret from making any advances of her own accord. He had seen her without noticing her, that was evident; but, then, plainly she remembered her father speaking of Dr. Reyder as a man of eccentric habits, so consoling herself with that reflection, Margaret complacently awaited the moment of honourable distinction.

But some one else had watched Dr. Reyder's entrance. Quite in a back seat sat Janet Leslie. Janet was still looking sad, the shadow of the morning's disquietude still visible in her eyes. Concerning that afternoon's event, she had felt no enthusiasm. Hearing a gentleman was coming to lecture, she had timidly inquired his name; but the inquiry being made of one of Margaret's special confidantes she had only found herself pushed ruthlessly aside, with the hasty reply:

"Who is it? A very clever man, and a great friend of Margaret Dakin's!"

Janet turned away with a sigh. So important a personage could have no special interest for her, and she made no further inquiries. She was sitting still, thinking of home and that unfinished letter, when Dr. Reyder entered. Janet took one glance at his face; her own grew suddenly illuminated with delight and joy. Scarcely could she repress an eager exclamation that sprang to her lips. She rose hastily to her feet, and was only recalled by a companion sitting near her, pulling hard at her sleeve, and bidding her resume her seat. Mechanically Janet obeyed, but the light of glad recognition still shone in her eyes, as with her hands tightly clasped, forcibly she controlled the sudden tumult of joy a familiar face had awakened within her. She could hardly attend to the lecture for thinking of the moment of conclusion, when she was sure Mrs. Temple would allow a few words.

Margaret Dakin experienced something of the same sensation. During the lecture several times Dr. Reyder's glance seemed fully bent upon her, though never accompanied by a glimmer of recognition. But Margaret, remembering the eccentric habits, waited, like Janet, only for the conclusion.

That moment arrived, the lecture was ended. Mrs. Temple, stooping towards Dr. Reyder, said something in a low tone. Dr. Reyder glanced quickly up, his eyes plainly going in the direction where Janet was seated. She caught the glance, and again rose hastily, but Mrs. Temple was motioning to Margaret to come forward, and Margaret was quitting her seat in obedience. Janet saw this, and instantly there flashed upon her what in her sudden joy at the recognition of a familiar face had escaped her mind, that Dr. Reyder was a great friend of Margaret's. The remembrance of this suddenly chilled her ardour. She would not resume her place, but no longer eagerly advanced; she stood watching the reception Margaret would receive from her friend.

Margaret approached to Dr. Reyder's side, but he seemed unconscious of her presence, till Mrs. Temple said quietly:

"This is the young lady, Dr. Reyder, who claims the honour of your acquaintance."

Dr. Reyder turned, flashed upon Margaret a sharp glance from his keen eyes, but his only greeting was a distant bow, and his whole expression said plainly, that so far as his inner consciousness went, he was looking upon her face for the first time.

Under that scrutinising gaze, Margaret grew hot and confused, and could only stammer out the self-introduction so evidently necessary.

Dr. Reyder repeated the name, "Dakin! Dakin!" then with an abrupt movement, passing one hand across his brow, "My memory," he said, "is treacherous. Dakin! Dakin! I cannot for the moment recall the name."

Again he passed his hand over his brow, as though the movement assisted his memory. Margaret ventured faintly, "You lunched with us, one day, at our house—I—I—" Margaret at this point lapsed into inextricable confusion of expression. Dr. Reyder gave a spontaneous little wave of his hand towards her, as though her ineffectual attempts only bewildered him, and Margaret, with crimson face, stood silent and abashed.

Then a sudden smile irradiating his features, "A young lady—" he said. "I must beg you to excuse me, but my memory sometimes proves faulty on these points. I hear so many names, and have so many kind acquaintances—but I would not willingly forget a friend, and I am happy to have spoken to you, Miss Dakin."

This was the extent of Dr. Reyder's acknowledgment. Margaret had evidently falsely presumed. He extended his hand as he spoke; Margaret took it, bowed silently, and for the first time feeling ashamed to meet the faces of her companions, with downcast eyes resumed her seat, still so conspicuously a prominent one. But Dr. Reyder was looking intently towards the other end of the room, and there was now no lack of recognition in his eyes, as with smiling glance they rested upon a small figure, which, thus encouraged, came quickly to the front. Dr. Reyder held out his hand to Janet as she approached, and drawing her forward, glancing at Mrs. Temple, he said, "This is the young friend I anticipated meeting. We are very good friends, are we not, Janet?"

Janet glanced up quickly, and Dr. Reyder's eyes softened with unwanted tenderness, as still holding Janet's hand, but speaking to Mrs. Temple, his tones quite audible to the whole school. "My friendship in this case is of very long standing. I and the father of my little friend here," glancing down at Janet as he spoke, "were at school together, at college together, more like brothers than friends—then after some years' separation, I found my old friend

again, reviced as it were, in his son, and through him my intercourse with the family renewed."

Dr. Heyder did not see fit to state that this renewal with the Leslie family had been attended with marked, though delicate proofs of true friendship, and after a moment's pause, "Ah, Janet," he added, "I have sundry messages from your good brother." Then turning towards Mrs. Temple, he begged a few minutes' conversation alone with Janet, adding to his request, "My little friend has a brother of whom she may be justly proud, who is fast winning honours to his name, and I doubt not will attain that success in life which his father, through premature death, failed to accomplish. Hearing I was coming in this direction, he especially entrusted me with a few inquiries, therefore, for old acquaintance' sake, I solicit a few minutes' interview."

Mrs. Temple at once acceded to the request, and she, with Janet and Dr. Heyder, quitted the schoolroom.

HOME BIBLE CLASS.

NO. II.

TEXT for the day, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." (Psalm xxv. 7.)

Reading lesson. (Matt. ii. 1-15.)



THE WISE MEN ENTERING BETHLEHEM.

The subject of our study to-day is the second journey of the Infant Saviour, a very different one from the first, as you perceive from the passage you have just read. This was a flight from danger, the "flight into Egypt," as it is generally called. It was a journey of painful necessity, and had to be undertaken in haste and in darkness, to save a life, which was infinitely precious.

Some questions must be answered about the circumstances which caused this flight. Who were the strangers that came to Jerusalem from the east? The wise men, you will tell me, and it is impossible for any one to say more about them, for the Bible says no more. We only know that they must have been truly wise to seek so earnestly for the Saviour;

and they must have been both rich and liberal, for they gave him such costly gifts as only rich men could afford.

How were they enabled to find the Babe of Bethlehem? Observe how God led them; it was first by the guidance of a star that they came to Jerusalem, and then by the word of prophecy they were directed to Bethlehem; following humbly the guidance they received they were helped again by God, for the bright and wonderful star again appeared, and went before them till it stood over the place where the young Child was. Then these wise men "rejoiced with exceeding great joy," as all men do rejoice when after long and diligent search they find the Saviour. These men were Gentiles; they came from a country far away, where men knew not the God of Israel. But God knew their hearts, and led them Himself to Him who was to be a "light to lighten the Gentiles," according to Simeon's words. Perhaps they may have had some knowledge of the prophecy spoken long before by Balaam another Gentile: "There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel." (Numbers xxiv. 17.) They may have expected to find a great prince and an infant surrounded with grandeur on their arrival, instead of a lowly babe in swaddling clothes lying in a manger. But their faith failed not; they did not for a moment doubt that He to whom they had been led by the bright star over their heads was indeed He who was born king of the Jews, and these Gentile wise men, first of all men to do so, "fell down and worshipped him." Then they presented their gifts, the bright gold, the sweet frankincense, the costly myrrh, all gifts rightly presented, because they had first given "their own selves to the Lord." (See 2 Cor. viii. 5.)

Why was Herod troubled at the coming of these men? Because he knew he had no right to be king, and he feared his kingdom would be overthrown. He acted with cunning equal to his cruelty. He pretended that he also wished to worship the Christ whom they sought, intending to destroy Him. *By what means were the wise men kept from giving him information that would have been so dangerous?* They were warned of God in a dream, and returned by another way to their own land. And now we ask *how was the Infant Saviour preserved from Herod's fury?* a question which is answered by the text of the day which you have learned,—the angel of the Lord saved Him. There are men and women, and boys and girls in this world, who are safe in the midst of all dangers; no real evil comes near them! The angel of the Lord knows who they are, and where they are, even as he knew where the blessed Child of Bethlehem was. This angel has different ways of saving those who fear the Lord. It was by a dream that he warned Joseph to flee. It was by opening the prison doors that he saved Peter. (Acts xii. 7.) It was by horses and chariots of fire that he saved Elijah. (2 Kings vi. 17.) It was in the very midst of the burning fiery furnace that he saved Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. (Daniel iii. 28.)

Consider now the night journey of the Holy Infant traveller. It was a long, lonely, dreary journey; pursued at first through the darkness of night, enlightened only by the rays of that one bright star, the star of Bethlehem. Travellers in those days had none of the comforts which make it so pleasant for us to travel. Probably Mary rode upon a camel or an ass, hour after hour, day after day, guided by Joseph through quiet ways where they would not meet Herod's fierce soldiers. St. Matthew does not tell us by which road they went, but even by the nearest way they could not have reached Egypt in less than three days. Once they crossed the little stream called the river of Egypt (Numbers xxxiv. 5), they were out of Herod's reach and safe from his cruelty.

Sing at the close of this lesson the hymn,

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning."



steerage part, where hammocks are slung above their heads, and the smallest ones have to be carried up and down stairs, but they are most well behaved, and delighted with toys and picture books. Later in the morning I went on shore, returning to "The Sardinian" in the tender, on board of which we found Mr. Moorhouse the Evangelist, on his way to Londonderry. (Some readers may remember the account of his visit to Mr. Moody at Chicago.) After that there was a great bustle, people saying good-bye to their friends, and piles of luggage being taken on board and let down into the hold. Finally, we were really off, and steaming down the river. The children were all put to bed directly after dinner, to keep them quiet, and make up for their short night before. At eight o'clock P.M. we had a Bible reading with Mr. Moorhouse in the captain's chart-room, on St. John iii., and after some of us enjoyed a walk on deck. It was a most lovely night, very calm and still, and not at all dark. About 9.30 we all went to berth (one can scarcely call it to bed); my berth is the top one, getting into or out of which is a feat of skill.

After a good night's rest we got up, to find everything lovely, the sea "as calm as a mill-pond," and the rocks and hills on the Irish coast looking most beautiful. Between ten and eleven o'clock we passed the Giants' Causeway, and about the middle of the day we came into Lough Foyle. The hills were bare and green, rather like Yorkshire, with churches every here and there, and I saw one lovely old ruined castle.

The days go by quickly on board. In the morning Miss Macpherson gives the children a lesson on deck, and a good many of the emigrant passengers come to listen, both English and Scandinavian, though I do not suppose the latter understand much. Unfortunately we have no Scandinavian books or tracts with us, and it is tantalising not to be able to speak to them; but very few speak German. We have, however, been fortunate enough to find in the captain's chart-room a little book containing a verse of Scripture (St. John iii. 16) in every language, so we have copied this verse on cards in the various Scandinavian dialects; and now when I come to a group of foreigners I take out my cards and ask, "Finske? Norske? Swenske?" and they respond most readily, choosing out their own texts, and taking them with every manifestation of delight and gratitude. Some of them pull out a little well-worn Testament from their pockets, and point out the same text there. Very many of these people have Bibles or Testaments with them, while our own countrymen seem, as a rule, to be without them, or to have packed them in their large boxes in the hold. Happily our captain has a good stock in his cabin.

At eleven o'clock we had another short Bible reading with Mr. Moorhouse, on "what God had promised to be to His people" (Gen. xvii. 8; Ps. xlvi. 1-4; Isa. xliii. 2; Ezek. xi. 16; Hos. xiv. 4; Joel iii. 16; Zech. ii. 5). After lunch we were busy writing letters for the mail, and then came the final bustle of seeing it off. Some people had come with their friends so far, and some came on from Derry. Then we were finally off, not to see land again for a week at least. At dinner my

neighbour, and an American opposite to him, got up a teetotal discussion, which the American ended by making a would-be quotation from St. Paul, which he would be puzzled to find in any of the Epistles. "I agree," said he, "with St. Paul, when he said, 'What's one man's meat is another man's poison,' and (triumphantly) I am sure *that* is high authority!" Poor man, to know so little of the Word of God! After dinner we learned to walk (i.e. the unlearned of us), going up and down with the captain's strong arm, and then sat on deck, not feeling inclined to test the cabins until the stewardess hunted us down. She watches over us like an old nurse, coming in to see that we are all right at night, and bringing cups of beef-tea on deck to any who are not well enough to go down to dinner.

On Saturday night the water was rougher; there were very few of our party at breakfast next morning, and I was rather proud of being one of the few, and prophesied that I would not miss a meal. In the morning Miss Macpherson had her class with the children; first, the girls sitting on the deck, and then boys and girls together. It is wonderful to see how free they are, and yet how well kept in order; their teaching is thoroughly practical; very few of them will forget "the little word of four letters—obey," and they sing very nicely, so that numbers of the people came to listen. There were very few at dinner in the evening, but it was pleasant on deck afterwards, though decidedly unquiet, the waves rolling about in grand style. We have not seen a sail since we started. The weather has been splendid so far—no rain, and fresh, in fact quite cold.

On Sunday the sea was still rolling greatly, and the congregation in the saloon was not large, though a good many emigrants and sailors came in. The captain read prayers, as there was not a clergyman on board, and then gave a very good, short address on Job xxii. 21. After service I went along the deck, and found Miss Macpherson discoursing to the younger children, who were lying about in all directions under the shelter of the boats, and one reposing on her knee, but were very lively and interested, and answered nicely. After dinner to-day the elder children sang hymns, and Miss Macpherson spoke to the bystanders about the hymns. Then the captain had a service in the steerage, which was much crowded. All listened with the deepest attention as he pleaded with them to accept the offer of eternal life. Our captain is a thorough Christian man, as well as a most careful and experienced sailor. He has a Bible class for the sailors in the forecastle every evening (weather permitting), and there is evidently an excellent understanding between them. The emigrants liked his service so much that they asked him to give them an address in the week, so they are to have a short Bible reading in the morning whenever he can spare time.

Monday morning was beautifully calm, the sea as smooth as a lake, and yet with a lovely breeze blowing. Between seven and eight o'clock I was on deck, when we stopped suddenly, and we all ran to the stern to see why. They were letting down a sounding line because the captain had noticed that the colour of the water

looked different, and he wished to see if a shoal were growing up. The line ran out five hundred and seventy yards, with a wire and a short pole at the end, and was then quickly wound up again; the pole hissing after the ship through the water like a snake. When it came up at last, we saw that it had not touched the bottom, as it was painted white on the end, and there was no mark on it. The sea where we stopped was of a most lovely colour—greenish blue, and I never saw anything more beautiful than the sea and sky together, all tints of blue and grey, with a line of bright light in the east close to the horizon. At the end of the morning we went up to the prow to look at the lovely colours in the water. It was like cutting through a sea of melted glass, and "The Sardinian" herself looked like a great bird with all her sails up, going along steadily and grandly. While the children were running races to warm themselves a Norwegian came up, and asked me, by signs, to look at his phrase-book, so we had quite a conversation in it about the doctor, whom he wished to find for his child. There is said to be an interpreter somewhere on board, but I have never been able to find him.

Tuesday.—It is quite rough again, with a head wind, and we are only going $12\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour, instead of fourteen; still they seem to think we may get in on Saturday. Yesterday there was a talk of getting in on Friday evening. A very sad thing happened last night; one of the steerage (or rather intermediate) passengers died suddenly of heart disease. He had been very delicate for some time, and had gone home to Ireland from Canada on a visit, just for the sake of the voyage, as he had tried it before, and found it do him good. He had been thirty-seven years a farmer in Canada, and had a wife and grown up family there doing well. He was a Christian man, and had had a very good influence on the young men in the intermediate cabin on Sunday. He must have thought he was ill, for he had told a young man to whom he had talked a great deal that he did not expect to reach his home alive, and the young man, thinking he was nervous about travelling alone, had promised to change his course and go home with him. This morning his body was buried in the sea, the captain reading the burial service. It was a very solemn occasion, and made an evident impression on some of the roughest of the passengers. I was at the captain's meeting this morning in the steerage, and never saw a more attentive, interested congregation. Many of the men were taking notes, and several afterwards asked to buy Bibles from the captain. We had conversations with many, introduced by lending books and tracts. A missionary might find useful work if regularly stationed on emigrant ships.

Wednesday.—Yesterday evening was very squally and misty, and this morning there was a strong wind, and "white horses" all about, but it changed again: and the sea was blue and glassy. We had a pleasant little time with the children this morning. Each, down to the three-year old Eva, had learned a text to say to Miss Macpherson. This afternoon we went on the bridge to look at an iceberg, which was very

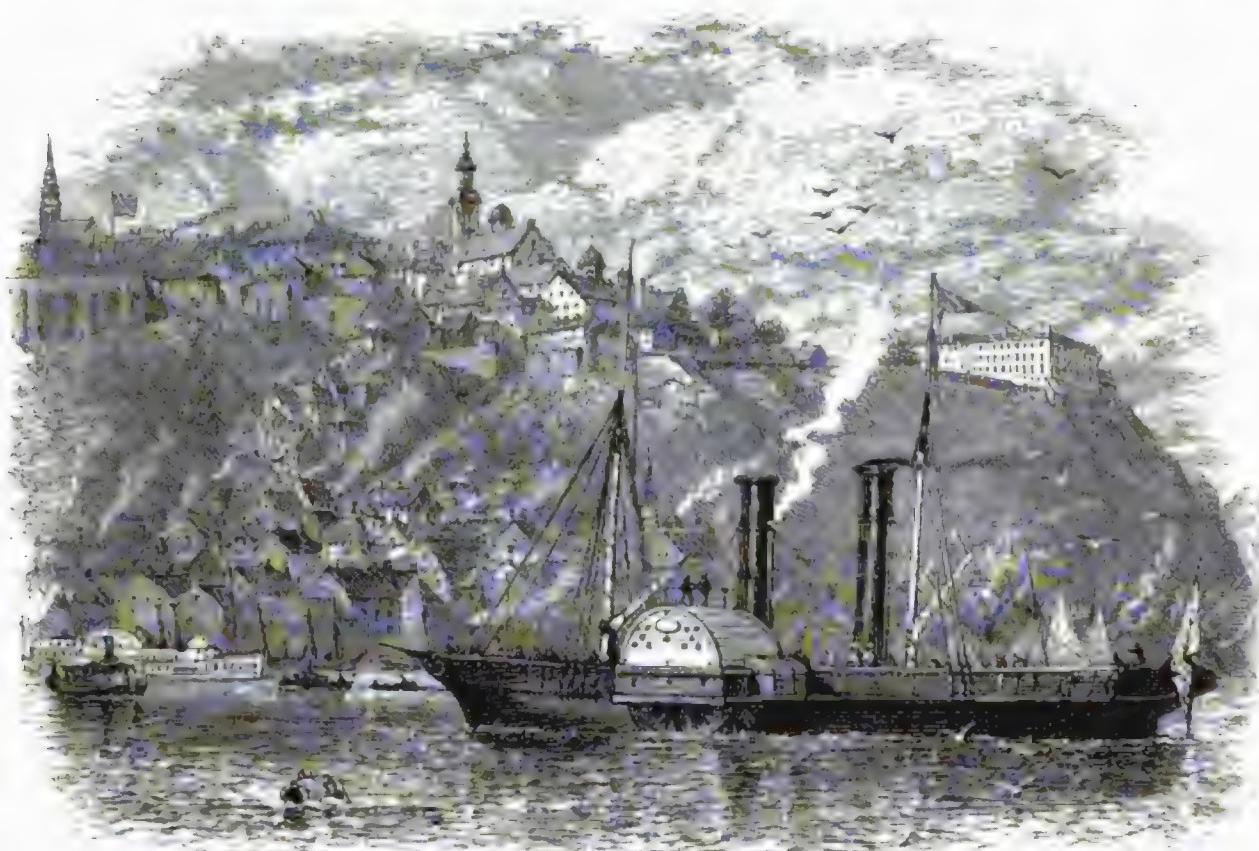
lovely. When we first saw it, it was like a little brown castle on the horizon, but as we passed it it was grand, and white and blue, like a snow peak. In the evening we had a lovely sunset, and sixteen icebergs were counted in the distance. Now a thick fog has come on, and we are stopping still, only swaying gently from side to side, as the captain, I suppose, is afraid to go on with so much ice about. We were 265 miles from Greenland yesterday, to-day we are not much above a hundred from Newfoundland. So far we have had a splendid passage. Yesterday, an Irish farmer asked me to come and see his wife who was ill; they seem a nice family—father, mother, two sons, and two daughters, with recommendations from their agent and other people; steady people, just the sort of people to make good emigrants. There are people of all sorts going out. It is sad to find how many are young men sent off from their homes on account of drink. There surely ought to be some control of ships' companies as to the quantity of stimulants they sell. On both sides of the ship there is far too much drinking. I have succeeded in obtaining some pledges, but wish I could get many more. I think it would not be too much to say that in the steerage and intermediate, among the English-speaking passengers, nine-tenths are leaving home, directly or indirectly, on account of drink, and if they do not land with temperance principles, they will only go into greater temptation, unless indeed they go straight through to the North West territory, which is happy enough to have a prohibitory liquor law. A great many were with us this evening, both at the captain's class, and afterwards on deck, and we had great encouragement. There is one man I have noticed, who I believe is only a type of others—very poorly dressed, and rough-looking in his outward appearance, but evidently well-educated, and speaking like a gentleman. He has seen much better days, and come down to what he is now.

Thursday.—Still in the mist. We have seen quantities of icebergs to-day. This morning there was a brightening gleam of light, and several were in sight, looking most lovely; at another time there were twenty-nine in sight at once. Most of them are small, but sometimes we see a large one looming through the fog, and we hear the sound of pieces breaking off, and falling like ice on the glaciers of Switzerland. This afternoon there was a thunderstorm, with lightning playing through the mist. We hoped it would clear the air, but it has not done so, and we are still stuck fast. It is two days since we have seen the sun, and the only thing the captain can do is to keep still, and have patience, and sound continually, to see that we are not drifting too near the shore. The sailors are all on deck tonight; we heard them say so as we left the forecastle, where Miss Macpherson had been taking the captain's meeting. In any case we know it will be all right. The verse that dwells most in my mind is, "When I awake, I am still with Thee," but one's heart yearns over the souls trying to satisfy themselves and silence all fear by means of a night of card-playing and song-singing.

Friday.—Woke up to a beautiful morning, and

land in sight: Labrador on one side and Newfoundland (scarcely visible) on the other. The fog cleared away about four or five A.M. One of the sailors told me he never remembered such a night: thick fog, and a greater number of icebergs about than he had ever seen before, so that the ship had to dodge here and there, now backwards, now forwards, to escape them. I heard the captain say that it was not being ignorant of

temperance talk, quite in the forepart of the ship. The singing was very hearty, and the people seemed quite loth to leave off, as it was the last night. Several of them spoke very nicely about the whole voyage, saying they had received a blessing from the children's meetings, and they asked for one hymn after another, till our singing powers were quite exhausted. The Swedes and Norwegians always come round at the least hint



VIEW OF QUEBEC.

the course that made him stop, for he knew well enough where he was, and could have ventured if he could only have seen half a mile ahead, but he could not see, and knew that these "bergs" were all round us, and other ships too coming outwards. At twelve o'clock it cleared a little for a time, and I heard some passengers say, "There is a light," and run up on deck, and I heard afterwards that it was the light of a steamer which had passed close by us. Late last night we passed a great shadowy iceberg so close that we could have thrown a stone upon it, and the sailor told me if we had come against one like that, it would have torn the ship's side open, for it was far heavier than the ship.

Saturday.—To-day our eyes are refreshed by views of woods and hills on each side, and we are basking in the sunshine after the foggy days.

Sunday.—Eleven P.M. In the cars at Quebec, waiting to start. We have had a splendid day, and on my part a very long one, and the queerest Sunday I ever spent. Last night, after the fore-castle meeting, which was particularly interesting, we came up to find a most glorious sunset just beginning. We watched it a long while, and then had some singing on deck, and some

of singing, though they cannot understand a word. Quite late in the evening some of the saloon passengers began a concert, which was of a very noisy description. From our cabin, where I was packing, and then from my berth, I could hear not only every song, but nearly all that was said, and both songs and conversation were as a rule equally unedifying. The concert was not over till after midnight, and then, as many of the passengers had to land at Ramouski at three or four, they did not think it worth while to go to bed, and sat up talking. So about two A.M., finding sleep impossible, I opened the window (i.e. port-hole), and saw the moon rise and the dawn begin to show itself by a faint red streak, a most lovely sight. The nights are scarcely dark at all now. Then I heard people say we were just coming to Ramouski, so I made up my mind to dress and go on deck to see the sunrise. It was a most beautiful scene; a whole blaze of glory over the mouth of the St. Lawrence, with clouds over the low hills at the sides, tinged with shades of purple and crimson, and the water reflecting lovely pale tints. After enjoying it thoroughly and watching the tender come along side, and the people go off, we went down to bed,

and to sleep for a short time, and then got up again, as the morning was too fine, and too hot as well, to lie in bed.

The captain read the morning service as usual in the saloon, but our Sunday seemed to end soon after lunch, as all the bustle in preparation for landing began early in the afternoon, and we went up after tea on to the bridge to watch the steaming into Quebec.

I was rather disappointed as to the height of Quebec, which I had expected to be much more imposing, but it is certainly beautifully situated, and the falls of Montmorenci are splendid. We did not go into Quebec itself, but into Point Levi opposite, where the train starts.

The scene of the arrival of the emigrants was most extraordinary; they seemed overjoyed to find their boxes again after their long separation, and began unpacking indiscriminately in the large luggage-shed, and generally before they had finished their operations the Custom-house officers came and overhauled them again. After tea, finding that the boys were growing weary of the long waiting, we gathered them in the



STAIRS IN QUEBEC.

station yard, and they sang their favourite hymns, as they said, "to please Miss Macpherson." This had the effect of also interesting the emigrants, numbers of whom crowded round in the dark to listen.

At last the train was ready, and we were able to settle ourselves in it for the night. We have

two long cars, in one of which are the boys, while a few little ones are with us. The seats are cross-way like the Swiss seats, but much more comfortable for sleeping. The trains here seem to start just when they are ready, and they stop promiscuously as often as they like on the way.

Monday.—We are now running through woods, with a glimpse of the river now and then, and here and there a clearing with these queer little houses and sheds. The engine makes hideous shrieks and moans when it stops, which we suppose are intended to summon the inhabitants to behold the wonder; at any rate they all come out and stare at every opportunity. We have just stopped in a wood for no apparent reason but to let the passengers get out and pick flowers. It is very hot in the cars, and I spent a good deal of time to-day outside on the platform, which is an airy situation, and good for the views. We had a lovely sight of the St. Lawrence, leading up to the Thousand Isles.

We are putting the younger children to bed. My plan for making beds, which may be useful to other travellers, is to turn two seats to face each other, putting the cushions across to make two sofas; then for the children put a piece of plank or shawls down in the sort of cradle whence the seat cushion has been taken.

The Foundation Stone.

THE following hymn was written by the Rt. Hon. Stephen Lushington, D.C.L., Judge of the High Court of Admiralty; and sung at the laying the Foundation Stone for Gascoigne Place British Day Schools, London, October 31, 1849. It was privately printed in the following year, and we now publish it as suitable for being used on similar occasions, as well as from its interest as coming from one so learned and so venerated as Dr. Lushington.

Lord! to thee our songs we raise,
Hear our prayer, accept our praise;
God of love! our efforts own,
Laying this Foundation Stone.

Grant thy blessing, God of truth,
To instruct the rising youth;
Fix their hopes on Christ alone—
Christ, the sure Foundation Stone.

We would here with one accord
Raise our songs to Christ the Lord;
Christ, thy well-beloved Son,
Chief and precious Corner Stone.

Let our kind instructors prove
Blessings in their work of love;
With thy grace their labours crown,
Fix'd on this Foundation Stone,

Hear, O Lord, our fervent prayer;
Let our friends thy favour share,
Whose benevolence is shown,
Laying this Foundation Stone.

Let thy grace, O Lord, be given,
Make us fit to dwell in heaven,
Thus may we, through Christ alone,
Each be found a Living Stone.

THE KING'S SCEPTRE.

HINTS OF THE WONDERFUL UNITY OF THE WAYS OF GOD IN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

I.—THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

IN a series of papers called "The King's Windows," which recently appeared in the "Sunday at Home," the writer attempted to give some glimpses of the wonderful works of God, from the procession and orderly arrangement of the beautiful and majestic objects in nature. The purpose of the following papers will be to attempt the more difficult task of tracing the same principle of Divine order in history. In the Rise and Progress and Decline of Empires and Nations, and in the general conduct of human affairs, wherever we are able to trace the principle of order, the prevalence of a law of persistent continuity and progress, there we may infer not only the presence but the predisposition of mind; and all history bears testimony to the moral intentions of a Divine and Eternal Mind, or, as the poet puts it:

"We doubt not through the Ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the Thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Great nations are known by their roads, by their great highways, and well paved and well ordered streets. When the Romans held Great Britain, one of the mightiest of their works, perhaps the mightiest, was the construction of the great Roman road extending from the south of Britain to the farthest north. It was the imperial highway along which the messengers of the empire travelled; it was direct to its end; and yet it is no contradiction to say there were many aberrations, and divergencies and divarications; it was a mighty piece of road-making, the work of far-seeing and prescient sagacity, and an iron will. Roads create towns, they call up at once humble villages and stately cities along their line; they create the centres of larger or lesser populations; they break up the monotony of isolation, and thus they destroy dialects and create pure language; and so also create the continuity and progress of thought; they form the chain which binds scattered people together; they are a proof of persistent design and government and social order; malignant elements may still linger along the line, but gradually they diminish and become weaker and fewer. Thus a road is a silent system of police, which by its very existence calls a people from social barbarism and wretchedness.

And History is the King's Highway along the chain of Ages. The vicissitudes of time are instructive, solitary ruins and sacred tombs, the countless multitudes of superb columns, valleys of ancient sepulchres, solitary and illustrious cities, deserted memories of past times, places where once opulence reigned, shrines where men worshipped and industry spread forth its means of enjoyment;

they all bear lessons to the mind, they are the fossils of History. It would be strange if comparative anatomy, in its relics from rocks, should tell the story of Almighty Wisdom, and the relics and remains of the story of our race should have nothing to say.

The Laureate Tennyson, in his story of the Holy Grail, describing the mighty hall,

"Which Merlin built for Arthur long ago,"
speaks of its

"Four great zones of sculpture, set betwixt,
With many a mystic symbol girt the hall,
And in the lowest beasts are slaying men;
And in the second men are slaying beasts;
And on the third are warriors—perfect men;
And on the fourth are men with growing wings;
And over all one statue in the mould
Of Arthur, made by Merlin, with a crown."

And such indeed is the story of the world. There is a principle of continuity working out and working up to the progress and advancement of nations. History is not a succession of startling Episodes, with no other connection but that of some fanciful chronology; unity of purpose may be perceived, a necessary and defined progression. It is not a mere freak of fancy which has sometimes portrayed the history of the world and its various empires by the delineation of a tree; its roots, its stem, and its more or less important branches. We have seen in the survey of the varied kingdoms of physical nature how the infinite and blessed God works by established and fixed principles; would it not be wonderful indeed if we were to find in human affairs an exception to this Divine order?

It is all important for the sustenance and consolations of faith that we should find a fixed order of working in human events and in human lives. Bishop Butler, in a famous passage in his great "Analogy," finely calls attention to this. He says, "The whole natural world and government of it is a scheme or system; not a fixed but a progressive one; a scheme in which the operation of various means takes up a great length of time before the ends they tend to can be attained. The change of seasons, the ripening of the fruits of the earth, the very history of a flower is an instance of this; and so is human life. Thus vegetable bodies, and those of animals, though possibly formed at once, yet grow up by degrees to a mature state. And thus rational agents, who animate these latter bodies, are naturally directed to form each his own manners and character, by the gradual gaining of knowledge and experience, and by a long course of action. Our existence is not only successive, as it must be of necessity, but

one state of our life and being is appointed by God to be a preparation for another, and that to be the means of attaining to another succeeding one; infancy to childhood, childhood to youth; youth to mature age. Men are impatient, and for precipitating things; but the Author of Nature appears deliberate throughout His operations, accomplishing His natural ends by slow, successive steps. And there is a plan of things beforehand laid out, which, from the nature of it, requires various systems of means, as well as length of time, in order to the carrying of its several parts into execution. Thus, in the daily course of natural providence, God operates in the very same manner as in the dispensation of Christianity, making one thing subservient to another; this, to somewhat farther; and so on, through a progressive series of means which extend, both backward and forward, beyond our utmost view. Of this manner of operation everything we see in the course of nature is as much an instance as any part of the Christian dispensation."

So far Bishop Butler. No words can more pertinently and forcibly state the great doctrine of this and the following papers, that in the greater and lesser events of history we may find instances of the sway of the King's Sceptre, the march of the great heralds and messengers along the King's Highway. In the impressive words quoted above, "there is," as Butler says, "a plan of things beforehand laid out," and God works out gradually what He has determined absolutely. "Mind," as a great writer says, "carries the law, history is the slow and atomic unfolding." Hence, if we accept the histories of the Bible as stories told by the Divine Spirit for our instruction, they constitute the true philosophy of History, they unfold the way in which the great Divine Laws work themselves out. There seems at a slight glance only in the story of the Hebrew people a succession of sorrowful transactions, but perhaps we have to recur to the often-quoted saying: happy is the people which has no history. It has been truly said that the extreme brevity of the inspired historians, and the prominence given by them to single incidents, tend to deprive us of what may be called our chronological consciousness, and we forget that while we have been running over a few chapters we have been traversing ages. There were seasons of exceptional calamity, but, in that Jewish Commonwealth there was probably a larger measure of such happiness as earth permits to men and nations, extending through a longer track of time, than has yet been granted to British greatness; longer than was permitted to the power of Rome. With great probability that distinguished writer, Isaac Taylor the Elder, has said, "During at least seven hundred years, Palestine was probably richer in human happiness than any other spot on earth has ever been." Imagination is justified in calling up charming pictures of those ages when the motto of the Commonwealth was, "Every man under his own vine, and under his fig-tree, and none daring to make him afraid." Every man who sprung from the loins of Abraham was noble,—no priesthood had power to cast its spell over the people. The religion of the nation was not severe or gloomy, for temporal felicity was

constantly held before them as the reward of their obedience; and it abstained from imposing on the worshippers the terrors of an unseen world. The horrible demonology of the adjacent Canaanitish and Phœnician people, indeed, led them astray. But it is altogether a wonderful and pleasant excursion to visit the life of that people, who were trained beneath God's polity in a constitution where the rule was the greatest possible enjoyment provided for the greatest possible number, a kingdom which was to be great, not by national conquest and foreign empire, and not by the accumulation of wealth in trade, and not by the cultivation of the arts or philosophy, but by the tranquil happiness and domestic integrity of life, for thus was the beauty of the Israelite's home to be maintained.

But indeed it is in the Bible we are to look in general for the map of the Highway of the King. The stories of the Patriarchs and Lawgivers, of the Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament,—these are all lessons for statesmen; and are to show to us how people become happy, how it is that nations rise, and how it is that nations fall. It would not be difficult to show—and it would surely be instructive—from a series of historical parallels how other nations, when they have followed the law written in their hearts, and have adhered to the Bible method of "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God," have become a happy and prosperous people; and how, when they departed from these great principles, they sunk into corruption and ruin. For this purpose the nation of Israel was isolated, as "a chosen generation," and "a peculiar people." They were a kind of lighthouse or Pharos among the nations—they were set apart as witnesses for God in a dark time, as it was written, "Ye are my witnesses, saith God, that I am the Lord."

And there does seem a very special need for the pious mind to recreate itself by such invigorating thoughts in our present time, for there is spread abroad over the thoughts of men a strange and surely a very unfounded and even absurd idea that society in general does not testify to its progress and improvement, but rather to its deterioration and corruption. If it could be possible to read the facts which are transpiring around us thus, even this might only illustrate the same law, which God has established as invariable, that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but that sin is a disgrace to any people." But we may with confidence speak of the last hundred years as a century of progress. The complaint and despondency which utter their dark prognostications of approaching disaster are atheistic in their origin—there is more truth in the sweet words of the American poet Whittier,

"For still the now transcends the old
In signs and tokens manifold:
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low sweet prelude finds its way.
Through clouds of doubt, and clouds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

That song of love now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star;
That light the breaking day which tips
The golden spired Apocalypse.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For oiden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing then, and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere."

If despondency sometimes settles on the mind we should remember, as has been said, the penumbra is the child of the light, and is because there is so much religious activity and so many new and taking methods of work and of worship. It will be a great aid to Faith if, amidst the noises and contradictions and distractions around us, we are able to discover that evidence of design and order which are at once the interpretation of the Psalmist's song, "The Lord reigneth : let the earth rejoice : let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof," and of the anthem of the heavenly hosts in the Apocalypse, "Hallelujah ! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." It has been said by Derham in his "Physico-theology" that the deaf hear best in the midst of noise, during the ringing of bells and the rattling of the wheels of the carriages ; and I have often been able to confirm the suggestive remark from my own observation. So also it may be that by the somewhat "deaf" ear of a languid faith shall be "heard the words of the book." Amidst the discords and distractions which drown the outward sense, the assurances of a Divine voice among the affairs of men may be heard, audible if low. For instance, many timid people entertain grave fears about the restoration of the world to the power of Rome ; and a writer in "The Catholic World" had the hardihood a short time since to declare that "All historians agree that the triumphs of Protestantism closed with the first fifty years of its existence." Is it not a sufficient answer, to give the irrefutable reply that after about three hundred and fifty years the Protestant Reformation has totally annihilated the influence of Rome upon the laws and government of the civilised world ? and that while once the slightest whispers of the Roman pontiff upon political affairs caused every throne of Europe to tremble, the papal anathemas now are of little more account than the spectres of Macbeth or Tam o' Shanter, like the tales of ghosts, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. This also is a part of the highway of the King.

And how great, how cheering it is in the history of the world, and of the church in the world, to realise the power of minorities ; almost it may be said that minorities have been the monarchs. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." A striking instance of this we have when Christianity came into the world : it went into the Coliseum amidst the cruel games of the amphitheatre and brought them to an end. It was a wonderful sight on the first of January in the year 404. On this day the huge edifice, which held near a hundred thousand people, was crowded, the people were piled tier above tier, celebrating the sixth consulate of Honorius.—Constantine had issued an edict to forbid these bloody displays of men fighting with beasts, or like furious beasts slaughtering each other;

eminent Christian orators had denounced them Christian poets had pleaded against them, but all in vain. On this day, several pairs of combatants or gladiators had shed their blood, when suddenly all the vast crowd was hushed in breathless suspense, as a Christian, Telemachus, rushed with outstretched arms into the midst of the conflict. To do this mad thing he had travelled very far. As he forced the swords of the combatants asunder, the whole Coliseum rose, roaring and howling with execrations and questions as to what madman it was who dared thus to interrupt the sacred pleasures of the people? Curses, threats, and stones were rained upon him on every side. He soon fell dead, and the gladiators finished their strife—but it was the last. Within a few months, the bloody shows were suppressed, and idolatry lost its chief support and most attractive charm. And it illustrates how often some insignificant and obscure martyr, like John Brown at Harper's Ferry, in a rough way brings great questions to a crisis. As an American poet sings :

"How the conquerors wore their laurels; how they hastened on the trial;
How old Brown was placed half-dying on the Charlestown Court-house floor;
How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all denial;
What the brave old madman told them—these are known the country o'er.
‘Hang old Brown,
Osanatomic Brown,’
Said the judge, ‘and all such rebels,’ with his most judicial frown.
But old Brown,
Osanatomic Brown,
May trouble you more than ever when you've nailed his coffin down."

When the terrible struggle of civil war was approaching its end, and the doom of slavery was sure, the favourite tune of the battalions of free black soldiers went with the words "John Brown is dead, but his spirit marches on"—marking a grand step in the onward movement of freedom.

Thus is it that, as has been said, Truth is the daughter of Time. Although the graves of the best men and noblest martyrs are level and undistinguishable from the common universal earth, "yet," says Jean Paul Richter, "if the earth could give up her secrets, our whole globe would appear a Westminster Abbey laid flat. What tears have been shed in secrecy about the three corner trees of earth—the tree of life, the tree of knowledge, and the tree of freedom—shed, but never reckoned!" Thousands of nameless heroes struggle and fall to build up the footstool from which history surveys the One whose name is to shine with ever-increasing glory, dying, yet conquering, suffering, yet triumphant, the King whose sceptre is a right sceptre, and whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom.

"But God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long years of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffered here."

GWENDOLINE.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ROCKS.



"GWENDOLINE GAVE HERSELF UP TO ENJOYMENT—NOT EXACTLY TO THINKING."

HONORA came into the back bedroom ten minutes later, to find her friend attired in ulster and cap, gazing out of the window into a little back-yard.

"Dreaming, Gwen?" she asked.

"Yes," Gwendoline said, turning, with something like tears in her eyes. "Doesn't it sometimes feel to you as if life itself were more than half a dream?"

"No," Honora answered. "It seems to me altogether a tremendous reality."

"I know it is so. But sometimes I feel as if we were just leaves tossed to and fro on irresistible waves of circumstances—straws carried away on a strong current."

"Is Lady Halcot's invitation an irresistible wave?" asked Honora drily. "Why not say no at once?"

"Say no! I am only too eager to go, only too frightened lest I should make a mistake, and undo possible good for my mother and father by some silly blunder. I can't guess what Lady Halcot wants or expects in me. If I get a self-conscious fit it will take away all ease; and if I talk too much she will count me forward; and if I talk too little she will find me dull—"

"And if she does, what then?"

"You don't know how much may depend upon this evening, Honor," said Gwendoline deprecatingly.

"You mean—"

Gwendoline's cheeks were burning again. "She ought to be kind to my mother. She ought to be

willing to help. I would not say this to anybody except you, but mother was her adopted child for twenty years, and everybody thought she would be heiress to some of the property. I suppose she would have been, but for—but for—her marriage. Can it be right for Lady Halcot to cast her utterly off?"

"I suppose your mother took her choice, Gwen," said Honora gently and gravely.

"Yes, and it was not Lady Halcot's choice. But Lady Halcot allowed the engagement for a time, and then refused permission, and turned against my father. That is where the wrong lay. It was tyranny, Honor. Could mother have forsaken him? Could you have given him up in her place?"

Honora moved her head negatively. "Had Lady Halcot a reason?" she asked.

"She had not known before that my father's family were so poor, and she disliked some of his connections, I believe. It was nothing in himself. She ought to have enquired more fully before giving permission. Once given, she had no right to withdraw it,—for such a reason, at any rate."

"And she has held no intercourse with your mother since?"

"None; not a word or a message. She told mother that it would be so, that if the marriage took place she would never see her or speak to her again. Mother has not the faintest hope that she ever will. She says she never knew Lady Halcot change in her purpose, or forgive an

injury. But sometimes I have thought that if I could see Lady Halcot, I might persuade her to feel differently."

"She might be willing to help, even if she would not be on former terms," said Honora. "This looks like a possible step in that direction?"

"If it only were—if it might be," said Gwendoline, in a low voice. "I have such a craving sometimes just to see a possible way out of our difficulties. I feel like the man who was shut up in a room, and saw the walls drawing slowly nearer and nearer, day by day, till at last they crushed him to death between them. That story always had a dreadful sort of fascination for me, and now I seem to see the walls closing and closing in. And we cannot escape; and I can do nothing. Lady Halcot could help so easily; it would be nothing to her. If I stood alone I could fight my way, and I would scorn to wish for one farthing of her money. But the pressure is terrible now, and it gets worse and worse. Mother is wearing out under it; and father—Honor, I don't think he ever forgets that he is the cause of my mother being cut off from ease and luxury."

"And you are looking to yourself to bring about a reconciliation. Gwen, if I were you I would 'lift up mine eyes' higher."

Gwendoline was silent.

"The thing is not in your hands at all. It is in God's hands. The chasm may be bridged over any day, if He so will. And He may will to use you for the purpose. If not—"

"Ah!" sighed Gwendoline. "That 'if not' is my difficulty."

"Because you are bent upon having it your own way. But you cannot choose. It must be His doing; and it must be done, inch by inch, as He wills. Better be content to have it thus, Gwennie dear,—to rest quietly under the shadow of His hand, and to let Him order things for you as He sees best. The walls will not close in and crush you, if you are waiting on Him to know the way out, but they may be allowed to come a little nearer. And the way of escape may be other than this."

Honora spoke in an earnest manner, and she laid a hand lovingly on Gwendoline's arm. It was a true and close friendship between the two, and Honora had not only a warm affection for this fair young creature, but a strong desire to shelter and protect her. Practically she could do little, however. She was a portionless orphan herself, and had to make her own way in the world.

"I ought to be able to trust," said Gwendoline. "We have always been helped so far,—only when I look forward, and see things growing worse, I am afraid."

And Honora said softly,—"'Be not afraid; 'Let not your heart be afraid.' Trust in Him at all times.'"

She added, after a pause,—"I suppose we are so changeable ourselves by nature, that we really cannot imagine what absolute changelessness means. Gwen, your Master will not love and care for you one whit less to-morrow than He did yesterday. Only be willing to have things brought about as He chooses, and then follow

carefully each indication of His guidance. The quieter you can be in heart, the less likely you are to undo His will for you by rash action. He knows what is best."

"It does seem as if it would be so very much best for Lady Halcot to forgive mother," said Gwendoline sadly. "Not that I like the word 'forgive.' I cannot think my mother was wrong."

"It might or might not be best. You and I don't know. Now you are going to have your little run, and you will come back the better for it. I wish I could go too, but I must not leave my uncle and aunt. By the bye, I thought it best to speak plainly of your relationship to Lady Halcot, that I might warn them not to talk. I know you do not wish your affairs to be made the subject of Riversmouth gossip."

Gwendoline went off somewhat soberly, taking her course down the crooked principal street, through the cliff-opening, and over the beach.

The tide was at its full height, and indeed was already on the turn, and the breeze had somewhat increased in strength since the morning. Waves of considerable size rolled in, to break upon the shore in a succession of crashes, grinding the rounded pebbles. Three poor children, neatly dressed, a boy and two girls, were playing near the margin of the water, and two fishermen were loitering on the top of the cliff; otherwise the shore appeared to be deserted. Gwendoline, fresh from city crowds, revelled in the sense of stillness, and delighted in the freedom of being thus practically alone.

Somewhat to the right of the cliff-opening, a long line of jagged rocks ran straight out into the sea. Gwendoline could not resist the temptation to climb along them. She did not find the task quite easy; for though at low-water they lay high and dry, they were now a very focus for splashing waves. Albeit a Londoner, she had a sure foot and steady brain, and she feared no slips. A dash of fine salt spray now and then was exhilarating; but she managed to keep her feet dry. At the further extremity of the chain a huge square boulder rose well out of the water, and here Gwendoline found for herself a comfortable seat. One or two passers-by, noting her from the cliffs, counted her rather an adventurous young woman, and were relieved to see her reach a place of safety. A false step half-way might have entailed serious consequences.

Gwendoline gave herself up to enjoyment—not exactly to thinking. Trains of clear thought, definitely carried on, are not often induced by the presence of Nature in her fairest moods. The mind is at such a time rather receiving new impressions than working out old impressions. Gwendoline was content to sit with clasped hands, thinking definitely about nothing, but drinking in with her lips the sweet fresh air, and drinking in with her eyes the varying blue tints of sea and sky, and drinking in with her ears the grand bass chords and softer treble accompaniments of the musical symphony played upon the pebbles by breaking waves and splashing waters; while vague musings crept unbidden through her mind. And the sense of restful trust in a Father's love, which she had not quite felt while Honora was speaking, seemed now to fill her heart. "For He

made all this," murmured Gwendoline. "How easy for Him to do just what He wills!"

Gwendoline's dreamy happiness was suddenly broken in upon by a sharp shriek. The little children on the beach, observing the movements of the young lady, had apparently been fired thereby to follow her example. Two of them were perched timidly on a rock at the beginning of the range, and showed small inclination to proceed further; but the third, a boy of about seven, had succeeded in reaching nearly half-way towards the end boulder. Thero his footing slipped or his presence of mind failed; for, with the scream which disturbed Gwendoline, he fell over, still grasping a point of rock with both hands.

The children wailed piteously, and Gwendoline sprang up. "Hold tight—hold on—I'm coming!" she cried, though doubtful whether her voice would reach him through the ceaseless splashing of the water. And even as she spoke, a large white-crested billow swept past, and the boy was torn away.

The accident had been seen from the top of the cliff, and men were hurrying down the steps, but Gwendoline knew there was no time to be lost. She stood perfectly still, considering what to do. Would the child be flung on the beach? For a moment she thought so, and then gave up the hope—if hope it were, since such a manner of landing must have been perilous to life and limb. The tide had by this time thoroughly turned, and the flow of the stream was sea-ward. As the wave passed on, to boom upon the shingles, the child was left behind, and the next instant, in the strong return-rush of water, he was borne farther back, to give a moment's sport to the following wave. Then he disappeared, to rise again near the boulder on which Gwendoline stood.

She had not been idle. In that brief space of time, while her eyes were strained in watching, she had flung off gloves, boots, and ulster, and had even dropped the skirt of her dress. She knew well that her only hope of keeping afloat, if the attempt proved needful, would be to find herself as far as possible unencumbered. She could swim, having learnt as a child, but she was entirely out of practice.

Would the little figure come within reach? Gwendoline gave a glance at the shore, and saw help still distant. Then she knelt down at the edge of the boulder; but that would not do. She flung herself flat, and hung over, with outstretched arms, striving to grasp him, but in vain. The waves, tossing him to and fro, seemed to mock at her efforts.

Down again into the green water the little form was helplessly sinking, and another broad billow was rolling up. Gwendoline felt that one hope only remained. She sprang to her feet, took one steady look, and leaped boldly in, striking the right spot, and seizing the child. The two went down together, and rose again, just as the big wave came up to catch them in its grasp, rolling them over, bearing them on, then leaving them in its rear.

Beaten and breathless, Gwendoline found her unpractised swimming-powers of small avail.

She could just keep herself afloat, and that was all. Even that could not be for long. Her best efforts were directed towards holding the mouth of the unconscious child above the waves; but water dashed over her own face, blinding and choking her. Would help never come? Was this to be the end? Gwendoline thought of her mother, and dimly pictured the coming sorrow in her home. Then she remembered Lady Halcot, and even wondered what the old lady would think not to see her at dinner that evening. A vision of her last unfinished painting rose next, surrounded by a halo of girlish aspirations, perhaps never to be fulfilled. Again she found herself in the grasp of a powerful wave, and she knew her strength was gone. All around grew dark, and she felt that she and the child were sinking together. Yet in the deadly struggle for breath, there came to her sweetly the thought of One who had died on the Cross for her. For Gwendoline knew and loved and trusted Him, and He never fails His own.

Then something grasped and drew her out of the water; and some one took from her the little body to which she had so resolutely clung; and somebody else wrapped a cloak round her, and laid her at the bottom of the boat. Gwendoline was conscious of so much; and she even opened her eyes, and saw the weather-beaten faces of three fishermen, and also a grave face of a different stamp, bending over her. But after that she knew no more.

CHAPTER V.—AFTERWARDS.

"Honor! is the child safe? O Honor!"

Gwendoline started up in bed to a sitting posture, suddenly awake to the situation. She had been dimly conscious of her whereabouts for an hour past, conscious of very sick and weary sensations, and of moving figures around her, conscious also of an indefinite sense of fear from time to time, which made her cling to her friend's hand for protection. She had not, in her exhaustion, yet remembered what had occurred, or thought of asking about the child. But as she lay, half sleeping, with the pleasant protectiveness of Honora's cool hand clasping hers, clear recollection flashed all at once into her mind.

"Honor! what am I about? I had quite forgotten. Is the boy safe?"

"Keep quiet, Gwennie. You are under doctor's orders?" said Honora.

"What doctor? Why, I am not ill."

"Mr. Fosbrook. You have been quite well the last hour, haven't you, Gwen?"

Gwendoline's mind travelled back. "I had forgotten. But I am all right now. How about the boy?"

"Mr. Fosbrook is with him. They are doing all they can," said Honora gently.

"Then he has not come to yet? I did my best, my very best," said Gwendoline sorrowfully. "I could not manage to hold the poor little head higher, and that last wave nearly did for both of us, I think. He was longer in the water than I. Is there no hope for him?"

"They do not give up hope. He may revive even now. If not, you will still know that you did your utmost. The men cannot say enough about your courage."

"Courage! That is nothing. I couldn't have stood by to see him drown. O Honor, if it has been useless, after all! I do wish I had tried a little harder."

"It was not possible. Don't take a morbid view of the matter, Gwen. You endangered your own life for his, and you could not have done more. The result must be in God's hands."

"Poor little fellow! I wonder if he has a mother," Gwendoline said. Tears were dropping—a rare event with her, but she had been unnerved.

"Not a mother, I believe—only a sister who takes the place of a mother. I have been too busy with you, to learn particulars. I will go now, and see how he is, if you can promise to keep yourself quiet meantime."

She found efforts being still carried on, with unremitting vigour, as yet unsuccessfully. Mr. Fosbrook, a man of about forty, thin but well-knit, with sallow complexion and observant eyes, was alike directing operations, and taking an abundant share in them himself. His assistants were Mr. Widrington and the three sailors. Mrs. Widrington fluttered hither and thither, procuring whatever was asked for, and making numberless suggestions which nobody heeded.

No time had been lost, for Mr. Fosbrook had happened to pass at the very moment of the accident, and he was himself the fourth man in the boat which put off to the rescue. But the small figure lay still to all appearance lifeless, and one and another was silently giving up hope. Honora stood unnoticed for a few seconds, near the door.

"I'm afear'd it's all up with him, poor little chap;" one of the men said. "I don't see as it's much use keeping on."

"Nor I," said Mr. Widrington, though he did not venture to stop rubbing. "I could tell from the first it wouldn't be no good. Trust me to know! He's dead, wifie."

Mrs. Widrington put her handkerchief to her eyes. Mr. Fosbrook had stooped low, to place his ear over the region of the child's heart, and he stood up now with a sharp glance round.

"Keep on. Don't slacken for an instant. Heat more flannels. It is not all up with him."

"Do you mean to say he is alive, doctor?" exclaimed Mrs. Widrington. "I shouldn't have thought it now. Poor dear little man." Mr. Fosbrook held again to the parted lips a tiny feather, brought to him by Honora. "See," he said, and there was indeed a faint stir visible.

"Why, so he is. Why, he isn't dead after all," exclaimed Mrs. Widrington. "Now I am glad. And that brave girl won't have risked drowning for nothing. Do you think we may say he is out of danger, doctor? I should like to send word to his sister, poor thing! And wouldn't you like me to get some beef-tea or something ready? I shouldn't wonder if the butcher's shop was open still, and Mary Jane could run for a pound of beef. He'll want something when he comes to. What do you think, Honor?"

Mrs. Widrington's excited little patter of talk seemed to be unheard by Mr. Fosbrook, but at the last word he turned himself about.

"Miss Halcombe doing well?" he asked, looking at Honora.

"She is quite herself, and very anxious about the child."

"Tell her there are signs of life. I hope we shall bring him round yet."

Honora went swiftly back to bear the message, and to spend another hour of suspense by Gwendoline's side. Gwendoline said little, only lay with eager eyes and tremulous lips, watching for tidings. Once or twice Mrs. Widrington fluttered in, carrying a gentle bustle with her, and assuring them that the little boy was getting on beautifully; a statement somewhat modified by a very audible whisper to Honora that "she didn't believe he would ever get over it, and she could see the doctor thought so too."

"And he's a clever man, is Mr. Fosbrook," she added aloud for the benefit of both—"and a kind one too, though he is rather positive, and says a sharp word sometimes. But I'm sure he'd do anything for anybody, if he thought it right. I wonder he don't marry, for he's getting on in life, and he looks sickly, as if he wanted somebody to take care of him. Only think, Honor, the poor little boy hasn't any mother living, and his father was drowned at sea only last year,—wouldn't it have been strange if he had been drowned too?—and he would have been if it wasn't for this brave girl. And there's a sister who takes care of the three children, and she is lame or something, and can't come to him. They say she is half-frantic, poor creature, she cares so much for this boy. He's a pretty little fellow, and I don't wonder. She must be a great deal older than these younger children. I wonder if she's only a half-sister. Now don't you make yourself unhappy, Miss Halcombe. I'll soon come back with more news."

But Mr. Fosbrook himself came next. His first move was to take Gwendoline's hand, and to shake it slightly.

"I congratulate you with all my heart on having saved a life," he said. "You have acted nobly."

Gwendoline's lips twitched, and she laughed in a nervous manner. "If I saved one, you helped to save two," she said.

"Aye, but not at the risk of my own. There is a slight difference, Miss Halcombe. You ought to have a Humane Society's Medal."

"Oh, no, no, thank you, I should not like any fuss," said Gwendoline hurriedly. "Nothing of that sort. But I am so glad. Poor little boy."

"Is he quite out of danger?" asked Honora.

"Quite out of immediate danger. I cannot answer for after consequences."

"Honor," Gwendoline said softly a little later, when they were again alone, "I did not know that the purpose of my coming to Riversmouth was to be this. I expected something quite different."

"I suppose there is always a purpose in each step of our way," said Honora. "But God's purpose for us, and our own purpose for ourselves, are often not identical."

Gwendoline smiled assent, and seemed indisposed to carry on the conversation. Honora was glad to see her growing sleepy, but suddenly the sleepiness vanished, and she started up.

"Honor!"

"What is the matter?"

"Dinner at Lady Halcot's."

"Past eleven o'clock, Gwen, so I am afraid you can't go now."

"No, but seriously—was no excuse sent?"

"I am sorry to say I forgot all about it till an hour ago, and then it was too late. Besides, we really had no one to spare for a messenger earlier in the evening. We must despatch a note of explanation in the morning."

"I am not going to have any stir made," said Gwendoline resolutely. "My part of the affair was only just doing what I had to do, and what anybody else must have done in my place. I shall tell Lady Halcot that I had an accidental wetting, and that I was very sorry not to go to her."

To this plan she adhered when morning came. Honora would have preferred a little more explicitness, but Gwendoline shrank from any appearance of boasting, and the note was despatched as she wrote it.

"I don't see as the thing matters either way," Mr. Widrington said to his niece. "News travels apace, and her ladyship is sure to hear the story before many hours are over,—take my word for it."

Mr. Widrington was mistaken, so far as hours were concerned. Riversmouth news did not always reach Lady Halcot quickly. She fenced herself round with an enclosure of distant reserve, and few ventured to address her uninvited. Miss Withers heard the tale, of course, but Miss Withers did not repeat it, and for many days Lady Halcot believed that Gwendoline had made use of a trivial excuse to set aside her engagement. Such a belief implied displeasure on the part of Lady Halcot.

So also thought Mr. Selwyn. He returned by an early train, having not even seen the note which Gwendoline sent. He ascribed her non-appearance at dinner to a fit of girlish shyness or pride, and was alike vexed for her, and disappointed in her. He had counted Miss Halcombe to be rather superior to some feminine weaknesses.

Gwendoline's return home suffered only a day's postponement. She was somewhat shaken by her adventure, and the doctor counselled longer delay; but Honora could not remain, and Gwendoline would not consent to be left behind. She wrote home lightly of what had occurred, making little of the matter, and Honora by her request did not write at all.

Things New and Old.

REVIVALISM OF THE WRONG SORT.—Mr. Spurgeon has uttered a useful caution as to the surface excitement too often mistaken for the work of God in the soul. "Sometimes we are inclined to think that a very great portion of modern revivalism has been more a curse than a blessing, because

it has led thousands to a kind of peace before they have known their misery; restoring the prodigal to the Father's house, and never making him say, 'Father, I have sinned.' How can he be healed who is not sick? or he be satisfied with the bread of life who is not hungry? The old-fashioned sense of sin is despised, and consequently a religion is run up before the foundations are dug out. Everything in this age is shallow, so far as men's souls are concerned. The consequence is that men leap into religion and then too often leap out again. Unhumbled they came to the church, unhumbled they remained in it, and unhumbled they go from it."

HIGH BORN.—Not every Ulysses has a Telemachus for a son. To be born to high places might make one man into a hero, but it would make another into a blockhead or a profligate.

ENTHUSIASM.—Once, when preaching at Wotton-under-Edge, Rowland Hill was completely carried away by the impetuous rush of his feelings, and, raising himself to his full stature, he exclaimed, "Because I am in earnest men call me an enthusiast, but I am not; mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill; I saw a gravel-pit fall in, and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below, at the distance of a mile; help came, and rescued two of the poor sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, no!"

THE AYET EL KURSHI OR THRONE VERSE OF THE KORAN (*i.e.* Sura ii. 256). "God, there is no God but he, the living, the self-subsisting; neither slumber nor sleep seizeth him; to him belongeth whatsoever is in heaven and on earth. Who is he that can intercede with him, but through his good pleasure? He knoweth that which is past and that which is to come unto them, and they shall not comprehend anything of his knowledge, but so far as he pleaseth. His throne is extended over heaven and earth, and the preservation of both is no burden unto him. He is the high, the mighty."—*Sale's Translation.*

HEAVEN.—"My heaven upon earth is communion with God; and therefore nothing else would be my heaven in heaven."

"Heaven is not a place or state of idleness. Perhaps the highest angels have a task and work assigned them, which keeps them continually employed. What is considered by some persons as happiness on earth is, having nothing to do."

"Nothing can be our happiness in this life, but what is to be the foundation of it in the next. If I cannot serve God and my Saviour with delight, and make a kind of heaven of it here, He has no other heaven for me hereafter."

"Heaven is heaven rather as a state of exemption from sin than suffering. We must die for perfect conformity to the will of God; and it is worth dying for."

"Heaven is wherever God is; in my heart, if I desire it and delight in His presence."

"The Christian's hope of heaven is the sweetnes of prosperity, and the support of adversity, and cures us at once of all attachment to the world, or expectation of rest in it."

"It is a vain thing to think we can take any delight in being with Christ hereafter, if we care not how little we are in His company here."

"Unless I see something beyond the grave worth dying for, there is nothing here worth living for."—*Adams's "Private Thoughts on Religion."*

Pages for the Young.

A PROUD HEART.

CHAPTER III.



"FRIENDS! I HAVEN'T A SINGLE TRUE FRIEND."

MARGARET had yet to experience how cruelly capricious and fickle public opinion and regard can be, when founded upon other than true esteem and affection. By her vain frivolity and ostentatious display she had allure her companions to a blind allegiance, but now that she was humbled and deposed among them she found how shallow, for the most part, had been their protestations of friendship. Some who, while they flattered, had secretly envied her, now openly ridiculed her. A few attempted pity, but pity was insufferable to her, while others unhesitatingly expressed their opinion in no complimentary manner. Margaret made one futile attempt at self-assertion, but her power was gone; Janet was the heroine of the hour, and she herself, for the time being, only an object of derision and contempt. This to Margaret was an unbearable situation, but her humiliation reached its climax when she found herself the subject of conversation to a group of her schoolfellows, standing a short distance from her, and was conscious that their conversation was interspersed with derisive comments. Then she drank to the dregs the bitter cup she had only a little while before held unflinchingly to Janet Leslie. To a proud heart like Margaret's the cup was bitter indeed. A hot flush of anger rose to her face, and sudden tears to her eyes, tears which pride kept sternly back.

Then a little girl passed over from the group, and, seating herself close by Margaret, looked up wistfully in her face. She was one of the younger ones of the school, and at any other time Margaret would have ignored her presence, but now in her sudden distress she turned even to this small means of help. "What are they talking about yonder?" she asked, casting a covert glance towards the group, still conversing in low tones.

The child looked up earnestly, almost compassionately, but she answered promptly, "They were talking about you; then laying her hand suddenly on Margaret's arm, "Dear Margaret," she said, "I am so sorry for you." Margaret drew her arm hastily away, and again hot tears blinded her eyes. Was this little child, whose help she would formerly

have disdained and despised, the only one among the many who had professed such ardent friendship to give her a word of true sympathy? Stung by the thought, feeling the remnant of the schoolroom insupportable, Margaret rose hastily, and, summoning all the dignity of look and manner of which she was capable, made a haughty exit from the room, casting back at the doorway a look of contemptuous disdain at her schoolfellows; but, even as she crossed the hall, a sound like a burst of suppressed merriment smote and jarred upon her ears.

An hour later, Mrs. Temple having especial occasion to speak to Margaret, after vainly inquiring for her in the schoolroom, sought her in her own room. Margaret was sitting by her bed, her face hidden in its pillows. As Mrs. Temple entered, she glanced up hastily, then made a futile effort to conceal her tear-stained face from view. Mrs. Temple came quietly forward, she did not see fit at first to make any comment upon Margaret's distressed appearance, but, having concluded the subject upon which she wished to speak, noticing Margaret's forlornly miserable aspect, she said kindly, "I do not inquire, Margaret, into the cause of your trouble, but you must be cold sitting here so long; smooth your hair, and come down with me into the drawing-room, we can have a quiet half-hour before tea-time."

Despite her heaviness of soul, Margaret could not be insensible to the honour of the proposition. She rose almost with alacrity, and was obediently smoothing her hair, when taking a glance at her tear-disfigured face, a thought came flashing into her mind, and, turning, she inquired almost abruptly whether Dr. Reyder had yet left.

Mrs. Temple saw, by the sudden eagerness of expression, how important was the question. She had already suspected the cause of Margaret's discomfiture, the sudden, earnest inquiry confirmed her opinion, but she answered gravely,

"Dr. Reyder left half an hour ago."

Margaret appeared satisfied, and quietly followed Mrs. Temple downstairs. Seated in the drawing-room by a brightly-blazing fire, the chilled sensations of body and mind gradually disappeared; physically she felt strengthened and comforted, and with that feeling came a corresponding exhilaration of spirit; and a resolve, of which, when cold and wretched in her own room, she had been only dimly conscious, now came upon her with deliberate force. Margaret's self-love and vanity had been deeply wounded, but neither corrected nor subdued, and the desire thus gaining intensity in her mind was to as speedily and effectually as possible dispel the unfavourable impressions she had created. The bold idea crossed her mind to begin with Mrs. Temple herself. If she could enlist the sympathies of that lady on her side, her schoolfellows would again own her supremacy. But it was difficult to begin. If Mrs. Temple would but make some allusion; but, sitting opposite her, busily engaged in some light fancy knitting, her face serene and placid, Mrs. Temple looked by no means likely to undertake the initiative. Margaret glanced at the timepiece, the hands were moving on; she hesitated, then made boldly a beginning. "Mrs. Temple," she said, "I am sure Dr. Reyder must have been very forgetful, I am quite certain what I said was correct, I made no mistake about it."

Mrs. Temple glanced keenly at Margaret—the secret of her extreme agitation was quite plain now, but the next moment she resumed her knitting as she answered quietly, "Dr. Reyder explained matters a little afterwards. Some reference was again made to you, and then, speaking of John Leslie, Janet's brother, other facts were recalled to his mind, and he remembered, while staying with John Leslie at his own home for a few days, while lecturing in the neighbourhood, some gentleman, whose name he believed was Dakin, came one day and took him home to luncheon. Speaking of the Leslie's recalled this to his mind, otherwise the name and the incident even had escaped his memory."

Margaret did not look quite satisfied, her case was not yet fully established. "I was sure I was correct in what I said, but how should I know he came that day from the Leslie's? I thought papa brought him straight from the town where he had been lecturing. If Janet Leslie knew him so well, why didn't she say so?"

"Did you give her any opportunity for doing so?"

Margaret coloured. "She might have mentioned it," she said confusedly.

Again Mrs. Temple glanced up, this time almost sternly. "Had Janet been admitted in any degree to your friendship or confidence, you could not have failed to discover how matters really stood, and would have saved yourself an unpleasant humiliation."

Margaret's eyes quailed before Mrs. Temple's steady glance and directness of expression, but she tried to conceal the additional wound her vanity received under an assumed indifference, as she replied carelessly, "Oh, it was nothing, of course, to mind, it did not really signify; after all, it was only a mistake any one might have made."

"Yes," said Mrs. Temple, quietly. "I think myself, it was a very trivial circumstance, too trivial to have caused even a passing chagrin or vexation."

Still Margaret looked uneasy and dissatisfied. Vain natures are weak, and weakness needs support. If she could not make Mrs. Temple see the justice of her cause, at least she must enlist her sympathies, and, after a moment's silence, she said impotently, "Still, it is not pleasant to be ridiculed or looked down upon."

"Who ridiculed or looked down upon you?—not Dr. Reyder."

"Of course I do not mean him."

"I suppose, then, you allude to some of your school-companions. But you must remember if in any way we place ourselves in a ridiculous position, there will always be some ready to make merry at our expense; but I am sure your true friends will not think any the worse of you."

Margaret's face flushed hotly for the moment; Mrs. Temple's words touched a feeling deeper than wounded vanity. With a throb of genuine pain at her heart, she burst suddenly into tears, as she exclaimed impulsively, "Friends! I haven't a single true friend—not one."

"I should have said, Margaret, not a girl in the whole school had so many friends as you."

"No, they are false, every one."

Mrs. Temple laid her knitting in her lap, and looked fixedly at Margaret. "When our friends signally fail us, we should inquire carefully whether the fault lies with ourselves or them."

Margaret looked up confidently; she felt she must assuredly have right on her side here; but vanity is all-pervading, and, though not conscious of it, Margaret was as proud of what she termed her liberality as of the wealth that enabled her to practise it.

"I am sure," she said promptly, "I am always good to them and liberal"—she pronounced the last word impressively, with an air of proud assumption; but Mrs. Temple only took up her work again as she answered,

"There are different ways even of giving, Margaret, and friends who are only won by gifts ostentatiously bestowed will be very well while summer lasts, but they will be the first to desert us when winter sets in. If we want friends to be faithful to us, we must prove ourselves of a faithful as well as liberal spirit towards them."

"I am sure I don't see how I could have behaved better to them."

"Tell me those you esteemed your chief friends."

Margaret repeated a list of names of those with whom she had been most intimate.

Mrs. Temple paused a moment before speaking; then she said slowly, "You do not include Janet Leslie."

Margaret glanced up uneasily, as though uncertain how best to reply.

"No—I don't call her—exactly—a friend."

"Is she your friend at all?"

Something in Mrs. Temple's tone proved embarrassing to Margaret, her manner became confused as she answered,

"No, I don't call her in any way a friend."

"Why not?"

Mrs. Temple waited, but Margaret did not seem ready with a reply; then, once more laying aside her work, Mrs. Temple, leaning a little forward in her chair, said with quiet though emphatic tone, "Margaret, you are in trouble this afternoon, and though I consider the cause of your distress a very slight one, still I would not vex you further, but, speaking thus upon friendship, I feel it a good opportunity for saying something, which, for the last week or two, it has been upon my mind to speak to you about. You complain that you have treated your friends well and liberally, and they have requited you badly. Are you sure you have yourself always fulfilled the claims of friendship?"

"I don't know but that I have."

Margaret did not look up as she spoke, and the grave expression of Mrs. Temple's face deepened into severity. "Margaret, there is one instance I wish to mention to you. A short time back, a little girl came quite a stranger to this school. Her mother I myself in younger years had known and loved intimately; I welcomed the child for the mother's sake. I need not tell you that child's name was Janet Leslie. Before introducing her to her companions, she told me that she already knew one among that number. She spoke of you, Margaret, with kindling eye and brightening face—spoke of you as we speak of a friend much valued and esteemed. Therefore I gave her especially into your charge. Now you tell me that she is not in any way your friend. I will ask you a question or two, Margaret, and I rely upon your honour and sense of rectitude to give me truthful replies. You say Janet is not your friend—is it because she is younger than you?"

"No, Mrs. Temple," Margaret answered slowly.

"Is it because she is not so advanced in her studies—not so clever as you?"

Again Margaret uttered a faint negative.

Mrs. Temple's voice grew lower and more emphatic: "Is it because she is plainly, almost poorly dressed, because you know her home is but a humble one, and her friends have slender and scanty means? Is it because she is poor and plain, that you are not her friend?"

Margaret could not reply; before the searching expression of Mrs. Temple's eyes her own glance faltered. She sat looking down in confused silence.

Mrs. Temple waited a moment, then she added, "Margaret, I take your silence to mean that I have arrived at the truth!"

Margaret could not deny this, but after a minute's silence, recovering slightly from her confusion, she made one more desperate effort at self-justification. "I don't think Janet need have said I was her friend. Mamma has been very kind to the Leslie, and we have visited a little, but I don't call that exactly being friends."

Mrs. Temple suddenly compressed her lips severely, then, drawing a letter from her pocket, she said quietly, "I think you heard from home the other day."

Margaret replied in the affirmative, and Mrs. Temple continued, "I, too, received a letter from your mother—listen to what she says: 'I find little Janet Leslie has arrived among you. She is a sweet little girl, and quite a friend of Margaret's; I am sure she will be pleased to welcome her.' You have not inherited your pride of heart from your mother, Margaret."

For a moment Margaret looked disconcerted, then with

dogged persistency, "I don't think you know and understand quite," she faltered.

"I know and understand far better than you suppose"—there was a sudden authority and command in Mrs. Temple's voice, which Margaret dared not further attempt to gainsay—"in plain words, Margaret, because your little friend was poor, and plainly attired, you were ashamed to own her. She reflected no honour on you, so you treated her with contemptuous disdain. A little sensitive child, who had never left home before, cast for the first time in her life among strangers, looked to you for a little friendly notice; but because of her humble appearance you slighted her, and treated her with coldness and incivility. If you have not many true friends, Margaret, you have several ready to copy and follow your course of action. It was pride, paltry, contemptible vanity led you thus into error; Janet would not have harmed you by her affection. But you chilled and disappointed a young, trusting heart, and disdained a true little friend, because she came in a plain dress, and was of humble appearance."

Mrs. Temple paused, Margaret was sobbing softly to herself, she felt very genuine pain at having fallen so low in Mrs. Temple's estimation.

"I did not mean her any real harm," she faltered.

"Margaret, your conduct has been contemptible, do not attempt to vindicate it; and if you choose your friends only because of their outside show and appearance, you must not be surprised if such shallow friendships fail you in a time of need."

At those words, the inconstancy of her friends, that Margaret had just so keenly experienced, came back freshly upon her soul. Mrs. Temple, too, was severe and displeased. Margaret's spirit failed her utterly, as bursting into sudden weeping: "Oh, Mrs. Temple," she sobbed, "don't speak to me thus; if you turn against me, I shall not have a friend left anywhere."

At sight of Margaret's keen distress, Mrs. Temple's face somewhat relaxed; and, rising, she crossed over to Margaret, and laying her hand gently on her shoulder she said, "You think me now very severe to speak to you thus, but I should be neither kind nor true did I gloss over this one great failing of yours; and if the little vexation of to-day leads you to a humbler and truer spirit, it will not have happened in vain."

Margaret looked up, "I will try and choose true friends for the future."

"See that you are true yourself, Margaret, first."

"Mrs. Temple," said Margaret slowly, "I did not know I was so very proud."

"Pride, Margaret, is one of those sins which unfortunately is more apparent to others than to ourselves. Remember, Margaret, pride is foolish and silly as well as wicked, and no sin to which we are prone, as a rule, so speedily brings its own punishment."

Margaret glanced up inquiringly, "What punishment, Mrs. Temple?"

"The contempt of all good and sensible people."

Margaret hung down her head, "Mrs. Temple," she said sadly, "I am sorry you all think so badly of me."

"Margaret, my child, you must not make the rule of your life what I or any one else may think of you, that is only another opening for your pride. Be honest; be true, be faithful, live your life as in the sight of One higher than man, and a higher than man will one day give you your reward."

The timepiece had moved on, the half-hour was over; Margaret rose, but Mrs. Temple said kindly: "No, Margaret, I will not ask you now to meet your schoolfellows, with such signs of trouble still on your face. Your tea shall be served to you here, and you need not enter the schoolroom till you feel quite calm, and have given the matter we have been talking over earnest thought and consideration."

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

NO. III.

TEXT for the day. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Prov. iii. 5, 6. Read Matt. ii. 16-23.

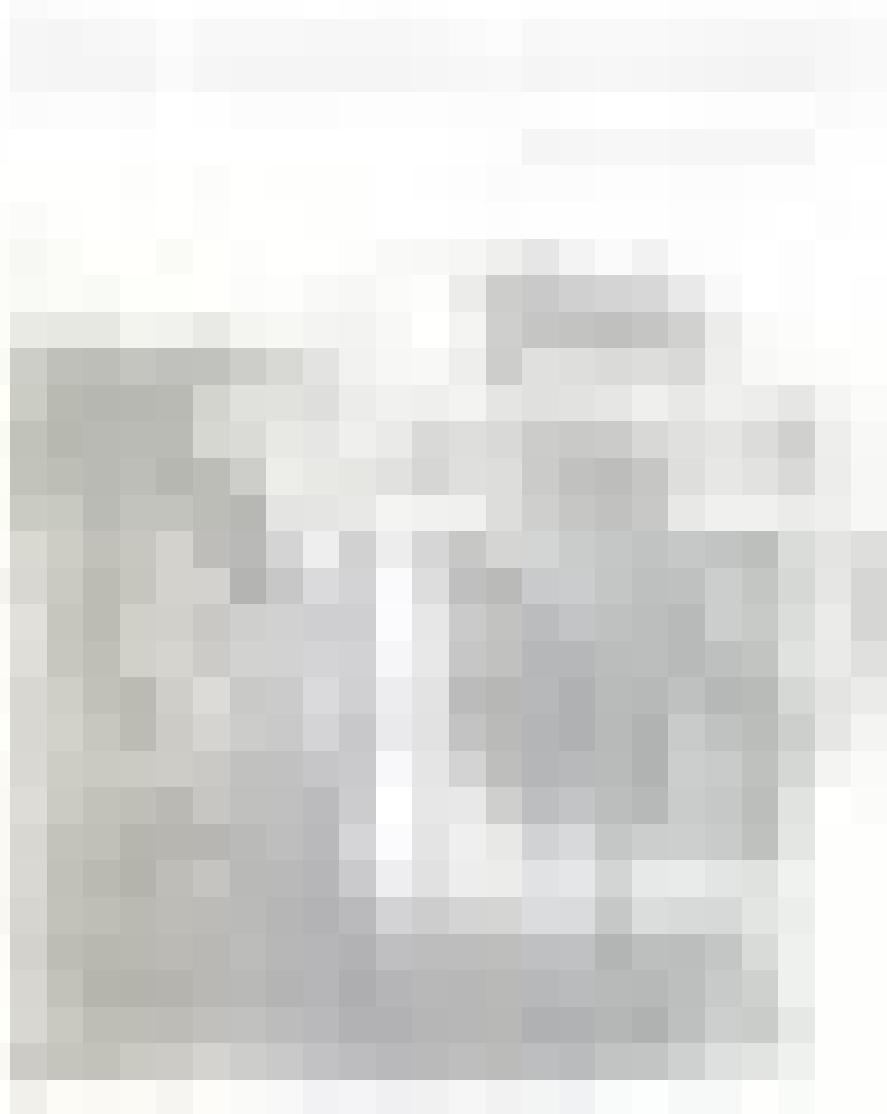
Mary and Joseph were of those who in all their ways acknowledged God, and He directed their paths to a place of safety for the holy Child Jesus. He was safe in Egypt, beyond the reach of Herod, in that old land which had so often been visited by his ancestors in days of old. Turn to Genesis xii. 10, and you will be able to answer who it was who first went to sojourn in Egypt from Canaan? And why did he go? Then look up Gen. xxxvii. 36, who was it that was sold into Egypt as a slave? The whole story of Joseph, so wonderful and interesting, reminds us of the land of Egypt, where he rose from being a captive and a slave to become governor of all the country. (Gen. xl. 41.) Now tell me why the brothers of Joseph came to Egypt? (Gen. xl. 8.) And who came at last with all his family to dwell in Egypt? (Gen. xlvi. 6.) Next, what great man of the Israelite race was born in Egypt? His name is first named in Exodus ii. 10. How long did the children of Israel sojourn in Egypt? (Ex. xii. 40.) Thus you see that the land of Egypt was full of interest for Joseph and Mary; but I believe that nothing was of so much interest to them as the wondrous Babe they held in their arms! This was He of whom Moses and the Prophets had spoken; see Deut. xviii. 15, for the words of Moses concerning him, and Isaiah ix. 6, where you will find one of the remarkable prophecies of Isaiah about the Child whom God promised to send.

We do not know how long Jesus remained in Egypt, but while he was there what happened in Bethlehem? Ah, what a cry of anguish rose up from that town! All its sweet babes "from two years old and under," the little darlings of every house, were slain by the cruel orders of Herod, and the wail that arose from the mothers, of lamentation and weeping, and great mourning, called to mind the words of Jeremiah xxxi. 15, where he spoke of "Rachel, weeping for her children, refused to be comforted, because they were not."

I must tell you something about Herod, that you may not confound him with other Herods. The Romans had conquered Judea, and by their aid he was made king and was called Herod the Great. He had not the smallest right to the crown, for he was not even an Israelite, but was from Idumea, where the descendants of Esau dwelt. Whoever opposed him he caused to be put to death, and not only killed many of the best and noblest men of Judea, but he slew also his own beautiful wife, the Princess Mariamne, and three of his own sons! The older he grew the more fierce and cruel he became; his conscience tormented him for his sins, and he feared that the King of the Jews, whom the wise men came to see, would punish him and take his kingdom away. This was the Herod who slew the babes of Bethlehem. At last he died, a miserable death, lamented by no one; and the angel who watched over the Infant Saviour told Joseph that he might return from Egypt.

To what town did Joseph go on coming from Egypt? And why did he go there? You will answer these questions, and find out a verse in Acts xxii. in which the Lord puts honour on that little town by calling Himself "Jesus of Nazareth." The journey from Egypt to Nazareth was longer than that from Bethlehem, and glad must Mary have been when she arrived safely with the Babe in her own village, where the angel had first appeared to her. (Luke i. 26.)

Sing the hymn, "Around the throne of God in heaven."



buttons and strings, but they carried all their little confidences to Gwendoline. There was a touch of hardness about Ruth which repelled people. She was affectionate below the surface, but she had no tenderness of manner; and she had not yet learnt that usefulness may co-exist with beauty, and practicalness with poetry. Gwendoline's restless pantings and aspirations were "sentiment" in Ruth's opinion.

Gwendoline had returned two or three hours earlier, to find herself suddenly plunged into the little whirl of home cares and the big swirl of London life.

The low roar of the latter struck her forcibly, after the quiet of Riversmouth. Londoner that she was, she never grew reconciled to perpetual sound; never attained to Ruth's happy condition of not hearing it; never ceased to feel oppressed by the great city and its unceasing tumult. She had such a thirst for stillness, and there was no stillness in her life. Out of doors and indoors, Gwendoline could never be alone. To her finely-strung nature solitude at times was more than a pleasure—it was a positive necessity: yet it was almost unattainable.

For Mr. Halcombe's income was very narrow, and his house was very small; and he had a wife, three daughters and seven sons, not to speak of a little maid-servant. Lady Halcot possessed her abundance of large rooms absolutely unused; but in this narrow dwelling, with its dingy outside, closed in by other houses to right and left and front and rear, there was not a corner where one might be secure against interruption. The elder boys were away all day, it is true; Victor in a counting-house; Jem, Edmund and Fred at school; but so was Gwendoline away most days at her painting, and when she came back they came back also. And the four youngest children, Artie, Willie, Bob and Nell, were always at home, Ruth being their teacher. So Gwendoline spent her time in a crowd.

The sense of overcrowding, and the pressure of home cares, had come upon her heavily that afternoon, as she found herself once more within the hall-door.

Gwendoline knew that some fresh trouble was brewing. She knew it before she had been five minutes at home. Not a word was said which might suggest the idea, but she read it in her mother's burdened look, and in the extra sharpness of Ruth's tones. She saw that they wanted to spare her a little while, and she heard her mother whisper softly,—“After tea, Ruthie.” There was no leisure as yet for any quiet conversation, and Gwendoline wisely asked no questions.

The narrow dining-room, with its worn-out chairs and its carpet of undistinguishable pattern, had a crowded appearance at meal-times. The boys were healthy and merry enough, and chatter flowed on unceasingly, but life's cares seemed to have pressed hard upon the father and mother. Mr. Halcombe was a frail man, thin and stooping, with a shadowy likeness to Gwendoline, almost lost in the anxious wrinkles which furrowed his brow and drew down his mouth-corners. Mrs. Halcombe was a little slight woman, exceedingly worn, yet with a kind of habitual cheeriness

about her; never perhaps pretty even in the past, but always refined and sweet-mannered.

Mr. Halcombe and Victor had a mutton-chop each, in consideration of their day's work, and Mr. Halcombe ate his slowly, with an abstracted and mournful air, while Victor, a tall lad of sixteen, talked and laughed over his in untiring fashion. Ruth stood at the foot of the table, dispensing bunches of bread from the huge quartern loaf, and generally overlooking the other six boys, varying in ages from thirteen-years-old Jem to six-years-old Bob. The fairy-maiden, Nell, with her sweet eyes and sunny hair, sat in her three-years-old queenship close beside the tea-making mother, idolised by all.

“Gwen is tired,” Mrs. Halcombe said, in response to Ruth. “It has been such a bustle ever since she came in. I wish we could have arranged differently.”

“It has been the same as usual, I suppose,” said Ruth. “Gwen must take home as she finds it—like other people.”

“Ruth always has an appropriate moral ready for every occasion,” said Victor. “I say, Gwen, did you see anything of the old lady down there?”

Mrs. Halcombe had not asked the question, but Gwendoline saw the quick quiver of her eyelids. “I saw Lady Halcot pass in her pony-carriage, Victor.”

“Did she speak to you?”

“No,—she looked——”

“And that was all?”

Gwendoline had not meant to give particulars just then, but she could not answer in the affirmative.

“Lady Halcot saw me standing with Mr. Selwyn,” she said. “He was down for the day, and we had met. She asked him afterwards who I was, and she sent an invitation through him, asking me to dinner. That was all. I meant to tell mother presently.”

“A weighty ‘all’ too, in my opinion,” said Victor.

Mrs. Halcombe could not trust her voice. Mr. Halcombe looked up slowly, and asked,—“What did it mean?”

“I am afraid it did not mean much, father. Mr. Selwyn told me not to count upon it—at least, I think he meant that. Still it was very disappointing that I could not go. I sent a note next morning, with an explanation; but I had no answer.”

“You don't mean to say you allowed a paltry wetting in the sea to keep you away?” exclaimed Ruth, in a tone of strong disapproval.

“I could not help it, Ruth.”

“I would have helped it, in your place. How you could, Gwen! When you knew how much might depend on your pleasing her! If your dress was not fit to go in, surely Miss Dewhurst would have lent you another. Why, it seems like insanity,—such a chance thrown away.”

“I was very sorry, but it was impossible,” repeated Gwendoline, flushing. “I was in bed all the evening.”

“I would not have been there, I can tell you. And not even an excuse sent till next morning.”

“No, it was forgotten. I didn't think about Lady Halcot, when I first came to myself,—and

the rest were all too busy with the child and me—”

Gwendoline's agitation under Ruth's reproaches betrayed her into saying so much, and then she paused. For a moment nobody seemed quite to take in the meaning of her words. Mr. Halcombe was the first to speak. He had been looking at her steadily, and he now put aside the little boy between him and Gwendoline, and moved to her side.

“Gwen, my child,” he said in his depressed manner,—“this has been more of an affair than we know. You are quite unnerved and poorly. What is it, my dear?”

Gwendoline's face went down on his shoulder, and she clung to him, trembling.

“I saw that she was not herself, directly I came in,” he said. “Ruth, you must not be so hard upon your sister. She would not have stayed away without good reason, I am sure. What is this about ‘coming to yourself,’ Gwen? You don't mean that you were long enough in the water to lose consciousness?”

“It couldn't be helped, father,” said Gwendoline, lifting her face, and speaking hurriedly. “I did not want to make a fuss about the thing. It was only that a little boy fell in, and I had to go after him. There was nobody else near enough, and he would have been drowned. They got out a boat as quickly as possible, and came after us, just in time. I'm not a good enough swimmer for such waves, and I couldn't have held out any longer. I don't think I was long insensible, and it was more of a faint than anything else, but the poor little boy was very long coming round, and somehow nobody remembered Lady Halcot. I never thought about her at all, until eleven o'clock at night. The doctor would not let me get up next day until the afternoon—not that I was ill, only weak and shaky. He was very kind, and so was everybody. But I really don't think I could have gone to see Lady Halcot even yesterday, and I had no answer at all to my note.”

“My own brave girl,” said Mr. Halcombe, and he folded her in his arms. “Thank God for it—and for His bringing you through. Yes, there are worse troubles than even money troubles,—you spoke truth, Nellie.” This was to his wife. “If our Gwen had been taken from us! Thank God for His mercy.”

“Why, Gwen's a heroine,” Victor exclaimed. “Well done, Gwen! We shall all be proud of you.”

“There's no need. It was just the natural thing to do,” Gwendoline said shamefacedly.

“You never told us you had been in danger, Gwen,” her mother said, with full eyes.

“I didn't see the need to write, mother—more than just a few words. And the danger was soon over. Honor said she meant to call soon and tell you everything. But I don't feel as if I could bear to talk about it yet,” Gwendoline added, with whitening lips. “The very thought of the sea brings it all back, and turns me dizzy. Can't we speak of something else?”

“Gwen had much better go into the next room and be quiet,” Ruth said, with a touch of apology for her own harshness. “Why don't you, Gwen?

—and mother too? You will like a chat, and I'll look after everything.”

Gwendoline did not protest. She gave Ruth a grateful look, and went, followed by Mrs. Halcombe. It was not the household custom to dispute Ruth's mandate in lesser matters.

“Mother,” Gwendoline said, making early use of her opportunity, “what has happened since I went away?”

“A good many things have happened, Gwen.”

“Yes; but you can't take me in,” Gwendoline said, looking steadfastly into Mrs. Halcombe's worn brave eyes. “Something particular has come, something that troubles you and father very much. I see it plainly. You can't take me in, mother darling. I must know, or I shall lie awake all night, wondering. It is easier to bear the truth than one's own fancies.”

“Not always, Gwen,” her mother said.

“Almost always, I think. It is a money trouble, mother.”

Mrs. Halcombe tried to answer, and her voice failed. She could only press Gwendoline's hand.

“It must be something very bad indeed, for you to feel it so much,” said Gwendoline gravely. “Tell me all, please. It is worse to wait.”

“I wish I could make you wait,” Mrs. Halcombe said, with a sob. “O Gwen, it is hard to bear up. God will surely provide for us. I have told myself so again and again, the last day or two, and I have tried hard to be brave—to trust. But it is a sore trial of faith. I cannot see what we can do. I cannot see any way out.”

“What is it, mother? Don't mind crying, but just tell me.”

That Mrs. Halcombe should fail in her cheery self-command, at least before others, was an event rare indeed, and Gwendoline was proportionately dismayed, yet proportionately anxious not to be herself betrayed into tears. She repeated earnestly, “Don't be afraid, mother. We shall be helped—surely—somehow. Only please tell me what is wrong.”

“It is at the bank. They have told your father that they will not want him any more—any more—after Midsummer.”

“Mother!”

Gwendoline could say no more. She was absolutely paralysed. Her first sensation was as if she had been sinking again among ocean-waves, as if literal billows were rising around her and taking away her breath. But she only uttered the one faint word, and then sat, white and still, till power of breath and speech came back. Mrs. Halcombe's face was hidden in her hands.

“Father dismissed! But what for? What has he done?” asked Gwendoline in distress.

“Nothing. It is not anything that he has done. They spoke kindly—said they would give the highest testimonials. But they are making some changes, and they want a younger man in his place. Your father says it is natural. He says he has grown old and slow lately, and has been forgetful and made mistakes. He is wearing out. But oh, Gwen, it is very very terrible. What shall we do? How shall we live?”

“If I had seen Lady Halcot!” muttered Gwendoline's quivering lips. “If I had not tried to save the child's life! Mother, it couldn't

be wrong to do that," she broke out passionately. "It couldn't be wrong. I would do it again, no matter what might come after. But why didn't I go to Lady Halcot next day? If only I had not been so shy, so foolish."

"It might have made no difference. I do not suppose she would help us, Gwen."

"Honor would tell us to look higher—to trust Mother—God won't forsake us. He will bring us through somehow. There may be better days ahead. But it is terrible. Poor, poor father!"

CHAPTER VII.

Lady Halcot sat in her favourite room, beside her davenport, writing letters—an occupation which filled many hours of each day. She was an active old lady, mentally as well as bodily, and took a keen personal interest in everything which concerned her estate and her tenants.

The letter-writing did not advance so well as usual this morning. Lady Halcot looked more than wontedly pale, and her bony hand trembled visibly. She laid down her pen and took it up again, several times, as if struggling against the weakness.

The placid fair-haired Miss Withers sat in the bow-window, over a small work-frame, and her eyes travelled repeatedly towards the old lady. She said at length, "Would you like me to send for Conrad?"

"What for?" asked Lady Halcot.

"I thought he might be a help—you seem scarcely equal to your work this morning."

"If I am not equal to the task of managing my own brains, Miss Withers, I certainly am not equal to the task of managing Mr. Withers's brains."

Miss Withers bore the remark meekly. After a pause she gave utterance to a low sigh, and a gentle—"Poor Conrad."

"He does his best. I am quite aware of that," said Lady Halcot, in a manner half-satirical, half-conciliatory. "He may improve in time. At all events we can hope so a little longer. When did Mr. Fosbrook say he would be here?"

"At about eleven."

"Half-past eleven now. I shall not wait in for him much longer."

The pen was laid down again, and Lady Halcot leant back with a tired look.

"I think you have done too much lately," said Miss Withers.

"It is not 'doing.' Work never hurts me. I have a difficulty in making up my mind——"

Miss Withers said, "Yes?"

"I shall have to send for Mr. Selwyn again. His last visit was thrown away. I could come to no conclusion."

"About——?" said Miss Withers.

"Certain alterations which I desire to have made in my will. What else should I mean?"

Lady Halcot was, as a rule, reserved to a fault about her own affairs; but occasional little fits of unpremeditated frankness were among the signs of old age creeping over her. Miss Withers showed no excitement, but her pale blue eyes watched the face of Lady Halcot intently as a cat watches a bird.

"I supposed it was a question of some distant

heir-at-law with you," she said slowly, and with seeming indifference.

"You supposed rightly, as regarding the title and the landed estate. But I have also property at my own disposal. However, there is no need to carry on the subject. It concerns myself alone—only sometimes I have a wish to get things settled and off my mind. I am not so young as I was, and responsibilities weigh more upon me than they once did. Be so good as to order the pony-carriage to be ready for me in half-an-hour, Miss Withers. I shall not wait any longer for Mr. Fosbrook."

Miss Withers moved in her soft and gliding fashion to obey. She was absent about ten minutes, and on coming back the sound of voices told her of the doctor's arrival meantime. Miss Withers waited outside a little longer, and then re-entered the boudoir.

"Mr. Fosbrook does not think there is much the matter with me," Lady Halcot said, turning her head. "Not a break-up yet, by any means—eh, doctor? I am to take a tonic for a week or two. Not that I believe in tonics at my age. But it will do no harm. Mr. Fosbrook is giving me quite a glowing description, Miss Withers, of a young lady rescuing a little boy from drowning last week in Riversmouth. I cannot imagine how I have escaped hearing of it sooner. Did no report of the adventure reach your ears?"

"A mere report, nothing of consequence," Miss Withers said hesitatingly, with a faint blush. "I imagined it to be an exaggerated story."

"The courage and self-devotion of the young lady were hardly capable of exaggeration," Mr. Fosbrook said.

"Mr. Fosbrook is quite carried away by his admiration," said Lady Halcot. "But we may depend upon the correctness of an eye-witness. Go on, doctor, if you please; or stay—begin again, for Miss Withers's benefit."

Mr. Fosbrook obeyed without reluctance. He spoke quietly, and with no superabundance of adjectives; but as he described Gwendoline's position, and her brave plunge into deep water, his shallow cheek glowed, and a curious light shone in the old lady's black eyes.

Yet Lady Halcot's first remark at the close of the tale was cynical. "So you were the rescuer, after all! Quite a poetical finale, Mr. Fosbrook. I suppose we may expect a third volume to the novel."

Mr. Fosbrook suddenly resumed his cool professional manner. "You were not present, Lady Halcot. If you had been—but time is getting on."

"Not twelve yet. Wait a minute," said Lady Halcot. "That girl ought to have a medal, Mr. Fosbrook."

"So I said; but she would not hear of its being made known."

"She can't help it. Such a deed must become known. I will take action in the matter myself. What is her name, and where does she live? A 'young lady' you call her."

"She was down in Riversmouth merely for a day or two,—quite a stranger to the place. Her name is Halcombe—Gwendoline Halcombe."

Mr. Fosbrook was of course aware of the

relationship between Gwendoline Halcombe and Lady Halcot; doctors usually hear the little ins and outs of such matters. It was hardly likely that he should have practised sixteen years in Riversmouth, though originally not a native of the place, without knowing the tale of Lady Halcot's displeasure towards her niece. But he betrayed no consciousness in word or manner; and whether or no Lady Halcot believed in his unconsciousness, she did not betray herself either.

"Gwendoline Halcombe," she repeated.

"A young artist from London, whom I believe you kindly purposed taking some notice of, Lady Halcot."

"Mr. Selwyn had mentioned her to me. Yes, I invited her to dinner, and she did not come. There was a note next morning, which spoke of an 'accidental wetting' in the sea as the cause. I confess I was displeased."

"The 'accidental wetting' was of a serious nature," said Mr. Fosbrook.

Lady Halcot sat considering; some strong feeling visible through the quick motions of her eyebrows.

"A pretty girl," she said at length, half to herself.

"Very pretty and ladylike," assented Mr. Fosbrook.

"Yes—ladylike. One could see that at a glance. The story interests me a good deal, Mr. Fosbrook. I like heroism, and I like to see it rewarded. Gwendoline Halcombe interests me also. Perhaps I may get her down here some day on a visit. She must be a girl of character. Yes,—I should not mind seeing something more of her. What do you say to the idea, Miss Withers?"

"I have not the pleasure of Miss Halcombe's acquaintance," said Miss Withers, trying to cover an unhappy expression with a smile. "She may no doubt be the kind of young person who would suit your ladyship."

"Young person!" said Lady Halcot, with an astonished air; and, when Mr. Fosbrook was gone, she added, "You seem to forget that Gwendoline Halcombe is my relative."

"I did not know your ladyship wished the fact to be remembered," faltered Miss Withers.

GOLDEN LANE AND HOXTON.

A STREET TRADERS' MISSION.

PERSONS who were familiar with the highways and byways of London a generation ago have witnessed a rapid succession of changes come over the face of the great city, such as no historical period of corresponding length can parallel. In the main thoroughfares the old houses—many of them being of an elegantly substantial kind—have in large measure disappeared, to give place to palatial structures not now considered too costly, or too magnificent, for the ordinary purposes of our wonderful commerce.

In other districts, large areas have been cleared of habitations which were mere rookeries; the harbours of disease, and of those various adventurers who constitute the dangerous classes, have become seats of manufacture and of trade. At our present rate of progress, archaeologists will not very much longer find anything particularly attractive to detain them in London—at all events, not above the pavement.

One of the transformed localities of which we speak is Golden, or more properly Golding, Lane, which, as one of the environs of old Moorfields, was a well-known quarter to the citizens of former times. In the opening days of the Reformation, the place must have still retained quite a green outlook; for there a nursery for the children of Henry VIII. is said to have been located, and there, too, characters of more or less celebrity found a home. When, however, distinguished families no longer maintained great houses in the city, Golden Lane declined, until it became a retreat of the poor, the home of those indigent trading classes who go by the name of costermongers. Then the place progressed from bad to worse, and at the opening of the seventh decade of this century "the Lane" was one of

the worst places in the metropolis. It seemed as though corruption was multiplying corruption, and that all classes, as well as all ages, were hopelessly contaminated. There were the lowest of lodging-houses, the worst of drinking-dens, while houses-of-call for thieves and others were to be seen in the main street, and in the courts and alleys on either side. Even children of tender age became shamelessly practised in the crimes and vices of their elders, all alike being such enemies of the law that policemen in pairs only invaded the forbidding recesses.

While the public were being charmed by the construction of New Oxford Street, the poor, whose rookeries were demolished, crowded into that district of St. Luke's parish known as Golden Lane and Whitecross Street, which henceforth became remarkable alike for its over-populated condition and the degradation of its denizens. There were twenty-eight public-houses of the lowest description in the two streets; and besides these there were illegal private dram-shops in the courts, into which even children were enticed to be educated in the arts of crime, while older people risked being drugged and robbed. On every Sabbath morning over two thousand persons were found congregated in Whitecross Street marketing, costers' stalls lining either side of the thoroughfare, while between two and three hundred shops were open. Speaking of Sunday morning, a writer of 1849 says: "It is the publican's harvest-time, when crowds of men and women may be seen, ragged, rough, and filthy, spending the remaining hours of a desecrated Sabbath in gross and stupefying sensuality." The young of both sexes were ruined by what were called the Sabbath-evening dances, then

held at some of the houses; and such was the attraction of these gatherings, that when the ragged-school was first gathered in Golden Lane the teachers have found themselves without a single scholar. The place was the retreat of criminals of the worst type; and the existence of forty "leaving shops" in two streets showed the facilities which existed for disposing of stolen goods.

Twenty-one years have elapsed since Mr. W. J. Orsman commenced his mission in this locality. It will not be necessary to give a complete account of what was effected, although a few general statements will be necessary to make more intelligible the present situation at Hoxton.

The work, as undertaken in 1861, was undertaken chiefly for the benefit of the street-trading classes, who, probably from necessity rather than choice, made this part of the town their home. Though both ragged-school teachers and city missionaries had given some attention to the neighbourhood, the ground was sufficiently unoccupied in 1861 for any volunteer evangelist to find there ample scope for his enterprise. The coster of that day was one who lived hard and fared hard, and who, whether at home or abroad, was not particularly merciful either to his donkey or human dependents. The coster's definition of himself was, "A cove wot works werry 'ard for a werry poor livin'." Left to himself, the poor fellow was but a rough sample of humanity; but happily he proved as amenable to Christian influence as any other class of the hard-working poor.

"The account of the rise, condition and progress of these missions," once remarked Lord Shaftesbury, more particularly pointing to the one now under consideration, "would be a deeply interesting and most curious chapter in the history of England." There can be no doubt whatever of the truth of so obvious a fact; and it may encourage some to know that Mr. Orsman's work was inaugurated by tract distribution. Then followed the regular meetings as converts were made slowly. When these, in time, increased to sixty or seventy strong, various week-day agencies for the promotion of thrift and education supplemented the Sabbath services. The costers were allowed to hold their business meetings in rooms free of charge, and so were led away from the public-house; the penny-bank fostered habits of thrift, while the Emily Fund, established by Lord Shaftesbury in memory of his sainted Countess, with its loans, aided many a poor woman to commence a small trade in the streets. Many other agencies, too numerous to mention separately, were added, the aim of the volunteer missionary being, through the blessing of God, to benefit the bodies of his poor constituency as well as their souls.

In doing what he did, Mr. Orsman was perhaps more than anything else one of those ragged-school pioneers who have been greater benefactors of London than any other class of philanthropists. In their earliest days, as well as at present, ragged-schools reached adults as well as children; and the ragged-school at Golden Lane exercised a beneficent influence throughout the district before its action was superseded by the inauguration of the School Board. Of course there were a few incorrigibles who at the start kicked and fought

the governess if they judged her discipline to be too severe; but when a more competent master was appointed things progressed more smoothly. The master, who has since accepted an appointment in the London City Mission, had the good sense to take a determined stand at the outset, and he, accordingly, soon found himself more than a conqueror of his lowly constituents—he became their trusted friend. "George," he said to one juvenile desperado, who was supposed to be lawless beyond all hope of reformation, "I hear you can fight?" "I dunno," answered master George, apparently taken somewhat by surprise, "I can do me bit wi' any one my own size." "But I'm given to understand you're going to fight me?" added the master emphatically. "Who told you that?" asked the boy, glancing up at his interrogator with a puzzled expression. "Your late governess told me you fought and kicked her, and that you will do the same with me," the teacher went on, showing, by looks as well as by words, that, though he might have a kind heart, he was still disposed to govern with a strong hand. "Now, look here, George, I can fight; but I don't want to; let us shake hands, my boy. You and I will be very good friends, I know."

Finding that all the wind was taken out of his sails by kindness on the one hand, and unyielding firmness on the other, George, the incorrigible, turned round, and after having been the worst, became the best boy in the school. Many others of similar proclivities became thoroughly reformed, and, rising into consistent Christians, realised the profitableness of that godliness which has the promise of this world and also of that which is to come. The master became so devotedly attached to his school that he called the lads his family, while they in turn honoured their teacher with the endearing title of father. Having made some personal sacrifices in order to accept of the humble situation, the teacher was nevertheless not allowed to go without his reward. In six years fifty-eight of the scholars gained the Ragged-School Union prize of seven-and-sixpence and a certificate for remaining a year in their first situation, and out of one hundred and eight who in the same period entered service of various kinds, only one turned out dishonest. Six entered the postal telegraph service, and numbers of others who, when first discovered, were homeless and destitute, found eligible openings in the colonies. In addition to all, and better than all, a large proportion of the scholars were converted to Christ.

But although success continued to attend the labours of the volunteer evangelist and his working band, the Sabbath services having become sufficiently large to necessitate the temporary hiring of the Foresters' Hall in Wilderness Row, a series of changes were taking place in Golden Lane itself, which were destined to lead to the gradual extinction of its old characteristics. The fact was, that the sombre thoroughfare, with its system of courts and alleys, occupied an area too near the heart of the city to allow of the characteristics which had rendered it notorious being indefinitely prolonged. Tumble-down rookeries, whose dwellings, so far as their materials were concerned, seemed hardly capable of paying for the cost of taking down, still occupied land so

valuable that they were doomed to destruction. One after another, imposing warehouses rose up, and then the local authorities determined on removing one side of the street for the purpose of widening the thoroughfare. In this way the people were gradually driven from their rooms, and, after having served as a home of the poor for centuries, Golden Lane virtually became extinct. The question to be answered was, should the work be discontinued, or should the people be followed to their new quarters?

About a mile to the northward lies the crowded district of Hoxton, and, although its close streets were already sufficiently crowded, room had to be made for others who had recently been ejected from Golden Lane. Sufferers in some degree through having been thus disturbed, it seemed hard that the poor people should also suddenly be cut off from those means of grace to which they had been accustomed. Mr. Orsman and his friends held a council to decide the question, and they resolved on securing a site for the mission at Hoxton.

A century ago Hoxton still retained the character of being a semi-rural suburb; and, pleasant in itself, the place had many interesting memories. Dotted over the area were roomy old mansions with large gardens, the residence of Richard de Beauvoir having been one of the finest private residences around London. At Hoxton Academy many successful preachers were trained, while in Hoxton Square many of them found a congenial residence. What a change has come over the scene! Hoxton is now crowded with the poor of all classes; and as these are all in urgent need of the Gospel, the new Mission House, commanding an eligible site at the corner of Wilmer Gardens, the gardens having long since departed, is a lighthouse in a dark place, attracting those who are out of the way into a safe harbour of refuge.

To be appreciated, or even understood in any worthy degree, the neighbourhood requires to be visited on a Saturday night, when the marketing population throng the High Street in wonderful force. For something like a mile the market appears to continue, the well-stocked shops on either side being supplemented by rows of barrows and stalls, which are plentifully furnished with all the varieties of produce and manufacture which working people can require. Live rabbits, caged birds, and other stock can be purchased, as well as meat and bacon from America and the colonies. There also are all kinds of tools, fish, vegetables, toys, confectionery and other wares too miscellaneous for enumeration. It is one of the busiest and liveliest scenes to be witnessed; and the business would in itself constitute a pleasant sight if the public-houses were not even more busy than the other dealers.

It is well known that from the first the Earl of Shaftesbury has manifested an extraordinary interest in Mr. Orsman's labours among the street-trading classes; and the philanthropic peer has taken no small part in providing the present convenient Mission House at Hoxton. The outside public have little conception of the Earl's popularity among costermongers generally, who consider him to be one of themselves, or the head of

their clan. Nor need we wonder at this fact, when the benefit accruing to the trades through their intercourse with the nobleman is taken into account. The Earl has never been content with extending to his humble friends a little cheap patronage—he has visited them in their homes, attended their meetings, and stimulated their provident societies by himself becoming a member. The result is that many of these poor hard-working people have been won to the church, while the remainder are far from being what they were a generation ago. Even the improved appearance of the animals used by the costers all over London is in itself a striking testimony to the reformation which has taken place. When the Earl opened the new premises about two years ago, the ovation he received in the streets, while approaching the new building, resembled a royal progress.

In the district now newly occupied the experience of twenty-one years will be turned to account, so that while a new start is being made the entire outlook is far more encouragingly promising than it was at the beginning. Then, indeed, everything appeared to be so against the reformer that the strongest faith was alone equal to the sacrifice involved. The sanitary condition of the district, being all out of gear, seemed to be quite in keeping with the low degradation which everywhere reigned; but since those days the whole of London has been improved, placing even the evangelist at an advantage unknown to his predecessors of a quarter of a century ago. The needs of the people are still as pressing as they were at the first, however, human nature being the same under all conditions of existence. The work will thus go forward on the old lines: the large room on the upper story, capable of accommodating eight hundred persons, will be opened twice on the Sabbath, the costers will be permitted to use smaller rooms for business or social purposes, while temperance and the penny bank will both claim their share of attention.

Perhaps more important than all in such a district is the work which still goes forward as ragged-school teaching. Instead of being less necessary than it was before the advent of the School Board, the Ragged-School Union is more wanted as a missionary agency; and such being the fact, it is highly encouraging to know that the number of children in the Union Sunday-schools is larger than ever before. The "rags" may be more and more conspicuous by their absence, but that does not alter the basis of the institution; it is rather a symptom of progress.

Conveniently planned in all respects, the Mission House at Hoxton presents an attractive face to the neighbourhood; and the row of shops on the ground floor will represent a source of permanent income when the remainder of the debt has been discharged. On making a start on ground which was new to them, the various helpers recently assembled to take stock of the past, and to devise plans for effective service in the future. The conductors of the Bible-classes, the schools, and other departments, were all hopeful of communicating, in God's strength, lasting blessing to the myriads by whom they were surrounded.

G. H. P.

A DIFFICULT CASE:

AND HOW IT WAS CURED.

THE diseases of the soul are many and various, requiring careful study and skilful treatment; just as mental maladies and bodily ailments call forth the knowledge and experience of the physician. Some cases are easily treated: others need wise discrimination, or "skilful diagnosis," as doctors call it, and give scope for gifts and genius not always found in the physicians of souls.

The preaching of the word, the gospel of the grace of God, is the ordinary agency by which life is communicated to those who are by nature dead as to things spiritual. The Spirit of God makes the preaching and reading of the word effectual, both for convincing of sin, and of leading the guilt-stricken soul to the Saviour of sinners who repent and believe the gospel. By the same word, thus applied, living souls grow in grace, and are made fruitful in good works.

But this public ministry of the word is only one department of ministerial work. There is the dealing with individual souls, whether in time of bodily health or bodily sickness; and in truth it is often in time of health that the soul is most in need of watchful pastoral care.

In "the visitation of the sick," the spiritual physician has a special and important duty. The Prayer Book of the Church of England gives a most useful form for ordinary occasions. But there often occur cases of special difficulty, and in these is seen the difference between mere official routine and the tact, wisdom, and skill of an experienced physician of souls. It is only the minister who is well conversant with moral diseases, who can wisely deal with special symptoms and apply suitable remedies.

The late Rev. Dr. M'All of Manchester was remarkable for his skill in dealing with extraordinary cases, as the following narrative will show. A gentleman, near Macclesfield, much esteemed for his Christian character, fell under the influence of religious despondency. This feeling, long continued and increasing, injured his health and destroyed his usefulness. It was a case worse even than that of Cowper the poet, who in his deepest despair uttered notes which have cheered and restored many sorrowing souls. There was nothing in the man's life or conduct to bring a cloud over him, as too often is the case in spiritual depression. Neither was there any apparent physical cause of the malady, as there was in Cowper, who was constitutionally afflicted with melancholy. It was simply a spiritual disorder, for the mind acts upon the soul, even in the regenerate, just as body and mind affect each other's health and comfort.

This poor man was visited by many Christian ministers and friends, who vainly "reasoned with him out of the Scriptures," and strove to bring back the consolations and hopes of the gospel, which, he said mournfully, had left him for ever. Every effort proved fruitless, for he seemed, as is not uncommon in such cases, to convert every text and argument into the occasion of deeper discouragement and gloom.

A friend told Dr. M'All of the circumstances, and urged him to visit the patient; which he agreed to do. He went without hope of beneficial result, yet in the spirit of faith and prayer, knowing that all things with God are possible. He went without hope; he himself said his chief motive being to express by his presence his personal sympathy with a brother in distress, and to deepen his own solemn impressions of spiritual things.

When he came he made very brief inquiry, and said little, but listened with patient attention to the sad detail of doubts and difficulties, gloomy forebodings, and desponding fears. He never interrupted the doleful story, knowing well that any attempt at argument would have given a new flow to the dismal complaining. At the same time, although silent, he was watching and studying the patient, and trying to place himself in his state of feeling, and to trace the processes of mind by which he arrived at his conclusion. He had observed, while listening, some pieces of paper pinned on the curtain of the bed behind the speaker, and saw enough to perceive the nature of their contents.

Instead of noticing what the patient was saying, at a short pause he said, with apparent surprise and abruptness, "What are these papers?"

"Oh," said the burdened man, "they are texts of Scripture."

"But what texts?" he quickly rejoined.

"Sir," he replied with slow and faltering voice, "they are promises."

"Promises!" said Dr. M'All, but what business have they here? A castaway and doomed man has nothing to do with promises." And rising from his chair, he said, "Let me take these away."

"No, no," cried the sufferer, "do not take them away. I love to see them; I had an interest in them once, and the remembrance of this is sweet and precious, though the enjoyment of them is gone."

"My dear friend," said the Doctor, with great tenderness, "are you not aware that the truths are the same that ever they were; and your mind clings to these truths as fondly as ever; and the Author of these promises is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever? The difference is not in them, nor in Him; no, the difference is in your morbid apprehensions of things: you are confounding the decay of consolation with the decay of piety! Recollect that, whilst these truths are precious to you, the emotions with which you still cherish the remembrance of them are precious in God's sight: and while you have your memorials of the past, God has His memorials too! He says: 'The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my loving-kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee!'

It was the beginning of recovery and of new life to the diseased spirit, which was restored to trust and consolation, and afterwards lived in comfort and departed in peace.



PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

MECCA H.

II.

THE ceremonies of the pilgrimage have often been described, that is, by each adventurous traveller who has reached the bourne, for, of course, none could reach the Káabeh and return without having gone through the prescribed formula. The whole ceremonial, though lengthy and tedious, prolonged through several days, is remarkable for its simplicity; for the almost entire absence of symbolism, beyond the recitation of the stated number of prayers at specified spots; and for the absence of all the traditions and accretions which subsequent ages have added to the practice of Islamism elsewhere. The first duty of the pilgrim is to kiss the holy shrine itself, and to repeat the prescribed prayers kneeling towards it. As it is the centre of the universe, here and here alone of the Moslem world, the worshippers kneel facing all points of the compass. The first thing to do is to perform the *Tawaf*, or walking round the Káabeh, uttering the stated prayers at each station, with two prostrations at each. The water from the holy well of Zem-Zem is drunk, said to be the well miraculously shown to Hagar in the wilderness. The water is extremely nauseous—a medicinal spring like that of Carlsbad. It is not allowed to be used for any purposes but ceremonial drinking and ablutions, and it is exported to all parts of the Moslem world in earthen jars. A few drops are considered most precious at the time of death, when Satan is said to stand by with a bowl of purest water, to tempt the departing soul from its faith. Then, approaching within a few steps of the Káabeh, the pilgrim repeats, "There is no God but God alone, whose covenant is truth, and whose servant is victorious. There is no God but God, without a partner. His is the kingdom, to Him be praise, and He over all things is Almighty." The next prayer is, "O God, I do this believing in Thee, and in obedience to Thy book, and in pursuance of Thy Prophet's example. May God bless him and preserve! O God, I extend my hand to Thee, and great is my desire to Thee. Oh, accept Thou my supplication, and remove my hindrances, and pity my humiliation, and graciously grant me Thy pardon." Then the *Tawaf* or circumambulation is performed seven times outside the oval of granite pavement which surrounds the Káabeh. At every few paces a special prayer is appointed, as at each angle, at the doorway, at the spot where Abraham stood, and many others. Some of these prayers are very touching and simple, as, e.g., "O God, verily I take refuge with Thee from idolatry and disobedience, and hypocrisy, and evil conversation, and evil thoughts, concerning family, and property, and offspring." Again, in front of the spout from the roof, "O God, I beg of Thee faith which shall not fall away, and a certainty which shall not perish, and the good aid of Thy prophet Mohammed—may God bless him and preserve! O God, shade me with Thy shadow in that day when there is no shade but Thy shadow, and cause me

to drink from the cup of Thy apostle Mohammed—may God bless him and preserve!—that pleasant draught after which is no thirst to all eternity. O Lord of honour and glory." All these prayers vary during the *seven Tawafs*, but they are all of a like character, simple, monotheistic appeals for mercy now and at the last day. These performed, the stone is kissed. It is placed in a corner of the Káabeh, built into the wall within, and a small portion of the outer face receding deep in the wall, bordered with a massive silver rim. The millions of kisses for some thousands of years seem to have slightly worn its surface at this face. Travellers have not been able to decide of what material is this stone, though all agree in calling it volcanic. Burton, certainly the most competent judge of the few who have seen it, is satisfied it is an aerolite; and this indeed seems the most probable conclusion, apart from testimony. Thus and thus alone can we at once account for the extraordinary veneration and renown in which it was held for unknown centuries before the coming of Mohammed. An unusually large meteoric stone (for its size, though it has not been measured, appears to reach several cubic feet), seen to fall from the atmosphere, would at once be assumed by the ignorant shepherds to be a divinely-sent emblem, and worshipped as having come down from heaven. We have a parallel instance in the image or stone of Diana at Ephesus, "Which came down from heaven." The absence of any device, shape or sculpture would at once suggest to the practical and anti-idolatrous mind of the prophet its value, as being free from any suspicion of image worship; while by incorporating the cherished tutelary safeguard of his nation into his religious system he would escape both the risk of imago worship, and of straining too severely the hereditary and national attachment of his people.

It is unnecessary to enter into the minute details of the various *Tawafs*, which have a strange likeness to those of Romish devotions at the famous shrine of Loretto and elsewhere. In many points the circumambulation of the Káabeh is an exact reproduction of the ceremonies of the pilgrimage and the ascent of the stairs of the Lateran.

The devotions of the pilgrimage are not confined to Mecca and its shrine alone. After one or two days' worship at the holy centre, a pilgrimage must be made to Muna, a village nearly five miles east of Mecca, on the way to Mount Arafat. Here are certain standing stones, perhaps relics of some idol Druid-like worship, which are to be pelleted each seven times with seven stones gathered in the valley for the purpose, all being accompanied with ever-varying but strictly observed prayer and ceremonies. But before pelting these stones every true believer must forgive every enemy, and be reconciled to everyone whom he has injured or who has injured him, though we do not read of any formal absolution by a priest, nor has the confession to be made to him.

The ceremonies of Muna occupy three days, and they seem to be performed either before or after the pilgrimage to Arafat. The tradition is that here Abraham was arrested in the act of offering up Isaac; and the spot where the altar was prepared, where the angel stood, where the ram was caught by the horns, are all shown. Here every pilgrim is expected to buy and slay a ram or other animal, and distribute the flesh among the poor. Beggars therefore abound, and the air during "the three days of drying flesh" is stated, as might be expected, to be pestilential.

Mount Arafat is only about twelve miles farther due east. The name signifies the Mount of Mercy. It is a low granite hill, rising from the sandy plain, in front of the Tarif range. The legend is that when Adam and Eve were cast out of Paradise, Adam lighted on Ceylon, and Eve here; and that her husband travelled for many years till he found her on this spot; where, instructed by the angel Gabriel, he erected an altar, and here our first parents lived and died. The pilgrimage is made on a stated day, and it is said that if 700,000 are not assembled, the number is made up by angels. The census varies vastly in different years. Burkhardt estimated it at 70,000 in 1814, Ali Bey in 1807 at 83,000, Burton in 1853 at 50,000, Keane in 1877, when the numbers were exceptionally large, at 200,000. This year (1882) the numbers are said to have fallen below 20,000, the smallest pilgrimage ever known. This is probably partly due to the war in Egypt; but it is very important to note that, though fluctuating from year to year, the numbers have within the last century, according to the admission of all, steadily decreased on the average.

The mosque is situated at the foot of the hill, but on its slope, below Adam's altar; and the vast crowd improvises a camp on the plain beyond, the description of which, as seen from the top of the hill, recalls the recollection of Nijni Nivgorod during the great fair. On and about the hill are many holy stations, where the stated prayers are made, and flights of steps which must be ascended. The great event of the Arafat pilgrimage is the sermon, delivered on the hill, by some famous divine, and which lasts for more than three hours. All are supposed to hear it, and the description of the excitement, the sobs and groans, the constantly-ejaculated "Amins," and "labbayks," read like the account of an excited gathering of the Salvation army. At sunset the preacher concludes, and the vast multitude hurries back with reckless speed to Meccah.

The three great days of the pilgrimage are the Yom El Tarwiyah, Yom Arafat, and Yom Nahr. This last is kept at Meccah itself, and on this occasion men of extreme devotion may enter the Kaabeh itself. But he who has trod its hallowed pavement must never again go barefoot, nor pick up a hot coal with his fingers, nor tell a lie. This latter condition especially is inconvenient, and consequently very few even of the most devout carry their zeal so far. The door is at some height from the pavement, and the visitor is lifted up to it on the shoulders of the attendants. It is without ornament or furniture, save a wooden press in one corner. The sacred stone is not seen

from the inside. The roof is supported by three central columns, the walls are faced with marble, and the upper part hung with crimson cloth. The close of the ceremonies of the pilgrimage is marked by another great sermon from the pulpit in the Haram area (seen, with its canopy, in the engraving), which is listened to by thousands. Often at the end of a sentence a deep "Amin" is intoned by thousands of voices, especially towards the close of the discourse; and Burton remarks, "I have seen the religious ceremonies of many lands, but never—nowhere—aught so solemn, so impressive as this."

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER IN FRANCE.

WHILE I stood at my window admiring the soft blushes with which the clouds were welcoming the rising monarch of the day, I thought simultaneously of the fête that was to be here, and of the disappointment that this "Sunday fifth of November" must doubtless be to many a boy, and many a girl too, in England. Perhaps they managed to have their Guy Fawkes doings on the fourth or sixth, but I can only surmise, for I am writing* in a town far south in France. The Cevennes are visible from many of its streets; and Albi, the ancient town from which the Albigenses derived their name, lies within an hour's ride of it. It is a stronghold of Protestantism because the Protestants, though comparatively few in number, have acquired many of the best posts by means of their intelligence and energy.

Many wishes had been expressed the previous evening that the weather would prove propitious, for on this fifth of November the Reformation was to be specially commemorated in all the places of worship, or "temples" belonging to the National Protestant Church of France. It is a fête which was instituted only a few years ago; but its efficacy, as a means of incitement and instruction, has already become apparent; and the one celebration of it which I have witnessed has taught me to regret that we have no similar institution in England.

On Saturday evening at eight o'clock there was a preparatory service. It was very badly attended, not owing to apathy, a French lady told me, but to the fact that it was held this year for the first time, and that many people had not heard of it.

"But wait till to-morrow," she added.

At half-past ten the next morning we went to the Temple, and found it filled throughout by a grave, respectable congregation. Who could look upon these calm and fearless men and women without recalling the time when their forefathers worshipped in secret and at the risk of their lives?

* This communication reached us too late to be inserted in our last volume, which has to be completed far in advance of the close of the year, but we gladly give it place as an interesting glimpse of Protestant and Evangelical life in France.

During the service there was much singing. It was very melodious, the parts being all taken, and the voices blending sweetly. At times one clear but perfectly sweet voice rose above the others; at other times a bass or baritone predominated; but they each sank quickly back into the general volume of sound.

The chapters and prayers were read as usual by the reader. When he left the pulpit, a pasteur, wearing a black gown and bands, entered it. He first offered an extempore prayer, during which the congregation stood; and then he announced his text: "We ought to obey God rather than men" (Acts v. 29); and having carefully disclaimed any intention of teaching insubordination, he gave a long and very interesting sketch of the progress of Evangelicalism from the 13th to the 16th century.

That era was a sad, dark night, but it had its stars, and the pasteur named many of the most conspicuous. Our Wickliffe was amongst them, and also the Castor and Pollux of Bohemia, Jerome of Prague and John Huss. The history of the latter was given in detail from the time when he first studied the works of Wickliffe to the moment when he suffered death rather than retract the doctrines he had adopted from them; and his noble fidelity and courage were held up as an example. Nor was he the only pattern of faith and zeal proposed for imitation. The constancy of many martyrs was alluded to, and the members of the congregation were earnestly entreated to hold fast the doctrines for which their forefathers had suffered.

The address was long, but, if one may judge by the attentiveness of the listeners, no one wished it shorter. When it was ended, the preacher left the pulpit, and another pasteur took his place and read the address which precedes the administration of the Holy Communion. It was very appropriate, and frequently recalled to my mind the Communion Service of the Church of England. When it was concluded, both the pasteurs went to a table, covered with a white cloth; and, placing themselves behind it, faced the congregation. The bread had been standing upon it from the beginning of the service, and also two high and handsome silver goblets. Into these latter the elder pasteur poured some wine; and when he and the other co-lebrant had communicated, they invited the people to approach. The men did so first, then the women, each person standing in front of the table.

The ceremony was very simple but solemn. The pasteur who offered the bread said: "Le pain que nous rompons est la communion au corps de Jésus-Christ, Notre Seigneur." The other presented the wine with the following words: "La coupe de bénédiction que nous bénissons, est la communion au sang de Jésus-Christ, Notre Seigneur." (1 Cor. x. 16.) "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" (1 Cor. x. 16.)

One by one these descendants of the persecuted Huguenots returned to their seats, and then the service was concluded by the singing of Luther's

exultant hymn: "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott, in French version,

"C'est un rempart que notre Dieu,
Si l'on nous fait injure,
Son bras puissant nous tiendra lieu
Et de fort et d'armure.
L'ennemi contre nous
Redouble de courroux.
Vaine colère!
Que pourrait l'adversaire?
L'Eternel détourne ses coups.
Seuls nous bronchons à chaque pas,
Notre force est faiblese ;
Mais un héros dans les combats
Pour nous lutte sans cesse ;
Quel est ce Défenseur?
C'est toi, divin Sauveur,
Dieu des armées!
Tes tribus opprimées
Connaissent leur Libérateur!
Que les démons forgent des fers
Pour accabler l'Eglise,
Ta Sion brave les enfers,
Sur son Rocher amie.
Constant dans son effort,
En vain avec la mort
Satan conspire;
Pour ruiner son empire,
Il suffit d'un mot du Dieu fort.
Dis-le, ce mot victorieux,
Dans toutes nos détresses !
Répands sur nous du haut des cieux
Tes divines largesses !
Qu'on nous ôte nos biens,
Qu'on serre nos liens,
Que nous importe !
Ta grâce est la plus forte,
Et ton royaume est pour les tiens!"

This was a fifth of November to be long remembered. The Protestants of France are now enjoying peace. So are we. Peace is a blessing beyond words, but it has its dangers. It tends, as we all know and feel, to lethargy—to a kind of spiritual *dolce far niente* and apathy. Shall we give way to the drowsiness, or shall we endeavour to shake it off, as our brethren in France are now doing, by recalling the struggles of those whose lives were a continual battle?

E. M. T.

RELICS OF ROWLAND HILL.

THERE were dispersed recently, under the auctioneer's hammer, at Wotton-under-Edge, some remarkable effects, once the property of the famous divine and preacher, Rowland Hill. Those who have read his biography know that he built a chapel, or Tabernacle, at Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucestershire, and that he preached and lived there for some part of the year, even after he had removed permanently to London. From the date of his death in 1833, till last year, the articles of furniture in what was called "The Tabernacle House," or Parsonage, remained as they were a hundred years ago. It seems that a gentleman, who has lately become pastor of the church, wished to furnish the house with his own goods, and hence

the sale. This was natural enough, as he, no doubt, did not wish to retain old-fashioned furniture.

According to Mr. Hill's will, the affairs of the Tabernacle are under the control of four trustees, or managers, not necessarily members of the church. On the death of any member of this board, the survivors elect a successor. In case of any difficulty in the affairs, or any question, the local managers submit the matter to a similar board at Hackney College, by whom also the Tabernacle accounts have to be audited before payment. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the sale was known to the authorities who represent the property, and take interest in matters having public interest only as associated with the name of the great and good Rowland Hill.

The first we heard of the sale was in a note from a friend in Gloucester, ten days after the sale, unfortunately, enclosing the poster of the local auctioneers. They announce "instructions from the managers of the Wotton-under-Edge Tabernacle, to sell the furniture, rare old china, cut glass, engravings, and prints;" a detailed list of the effects being given. Books are not mentioned. An eight-day clock in ebony, a writing bureau, antique chairs, and other useful pieces of furniture appear; and among the curiosities were many "pieces of old cut glass, and some china teacups, lettered inside with texts of Scripture selected by Mr. Hill."

Many of the articles were of considerable value from their antiquity or rarity; and from their association with the former owner would have brought large prices had the sale been made known elsewhere than in the prophet's own country. We believe that the total proceeds of the sale were about 80*l.* A London, or still more an American, auctioneer might have bought the whole lot, and multiplied largely the proceeds. What has become of the various articles we know not, but we were fortunate enough, through the courteous intervention of our Gloucester correspondent, to recover a preserve dish, massive and antique, of old Bristol cut glass, which we prize beyond its intrinsic worth.

We have referred to the probable realisation of larger sums had the sale been in London, and been properly advertised. Of this, however, after mentioning the matter to several friends, we are somewhat doubtful. To the vast majority of Christian professors of the present day the names and works of the grand old Evangelical leaders of the past have little interest. A generation has arisen that knows not Rowland Hill, except in connection with some legendary anecdote or eccentric saying. The theology of Romaine, Venn, Newton, and other worthies of that time, is esteemed of little account; and, however suited for a pre-scientific and pre-critical age, must be displaced, many suppose, by "modern" teaching.

We have a very clear and practical proof of this change of opinion and of taste in the gradual disappearance of books once popular from our publishing lists; and from the slow sale of works by authors the latchets of whose shoes many of our modern writers are not worthy to unloose. Not merely in dogmatic divinity and in devotional treatises, is "the old school" contemned, but books of biography, such as the life of Bull of

Newport Pagnell, or Newton of Olney, and lighter books, such as the inimitable Letters of Cowper, seem to be passed by—not indeed by men of letters and taste, but by the superficial despisers of the old Evangelical truth.

To our taste the old wine is better than the new; and any one who possesses himself of some lamp of other days may be rewarded by its revealing to him unexpected treasures of genius, wisdom, and piety.

Having referred to the popular estimate of Mr. Hill, we have pleasure in reproducing some remarks by Mr. C. Spurgeon,* one of the men of our day who best maintain the old standard of evangelical doctrine and preaching. "The majority of persons," says Mr. Spurgeon, "who know anything of Mr. Hill, associate his name with humour in the pulpit.

"Mr. Hill was humorous, but he was a great deal more, and those who know his life-work will not remember him as exemplifying one single quality, but as a great, good, childlike man in whom nothing was repressed, but the whole of his redeemed nature allowed to have harmonious play. Take him for all in all, we shall not soon look upon his like again. In him was no guile. He loved his Lord and the souls of men, and he threw all his might into the pursuit of doing good. Surely no man was ever more unselfish, or less self-conscious. Men called him eccentric because they themselves were out of centre; he, with his great heart, calm soul, wise mind, and loving nature, had learned to wait upon his Lord, and so had found the right centre and true orbit for his being. At first the press had its sneers for him, but it could not lessen the respect in which he was held, and in due time it turned round and joined in the chorus of his praise. His riper years were full of honour, and, like his younger days, full of fruit unto God."

One word, in conclusion, about the site of the Tabernacle House, Wotton-under-Edge, which is thus described by Mr. Sidney, the biographer of Rowland Hill: "Opposite the house is the most perfect amphitheatre of hill, three parts of which is clothed with a hanging wood of exquisite variety of foliage, enclosing a dale of the richest fertility. The summit of a hill on the left of the house commands a landscape on which Nature has lavished her choicest attractions. The Welsh mountains, the Malvern hills, the rich vale of Berkley, the broad course of the silvery and majestic Severn, and a foreground of grassy knolls and hanging woods, form the principal features of a scene in which all are blended in the loveliest harmony and proportions. In front of the house, a rocky path winding through a sloping wood of beech breaks it, with its white and narrow streaks, into clusters of great beauty and variety. On the Sabbath this road teems with human beings, coming from the lovely glens around to hear the word of life from the lips of their beloved minister."

Robert Hall visited his friend in this rural retreat, and remarked to him,—"Sir, it is the most paradiseal spot I was ever in."

* In the Introduction to a little book of Rowland Hill, his life, anecdotes, and pulpit sayings, by Vernon J. Charlesworth. Hodder and Stoughton.

Pages for the Young.

A PROUD HEART.

CHAPTER IV.



MRS. TEMPLE AND MARGARET.

It was quite late in the evening before Margaret rejoined her school-companions. They were just assembling for prayers as she entered the schoolroom. Her face was flushed, but no longer downcast, and her eyes were bright with intense resolve. When they were all seated, in the momentary silence that followed, Margaret, walking straight to where Janet was sitting, held out her hand, as she said in a clear, distinct voice, "Janet, I have not behaved quite well to you since you have been here, but I now wish to be your friend, if you will let me."

Janet's face brightened, her eyes shone with delighted surprise: "Dear Margaret," she said, "I shall be so glad to have you for my friend."

But even as Janet spoke, Margaret's fingers unconsciously relaxed their hold. Her head, not her heart, had prompted the action, and, though it sounded a very humble confession, Margaret was, as yet, far removed from genuine humility. Never had she held her head higher than that evening, as she took her place among her companions, in the self-exaltation of the moment, apparently unconscious of the surprise her unexpected concession had created. After prayers, Margaret still lingered, standing close by Mrs. Temple's side. When all had quitted the room, the exultant light still lingering in her eyes, "Mrs. Temple," she said, "I have given my pride a good blow to-night."

Mrs. Temple looked searchingly into the flushed face and sparkling eyes. "Do you mean by openly acknowledging Janet Leslie for your friend?"

"Yes. After you left me this afternoon, I thought a great deal about what you had been saying, and I resolved to overcome my pride. I thought the best way would be to speak to Janet thus before them all, and so openly show that I meant to be really humble."

A thoughtful expression stole into Mrs. Temple's eyes; then, again looking earnestly at the eager face before her, she said gently, "True humility, Margaret, is always unobtrusive in its spirit and actions."

A shade crossed Margaret's face. "Oh, Mrs. Temple, I am in earnest. I think I must be really humble now!"

"Are you sure, Margaret, your pride is not taking another form? Are you not proud now even of your humility?"

The shadow on Margaret's face deepened, as, with sudden tears in her eyes, she exclaimed passionately:

"Oh! Mrs. Temple, I did think I was doing right at last."

Mrs. Temple laid her hand gently on Margaret's arm. "Dear child, yours is no easy task. Pride is a hydra-like foe: you strike it down in one place, it rises up in another. It does not matter in what form it manifests itself, it is pride just the same. We can become quite as

proud of our good, or even what we call our humble deeds, as of our wealth or grand belongings."

"Oh, then, I can never hope to succeed."

Mrs. Temple leaned closer to her. "Tell me, Margaret, did you make this effort to be humble a matter of prayer, or did you attempt it all in your own strength?"

Margaret was silent. Her downcast expression answered for her, and Mrs. Temple continued, "To try to overcome any sin in our own strength is a hopeless task and, be assured, so subtle yet powerful an enemy as pride can never be overcome but by God's gracious help. You must pray earnestly, dear Margaret, as well as strive valiantly against your besetting sin."

After a minute's silence Margaret looked up; a wistful, earnest look had superseded the self-satisfied expression. "Dear Mrs. Temple," she said gently, "I feel sure you are quite right. I know now I was really feeling very proud all the while I was thinking myself so humble."

Mrs. Temple smiled. "To see an error is the first step towards amendment, and though you, yourself alone, are powerless to gain the victory, yet, thank God! there is no sin so deadly but His grace can help us to conquer. Be much in prayer, and you shall yet overcome. Much-praying souls are ever humble souls, for the higher we soar towards God, the lower we lie in our own estimation. Pride, dear child, will make you contemptible in the eyes of your fellow-men, and shut you out from communion with God. And remember, in God's Word we are plainly warned against pride and its consequences. There we are told, 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.' 'But with the lowly is wisdom.' "

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. III.

The initials give the name of the first of the Hebrew books, and the finals the name of the first Christian book of the Bible.

1. The mountain of blessing.
2. The only prophet of whom a miracle is recorded after his death.
3. That which ends every day on earth, but is unknown in heaven.
4. The land in which the children of Israel were strangers.
5. What the Lord is "to the poor" and "to the needy"?
6. That which "fadeth not away, reserved in heaven" for believers.
7. That to which Job likens our days on earth.

R. B.

NO. IV.

The Stone whose name means the Stone of help, raised by Samuel, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

1. The scribe helped by God to rebuild His house.
2. The village where Christ helped two sisters by raising their brother.
3. The prophet whom God helped by means of ravens.
4. The leper whom a little maid helped to cure.
5. The queen whom God helped to save her nation.
6. The governor whom God helped by the words of Haggai.
7. The land to which Israel was forbidden to go down for help.
8. The city where the Lord promised to help Paul to bear witness of Him.

M. T. S. M.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE relations of the State to the Church continue to be discussed in France. The first sitting of the Chamber of Deputies after the autumnal recess witnessed the commencement of a debate on the Budget for Public Worship. M. Jules Roche proposed to reduce the estimates from 52,000,000frs. to about 6,000,000frs., but this sweeping change was rejected by a large majority, who preferred to take the clauses in detail. A subsequent proposal that the salary of the Archbishop of Paris should be reduced from 45,000frs. to 30,000frs. was adopted by 298 to 226 votes. This was the first of several reductions. But when the total amount, as thus reduced, was brought forward it was rejected by a majority, which included various shades of opinion, hostile from different motives. The Chamber thus found itself in the singular position, on the loss of the amendment, of having to accept the original motion without any modification. The incident is chiefly noteworthy as another illustration of the tendency towards the complete secularisation of the State which has been evidenced of late in many administrative details. M. Roche put the argument broadly when he contended that the sums paid under the Budget of Public Worship were grants to enable a hostile institution to carry on a contest with the Republic. The Bishop of Angers, on the other hand, maintained that these payments were of the nature of public debts contracted when the State had seized the property of the Church. The Concordat was necessarily the groundwork of this debate. M. Paul Bert's report on behalf of the committee appointed to consider that question treats it more thoroughly. It proposes the gradual extinction, within three years, of the scholarships hitherto accorded by the State to the Catholic seminaries; the suppression of the salaries granted to the canons in virtue of the Financial Law; and the abrogation of all legislative or other acts by which, outside the provisions of the Concordat, buildings belonging to the State, the departments, or the communes, are placed at the disposal of religious or ecclesiastical bodies, the Council of State to decide upon the total or partial discontinuance of the purposes to which such buildings are at present devoted. The domains would be placed at the disposal of the Minister of Public Instruction, to be converted into educational establishments or sold, in which case the funds would be applied to the treasury of the schools, colleges and lycées.

WHILE the Romish Church is thus again threatened on the political side, there is no bar to the evangelical activities which present the gospel in its purer forms. There are, indeed, indications that the aggressive impulses which have made themselves so widely felt at home are beginning to affect the Continent. The visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to Paris excited general interest. The first meetings, in English only, were largely attended. A second week was devoted to work in French, the Church of the Oratoire being thronged every night. All classes were represented there, and the pastors of all the churches gathered to sustain the movement. As one result, it is proposed that Pastor Theodore Monod should resign his present pastorate, and devote himself wholly to evangelistic work. Another mode of action was illustrated on All Souls' and All Saints' Day, by Miss de Broen, of the Belleville Paris Mission, and her staff of devoted women, who posted themselves at the main entrance of the great cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, and distributed free copies of the Scriptures to the crowd of persons who flock thither upon those two days every year. The books were in most cases gratefully received, and more demanded than they were able to supply.

THE city of Bâle has also been the scene of a great revival movement. A series of evangelistic services was recently held. The two large halls appropriated to them were filled every evening, the one by men, the other by women. The mode of procedure, similar to that with which

we have become familiar in this country, did not wholly escape criticism. The newly converted were invited to come forward, and take their places in seats reserved for them. At a special meeting held only for these, some hundreds attended. One correspondent speaks of the profound sense of sin which has been awakened. "Many have already gone to confess lies, thefts, and other sins in different houses. One of these, a woman with whom I have conversed, went to the manager of a manufactory, and confessed that she had stolen some ribbons from him. Others have had something more terrible to settle. Thus, a pastor said the other day, 'One of them who remained behind will get for his confession two years in the House of Correction, but the Lord will go with him to prison.'"

AT the recent Industrial Exhibition at Moscow, a very interesting work connected with tract distribution, has just closed. From the middle of June until the end of October, no less than a million and a-half tracts were given away within and around the Exhibition. The work was under the direction of a Russian count and countess. Taking their stand with other earnest Christian ladies and gentlemen at a stall or kiosk erected for the purpose, they gave away portions of the Scriptures, and tracts in various languages. Each recipient, high or low, received the tract most willingly, very few indeed refusing to accept them. A week or two before the Exhibition closed, a priest of the Greek Church was attracted to the stall, and stopped to examine the contents of one or two of the tracts. These so pleased him that he blessed the work, making the sign of the cross as he went away, and accepting some tracts to take with him. The cost of this large distribution has been borne by the Religious Tract Society, and by Russians interested in the work.

IN Austria, religious liberty is still grievously restricted. The Rev. A. Clark, an American missionary, has been forbidden to hold meetings for reading and prayer. A colporteur has been obliged to fly the country in consequence of the storm of excitement which the priests have raised against him. In Spain also the impediments are many. A colporteur has been sent to prison, and condemned to fifteen francs fine, because he would not uncover his head on the passage of a priest with the Viaticum. The power of the gospel, when presented for the first time, is sometimes strikingly shown. A correspondent, writing from a small seaside place, mentions that a seaman who brought a copy of the Bible in Spanish from Montevideo, and invited his neighbours to join him in the study of it, has gathered quite a company of believers around him.

MADAGASCAR has established a strong claim upon the sympathies of English Christians. There is no more stirring story in our missionary records than that which attends the introduction of the Gospel into that island. The dark days of persecution, borne with wonderful patience and heroism, were succeeded by a period of almost unrestricted freedom, during which the Word of Life took root and flourished. Churches were founded, converts multiplied, a new literature was created; and year by year came reports of steady progress. The difficulties which accompany every enterprise were gradually surmounted; jealousies were set aside; and a movement rarely paralleled subsided into the ordinary currents of national life. The recent action of France has, therefore, been the occasion of much anxiety. To state the case of the Malagasy government ambassadors were sent to Europe; but on their arrival in Paris they were required to sign a convention which virtually ceded to France a protectorate over the north-west coast, with certain privileges of holding land that might easily prove fatal to native rights. The French base their claim upon an alleged cession of territory by the Sakalava tribe in 1848; but no reference was made to this cession

in the treaty concluded between the French and the Malagasy governments in 1868. The ambassadors declining to accept these terms, their flag was pulled down by a French official; and they subsequently left for London, where a committee had already been formed to protest against these high-handed proceedings. Into the political and commercial aspects of the question we do not enter. An influential deputation asked the friendly intervention of our own Foreign Office. The policy of France is due to a new thirst for colonial empire—witness also the Congo treaty. Her annexations mean often the ascendancy of Jesuit influence. She only last year took possession of a number of South Sea islands.

THE growing influence of Christianity in China begins to be recognised. The Rev. Alexander Williamson, whose wide experience specially qualifies him to judge, reports a marked change in the temper of the people. He notes many indications; such as "the friendly demeanour and attentions of many of the mandarins; the shout of welcome which now often meets the missionary as he enters a town or city; the better class of boys who now seek to come to the schools; the increased sale of Christian publications; the fact that not a few, both among officials, merchants, and the literati, have shown their confidence by subscribing for a series of books in preparation by a committee of missionaries before any were published; the better class of people who now join the churches; the willingness and alacrity with which neighbours help and artisans work for the mission families; and, lastly, the manner in which the educated youth of the cities crowd round with intelligent and eager questions." The causes of this change are various; the first is extensive journeys and the wide distribution of books. Commerce has also had its influence in disarming the opposition to foreigners. The medical missions have supplied another great instrumentality. All over China the treatment of the sick has been wonderfully successful; many cures have been regarded as almost miraculous. Moreover, whereas the missionaries used to be suspected of magic, they are now understood; and have lived down the vulgar slanders with which they were assailed. There is now hardly a zenana that would be shut against their wives or any lady who could speak the language and was properly accredited. Dr. Williamson advocates the more extensive use of the press as of paramount importance in China. The native press is rising rapidly; the chief native newspapers had a few months ago a circulation of 10,500 daily.

THE news from Central Africa is chequered. A marauding tribe, the Makwangwara, attacked the mission station at Masasi, in September last. Breaking into the village before sunrise, they drove off a number of the people into slavery. Thirty-nine or forty were captured, some of whom Mr. Porter was able to redeem; but it is reported that twenty-three native Christian adults and six native Christian children were carried away. Several were killed, amongst them one promising teacher. Many escaped to the forest and hills, and others to the mission compound, which fortunately was surrounded with a stone wall. The village was burnt, but none of the mission houses. The little church was sacked, but when the Makwangwara heard that it was God's house, they were afraid, and returned the furniture.

THE London Missionary Society has sustained a loss in the death of Dr. Southon, at Ummbo. He had been out shooting, and was returning to his tent, when he was accidentally shot in the left arm by one of his attendants. The wound was such that amputation became necessary; and even after that a second operation had to be performed, under which he sank. In the last report received from him he mentioned that he had made some progress in learning the Unyamwezi language, though unable to freely express himself in it. But he had been able to act as mediator between some of the tribes, and to avert bloodshed. Several influential chiefs had visited him, to whom he had proclaimed the Gospel, receiving from them invitations to visit their countries. He had also made evangelistic visits to most of the towns and villages around, and had begun a school for boys, whom he taught, and who helped him in his carpentering and other handiwork. In addition to these labours his medical work was considerable, sixty patients having been inmates of his little hospital, and four hundred out-patients being treated during the year. He reported

that the future of the mission looked bright and promising.

THE Nyanza Mission reports the baptism of five of King Mtesa's subjects. The Universities' Mission is also making way. "The town of Mbwego has been won from Islam to Christianity—the mosque is unused. Many other towns are inviting the missionaries to come to them."

THE Archbishop of York, preaching recently at Middlesborough to a crowded congregation of trades unionists, on the occasion of a trade demonstration, took occasion to denounce the gambling habits which have taken hold on so large a class of the population. He was surprised to find that amongst the institutions of the town a betting club should take its rank, and be so much frequented, and that even boys and women were not excluded from it. There was nothing in betting but the bare, filthy love of getting money on easy terms. He desired a healthy public opinion to be created which would shame those who practised gambling.

THE traditional routine of our two oldest universities was somewhat disturbed by the recent visits of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. The gospel message was delivered in simple and homely words to large audiences. It is perhaps significant of the changing times that a Church Salvation Army has been formed among the undergraduates.

THE Salvation Army had recently a demonstration in Exeter Hall, when one hundred and one "captains" were dedicated to home and foreign service.

THE London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution met lately to celebrate the completion of twenty-five years' work among the "friendless and fallen." Within that period the institution has had under its care nearly 9,000 young women and girls.

THE release of the Rev. J. F. Green, of Miles Platting, from his imprisonment in Lancaster Gaol, has been universally approved. The circumstances under which he was committed for contempt of court, in not obeying a monition issued under the Public Worship Regulation Act, have been frequently referred to in these pages. Mr. Green, refusing to recognise the authority of the court, had incurred the penalty of deprivation. At the end of three years the Bishop of Manchester therefore applied for an order for his release, on the ground that the sentence had really exhausted itself in this termination. Lord Penzance gave judgment in this sense. The Bishop had meanwhile made the deprivation complete by issuing sequestration, and appointing a clergyman to take charge of the living. The great bulk of the parishioners refuse, however, to recognise the new appointment.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, whose long illness terminated in death on Sunday Dec. 3rd, had reached the age of seventy-one. Dr. Tait first stepped into notice when, as a Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, he joined in the protest against Tract XC., which brought the series of Oxford Tracts to an end. The next year he was appointed head-master of Rugby, in succession to Dr. Arnold. This post he filled for nearly eight years, fully sustaining the reputation of the school. In 1850 he accepted the Deanery of Carlisle. The domestic calamity which fell upon him in the spring of 1856, elicited universal sympathy; five daughters were struck down by fever and died. Scarcely had he recovered this blow when he was offered the Bishopric of London. Such was his administration of the see that in 1868, he was nominated to succeed Archbishop Longley in the primacy. The highest duties thus devolved upon him at a critical period. In their discharge, he encountered many differences of opinion; but at the close of his career, all sections of the Church united in respectful testimony to his personal worth. His Christian faith shone brightly in the serene patience of his latter days. "O my God, I am happy!"—these were among his last words, spoken after he knew that he was dying.

THE death of Dr. Hawkins, at the age of ninety-three, removes another who, as Provost of Oriel during a memorable time, was once a conspicuous figure in Oxford. Not since Routh has the university had so aged a don. He retained his freshness to the last.



difficult to be on any other terms with Mortimer Selwyn. He was a thorough gentleman, sweet-tempered almost to a fault, fastidious on certain points, but never exacting. Many counted Mortimer a singular man. He was slightly lame, and had passed a sickly boyhood. Strange to say, he had never been put into any profession. Mr. Selwyn through many widowed years had shrunk morbidly from parting with his only son. Mortimer was long counted unfit for hard work, and his mother's property being settled upon him, his future was amply provided for. So he had lived on at home, year after year, with no definite work in life.

No definite work, that is to say, provided for him by others. A plan which would have been utterly detrimental to ninety-nine young men in a hundred, had had no ill results with Mortimer. For he was by nature a man of thoughtful purpose and of literary tastes; and he was, *not* by nature, a man of high Christian principle. To fritter away his time in self-pleasing was not a possibility with Mortimer Selwyn. The work which had not been provided for him, he provided for himself. The life-aims which had not been set before him, he sought out and found. Strong as was the affection which existed between father and son, it was by no means the affection of unity in tastes, or likeness in manner of thought. Mortimer cared not a whit for the law, and Mr. Selwyn had small interest in his son's pursuits. Truth to tell, the latter were legion in number, and leisure was necessary for the appreciation of them. Mr. Selwyn was a man of no leisure, and a man of one primary pursuit. Mortimer was a man of boundless leisure, which yet never implied idleness, and of multitudinous pursuits; among which literature, science and philanthropy held no doubt the foremost places.

Also, on religious points the two did not agree. Mr. Selwyn was not without a certain amount of religion, professed, and perhaps so far as it went, genuine. He was very reserved on such topics, and possibly felt more deeply than he allowed to appear. But he counted office-work and religion to be matters necessarily kept apart, to be in their nature "wide as the poles asunder;" the inevitable consequence of which view was that religion found itself in a small corner, the chief space in his time and thoughts being monopolised by "work."

Mortimer, on the contrary, was one whose very life was impregnated with religion, whose every word and action were as in the presence of the living God. He lost nothing in manliness by this; rather, he gained by it. But for this high consciousness, but for his vivid realisation of the great realities of life and death and the future beyond, he might have sunk into a mere self-indulgent invalid, or, as health came to him in an unemployed youth, have rushed into a career of self-indulgent evil.

He was not much of a religious talker. He could speak, of course, and with glowing earnestness, on the things which most occupied his mind, but he rarely spoke uninvited, and never thrust his opinions upon unwilling hearers. There was no need. Mortimer's manly pleasant

face spoke for itself; and the manner of his daily life had a clearer utterance for the honour of his Master's Name than any mere words could have had. Neither did he say much at any time about at least one chief part of his work in life. People heard of his coming and going, and saw his interest in science and literature. But of the many poor whom he visited, the sufferers lifted out of want by his hand, the struggling toilers helped onward, the gifts silently given where needed, of these the world in general knew nothing at all, or heard only a whisper here and there by accident.

A fire had been lighted, more for cheerfulness than from necessity, since it was a warm spring day; and Mrs. Selwyn sat near it, making believe to get through a little fancy-work, in reality hoping for conversation. She hoped for some time in vain. Mortimer was deep in a periodical; and Mr. Selwyn apparently was deep in thought. He broke out suddenly, after a long pause,—

"You women are the most irrational beings—sometimes."

"Thanks!" Isobel said drily.

"Especially for the last qualifying word," added Mortimer, lifting a pair of amused eyes. "What unfortunate female has aroused your ire to-day, father?"

"I was merely thinking of my trip to Rivers-mouth last week, and of Miss Halcombe's extraordinary conduct."

"Miss Halcombe does not give one the impression that she is an irrational being exactly."

"I should have supposed her to be a young woman of remarkable sense," said Mr. Selwyn. "But to throw away such an opportunity—! However, it is done now, and cannot be undone. She will never have another."

"Is the old lady so vindictive?" asked Isobel.

Mr. Selwyn moved his shoulders. "Lady Halcot counted herself slighted. That was all."

"Miss Halcombe couldn't possibly have gone to the Leys in a draggle-tailed condition," said Isobel.

"Miss Halcombe had no business to become draggle-tailed," said Mr. Selwyn.

"Why, Stuart, I shall be quite frightened of you. I did not know you could be so severe."

The lawyer's face relaxed into a smile. "Was I severe? My regrets are all for Gwendoline Halcombe's own sake. She is a charming girl, and might have won the old lady over,—a most desirable thing for her parents. I fear there is no hope now of such a consummation."

The man-servant entered. "If you please, sir, Miss Halcombe desires a few words with you, if possible."

"Certainly," said Mr. Selwyn, though not quite pleased. He liked to keep business for business quarters, and to have his home inviolable. "Show her into my study."

"Stuart, do bring her here," interposed Isobel. "How odd that she should come, just when we were speaking about her! But I really am curious to see this little paragon of yours."

"Stay—" Mr. Selwyn said to the man. "Will you have her in at once, Isobel?"

"To be sure,—I should like it immensely. If she wants a private interview, you can take her to your study afterwards."

The man vanished, and Mortimer said quietly,—"You will admire her."

"How do you know? Have you seen Miss Halcombe?"

"Yes,—more than once."

"But I may not think her pretty."

"I think you will. You are not one of those women who cannot admire another pretty woman."

Isobel looked pleased. She liked words of appreciation from her step-son. There was no time for more, however. Gwendoline was already in the doorway.

There she paused. She had on her ulster, and her little cap with the wavy short hair showing below, as Mr. Selwyn had seen her on the shore; but no geranium-tint was in her pale cheeks, and the large brown eyes were opened with a startled and dazzled expression.

"I beg your pardon," she said, drawing back. "There is some mistake. I only wanted a few words with Mr. Selwyn alone."

"You shall have them, Miss Halcombe," said the lawyer. "But my wife wishes for the pleasure of your acquaintance, and she asked to make use of this opportunity. Come in and sit down. Isobel, this is Miss Halcombe."

"I have heard my husband speak of you," Isobel said kindly, leading Gwendoline to a chair, and giving Mortimer a glance expressive of admiration. He came forward, with his slight limp and his courteous manner, and as they shook hands a faint colour rose for an instant to her cheeks. The paleness following was so marked that Mortimer said gravely, "You are not well, I am afraid."

"Thank you—I—" Gwendoline hesitated, as if trying to collect her thoughts. "I am only—a little—"

"Have you been wandering about London without food for hours?" he suggested, with a touch of reproach.

"I had dinner at one, only I could not eat," said Gwendoline, with difficulty. "It does not matter, thank you."

"My dear, you will be fainting away, if you don't take something," said Isobel, laying her plump little hand, with its diamond rings, upon Gwendoline's slender fingers. "Pray don't do that, for I have the greatest horror of seeing anybody faint. Here comes the coffee, just in time. Or would you rather have a glass of wine?"

"O no, coffee, please," said Gwendoline, and she was speedily served. A minute or two later, she could look up, with a sweet though, Isobel thought, touchingly sad smile, to say, "Thank you very much. I didn't quite know how much I wanted something."

"Have you had a very busy day?" asked Isobel kindly.

"Yes. I was sorry I could not get to Mr. Selwyn's office in time; but indeed I could not."

"Are you in a hurry now?" asked Isobel, noticing a furtive glance at the clock.

"I am afraid I ought not to wait. It is getting late—and I have so far to go."

"You ought not to go about like this, my dear, unprotected," said Isobel.

Gwendoline's lip quivered. She said only,—"I must."

"How do you get home?"

"I shall walk part of the way, and catch an omnibus—somewhere—"

"It is not right," said Isobel.

Mr. Selwyn thought the same, but he did not say so.

"We must not delay you," he said, and he rose to lead the way into his study, followed by Gwendoline.

"I shall see you again some day," Isobel said cordially, pressing her hand; and Mr. Selwyn was some time closeted with the young girl. Coming out, Gwendoline was met in the hall by Mortimer.

"Pardon me," he said. "There is a cab at the door, waiting for you. Mrs. Selwyn and I could not be content to let you go any other way."

Gwendoline did not know what to say, and allowed herself to be handed in.

Mr. Selwyn presently found his way from the study to the drawing-room.

"I suppose I must not ask what the interview was about?" his wife said.

"It is easily told. Her father is to lose his situation at Midsummer; and—unless by a miracle—he and they will then be almost penniless." Mr. Selwyn spoke in a moved tone. "That poor child! If ever I saw heart-break in a girl's face—yet all the while so collected and womanly. Poor little Gwendoline!"

"But can nothing be done?"

"I have promised to inquire elsewhere for him—after other work. The matter does not look hopeful. Something may be found, no doubt. The difficulty is to find any opening for a man of his age, which will bring in enough to support such a family."

"Can't you give them some money?"

"A fifty-pound cheque would not go far towards keeping twelve people in comfort for a quarter of a year."

Isobel thought of her last dressmaker's bill, with a twinge of conscience.

"Fifty pounds!" she repeated. "It is perfectly appalling."

The man-servant reappeared, and gave Mr. Selwyn a telegram. "Do you know where Mr. Mortimer is?" Mr. Selwyn asked, opening it.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Mortimer went upon the coach-box, to see the young lady safe home. He also said he had some one to call upon in that direction."

Mr. Selwyn's face wore a dubious expression. "Humph!" he muttered, when the man was gone. "Rather unnecessary philanthropy."

"Who is that from?"

"Lady Halcot again. She desires an interview immediately. I can't possibly go for three or four days."

"Lady Halcot seems to think you have nothing to do but to wait upon her," said Isobel.

Meanwhile Gwendoline, driving homewards alone in her cab, had time for the indulgence of sad thoughts and weariness. She was heavy at heart, and her interview with Mr. Selwyn had scarcely lightened the weight. He had not

spoken in a sanguine tone about finding employment for her father, and the future looked very dark.

At the end of the street where she lived, the cab halted. Certain road-repairs made it impossible to proceed farther. Gwendoline was astonished to see a cloaked figure alight and come with limping step to the window.

"Miss Halcombe, shall we drive to the other end of the road—I suppose that will be open—or will you alight here?"

"Here, if you please; it is not far," she answered; and then she said, "Mr. Selwyn!"

"Excuse the liberty I have taken. There is a sick person in this neighbourhood whom I wish to see, and I thought I might venture to utilise your coach-box."

Gwendoline descended and paused. "A sick person—at this time of night?"

"An old man, past eighty. He is bedridden, and suffers much from sleeplessness, and likes late visitors."

"But were you really going to-night? Is that your reason?"

"No," he said, smiling. "I was not going, but I have come—and it is true that I wished to see the old man. Also, I wished to see you safely home."

"The cabman," said Gwendoline, turning.

"I have not done with him yet. It will be all right."

"Don't come any farther, please. Good-night," said Gwendoline.

"I should like to see you to your door,—but I can walk behind, if you like."

"O no, no—nonsense," said Gwendoline hurriedly, breaking into a laugh, which was almost a sob. "You are very kind—only I don't think it is right that you should have the trouble."

Mortimer made no answer to this. They crossed the road together, and he said quietly, after a slight break,—"There are some days in which it is difficult to see the light behind the cloud."

"I can't see any light at all to-day," said Gwendoline sadly.

"And yet it is there."

"I can't see it," repeated Gwendoline.

"I saw from your face that you were in trouble,—"walking in darkness," perhaps, and 'having no light.' Then, Miss Halcombe,—let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

"Could you do that, if everything was being swept away from you?" asked Gwendoline bitterly.

Mortimer's manner changed, and his voice grew strangely humble. "I dare not say," he answered. "If God gave me grace—yes,—not otherwise. It has not been God's will to try me thus. How easy for me in my circumstances to look on and tell another to trust. And yet—I too have known times of darkness and pain, and I have proved the loving faithfulness of my God. Surely I have a right to speak, without presumption. Miss Halcombe, His Fatherly care will not come to an end. He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

Gwendoline lifted her face, wet with tears, as they paused at the door of the house. "Thank you," she said tremulously. "O thank you! I

think I was forgetting. Honor has so often said the same. I know it is so, really. But it isn't easy always to feel sure. Good-bye."

She gave him her hand, and he bent his head, with a murmur which sounded like,—"God bless you." Then he was gone, and she stood dreamily listening to the sound of his unequal steps passing into the distance. Mr. Halcombe answered the bell.

"Gwen, my child, you are late," he said. "We were growing anxious."

"I could not help it, father. I could not get to Mr. Selwyn's in time, and I have been all the way to his own home. He was very kind,—and Mr. Mortimer Selwyn called a cab, and saw me home, and would not let me pay. I don't know whether I ought to have allowed it."

They moved slowly into the deserted dining-room, where the boys had been doing lessons all the evening; and where a tumbler of milk and some bread and butter waited on the table.

"Ruth left these for you. She had to go upstairs to do some mending for the children; and your mother was knocked up, so we persuaded her to go to bed early. You must want food, Gwen."

"No, I had something. I can't eat, father."

She drank the milk; then put her two arms round him, as he stood beside the mantelpiece, and rested her head on his shoulder.

"Poor worn-out child, always toiling for others," he said sadly. "It grieves me that the burdens of life should come upon you so early. You are not fitted for them yet,—under twenty, my Gwennie. Ten years later I should not mind. I wish I could shelter my darling a little longer."

"It will all come right by-and-by," murmured Gwen.

"I ought to have gone to Mr. Selwyn's, and not you, my dear."

"O no, father,—I am glad I went. I know Mr. Selwyn best, and he is always kind to me. But he did not seem very—hopeful—"

"He would not wish to pledge himself to anything of course. And he is a busy man. I hardly see what we can expect from him."

A cold shiver ran through Mr. Halcombe's whole frame, communicating itself to the slight figure which rested against him. The prospect ahead seemed to him so utterly chill and dark. He had almost no private means. Victor received a small salary, and Gwendoline could make a few pounds here or there by painting little pictures; but with the loss of his situation in the bank, all other means of livelihood were swept away.

"Father, something will turn up. We shall be cared for," said Gwendoline.

"I am trying to think so, Gwen, but it is a hard trial of my faith."

"God will not fail us," said Gwendoline, half-unconsciously echoing Mortimer's words.

"He has never failed me yet, but I never came before to such a strait as this. It is utter darkness—utter destitution."

"But God can help us. It isn't too hard for Him," whispered Gwendoline.

Then the poor tired girl burst into tears. "O

father, if only I had seen Lady Halcot—if only that had not been prevented. Ruth wouldn't have been so easily hindered, in my place. Why did I not go to her the next day? It does seem so terrible that I may have stopped help from coming to you and mother. I don't know how to bear the thought."

" You acted for the best. It is of God's ordering, Gwen."

" Father, why don't you write to Lady Halcot and ask help?"

He shook his head. " No use. I have tried that plan before."

" Then let me write. May I do it? I think my note of excuse was too short. I didn't want to make a fuss, and perhaps I went too far the other way. Honor thought so. May I write, father?"

She grew eager over the idea, and her cheeks flushed. " I know what to say," she went on. " It all seems coming to me, like daylight. Shall I show you the letter, or shall I tell her that no one has seen it?"

" I think that would be best," said Mr. Halcombe slowly. " I do not wish to prevent your making the attempt, my dear, as a satisfaction to yourself. But nothing will come of it. I know Lady Halcot better than you, and I have no hope whatever of any favourable result. Better say nothing to your mother or Ruth. It will probably end in disappointment."

" I am not so sure," said Gwendoline softly. " It might be the way God would help us, father. I think I am right just to try. But I will not say a word to anybody. I'll write the letter now, before I go to bed."

THE YOUNG MEN OF MY CHURCH.

BY A BLACK-COUNTRY PARSON.

THERE are many ministers who would like to be useful to the youths under their pastoral charge, and to whom some hints in this special work may possibly be helpful. My excuse for offering any is that I have for a long time been specially drawn towards it, and with ever-increasing interest and encouragement.

Perhaps I shall do best if I give a few simple details of our daily history in connection with this subject. Our parish, be it understood, is in the heart of "the Black Country." Our young men are chiefly to be found in the various iron works, with a few exceptions furnished from the shops in the town: their usual working hours being from six to five, with a half holiday on Saturday. This half holiday and the bright leisure evenings in summer make a football and cricket club most necessary. But more of these by-and-by.

Naturally, writing of the young men of my church, our account must begin with the Sunday, and its doings.

We meet in the schoolroom at 10 A.M. for school prayers with the children and teachers, and then adjourn to my study for our class. This gathering in the schoolroom I hold to be important; first, because it furnishes a good example to the juniors; and secondly, because it keeps up the connection between the seniors and the school. This connection I have always found it most desirable jealously to guard; appealing to their individual loyalty carefully to maintain it. At the same time it is more than expedient to make them feel that while they are marshalled with the children they are in no sense treated or taught as children. In their case anything like repetition of lessons is dispensed with entirely: the class is essentially a Bible class. Such expressions as these I frequently (involuntarily) use: " Of course I point out this to you because I wish (God helping me) to take you further inside our

subject than I should attempt to take children or boys: I know I may assume your sympathy with deeper and more thoughtful teaching." And I never thus "assume" in vain. The compliment, if it be a compliment, when it is offered sincerely to their manly intelligence, is but a graceful and wise return for the simplicity and humility with which they take their places with the others at opening and closing prayers, speaking of "being at school" (their own phrase) on Sunday, or asking "to be excused coming to school," should any special reason arise, with the humility of children.

Many complain of the difficulty of retaining scholars in the Sunday-school after they have begun to grow up: of course if the complainers have attempted to make the matter one of discipline, trying to constrain the seniors to continue in the old character and on the old footing, they must expect to fail. I believe the true way is to convince this most important section of your people of the help their continued presence will bring to you, and that they are wanted not that they may be "kept at school" longer, but that from a class of scholars they may rise to be an army of workers ready for future service in the church. As a matter of fact we have not only aimed at this result, but we have been enabled to achieve it. The male teachers in the Sunday-school, as they are required, are entirely supplied from the seniors of the young men's class.

As regards our method of teaching there is little to be said. We assemble in my study, each with his Bible. I mark presence or absence in a register, calling over the names here and there when I miss one of my numbers, and am not certain as to whether he is in the room. This merely as a passing detail, to show that there is no formality in our arrangements. The subject is given out, and a rapid fire of questions and answers follows: questions (be it observed)

occasionally addressed to me as well as proposed by me. I like to make them feel as on a common ground when we have the Word of Truth in our hands, together seeking after truth, not as inferiors being instructed by a superior. The one point we keep most prominently before us is the living Personality and Kingship of Jesus Christ. Most of our lessons are from the Gospels with the constant comment (as the Divine Features seem to shine out in clearer sublimity than ever in whatever story we may be reading), "Here you have a leader worth following. You can understand now as His character grows upon you, the earnest desire to rally you round Him."

I remember one morning we were greatly touched in noting the Saviour's thoughtful tenderness in singling out Peter and John—two bosom friends—to do His bidding: making them happy together, by the mutual consciousness that they were doing something for Him. "Can't you understand," was my question, "how delighted they were at being chosen, and how eager to start?" The answer I got may readily be imagined; and when I followed it up by the query, as the situation grew upon us, "Would you have gone if you had been asked?" many almost jumped from their chairs as though they were actually starting off.

A great difficulty in a young man's way—as regards Christian life and practice—is the world's stock argument that religion is unmanly. It is easy to show the pitifulness of the notion. But in order so to expose it as to produce growing conviction, it is well to bring out, as often as possible, the majestic manliness of the character of Christ. Contrast it—the opportunities are innumerable—with the weakness, the cowardice, the subserviency, meanness of the Pharisees and Sadducees, and others who were His opponents.

I have referred to the importance of constantly dwelling on the reality of the Master. Not long since I had a touching example of this. There was a funeral among us. One had died: and his coffin was borne up through their ranks to the church door; but it is of the week before his death that I want to speak. The truth that a Living Friend was at his bedside seemed natural to him. He had been accustomed to hear of His being with us in the class and at the work for so many years. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," he kept repeating: and he seemed as though he felt his hand divinely clasped as he stammered out the words. So he passed away, clear in the certainty that a Saviour and a Brother was with Him. And I felt so thankful that he had not to learn in his last days that truth so strange to those to whom it comes suddenly—which more than any other needs precept upon precept—the real though unseen Presence and Personality of Christ.

St. Paul and St. John give hints for the teaching of young men. True the former does not specify any particular age in the sixth of Ephesians, but who can doubt the kind of readers he has conjured up before him as the fiery words fall from his pen? while St. John rejoices that his young men "are strong" and have "overcome." Here we have our lines marked out.

Our metaphors should often be gathered from a soldier's life. Then the Master will become the General; and 'brotherly love,' 'esprit de corps.' I was much struck with a touching remark in a daily newspaper, on the recent Gazette of Honour. "Some will look anxiously for their names, but look in vain; though every pains has been taken to make the illustrious list fair to all: they were omitted because they had been overlooked. *They chanced to fight in the dark,* and no one had noticed their gallant service." I pointed this out to my party: I told them that when their General issued His Gazette of Honour no soldier of His would find his name omitted: simply because none of His men can *fight in the dark*, and so be overlooked.

The afternoon class is exactly like the morning; generally its sequel, in the matter of teaching: beginning and ending in the school prayers. After evening service all come in, their number this time swelled by recruits from the teachers and choir: two hymns are sung: then one present chooses a text as a motto for the week, (sometimes this reaches me through the post, from an old member of the class who has left his home but not its happy memories), we shake hands and say good-night at the study door, and our bright Sunday, spent almost entirely together, is brought to a close.

During the week we have a middle-day reading—every day but Saturday,—in the same room. Only a few come to this little gathering, indeed, only a few can: but it is never omitted. Should I be away (as for example, during my annual summer holiday) one of the seniors conducts it for me. Our text-book is the well known "Daily Light;" a copy of which is used by me or the president in my absence. The leader gives out the references, in succession, at the bottom of the page, starting of course with the motto text at the head, and each one present (Bible in hand) reads his verse aloud in the order in which he may be sitting. This reading is proceeded and followed by the briefest possible invocation,—when we all stand reverently—including generally such words as "keep us safe at our work this afternoon." And then they are away to a field close by to have a kick at the football if possible, or those who work at a little distance go off together in a brotherly way.

Speaking of cricket and football, there is a church club for them; and I can only say I have found it most valuable. Many a serviceable illustration have I gathered from their games, and the occasion they furnish for exhibiting the truest Christian principle. Indeed, their strong attachment to one another has had much to do with their brilliant football victories. On an oak bracket over my study chimney piece—in full view of them as they sit in their classes—is a silver challenge cup won by them against older and more seasoned teams who had vowed to discomfit them—but who fell before their unswerving loyalty to one another, and their unselfish as well as skilful play.

To aid them in maintaining the special character of their club, I invite them to hold their monthly meetings in the study—entering them, as the week comes round—on the church notice board.

I do not attend their club meetings because I object to carrying interference and control too far; but I am ready for them if they want me, as they often do, to decide some knotty question. Meanwhile, though no stipulation exists to that effect, they never dream of making any change in their rules without consulting me.

I never scruple to argue club questions on the highest grounds. Pointing to the notice board with its mention of the next ensuing meeting, following or preceding a reminder of a Church service, I tell them that this would not be, did I not look upon their association, for this as for any other righteous purpose, as part of the one great work; that recreation was an essential department of their Christian life; and that fellowship in this was as desirable as fellowship in any other.

Pleading the other evening with the captain of the second team who had threatened to resign if his men did not come up more regularly, I reminded him of his rank, and that the captain never leaves his ship to sink till every other man is gone. "I must give in," was all his reply. Arguing further with him, I did not scruple to associate the thought of cross-bearing with this work of his. "The question," so I put it to him, is simply, "Is football good for you all in keeping you together—on Saturday afternoons especially—when without it you would only be idling about, in separate, aimless ways? He admitted it was good, for body and soul. "Then," I said, "go in for it body and soul, not because you like it, but because you want it. You will have difficulties, so have I, so has any worker for a good end. The coward runs away from them, the brave spirit overcomes them. Any hindrance that checks your will, lying in your path as you advance, is a cross, *take it up and go on.*" He surrendered at discretion with such a pleasant smile, and thus the captaincy of the second team was settled.

It seemed at first sight strange to bring the Bible to bear on such a subject, but when once the connection was made out, an additional interest was given to Sunday teaching, and further service found for it.

Once more, the question whether it was not fair and brotherly for any who chanced to be unemployed on a Saturday morning to give their time to the club by getting things forward for the afternoon's match was favourably settled without discussion, by the decisive text, "By love serve one another."

I quote these incidents to show that the more confidently and constantly the Bible is used as a universal arbiter, the more decisively will its rule be accepted. It has a friend at court in each of those bright young spirits, their consciences admit the supreme authority of its voice; while its attractive lessons of chivalrous courtesy are readily recognised and learnt.

I might refer to occasional trips, but single out a comparatively recent visit to our cathedral city. Our kind archdeacon had come over to preach for us, and on paying a visit to my class in the study he said a few genial words, and invited them to come and see him, offering to show them the mother church and to entertain them afterwards.

In due course we went, reaching Lichfield

in time for afternoon service. We were received by one of the vergers, who asked if we were the party from — and took us to reserved seats. We owed this graceful attention to the thoughtful kindness of our powerful friend. As soon as service was over he joined us from the canons' procession, indicating his plans for our entertainment. He was to take us over every corner of the glorious old pile and explain everything. At least this was what he did, most patiently, though his own statement of what he would do was much more general. Outside and inside he lingered with us. In the old library up by the triforium, where he showed us the rarest old tomes, and recited for us the quaintest old legends. Under the west Front—now being superbly restored, where he pointed out any new statues whose interest was enhanced by some special link between them and their donors: giving the story when there was any to tell. Then through the cloisters and choir aisles, among the monuments, with a marked unwillingness to move on where there was any name to point out, or brave life record to recall, with special advantage to his hearers. On through the palace gardens to his house, where dinner was provided, an interval of about half an hour being suggested for independent exploring of the quaint old city. After dinner he told us, in a few kind, graceful words, how glad he had been to have us, and accompanied us to the station, remarking to me privately, as we went along, that the manners of his guests were perfect. No awkward silences, no painful restraints, but simple, unaffected ease, cheerful chat, ready answering, helping one another, waiting on one another; showing to one another the utmost courtesy, to himself the most grateful respect.

And here let me suggest one or two general principles for the guidance of those who would throw themselves into this happy work. First, do not attempt it unless you are prepared to treat your young men with the same courtesy you would be prepared to accord young gentlemen. This I am quite sure of, that those who would knit their young men together, must give them brevet rank, or resign at once their own commission. To use a homely phrase, those will not succeed who have pokers down their backs and starch in their cravats. I have noticed more than once that thorough gentlemen, as a rule, find no difficulty in dealing with any class, while those on the other hand who are a little anxious as to their own dignity for the most part fail in gaining the position and influence necessary for usefulness. Reflect, friendly critic, before you hastily protest. You need not, indeed you must not, step down one inch; you must lift them up. All I ask is, have them on your platform. Start this ambition, on open and honourable grounds, and let your own demeanour consistently comport with it, and God will bless you. Get it well into your head that a true gentleman may, from his education or surroundings, be careless with his "h's," (mine are not, I beg to say!) and awkward with his knife and fork, but mean, dishonest, and coarse, a frequenter of pothouses, a lounger at street corners, he cannot be. As one of ours said to me not very long ago, "I seem to have a new taste." One result, at all events, is

that managers and others, at the large iron works, have spoken of the refinement of their manners and the force of their example : " We always know one of them when we see him, and then they hold together so."

Talking of the " Works," I would suggest that teachers of adult Bible classes should make themselves acquainted, as far as possible, not only with the names and general nature of the Foundries' Furnaces or manufactories where the young men are employed, but also with details of their daily toil ; even with the very spot where each is accustomed to stand. They should be able to distinguish between rollers, fitters, moulders, puddlers, pattern-makers, shinglers and so on. The knowledge, interesting in itself, would help them to realise the position of their friends more clearly, and would supply them with many striking illustrations for Sunday teaching. And you cannot find any others half so serviceable. Is one of your class from the glass works for example : a reference to the three wheels, stone, iron, and wood, to the action of which each article is submitted, will arrest him at once, while you have the whole of your parable ready to hand. So with each and all of them ; take up from time to time, in your teaching, the very tools they use and the articles they fashion—the sand and clay moulds, the bedstead laths or uprights, the revolving cylinders, make these your preachers ; and each face will be animated with light, life and expression. And when your scholars (if scholars you call them) go back on Monday to the bench and the tools and the handicraft, they will find them the same, yet not the same,—homely as ever, yet furnished somewhat with the glory of the day before.

Some of my happiest times have been passed in these visits to the workshops. You may ask any sensible question you please, and rely upon a courteous answer. It will be your own fault if you are not greeted by pleasant smiles on every side. For my own part, I have strolled on from room to room, chatting here, chatting there, noting this or that incident or detail for the special service I have mentioned above.

One point more, just here : recognise with Dr. Arnold the principle of honour, and work upon that. It should be remembered that that, above all, is no monopoly of the privileged classes. I never let a boy insist upon the truthfulness of what he is saying. " That you simply say so is quite sufficient ; it would be undignified on my part to want more, or on yours to offer it, if I did." Such a style of speaking of course sounded strange at first, but it soon won its way ; they were so delighted at being respected and trusted. Tell a young man that you would not dream of doubting his word, and even if he were careless before, this stimulus to his self-respect will have the best effect.

Know their home life as thoroughly as you possibly can, so that they may come to you about it, with its tale of pleasures and pains, as a matter of course. Know, too, their home people, and so your teaching in the class will reach their homes, not only through them but through yourself as well, when you visit them. I had a touching illustration the other day of the

union between home life and class life, when one of my boys came to me (his father was lying dead), and showed me his text book with its text (which happened to be singularly appropriate) for the day of the death.

I suppose it will come naturally to those who at all sympathise with what I have written to be told that the Christian name is the name to be used in intercourse : call your friend ' Harry ' or ' Charlie ' (as the case may be), not ' Jones ' or ' Smith ' ; and encourage the mutual use of it : it always sounds pleasantest. I should be sorry for the teacher of such a class as I am thinking of, if he ever passed one of his family in the street without a hearty hand shake, and a friendly recognition.

Is it necessary to say that the larger number of our body belong to the Communicant's Union ; accepting and signing a card of simple rules of life ? Happy times indeed those meetings at the Lord's table, too sacredly happy to write or speak about. Blessed moments for special intercession, as you give the bread and cup to each, and feel as if you could pray your heart out for them, one by one.

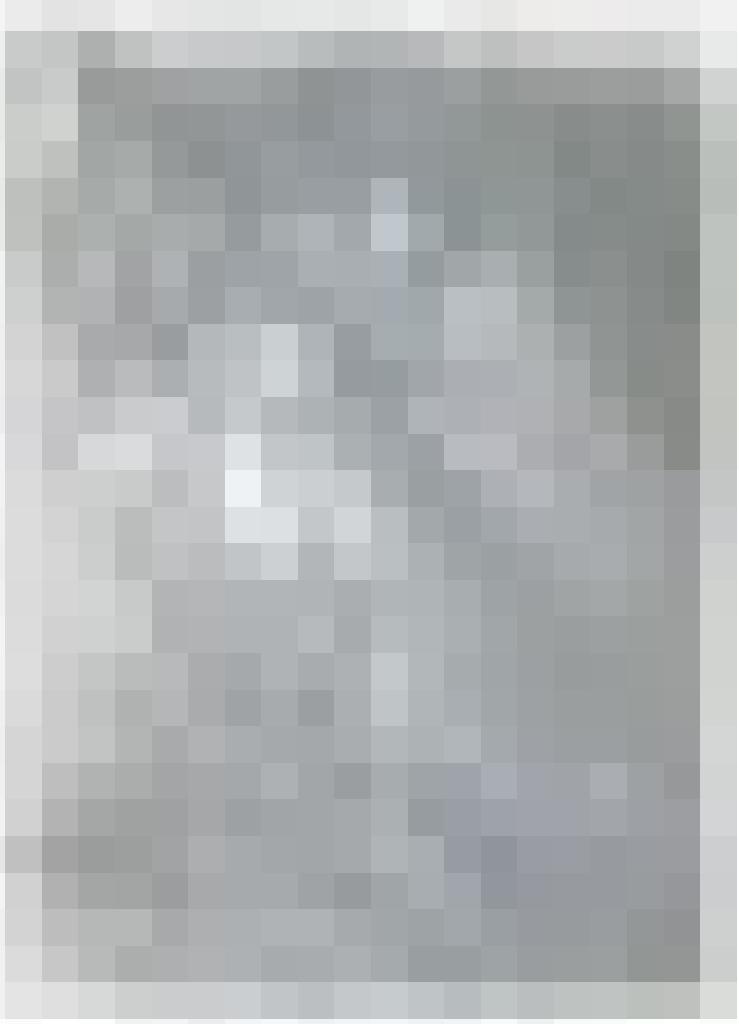
But it is time I finished, and in doing so let me just say that if the work we have been thinking about together needs, more than any other perhaps, will and heart—more than any other it repays. I don't know who wrote the lines, but they are singularly beautiful.

" Desirest thou a teacher's work—ask wisdom from above ;
It is a work of toil and care, of patience and of love ;
Ask for an understanding heart to rule in godly fear
The precious charge of which the Lord hath made
thee overseer."

These friends—these brothers—as you lead them on, are at your side to cheer you through many a discouragement,* and to enrich your ministry with untold blessing. They dower you with a happiness you little dreamt of till you caught the first droppings of the golden store.

As you gather them round the Master, as a real Master—seeking only to guide their hand into His and leave it there, you will wonder and rejoice in the increasing fulness of your own heart and life. I have seen bright eyes absolutely fill with tears as He Himself, in the things He said and did, seemed to stand out before us from the pages of the New Testament. The sympathy which arises out of such " fellowship in the Gospel " is simply indescribable ; and sympathy, to quote Bishop Selwyn's words, is the sunshine of life.

* I remember well a notable example of this. A few years ago I had succeeded in introducing into the church a new heating apparatus representing the old one, as, in my belief, worn out. It was the Saturday before the Sunday on which it was first to be used : and going down into the furnace-chamber at about 11 P.M., anxious for the morrow, I found a party of my young men there. Their anxiety was as acute as mine ; my reputation was at stake, and it was precious to them ; and they were watching and feeding the boiler continually, because " it would never do for anything he had brought into the church to be found fault with." Was not this bearing another's burdens ? Is there any measure of the value of such sympathy ?



NOTES OF A JOURNEY TO THE NORTH WEST LAND.

II.

GALT, *Tuesday evening*.—After a very good journey we arrived here about 11 this morning, and here I hope to stay till I start for the North West on Monday. It is a pretty place, a sort of mixture of English country places and Highlands. Blair Athole is a regular country farm, with a large verandah covered with vines, and a pretty orchard all round the house. Mr. M. came to Berlin to meet us (I have been nearly all over Europe in this journey across Canada); and at the station he had a waggon for the luggage, and a buggy in which he drove us ladies by turns up the hill. The boys are wild with delight over the hens and ducks, and everything else in the farmyard. I sat out of doors a long time in the cool of the evening with Mr. M., hearing all about his excursion to Rapid City last year, when he travelled up with my brother. There were numbers of fire-flies flashing about among the trees, and a few mosquitoes, but they have not given much annoyance yet. About 10.30 we came in, and had some nice singing with the harmonium. This place is extremely pretty, and everything about it is so new and fresh, it is quite entertaining. There is such a mixture of hard work and pleasure, of bustle and dreaminess about the place. Everything seems to come at once here,—hay-making, harvest, and fruit-preserving. It is curious to see the hay being carried in one field, while the wheat in the next is quite ripe, and will be cut to-morrow if fine. This is quite a land of plenty. The apple trees are wonderfully laden, and the vines over the house grow luxuriantly. One would think one was in Italy, rather than in a country where ice and snow abound throughout the winter, and where some children were nearly frozen to death a few months ago in a sudden snowstorm, which came on while they were crossing a hill near the house. Now at 7.30 p.m., the thermometer is 85° in the shade, even with a comparatively cool breeze blowing. I do not exactly know what it has been in the day, but certainly over 90° in the shade. When people come to a party here they sometimes bring a basket of provisions which they put down at the door on entering, and sometimes they make surprise parties in this manner without being invited.

Monday (in the cars which run from Chicago to St. Paul).—We had very lazy weather during our first few days at Galt. All Friday it was extremely hot, and we found our energies fully employed in taking care of the children. In the evening we had planned a country walk to get raspberries, but a thunderstorm came on, so we sat and watched it instead. The lightning was really wonderful, sometimes bright mauve, and sometimes quite rose-coloured, lighting up the whole country, and in the middle we had one of the most wonderfully weird sunsets I have ever

seen. One side of the sky and country was all aglow; first bright deep orange, and then deep red, then orange again, fading away through yellow to a sort of white light with a bluish tinge. The other side was deep purple with a sort of haze that could be felt, filling up the spaces between the clouds and the fir trees and the little white houses. I certainly never, even in Switzerland, saw such wonderful cloud effects and sunrises, as in this country.

On Saturday morning we started off by train to Guelph, a few stations up the line, to see the Agricultural College, as one of Miss Macpherson's friends thought of entering it. We were a party of eight, and drove up from the station about a mile and a half to the College, which is a large low building in the middle of a very pretty garden, and a large farm. Mr. M. the Principal, who has rather lately come there, entertained us most hospitably. We were a surprise party without the baskets, but they seemed to take it for granted at once that we would stay to lunch. In the afternoon Professor B., who is a great agriculturist, took us round the farm, and showed us the sheep, etc., and the instruments, and specimens of corn, etc., all beautifully arranged. The College is kept up by the Government, and the students do not pay for their education, but only a small sum for their board. They are admitted by examination, when there is a vacancy, Ontario men having the preference. We saw four wonderful sheep worth 1000 dollars, which are going to the show; enormous creatures! The College seemed altogether a very pleasant place, and most scientifically farmed. Professor B. promised to give Miss Macpherson a present of some cattle as soon as the show is over. As we drove off, he and a student came running with a lovely bunch of flowers, and said if he had thought of it a little sooner, he would have got one for each of us. The land about Guelph is said to be particularly good, better than most of the land in Ontario.

On Sunday morning we were up early, and the little boys, all dressed in their cool blue and white suits, braved the heat, and walked down to church in Galt. The English church is a plain, but pretty looking building, with a school close by it. There are a great many churches in the town, of different persuasions, chiefly Presbyterian. In Guelph there are more Roman Catholics. We met at the door the officiating clergyman (Canon Hicks), and I also had time to see the school. In church every one uses a fan, even the Irish girl who had just arrived had got a large one. After dinner all the children came out on the lawn, and had some picture-books, and a special treat of sweetmeats, which some of the people in "The Sardinian" had put some pennies together to give them, and then we had Sunday-school for them in the schoolroom. In the evening they came round Miss Macpherson for

hymn singing and questionings. One boy, who had been placed out on a farm some months before, had come over for the Sunday evening, and he was closely questioned as to all his work and experience, and answered satisfactorily. Some of us went to church again in the evening, but most were too lazy with the heat to take the walk again, and sat on the grass reading, and then had a Bible class with Mr. M.

We are generally up very early, for by 5.30 the house is astir, and we are glad soon after that to leave our beds and to sit out on the verandah with our books. The breakfast bell generally rings about 7.0. From 6.0 to 7.0 is really the pleasantest time in the day, and late in the evening is very pleasant too, so we do not make long nights. I won't say that we (i.e. the visitors) don't take a siesta in the middle of the day. In fact, I have remarked that I have walked through all the sitting rooms, and under the larger trees in the garden, and found some one asleep in, or under, each.

I cannot leave the time at Galt without saying something of Mr. and Mrs. M.'s devotion to their work. They simply give themselves and their children up to it, and as they have such a houseful, and can never afford a large staff of servants, it is very hard work for them. The day we arrived there were 125 children and adults in the house, and although a good many have left since, I think that on Saturday there were still between seventy and eighty. Mrs. M. with her daughter, and her niece and one or two old Home girls, do all the cooking, washing, etc.; Mr. M. with his sons and the elder boys do the farm work, which is no light matter at this time of year. They keep the little boys there with a regular schoolmaster, because they can keep them cheaper than in England, and it is a much better life for them. When they are old enough places are found for them, unless they are adopted. Girls seem to be preferred for adoption just now; nearly all the girls we brought out have gone to good homes already. The workers never beg, but trust, and when they have not enough to keep the house they sell some of their pictures and books, or anything of which they can dispose. Then it is all done so quietly, without any fuss.

The house consists of two parts, the older family farm-house and the new wing, in which are the children's rooms. In front there is a pretty verandah and garden, and behind the playground, schoolroom and farmyard, with fields beyond. The school is in excellent order; boys and girls are always together, and the girls are made much of by the boys, because there are so few of them. The other day we had a ramble through the woods, with thirty-nine boys under eight years old—such absurd little urchins. We took them down to the river, and taught them to paddle and bathe.

To-day I started by train at about 3 P.M., for Detroit and Chicago. The line runs through woods, and partially cleared land. The stumps of the trees are generally left in the ground for some time, till they become rotten; then they are easily pulled up, and are often used to make fences, placed in different ways in a row with their roots sideways or upwards; a very pretty sort of fence is made with crossway pieces of wood

sticking up, and out, in all directions, but ordinary straight fences are usually made now on the best farms. Hawthorn does not grow at all generally, but we saw a little hedge of it at Guelph. Between Windsor and Detroit we passed over a river, the whole train being taken over by ferry; it was curious to see the lights on the shore and the train out on the water. In the middle of the river the people had to march into the luggage van for the douâne. I suppose they chose that spot because no one could possibly escape. I was kindly excused, but was told I had far too much luggage for one person, as I had the Rapid City R.T.S. library box and a box for a friend. However, the luggage man took a kindly interest in the library box, and only charged me half the extra amount. The people on the railways are very polite, and it is quite easy for ladies to travel alone. The men who walk through the cars amuse me much. One man came in first with apples, then with books, and presented us each with one, gathering them up as he returned if not purchased; then lozenges, then oranges, then brushes, then straps, then a peculiar sort of sweetmeat, of which he presented one to each passenger, not gathering them up again, as they had disappeared, except with those who, like myself, thought they looked nasty and indigestible. His books are for the most part poisonous-looking novels. Oh! I forgot, then bayans, then lemons, and then newspapers. He is a useful man after all, for I have just asked him to bring me a guide to Canada, and he has promised to do so.

Tuesday.—The line between Chicago and St. Paul is not remarkable, though sometimes we came to a pretty part with woods, lakes and rocks. The cars were mostly occupied by emigrants going to the far North West—some with children who felt the heat much, poor little things. One baby kept me well employed, as the mother was quite tired out. We pass through enormous tracts of country without seeing a single house, and then come to a station, with a little cluster of houses, and an hotel (called in these parts a *hotel*).

St. Paul, Minnesota, Wednesday.—Here we are stopped in our course. We had a pretty comfortable night, and arrived duly about 7 A.M. We drove to the other station, expecting to begin the last stage of our journey at eight o'clock when we were met by the sudden announcement that the morning train to Manitoba had been taken off a fortnight ago, and there would be no train till 7 P.M., which would reach Winnipeg to-morrow night. Expostulations were of no use, so we had to make the best of it, though I certainly think it very cool of the railway company not to inform their agents of a change of that sort. I bought my ticket of them on Monday, and even the conductor at Chicago knew nothing of it. Some of the people spent the day in the station, which was a wretched place, but fortunately a kind and fatherly fellow-traveller recommended to me the American hotel, a very small, unpretending, but comfortable, place. After breakfast I set off to explore the town.

St. Paul is the capital of Minnesota, and quite a large place, with really magnificent shops. I walked about the streets, and bought several

things, and should have bought more, only I had very little American money, and did not care to change, as I was so soon to be in Canada again, and re-changing is apt to be a losing matter. The paper money here is horrible, so old and dirty, one can hardly remember it is money at all. It was so hot, even at ten o'clock that one could only creep along in the shade, but presently I went on to the great suspension bridge over the Mississippi, and finding a most delicious breeze from the river I sat down under the shade of one of the pillars to sketch the lovely view of the water and an island as best I could with sun and wind struggling with my great sunshade. At first I thought the Americans the rudest people I had ever seen, for as they drove across the bridge and came behind me, each one shouted "Get up!" Of course I took no notice, and presently I discovered that that was the way of scolding their horses, who would all shy at my umbrella. The Mississippi is a noble river. We saw it first before reaching St. Paul, early in the morning, through the mist with its lovely islands and wooded shores as far as we could see, and white cliffs every here and there. It is very broad at St. Paul, and the views both ways are exquisite. I heard afterwards that we were only eight miles from the Falls of Minnehaha, but with the thermometer at 104° any prolonged expedition in the middle of the day would not have been wise, especially as we had heard of several cases of sunstroke lately. The town is very bright and pretty, almost Eastern looking, with plenty of bright colour about it, and great coloured signboards hung across the streets, advertising the different shops. The ladies amuse me very much, they dress so smartly, and ride about in little hooded carriages—"rigs" they are called here—or walk about with Japanese parasols, and fans, and as their hair is done rather in Japanese fashion, and they often wear a queer sort of china pattern dress, they are not at all a bad imitation of a

Japanese tray. I came back to dinner, at the American house. The meals are very funny here; every one has a little colony of vegetables, on little dishes, set round a little dish of meat. The best of this travelling is that one can find so many opportunities of saying some words for the Master, and leaving little seeds in the shape of books or tracts, which are most gladly received. Some poor tired emigrants in the hotel parlour quite brightened up at the sight of Mrs. Grimke's text cards and Sankey's hymn book, and we had a good talk and some singing together.

Thursday.—We went through a splendid thunder-storm last night just after passing Minnesota. The lightning was incessant for some time; one great flood of light, streaked with fiery flames, red, orange, and sometimes blue. Then came the wind, rushing across the prairie, so that our train, though standing still, rocked to and fro; and deluges of hail penetrating the venetian blinds and rattling on the roof amid the deafening roar of the wind and thunder. This morning it is deliciously cool and fresh; there is a delightful breeze blowing over the long waving grass, and everything looks green and bright. All round, as far as we can see, it is perfectly flat, like a plate, and nearly all one shade of green, with a little farm and haystack every here and there. Very few people seemed to be going through just now to Manitoba. The great rush there was in the spring, and now the emigrants generally travel in special parties. My kind fellow-traveller, who has been a Presbyterian minister in this country for six years, thinks a man should not go out to the North West for farming unless he has 400 or 500 dollars to start with to tide him over the first winter. He says the cold last winter was much greater than usual, and the spring rains threw the seed-sowing time late also, so that the harvest will not be early this year.

Friday.—Winnipeg. Here we are at last, E. and I together. The train droned along nearly all



MISS MACPHERSON'S HOMES AT GALT.

day on very rough rails, swaying from side to side, through the long grass, so that not until about 10.30 P.M. we reached St. Boniface Junction. At St. Boniface we were soon in an omnibus, which bumped down an extraordinary road on to a ferry, and then up an equally strange road the other side of the river into Winnipeg, where we were glad to reach our rooms in a nice little quiet house, and get a good night's rest. This morning I was awoke about six A.M. by an enormous bell which rings at that hour, to wake people up, again at seven for breakfast, and again at eight, as a last warning to the sluggards, that they must come down if they wish to have any breakfast at all. The Rossin House, which E. chose in preference to the large crowded hotels, is like a pension, with a restaurant attached to it. It is comfortable, though plain.

[In July, 1859, the first coach was started from St. Paul, Minnesota, to the Red River, and the first steamboat was run up the Red River to Winnipeg. This steamboat ran aground (no uncommon occurrence), and one of the passengers, who was anxious to reach Kildonan, four miles beyond Winnipeg, by the following Sunday, completed his voyage in a canoe, arriving at Winnipeg three days before the steamer. He has kindly given me this description of the city, which at that time was called Fort Garry. "The Fort consisted of an enclosure containing the stores of the Hudson Bay Company and their dwellings. Besides these there were a few isolated houses, while over a large part of what comprises the town of Winnipeg were scattered somewhere about thirty wigwams, whose occupants had come in with their furs and to purchase their supplies. The only public road consisted of earth turned up by the plough, and raised up the centre by a scraper, pleasant enough in summer, but far otherwise in wet weather."]

Things New and Old.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.—Many of our readers will be familiar with the fine country which stretches from Macon to Geneva, the vanguard of the Jura and foreground of the distant Alps. It will interest them to be told that the same devices which so often brought the gospel to hearth and cottage in mediæval times in our own country are now pursued, and with equal blessing, throughout the districts in question, the department of Aisne. The work was begun by a single woman, a hawker of small mercery wares, who is now pursuing her avocation there, and carries, with her cottons and pins, some copies of the Scripture. To those who cannot read she herself reads the Bible, which she sells to them. Having in this way discovered the families open to Christian teaching, an Evangelist follows. In this manner, slow but sure, are established a considerable number of small evangelical churches scattered throughout this varied and beautiful region.

S. R. P.

WHITEFIELD AND ROWLAND HILL.—When Rowland Hill was at St. John's College he used to go to the villages in the

vicinity of Cambridge and preach the gospel wherever he could command an audience; he even visited the county jail, and sought out the sick poor in their homes. The college authorities condemned his labours as irregular, and threatened him with immediate expulsion. He appealed to Mr. Whitefield for advice, from whose reply we quote the following sentences:—"About thirty-four years ago the master of Pembroke, where I was educated, took me to task for visiting the sick and going to the prisons . . . I would not have you give way—no, not for a moment; the storm is too great to hold long; visiting the sick and imprisoned, and instructing the ignorant, are the very vitals of true and undefiled religion. If threatened, denied degree, or expelled for this, it will be the best degree you can take. I have seen the dreadful consequences of giving way and looking back. Now is the time to prove the strength of Jesus yours. If opposition did not so much abound, your consolations would not so much abound." With the hearty God speed of Whitefield, and the approval of his own conscience, Rowland resolved to pursue his course, and manfully braved the opposition of the college authorities. Mr. Sydney, his biographer, says, "To preach Christ he was resolved; and it was not his natural disposition to yield to any intimidating menaces. The stigmas and censures cast upon him, he considered as honours of the highest order; and expulsion, or refusal of any university privilege, would only have driven him at once to other scenes of labour, and not to desponding silence and obscure repose."

"**ALAS! THERE IS NOT ONE!**"—A Sunday-school teacher in France was answering a note just received from his pastor. There seemed some difficulty in the matter, for he tore up sheet after sheet just begun. At last he wrote: "Alas! there is not one!"—and he sent this as his answer.

The pastor's note ran thus: "Please tell me, as nearly as you can, how many scholars in your class are in earnest as to the way of salvation; and how many have found peace with God these two past years."

There followed a sharp conflict—a season of bitter humiliation in that teacher's heart. He had taken great pride in his large class of bright learners warmly attached to him; and given his whole mind to his Sunday teaching. Only the Sunday before, Solomon's temple being his subject, he had studied every available book concerning it, illustrated his lessons with engravings, learned by heart an eloquent application, entitled in his copious notes, "My peroration." And now across his review of three years' earnest toil there fell the eclipsing shadow of those sad words—"Alas! there is not one."

Sunday came round once more. Hardly had Mr. C.—'s scholars withdrawn to their class room after the general school prayer, when he felt constrained to ask them again to join in prayer for a special blessing on their Scripture reading: this was Acts xvi. 16-40. "A Sunday before," says Mr. C.—, "I should have enlarged on the history of Philippi, on divination, earthquakes, prison discipline, Roman citizenship. But that day every topic paled in interest before the jailer's inquiry, 'What must I do to be saved?' I was conscious that some of my most intelligent scholars viewed my lesson as a failure: what mattered? 'Not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord' was to be henceforth my watch-word."

"And God gave the increase. Some of my class, in pride of intellect, left me: these I pursued with letters, visits, prayers. Of the rest, several yielded themselves to God. After a time some of the deserters returned; one of whom became in due time an earnest preacher of Christ. When, eighteen months later, I was called elsewhere, I had the joy of knowing that for that period at least my labour had not been in vain in the Lord."—A. J. T.

Pages for the Young.

LEFT TO THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER I.



"CHILDREN," said Mrs. Renner one morning at breakfast-time, "I have something to tell you that I fear will be the cause of much disappointment to you. Miss Mallory's wedding is fixed for the twenty-eighth of this month."

"Oh, and that is our birthday!" cried the twins in a breath.

"Yes, dears, and I am sorry that it should happen so."

"But must you go?" asked Ethel anxiously. "Couldn't you excuse yourself, Mamma?"

"No, Ethel, I think not. Miss Mallory is a very old and dear friend, and it has always been an understood thing that your father and I should be present at her wedding. I am only sorry that it should take place on the twenty-eighth, and I think, under the circumstances, we had better keep your birthday at some other time."

There was a silence; blank dismay was written on the faces of all the children. Danvers was the first to speak.

"But, Mamma," he said, "if we don't keep it on the proper day we shan't be able to for ever so long. Dr. Boyce always gives coronation day, but I know he wouldn't like me to ask for another holiday before the end of the term, especially as we're so busy working up for the examination."

"But every Saturday is a holiday."

"Yes—but—" Danvers hesitated, then stopped short.

"But what?" asked Mrs. Renner smiling.

"Well, you know, Mamma, we always have kept it on the proper day, so please let us this year." That was the best reason Danvers could give, though he tried hard to find a better one.

There was a chorus of "Yes, Mamma, please do," from Ethel, Winnie and Jamie, and even the little six-year old Bertie chimed in with a "please do," that was full of earnest entreaty.

"Very well, you shall have your wish," said their mother. "And now what would you like to do?"

"Why, we always have a pic-nic, Mamma," replied Ethel, rather surprised at her mother's question.

"Yes, dear, but as I shall not be here, you must give up all thoughts of that," said Mrs. Renner, kindly but firmly, "and if you will be guided by me, you will spend the day very quietly. Of course you will none of you do any lessons; then you might have tea on the lawn, and perhaps one or two of your especial friends might be invited to spend the afternoon with you."

"Only one or two," echoed Ethel. "But, Mamma, we generally have a large party of people on our birthday."

"I am aware of that, dear, but, as I said before, I shall not be here this year, and so everything will be different."

"I'm quite sure that Ethel and I could see after our visitors properly, if that is what you are thinking about," remarked Danvers, with the air of a man of twenty-one, rather than the manner of a boy who had not yet attained his twelfth year.

Again Mrs. Renner smiled.

"I have no doubt that it seems an easy matter to you to entertain a number of guests," she said; "but I assure you

it requires both tact and experience, and I think that if you and Ethel were to find yourselves in the position of host and hostess, you would prove it to be a very responsible and undesirable one. However," she added, "there is plenty of time before the twenty-eighth to make all necessary arrangements. I will do my best to provide for your pleasure and amusement; and although I shall not be here, I see no reason why you should not all spend a happy day."

But the subject that was then dismissed was talked over many and many a time before the arrival of the all-important twenty-eighth of June; for the birthday of the twins—Danvers and Ethel. Under ordinary circumstances there would not have been half so much discussion. The arrangements for the pic-nic would have been carried out, and the children would have felt that, without any care or thought on their parts, a day of pleasure and enjoyment was in store for them. At last, however, they came to the conclusion that they could not do better than act upon their mother's suggestion—invite some friends to spend the afternoon with them, and have tea on the lawn.

"But oh," said Ethel with a sigh, "nothing will be nice this year, because Mamma won't be here."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Danvers, to whom the remark had been made. "I think it will be rather jolly to be left to ourselves for once in the way. We shall get on famously, and mamma will be quite astonished to find how nicely everything went off."

At first Ethel could not see it in that light, but little by little she too began to think that on the whole it would be pleasant to play the host and hostess; and she resolved that she would fulfil her share of those duties so well that on future occasions her mother might go from home in the proud and happy consciousness of leaving a daughter behind her who was quite competent to take her place while she was away.

The sunbeams, flickering and dancing on Ethel's bed, awoke her on her birthday morn. She sat up and rubbed her eyes, then looked for what she knew she should find—her birthday gifts. Oh, what a row of them on the little table by the bedside! She fairly clapped her hands with joy. And just the very things she wanted too! A pretty workbasket from Danvers, a writing-case from Winnie, a tiny silver bracelet from Jamie and Bertie, quite a pile of story books, a pair of gloves, and a handkerchief with her name beautifully embroidered upon it. Ethel wondered who could have sent her that until she spied a tiny note, and then she knew that it was a present from Miss Glyn, the dear governess of whom she was so fond, but who on account of illness had been obliged to leave her pupils and take a long rest at the sea-side. She was better now, she said, and hoped soon to be with them again. Ethel was glad of that; it was good news to get on her birthday. Then there were several small packets containing presents from the servants, many letters with birthday cards, and last, but by no means least, a beautiful little silver watch, which, as a tiny slip of paper told her, came "from Papa and Mamma, with fondest love and best wishes." That was a pleasant surprise indeed, and jumping out of bed she began dressing as quickly as possible in order to go and thank her parents for their welcome gift. It was well that she hurried; for as Mr. and Mrs. Renner had a long journey before them they were obliged to leave home very early in the day, and Ethel had barely time to kiss and thank them before the carriage drove to the door.

"Good-bye, Mamma dear, good-bye, Papa," cried the children as they stood in a group on the step.

"Good-bye, dears. A pleasant day to you all," were their mother's last words. "Be good, and you will be happy," and as she nodded and smiled, the carriage drove away.

"Oh, Danvers, isn't it nice to think I have a watch?"

Ethel exclaimed, as soon as the carriage had disappeared from sight.

"Yes, and I have one too," he said; "see, here is mine," and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a watch that was found to be exactly like Ethel's, only that it was larger.

Then there was a grand display of the presents, the three younger children looking on with admiring eyes. Breakfast succeeded, which was no sooner over than Ethel asked,

"Now what shall we do first?"

"Oh, Danvers," said Bertie eagerly, and before anybody else could speak, "I wish you would dig my garden for me. I've tried over so many times to do it myself, but I can't; the ground's so hard."

"Well, perhaps I may presently," replied Danvers coolly, "but first of all I am going to ask George Haynes to come here this afternoon."

"George Haynes! but he's such a rough, horrid boy," cried Ethel impulsively. "Did mamma say you might?"

"Yes, I asked her last night. And pray what makes you call him 'horrid,' Ethel? I don't see why you need speak of my friends in that way."

"If boys are cruel they are horrid," said Ethel hotly, "and I saw George Haynes beat his dog one day till the poor little thing could hardly stand. If mamma knew what kind of a boy he is, I am quite sure she wouldn't have given you permission to invite him."

"Mamma has more sense than you, I am glad to say," retorted Danvers with a sneer, "and wouldn't think any the worse of a boy for giving his dog a wholesome thrashing."

"It wasn't a wholesome thrashing," cried Ethel, and now her eyes were flashing and her cheeks flushing, "it was a piece of downright cruelty. The little dog had done nothing to deserve it, and if George Haynes comes here to-day, I shall take no notice of him whatever."

"Well, you can please yourself about that," replied Danvers. "It won't make any difference to George whether you treat him civilly or rudely, I don't suppose we boys shall trouble you much. The less we see of you girls the better we shall like it, I expect;" and with a whistle that he hoped would express his indifference to anything his sister might say or do, he walked out of the room and started off to invite his schoolfellow to come and spend the afternoon with him.

But her brother's words had wounded Ethel's tender, loving little heart to a very great degree. They would have hurt her at any time, but they were doubly hard to bear on such a day as this. Yet she knew that she herself had been greatly to blame. She had been unkind to Danvers first. It was unkind to have spoken so harshly of his friend, and still more unkind to say that she would not receive him politely. Tears filled her eyes as she went slowly upstairs to her own room, then sitting down by her bed, she buried her face on the pillow and cried bitterly. Oh, why had she and Danvers quarrelled on their birthday? Then her mother's words occurred to her. "Be good, and you will be happy." Ah! that was where she had failed; she had been the reverse of "good;" for she had let her warm, quick temper get the mastery over her, and she had said very bitter things to Danvers. She wished she could go over the time again; she would act so differently now. Well, she would strive throughout the rest of the day to remember her mother's injunction, and having come to this resolution, she did the very best thing that she could have done; she knelt down by her bedside and asked God to help her keep it.

Then, after having bathed her eyes, and taken a dress to nurse to have a watchpocket put in it—for Ethel was anxious to wear her watch in the afternoon—she went downstairs and joined her sister and brothers who were delighted with her proposal, that they should adjourn to the lawn and sit under the shadow of the large sycamore tree, while she read

aloud to them from one of the new books that she had had given her that morning.

It proved to be a delightful story; even Jamie, who always preferred an active amusement to a passive one, was deeply interested, and all were attentively listening when Danvers returned. Seeing them on the lawn he came towards them and made one of the little circle. Starting up in a very few minutes however, he interrupted his sister by saying,

"Come, Jamie, I want you. We are going to have a game of cricket in the meadow this afternoon, and we may as well set up the wickets and get everything ready."

He turned his back upon Ethel as he spoke, and that action as well as his speech (for of course only boys could play at cricket, and the girls would consequently be left to their own devices), told her that he had not yet forgiven her for her remarks concerning his friend. Neither could she help feeling just a little pang of jealousy that Jamie should at once get up, and, without a word of apology, go off with his brother. Somehow the reading flagged after that, and very soon Ethel decided to give up the book, and seek some new amusement. A sudden idea struck her.

"Bertie, I think I could dig your garden," she said. "Shall we go and try?"

In a state of great delight Bertie arose and led the way to the little plot of hard, weedy ground that he proudly called his garden. Winnie, however, declined to accompany them. While her sister was reading, she had been busy making a doll's dress, and she preferred remaining where she was till she had finished it.

The digging proved hard work for Ethel. The spade blistered her hands, and the sun shone hotly upon her. She tried, however, not to think of her own weariness, but only of the pleasure she was giving to the little brother who stood by admiringly watching her. "Be good" kept ringing in her ears. Surely in gratifying Bertie she was doing something that was "good." The first dinner bell rang, just as the last bit of ground was dug. With a sigh of relief Ethel threw down her spade.

"Come, Bertie," she said, "we must run in and make haste to wash and tidy ourselves."

Then, as she walked quickly towards the house, she became aware that her head was aching to such a degree that the pain was almost unbearable. She was glad when she reached her room and could sit down for a minute; but she dared not linger, for she knew that dinner would be ready almost immediately. Then rising, she washed away the dust and dirt from her hands and bathed her forehead. So cool and refreshing was the water, that she thought she would apply it to her hot sun-burnt face. Scarcely had she done so, however, before she regretted it, for her skin began to smart most painfully, and when she looked in the glass and saw the colour of her cheeks, she was dismayed beyond measure. Then she went slowly downstairs and took her seat at the table. Danvers exclaimed on seeing her, asked what she had been doing, and, on hearing her explanation was evidently very much annoyed.

"Really, Ethel," he said, "if you will do silly things you must suffer for them. There was no such hurry to dig the garden, and of course I should have done it myself in a few days. If mamma were here she'd be very vexed with you for having made such a fright of yourself."

Ethel's lips quivered, and for the second time that day she burst into tears. Nothing was right that she did, and oh, how her head troubled and ached! Nurse, who was waiting upon them, saw how matters were and at once came to the rescue.

"Miss Ethel," she said quietly, but firmly, "you've been overtiring yourself and are not well. You'd best come and lie down awhile," and with that she put her arm around the weeping girl and led her gently from the room—Nurse had

been in the family for years, and loved the children almost as if they had been her own. Now she made Ethel lie down upon her bed while she lowered the blinds, and so darkened the room. In a very few minutes Ethel felt relief.

"Now I am going to leave you to have a nap, Miss Ethel," nurse went on to say, "and in half an hour or so I shall bring you something to eat. You'll feel yourself again by that time."

Ethel whispered a grateful "thank you," and in a very little while was fast asleep.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

NO. IV.

TEXT for the day. "Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example." (1 Pet. ii. 21.) Read Luke ii. 40, 52.

In Nazareth our Saviour now found a safe and quiet home, where He grew and waxed strong in spirit, and the grace of God was upon him." What a description of a holy and happy boyhood! Let this be your pattern, my dear young readers. Ask God to bestow His grace upon you, that you may be kept from sin, and may follow Him who "suffered for us, leaving us an example."

Nazareth lies far to the north of Jerusalem, in Galilee. It is situated in a land very different from that of Egypt. (Deut. xi. 10, 11.) It is a land of hills and valleys, rocks and mountains, fruitful plains and pleasant gardens. When the Lord Jesus was a boy he may have often climbed to the top of the hill whereon the city was built. (Luke iv. 29.) From that spot may be seen to the north the high peak of Mount Hermon covered with snow, and Tabor to the west, wooded to the top, both mentioned in Psalm lxxxix. 12. Far to the east Carmel could be seen, where Elijah built his altar, and put the prophets of Baal to confusion. (1 Kings xviii. 19, 20.) Its long dark promontory stretched itself out into the blue and glittering waters of the Mediterranean; while to the south lay the golden cornfields, and green pastures of the great plain of Esdrælon or Megiddo, where so many great battles had been fought of old. (See Judges v. 19; 2 Chron. xxxv. 22, 23.) Nazareth itself, with its white houses, and rich gardens of fig-trees, olives and vines, clinging to the side of the hill, has been prettily compared to "a handful of pearls in a goblet of emerald!"

From this pleasant village, one day in spring, our Lord, when he was a boy of twelve years old, took His next journey. He went with his parents, by rocky mountain paths, all bordered with sweet wild flowers, and enlivened by the singing of birds and the voices of innumerable doves,—ascending to the great city, the city of Jerusalem.

What was the occasion of this journey? They went to keep the Feast of the Passover. *Of what did this feast remind the Israelites?* Of their deliverance from Egypt. (Ex. xiii. 3; Deut. xvi. 3.) Parents were to keep this feast every year at Jerusalem, and to tell their children why they kept it, and this was why Joseph and Mary went themselves, and took Jesus, as He had now reached the proper age, twelve years being an important age among the Jews. Great numbers of people went on these occasions to Jerusalem, and Joseph and Mary went with "a company" (v. 44), "of kinsfolk and acquaintance," who went with a long train of camels, mules and asses, resting at night in their tents, and taking three or four days to perform this journey. There were different roads by which the pilgrims might go. The most direct lay through the country of the Samaritans, and though "the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, (John iv. 9) this was the road by which Jesus often went

in after days, and was probably the one by which He now went. We may imagine what it must have been to Him to see at last rising in the distance the towers and battlements of Jerusalem, "the city of the great king" Matt. v. 35), and high over all, shining in the sun, the beautiful temple,

"Her pile, far off, appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topt with golden spires!"*

In this beautiful house the Saviour with His parents offered their appointed sacrifice according to the law. But when they had fulfilled the days, *did they all return together?* No; there was One left behind, and He the most precious of all. Well might Mary and Joseph seek Him sorrowing. We can only wonder that they did not seek Him first of all in the place where they at last found Him,—the temple. There He sat in His Father's house, about His Father's business. *By whom was He surrounded?* By the doctors, those whose duty it was to expound the law of God. *How was He employed?* "In hearing them and asking them questions," this was His Father's business, but neither Mary nor Joseph could understand the saying, nor the ways of the wondrous Child. After this He went down to Nazareth, and was "subject unto them." Ah, what a lesson! He who was King and Lord of all, He who is our King and Lord, *how did He act towards Mary and Joseph?* Does not His example speak to you more strongly than words, my dear young readers? Let me entreat you to remember it when tempted to forget your duty to your parents. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus!"

Sing.—"I want to be like Jesus."
Or, "By cool Siloam's shady rill."

M. A. G. M.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. I.—p. 16.—GRACE—TRUTH—John i. 14.

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|--------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. G-enesare-t | Luke v. 1. |
| 2. R-deeme-r | Psa. xix. 14. |
| 3. A-bih-u | Exod. xxvi. 23. |
| 4. C ar-t | 1 Sam. vi. 14. |
| 5. E-la-h | 1 Sam. xxi. 9. |

NO. II.—p. 16.—ALPHA—OMEGA—Rev. i. 8.

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| 1. A-bi-o | 2 Sam. vi. 3. |
| 2. L-ukewar-m | Rev. iii. 16. |
| 3. P-hob-e | Rom. xvi. 1. |
| 4. H-amon, Go-g | Ezek. xxxix. 11. |
| 5. A-gripp-a | Acts xxvi. 28. |

NO. III.—p. 62.—GENESIS—MATTHEW.

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. G-erizi-m | Deut. xi. 29. |
| 2. E-lish-a | 2 Kings xliii. 21. |
| 3. N-igh-t | Rev. xxi. 25. |
| 4. E-gyp-t | Exod. xxii. 21. |
| 5. S-trengt-h | Isa. xxv. 4. |
| 6. I-nheritanc-e | 1 Pet. i. 4. |
| 7. S-hado-w | Job viii. 9. |

NO. IV.—p. 62.—EBENEZER—1 Sam. vii. 12.

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|--------------------------|------------------|
| 1. E-zra | Ezra vii. 6. |
| 2. B-ethany | John xi. 1. |
| 3. E-lijah | 1 Kings xvii. 4. |
| 4. N-aaman | 2 Kings v. 3. |
| 5. E-sther | Esther vii. 4. |
| 6. Z-erbubabel | Haggai i. 1-14. |
| 7. E-gypt | Isa. xxxi. 1. |
| 8. R-ome | Acts xxiii. 11. |

* Milton.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHTEST! . . .
THE WEEK WAS DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—Herder.

MECCA H.

BY CANON TRISTRAM, D.D., F.R.S.

III.



WE cannot look on this vast assemblage, gathered year by year, from every part of the old world, from further India and the Islands of the Malay archipelago on the one side, from Barbary, Western, and Central Africa on the other; from the Steppes of North-Eastern Asia on the North, down to the Cape of Good Hope in the southern hemisphere; without being struck with wonder at the power and magnetic influence of a faith which has for twelve centuries drawn millions to kneel and kiss a simple stone in one of the most barren and inaccessible spots of the habitable globe. If it were merely a question of an Arab pilgrimage, it might be easily understood. Mecca is their national centre, and the Kaabah was their emblem of Divinity for centuries before Mohammed artfully incorporated its sanctity in his revelation. If there were gorgeous temples like those of Delhi, or of the Buddhists, if there were magnificent spectacles, and soul-impressing functions, with a lavish display of splendour and wealth, we might understand the attractions to devotees outside the bounds of the Peninsula. But, as we have seen, there is nothing

of the kind. The worship is of the simplest—prayers, prostrations, and sermons. Pageants there are none. There is nothing but an intensity of religious conviction to draw these ceaseless myriads. The mere fact of the pilgrimage attests the power of Islamism over its votaries. For years and years these poor men will toil and save, to gather the few dollars that will carry them across the desert from Damascus, with its perils and sufferings—the track bleached by the bones of the camels who have fallen—for the far more numerous human victims are always reverently if scantily buried: or they will spend weeks on the deck of an overcrowded steamer, racked with cold and hunger, without a murmur, certain that they are earning heaven. It is computed that at least one-fourth of those who

MEDINA.

From a Photograph.

set out on the pilgrimage never return, but, as it is said, find Paradise on the way.

Again, another fact is impressed on the beholder by the simplicity of the ceremonial and the teaching. It is, on the face of it, pure Monotheism; and the worship of an Invisible, All-pervading as well as Almighty God. Nothing can be simpler than the supplications of the worshippers. All the prayers, of which we have given one or two specimens, are in the same style, adoration of the attributes of the Godhead, and invocations of His blessing and protection. How is it that the Oriental races,—the most imaginative and sensuous of our kind,—whose other worships have been elaborate and gorgeous, with gods many, and ceremonies innumerable; whose Christianity even has almost always rapidly become overlaid with puerile and childish superstitions—how is it that these nations have been held for 1200 years by a religion so totally opposed to any other cult and phaso of cult which they have embraced; and which stimulates a fanaticism, which is perhaps without parallel in the history of mankind? And is this mighty power of Islam holding its own? Is it on the wane? Has it become corrupted from its original simplicity, and are there any signs of an awakening? Is, in short, the regeneration of Islam a dream, or is it a coming fact?

Our first question, what is the explanation of the rise and firm hold of Islam on Arabia may be answered by looking at the condition of Arabia when Mohammed arose. Originally it had had a pure and simple Monotheism. This had glided away into nature worship, of which we see hints in the book of Job. "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand: this also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge; for I should have denied the God that is above" (ch. xxxi. 26-28). The evil is here hinted at. It was then a secret and illicit practice. It soon became the popular religion, and thence descended to the grosser forms of idolatry. From Baal-faces, the popular worship soon came down to images of every kind. Idol temples and altars were set up in all parts of the country, and the once empty space of the Kaabeh contained 360 idols. Yet the traditions of patriarchal truth had lingered longer in Arabia than elsewhere. The pastoral character of the people, the descent of many of the northern clans from Ishmael, their consequent and necessary contact with the children of Israel in the wilderness, must all have helped to keep in memory the character of the one true God. Indeed, we have indications of this later than the book of Job, for the Queen of Sheba, without question a ruler of some part of Yemen, must have brought back, if she did not already possess, a knowledge of the Mosaic theology. But all this had been lost, the grossest idolatry was paramount. Infanticide and polyandry were practised.

Yet there was still a section of the Arabs who had adopted Judaism, as has been already mentioned; and a very considerable number of Christians outside the Hejaz, and sometimes ruling it. Contact with these had stimulated inquiry among some anxious souls. Indeed, we

are told that shortly before the appearance of Mohammed, at a great meeting of the Koreysh clan, four earnest inquirers were so convinced that their nation had utterly fallen from the faith of their father Abraham, that they determined to travel to foreign lands to find the truth. Three of them did set out on their travels, and returned home Christians. The fourth was prevented from joining them by his heathen relatives. Zaid remained in grief, and he found his only resource in continual prayer at the Kaabeh: "Lord, if I knew Thy will I would obey it, but I know it not." Oh, what a touching cry going up to heaven from a soul groping in the darkness—a true seeker after God! And a true seeker he was. If he knew not what was true, he knew what was wrong. In Meccah itself he denounced idol sacrifices; and above all the practice of destroying female infants. Imprisoned, and then driven into exile, he held to his convictions. When an outcast in the desert, he heard of the new prophet in Meccah, who was preaching the faith of Abraham at Meccah. He at once set out to find him. On his way thither, he was robbed and murdered—saved doubtless from the evil to come.

Such was the situation as Mohammed was growing into manhood. Among all the hard struggles, the vicissitudes and the sufferings of his youth, he too was a seeker after God. He was craving the light. An honest man we firmly believe him to have been at the first—a self-deceiver certainly towards the end, but scarcely a conscious impostor, although latterly success, pride and love of power had undoubtedly blunted his moral sense and obscured his moral vision. Subject from infancy to epileptic fits, he for years believed them to be visitations of Satan, till a Christian priest disabused his mind of that idea, but went further and led him to believe them visitations from above. Gradually the deception grew, till at last we must fear it became an imposture. He began by teaching men "to worship one God, to requite kindness to parents, not to kill any one, to shun every crime, not to touch the goods of orphans, and to keep promises." He at first disdained the idea of superseding Judaism or Christianity. Jesus was the Messiah, the Word of God. Both testaments were inspired, and the Messiah was miraculously conceived. He adopted baptism, and permitted the Jews freely to observe all their ordinances. But as his power grew, his claims were much loftier, and while idolaters were to be slain, Christians and Jews were to be oppressed with tribute.

Nothing of this, nothing of the licence he permitted to himself in his matrimonial relations, appears in his earlier and better days before his flight from Meccah. When he returned from Medinah, at the head of 10,000 men, and the city surrendered, his revelations were very different. Besides at once clearing the Kaabeh of its 360 idols, he propagated his faith over all the neighbouring tribes at the sword's point.

For the false teaching of Mohammed, the corrupt Christianity with which alone he came in contact has much to answer. His Judaic traditions seem to be derived from the Talmud. Having grasped the unity of the Godhead, his soul revolted

against the Virgin worship which already disfigured Christianity. His ideas of it may be judged by the fact that he combats the conception of the Trinity consisting of Father, Son, and the Blessed Virgin! But while he teaches a resurrection of the body, judgment, eternal rewards and punishments, and the return of Christ, his ideas of the character of God, as He has revealed Himself, are sadly deficient. Not a word of God's holiness or of His hatred of sin. There is no idea of man's sinful state by nature, nor of the guilt of sin *per se*. This explains much of his own low moral standard; and of the absence from all the prayers of his system (some of which we have quoted), of any sense of contrition, or petition for purity or strength. There is no *spirituality* in Islam. And if we are asked to account for its progress, we reply that it has no quarrel with human nature as it is, and makes no demand for an inward regeneration. It recognizes certain truths which underlie all religions; it prescribes a very lenient morality; its ritual exercises the body rather than the mind, the memory rather than the soul. The rewards of its Paradise are of the earth earthy, sensuous and sensual. It conquered idolatry indeed, but not like Christianity, by persuasion, by endurance, by martyrdom. It fought it with carnal weapons; its missionaries were its warriors fighting for earthly conquests, in the certainty of material bliss in Paradise if they fell. Thus coming at a time of religious unrest and inquiry, among a people who knew something of various systems, Mohammed seized something from each. If he rejected Jewish sacrifices, he retained Jewish circumcision and the unity of God; if he emptied the Kaabeh of its idols, he retained its sanctity and reverenced the stone as the special seat of God; if he repudiated Christianity, he held Jesus a prophet, he looked for His second coming and he taught the resurrection of the body. Thoroughly eclectic, his was an eclecticism suited to the Arab nature.

The later triumphs of Islam, those beyond the bounds of Arabia, need no further explanation than that of the ordinary course of human events; sometimes the big battalions; at others a fresh and vigorous and homogeneous people attacking those either torn by faction or worn out by effeminate luxury. The former was the condition of Persia and of India. Both conditions meet in the case of the decrepid Eastern Empire. The wild Tartars might have seemed harder to win, but they had no organised system to oppose the victorious creed; and its warlike and sensuous teachings met their own cravings and tastes at once.

So far we have been on historic ground. Less easy is it to act the part of the prophet, or to prognosticate the future from the present. That Islam has gone back, its own votaries readily admit. The logic of facts proves that. That among races where it is not indigenous, its practices, if not its teachings, have sapped the national strength, and reduced the Turkish and Moorish Moslems precisely to the condition in which their ancestors found and stormed the Byzantine Empire is no less to be questioned. And we may remark, by the way, how marvelously the cycles of Byzantine and Ottoman

advance and decay coincide in almost every detail, and are accounted for by the philosophical historian in the same way.

But is there a reserve of strength yet to be found in Islam? We hear much of the coming regeneration of Islam, but is that expected regeneration religious or political, or both? To us it seems that the possibilities of a religious revival have been exhausted in the efforts of the Wahabees. Wabab may be looked on as a Moslem Luther. His pilgrimage to Meccah had opened his eyes to the abuses and degeneracy of that Mohammedan Rome, anything in practice rather than a holy city. Some 150 years ago he accordingly attempted a return to the primitive simplicity of the founder of his creed. But persecuted and driven from place to place, he at length won over an Arab tribe, and his movement, at first purely religious, speedily became military and political. The standard of revolt against Turkey was raised. As has been already mentioned, his successors soon after his death captured Medinah and Meccah among scenes of bloodshed and carnage. But the triumph was short-lived, and since then the Wahabees have shown no sign of united political action, though there have been frequent spasmodic outbursts of fanatic frenzy. No doubt Wahabeeism had much to do with the Indian Mutiny of 1858. But in all the efforts of the reformers, there has been an utter absence of the missionary spirit. Force and force alone has been the propagandist's weapon. Need we wonder that throughout Asia, when not receding, Islam has been universally stationary ever since the first wave of conquest was arrested.

In Europe and in Northern Asia there are no materials for a religious regeneration. If the Turk is an exotic in Europe, Mohammedanism may with equal truth be held to be an exotic among the Turks and Tartars. They are rather political than religious Moslems. It is needless to say that the unfurling of the green flag could not now rouse the former. The latter have been far too completely subjugated by the Muscovite power either to organize a movement themselves, or to listen to the call from without. Besides, throughout the whole of Moslem Northern Asia, the real strength of Mohammedanism has never reached a national passion; it can hardly be said to have at any time gone much further than a passionate hatred of Christians, more as political foes or rivals than as religious antagonists. In fact, there is there the same weakness which seems likely ever to prevent the Moslem power from combining for aggression in Arabia itself;—an intense tribal rivalry, which overpowers the sense of national unity and of religious community of faith.

Little as Mohammedanism has to look for in Northern Asia, still less can she dream of any powerful revival in Persia. Of all the old races and nationalities, none would appear to be so utterly effete and hopeless as that which claims to be the representative of the oldest existing nationality in the world. Despised and hated by their co-religionists as schismatic adherents of Ali, the Shiah Moslems of Persia present the most corrupt type of modern Mohammedan degeneracy. No nation has more eagerly snatched at the sensuous licence al-

lowed by their creed ; and none have consequently become more physically enervated. And yet theoretically the system of the Shias is much purer than that of the orthodox Sunnis. They reject all traditions save those of the Prophet himself, and they believe that the final consummation will be brought about, not by the annihilation of all holders of other creeds, but by the union of Mohammedanism and Christianity. From them, too, has sprung the only really spiritual sect of Islam, the *Sufis*, who, though mystics, yet earnestly yearn after nearness to God, and aspire to a higher, diviner life, who crave after fellowship and spiritual communion with their Maker. In illustration of this earnest longing after holiness, Bishop French cites a prayer of one of them : " Give me, O Lord, first a death in which there is no life, and then afterwards a life in which there is no death." Who can but respond " Amen" to such a touching cry ? In short, the Sufi seeks for ecstatic devotion to God, and a love to Him which shall expel all inferior affections and desires. But these are few—a very few—among the mass of Shias, whose prayers are simply mechanical performances in an unknown tongue.

There remain then but two regions wherein, as seems possible to us, the predicted revival may spring, and those the two most remote from the centre—India and Africa. It may seem a paradox, but we believe it to be not the less true, that in the English rule in India lies the possibility and the strength of a Mohammedan revival. After the struggle of generations, when Islam had at length, though representing a small minority of the population, obtained the sovereignty of most of the states of India; so long as the Hindu kingdoms were able to assert their independence by force of arms, the Moslems appear to have held firmly to their creed without any Brahminical alloy. But when, after the establishment of the Mogul dynasty at Delhi in A.D. 1526 by Babir, its supremacy was undisputed, it gradually but surely became adulterated by the incorporation of many Hindu customs and superstitions. Even caste, most alien to the true spirit of Islam, gained a hold on the Mohammedans, who added, in their private lives, Hindu licence to Moslem laxity. The rulers became less religious and more political. The gradual advance and subjugation of the whole empire by England arrested this disintegrating process. Their own *raj* was gone, and the Moslem aristocracy, as they considered themselves, had nothing further to gain by concessions to Rajpoot or Mahratta, and brooding over their lost prerogatives and privileges, have become far more intensely Mussulman, and more united than we found them. They must ever remain hostile even when most submissive to English rule ; and it does seem very possible, that not a regeneration of Islam, but a Moslem revival may startle us in India. The mainspring of the movement will however be political impulse using and fanning religious fanaticism—a movement which has not Mecca, but the subjugation of Hindu India for its object.

More honest, more distinctly religious will be the regeneration in Africa, if ever it arise. While in India, Islam has yielded to caste, in Africa the very essence of its strength has been

that it has practically held and enforced the equality of races before God, and that in all matters, social as well as religious. Its success and marvellous advance there has not been hindered by the slave trade. It has not been the white enslaving the black ; but the believer, white or black, enslaving the infidel according to the permission of the Koran. Then again Mohammedan apostles have had no organised system, Christian, Buddhist, or Brahman, against which to struggle. They have come in competition with nothing higher than an unsystematised fetish worship of the most degraded kind ; and low as the Arab trader may be in our scale of civilization, he is infinitely higher than the barbarous but imitative negro heathen. Yet aggressive and progressive as Islam may be in Africa itself, it is hard to conceive the possibility of its ever leading, under negro auspices, a crusade which shall regenerate Islam elsewhere, or that the Mohammedan of the Soudan can emulate the achievements of the Christians of Abyssinia 1300 years ago, and subjugate Arabia.

Wherever we look, whatever may be the political forecast, we see no ground for believing in a religious revival. The system is of the earth, earthy, and it made its way by carnal weapons. By those it may in places recover lost ground ; but there is no recuperative power in a decaying creed, which touches neither heart nor conscience ; which awakes no sense of sin or yearning after holiness ; which does not even touch the intellect, for its devotion is simply mechanical. If it had, however obscured or hidden by vain traditions, like the old Churches of the East, a Saviour and a Redeemer, whose promises and words might be exhumed from amidst a mass of corruption, there might be a regeneration : but it has nothing to offer the awakened or anxious soul. The Sufi seeks rest in vain ; for out of Christ he cannot find it. Whatever may be the future of the East, it is not, so far as we can see, in a regenerated Islam.

GWENDOLINE.

CHAPTER IX.—AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL.

THREE days passed, and an answer came from Lady Halcot, addressed to Gwendoline, in her ladyship's bold handwriting. Gwendoline did not know the writing, but crest and postmark told their tale. Tea and mutton-chops were in full swing when the letter arrived, and under cover of the boys' chatter Gwendoline was able to peruse it, almost unnoticed.

"DEAR GWENDOLINE HALCOMBE :

" Your letter has reached me, and I have also heard in other quarters of your late courageous conduct with respect to a drowning child. I like bravery in a woman, and I congratulate you.

" Your father's present position is only what was to be expected sooner or later, under the circumstances.

"I am not unwilling to help, but it must be in my own manner, and on my own terms."

"These terms are as follows:

"I wish you, Gwendoline Halcombe, to leave your present home, and to reside entirely with me at the Leys. You will then be under my control; occupying the position of my adopted child; and so long as you submit to my will, I undertake to provide handsomely for your future."

"At the same time, and as a corollary to this state of things, I consent to settle the sum of \$500. per annum upon your father and mother, for the term of their natural lives, the survivor continuing to receive the same until his or her death, after which the annuity will revert to me or my heirs, as I shall appoint."

"I do not wish to cut you off entirely from your family, but you must understand that I have personally no interest in your relatives. You may keep up a moderate correspondence with your home-circle, and once in two years I shall permit you to go home for a month."

"I state the matter thus clearly at the beginning that there may be no mistakes. This is a purely business letter. I may add, however, that if you decide to accept this proposal, my wish will be to make your life a happy one. I like your face, and I believe you would suit me well."

"You may consider the matter at your leisure, and, if you will, consult my lawyer, Mr. Selwyn. I am informing him of what I propose to do, and I believe him to be an acquaintance of yours."

"I do not press for a hasty decision, but I do desire you, Gwendoline Halcombe, to understand that your decision either way is to be a permanent decision. You do not come to the Leys on trial for a few months, to grow tired of the place and throw it up. If you come, you remain."

"Also you must please to understand that on these terms only will I assist your parents. If you decline my offer for yourself, my offer of aid to them fails to the ground."

"I remain, yours truly,

"H. HALCOT."

"Who is your letter from, Gwen?" asked Victor. "It doesn't look like the handwriting of a young lady friend."

Gwendoline heard the words, but did not gather their sense. A sensation of being suffocated came over her, and voices buzzed loudly in her ears. She stood up panting. "Gwen!" said Mrs. Halcombe, while her father watched her anxiously. "My dear, are you ill?"

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried Gwendoline, in an agony, which yet was not all pain. Perplexity and bewilderment had a share in her distress.

"Gwen, don't frighten us all," said Ruth, roughly. "What is the matter?"

Gwendoline grew suddenly calm, awakening to the fact that she might not explain hastily before the children. None but

Ruth and Victor, beside herself, knew of the impending trouble. She sat down and spoke quietly: "Never mind just now, Ruth. It is only—something that I must tell mother and father presently."

"Delightfully vague, now you have put us all on the rack of curiosity," said Victor.

"Would you rather come and tell me now, Gwen?" asked her father.

Gwendoline saw that waiting was no easy matter to him. She rose and put the letter into his hands; and instead of returning to her seat, left the room.

"Gwen is altogether upset by her Riversmouth trip," said Ruth, in a tone of some sharpness. "I don't know what has come over her. Is anything wrong, father?"

Mr. Halcombe made no reply, and Ruth knew better than to ask again. He perused the letter slowly, and at length looked up to meet his wife's eyes.

"Nellie, you had better take this, and give it back to Gwen yourself, after reading it," he said,



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

and he came round the table to her side. "Tell her there is no need for any haste as to a decision." Mr. Halcombe spoke low, as if not intending others to hear, and as if scarcely conscious that the children's voices had dropped into silence. "Gwen wrote to Lady Halcot, and this is her reply. We thought it best not to trouble you about the matter sooner."

Ruth's face showed pique at not having been taken into confidence. Mrs. Halcombe was not given to feeling pique at imaginary slights: but the sight of the familiar hand-writing evidently stirred her keenly. She began to read, sitting still at the head of the table, which was not what her husband had intended. He had wished her to leave the room first.

"Don't you think you had better go to Gwen, dear?" he asked.

She answered dreamily,—"Yes, directly,"—and read on, not slowly as he had done, but glancing more and more rapidly from sentence to sentence, while a look of dismay gathered over her face.

"O no, no, no,—impossible," she said at the end, standing up, and fixing a startled gaze on her husband. "Quite impossible! O no, we could never consent to it."

Mr. Halcombe did not enter upon the question, there and then. He put a hand upon her arm, and only said gently,—"Go and tell Gwen what you think about it."

"It could never, never be, James. Impossible!"

Mrs. Halcombe went hurriedly away, and Mr. Halcombe returned to his seat. But the last half of his mutton-chop remained uneaten, and his cup of tea stood till it was cold. Ruth asked at length,—"Father, has anything fresh happened?" Mr. Halcombe said gravely,—"You will know in good time, Ruth;" and then his face was hidden in his hands. Ruth's voice grew somewhat querulous, but a certain awe-struck silence remained upon all the others till the meal was over.

Mrs. Halcombe did not find her daughter in the drawing-room, so she went straight upstairs to the little bedroom overhead, occupied by the three sisters.

"Gwen, may I come in?" she asked, and the door was immediately unlocked.

"Gwennie, it can never, never be," said Mrs. Halcombe tremblingly. "It can never be, my child."

That was all that either of them said at first. Gwendoline shut the door again, and went back to the window where she had been standing. Mrs. Halcombe followed her, and for a minute or more they remained silently side by side, looking out into the quiet dingy street, with the dull row of houses opposite. Quiet, dingy, dull—the surroundings were such, undoubtedly. Yet this was Gwendoline's home. It had been her home from infancy. Never till this hour had she known how much she loved it.

But presently the two faces turned as if instinctively away from the street to meet each other. Mrs. Halcombe was agitated and tearful still. Gwendoline was very quiet and pale, with a certain grave resoluteness in her large, liquid brown eyes. Mrs. Halcombe saw and was alarmed.

"Gwennie, it can never be," she said again, and she took Gwendoline's hands between her own. "Never, my darling. How could we give you up? O no, it is quite impossible. Anything, rather than to lose our Gwen. It would break my heart. I could not bear it, darling."

"Anything—mother!"

"I do not say it unsubmissively, Gwen. 'Anything' as a matter of choice, I mean. If it were God's will to take you from us, I could submit—I hope—without murmuring. He would give me power. It would be very terrible, but it would be His will. But to send you away ourselves—for our own personal gain—O no, no, no—it is out of the question."

Gwendoline's little hands seemed to turn to ice in Mrs. Halcombe's grasp, yet there was about her no other sign of strong emotion.

"Mother, suppose it is not a question of your doing at all? Suppose it is God's will for me? Suppose He is taking me from you, just as plainly as if He did it through death? After all, mother dear, this would not be so bad as that."

"O Gwen—hush!"

"But I don't think I must hush. The matter has to be looked in the face. I felt all in a whirl at the first moment, but since I came up here I have been trying to weigh it quietly."

"Your father told me to say that there must be no hasty decision," said Mrs. Halcombe, in a tone of keen suffering.

"No hasty decision either way. That is what he means. You want to say at once that it cannot be, but I want you to look at both sides of the question. Mother, suppose we turn from this—suppose we say 'No' to Lady Halcot's offer, and refuse her help? What is to become of us all?"

"God will take care of us," faltered Mrs. Halcombe.

"Yes, in His own way. But how if this is His way? If we refuse it, because it is not exactly according to our mind, have we any right to expect more—any right to think He will work a miracle to support us? Think, mother, there will be absolutely almost nothing to live upon. Suppose father finds a clerkship of one or two hundred a year! It would hardly put bread into our mouths—yet he is not likely to do better. It has been hard work enough to drag along upon three hundred and eighty. But fancy what it would be with less than half that—and we don't even know that father would have so much as half. If no alternative had come, I would say with you to the last, that we must trust on, and that God would help us. I know He would, mother. But if the help comes, and we fling it away, how can we still look up, and believe that He will arrange for our needs?"

"It cannot be right to give you up—it cannot be, Gwen," Mrs. Halcombe murmured in answer.

"If it were a question of my being married, you would not feel so. You would give me up quite happily then. This isn't so very different, after all;"—and Gwendoline tried to smile. "You will know that I am well cared for, and that I have a comfortable home. And I shall have the great joy of feeling that you are all getting along in comfort, without the terrible

pull that it has been of late. Five hundred a year isn't wealth for a family of twelve, but it is more than we have ever had yet; and you will be one less in number; and Victor will soon be earning more; and father will try to get some work. Only think how well off you will all be. Why, you will grow positively luxurious—only not so luxurious as I shall be at the Leys. I wonder if Lady Halcot will give me a lady's maid all to myself. You see, I am to be her adopted child, not her lady-companion, mother. I shall not know myself, in such a grand position."

Gwendoline's bright manner almost deceived her mother, despite her extreme paleness.

"Gwen, do you really wish to go? I was forgetting that part of the matter. You would have every comfort and luxury, as you say. It may be selfishness on my part, to wish to keep you from such a life."

Gwendoline made no answer to this, but her mother, watching steadily the quivering white lips, knew what the silence meant.

"Forgive me, Gwen," she whispered. "I understand now."

"Oh, mother, don't,—we must be brave," half-sobbed Gwendoline. "It has to be—it must be."

"I do not feel so, Gwennie. If you wished to go, I could not wish to keep you back. But I know Lady Halcot, and I cannot believe you would be happy with her; and to send you there merely for our gain is out of the question. Don't be afraid, my darling. We will live on dry bread, and work our fingers to the bone, sooner than part with our Gwen."

Gwendoline allowed herself to be kissed and comforted, and did not attempt immediately to controvert her mother's words. But when her tears were dried, the look of resolution had not passed from her brown eyes.

CHAPTER X.—WHAT HAD TO BE.

Ruth took a different view of the matter, as was perhaps to be expected from her sensible and matter-of-fact nature.

"Of course I have nothing to do with deciding," she said, when called into consultation that same evening by her father and mother and sister, "but if I am to give my opinion honestly I certainly do think that to throw aside such an opening would be the height of absurdity—almost a sort of madness. It is not as if we should lose Gwendoline. Mother talks about 'giving her up,' but there is no 'giving up' in the question, that I can see. She will belong to us still, just as much as ever, and we shall see her now and then."

"Once in two years, Ruth," Mrs. Halcombe said mournfully.

"Of course that is rather seldom," admitted Ruth. "But very likely Lady Halcot will make it once a year, as soon as she sees that we do not pester her in any way. Meantime we shall know that Gwen has every imaginable comfort and pleasure, and Gwen will know that we are all getting along, with enough to eat and to wear. Surely that is better than our all being reduced to a miserable struggle for bread. Mother talks about our all working our fingers to the bone, for

the sake of keeping Gwen with us. I am willing enough to do my share, but Gwen is the last to like to do her share."

"Ruth!" her father said reproachfully. He had said little yet, apparently preferring to hear others' opinions before giving his own.

"I mean her share of needlework, father. Gwen has certainly no gift in that direction, and she detests it with all her heart. Besides, to think of supporting a family of twelve by needlework is absurd. And as for keeping Gwen with us by any amount of work, it is just an impossibility. If she does not go to Lady Halcot's we shall both have to go out as governesses. I had quite made up my mind to that, before Lady Halcot's letter came. But if the offer had come to me, I would very much rather live at the Leys, than be a governess, even though I might not be free to come home quite so often."

Ruth's severe common-sense was taking effect, and she saw this in the expression of her mother's face.

"Besides," she added, after a little pause, "I do think that poor old lady must be dreadfully lonely in her big house, with nobody belonging to her. It is her own fault, of course. Still, if mother is as fond of Lady Halcot as we have always thought, I should think she would like Gwen to be there, particularly."

Mr. Halcombe received this little fling meekly. "Yes, Ruthie," she said, "for Lady Halcot's own sake I could like nothing better. But I must think about Gwen first. I do not know whether Gwen could be happy there. Lady Halcot is very stern and sharp—and the matter once done cannot be undone."

"Mother, I think one may be happy anywhere, if God has put one there," Gwendoline said softly. "And I think I should make Lady Halcot fond of me."

"As to happiness," quoth Ruth, "isn't it the very kind of life that Gwen has often wished for, away from London crowds, and near sea and country, plenty of money and leisure, and no children?"

Gwendoline's eyes were blinded with tears. "Oh, Ruth, you need not have thrown that at me just now."

"Why? I don't mean anything unkind," said Ruth, her rather obtuse sensibilities stirred by Gwendoline's look of pain. "I am sure you have often said you wished it."

Mr. Halcombe drew his chair a little nearer, and leant forward gravely.

"Ruth has had her say. Now listen to me," he said. "I have tried from the first to take a dispassionate view of the question, praying to be guided into a right decision. We must not be swayed by mere feelings. The thought of parting with our Gwen is a very painful one, but as Ruth truly says, the parting probably must take place, one way or another. My first impulse was like yours, Nellie, that we could not send our child away for our own advantage. But remember two things. First, it is not for our advantage only. Gwen is one of ten, and the comforts of the other nine have to be considered. Would it be lawful to sacrifice the prospects of those nine, for our own selfish gratification in keeping

Gwen, even if we could hope to keep her ultimately. Secondly, we have to think of Gwen herself. This is an opening which probably means a life of ease and of comparative wealth in place of long years of struggling in poverty as an artist. Putting altogether on one side other questions involved, could we rightly refuse this for her? Gwen may shrink from leaving us; but I, her father, should shrink yet more from keeping her under the circumstances."

Gwendoline broke into his words suddenly. "Father, it isn't for my own sake that I want to go."

"I know it, dear; but my thought has been for you, at least as much as for the others. There is yet another view of the matter, which I believe Gwen has already considered. Nellie, we have had for days past a heavy trouble impending—a very terrible perplexity as to our future. We have pleaded in prayer with our God, that He would show us where to walk—would supply us with some means of livelihood. Here is, or here seems to be, the response. A way is plainly opened. Shall we dare to refuse it?"

Mrs. Halcombe was weeping quietly, but she shook her head, and all knew that the matter was decided.

"Still," Mr. Halcombe said, after a pause, as if with a sudden sense of reluctance, "still—if Gwennie were doubtful or unwilling, we would hesitate—would consult others. Mr. Selwyn, for instance."

But Gwendoline lifted her head, and looked straight at him with bright clear eyes.

"I am not doubtful, and I am quite willing," she said. "I have known from the first moment that it must be—must be, father. How could we decide otherwise? Father, I don't think it is for my own sake that I wish to go, though of course I know it will be a life of ease. I know I have complained sometimes—at least, I suppose I have—but indeed my choice could never be to live away from you all—and from mother." Gwendoline's voice grew husky. "But this is not choice. I don't see that any choice at all is left me. Nothing short of your positive command could make it right for me to refuse to go. How could I deliberately drag you all down to such miserable poverty?"

There was no more discussion about the manner of answer to be sent to Lady Halcot, though by common consent the letter itself was deferred till the next day. "I am not sure that it would not be wise for you to have a few words with Mr. Selwyn before writing," Mr. Halcombe said.

Half-an-hour later the "few words" became unexpectedly an immediate possibility. A caller's knock was followed by the entrance of Mr. Selwyn himself, in so hearty a mood of pleasure and satisfaction, that Mr. and Mrs. Halcombe began to wake up to the fact of something good having really happened. He had received a letter from Lady Halcot that afternoon, stating her intentions with respect to Gwendoline.

"I could not have wished anything better," the kind-hearted lawyer said. "My wife is delighted, and she would let me have no peace till I came off to congratulate you all. It is rather late for a call, but to-morrow I shall not have a spare

moment. Of course there can be no question about acceptance of the offer. It does away with all your most pressing anxieties, and places Gwendoline at once in a position of positive affluence." He quite forgot at the moment that he always called her "Miss Halcombe" to her face. "As for the future, though Lady Halcot will not exactly pledge herself to anything, she evidently wishes it to be understood that Gwendoline will be well provided for."

"Handsomely," she says, "observed Mr. Halcombe, and Gwendoline gave her letter to Mr. Selwyn. He read it deliberately.

"Ah—yes—just so. Better keep that letter, Mr. Halcombe. Yes—just so—exactly. There is merely the little condition of implicit obedience."

"I shall always do what Lady Halcot tells me, if it is not wrong," said Gwendoline quietly.

"Precisely so," repeated the lawyer, with a slightly dubious expression.

"That is all that you can say—of course. Your mother has no doubt told you that Lady Halcot is an old lady of peculiar temperament. It is well to avoid little differences."

"Gwen is not argumentative," said Mr. Halcombe, with a fond sad look at her.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY HARRY JONES.

Daniel v. 24-28.

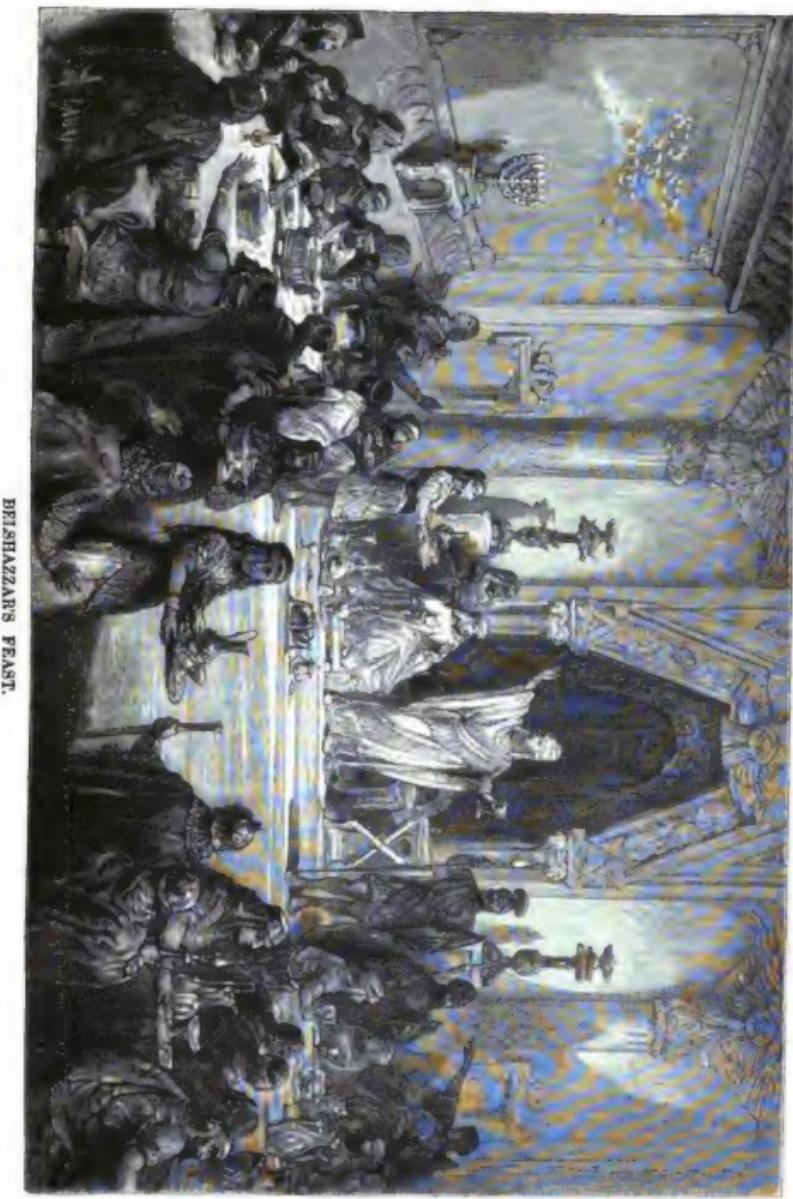
THE prophet Daniel describes a wonderful and horrible night in the history of one of the greatest cities the world has ever known in his record of Belshazzar's feast.

The magnificence and strength of Babylon is learnt not only from Scripture, but from the writings of several ancient historians. Its size and grandeur almost exceed belief; but the concurrent testimony of writers, some of whom were eye-witnesses of what they describe, compels us to accept in the main the accounts of this great city which have descended to us.

Babylon, now in utter ruins, stood upon the river Euphrates. It was in the shape of a square, and the river ran through it. The city was protected by walls altogether between 40 and 50 miles in length, and between 200 and 300 feet high; nearly as high as the dome of St. Paul's. They were of immense thickness, and have been called artificial mountains.

Within them were sloping terraces filled with all manner of trees; and the streets of the city were built at right angles to one another, having in many instances gardens or parks attached to them.

In the middle were two royal palaces; one on either side of the river. They were connected by a bridge and tunnel, and were protected, not only by the huge ramparts which surrounded the city, but by an inner wall of great strength, built of coloured brick, and representing various hunting and battle scenes, such as may be seen



BELSHAZZARS FEAST.

on the Nineveh remains in the British Museum, and their representations in the Crystal Palace. The city being very large, this double palace in the middle of it was necessarily several miles distant from the outer walls.

It was in this palace that Belshazzar held his feast some 2,400 years ago, when Babylon was at the height of its greatness.

But then its first great fall was drawing near. At the time of the feast which Daniel describes, Babylon was really being besieged by Cyrus the Persian, a political ancestor of the Shah who visited London some time ago.

Cyrus was besieging the city, but was unable to scale the huge walls which protected it, and which were manned by the Babylonian troops.

The way in which at last he got into the city was as follows. The river afforded the most promising approach, for it flowed through the midst of Babylon. Cyrus dug a trench outside the walls, and on a night when the Babylonians were abandoned to revelry he turned the river into this trench and entered the city by its emptied channel.

It was then that Belshazzar was holding his feast. He knew nothing yet of the stratagem by which Cyrus had got within his famous walls till the Persian troops poured in along the slippery emptied channel of the Euphrates, and, fierce with delay, all splashed with mud and smeared with slaughter, burst into the palace where the king and his lords and his wives and his concubines sat smiling, and drinking out of the golden chalices which had been taken out of the house of the Lord at Jerusalem. In that night was Belshazzar slain.

I have omitted many details. But the testimony of ancient historians, the investigations of recent discoverors, such as Layard and Rawlinson, all go to complete the picture drawn in the Holy Scriptures, and to connect the capture of Babylon by Cyrus with the feast and slaughter of the king which we read about in Daniel the Prophet.

Now let us turn to the record of Daniel, and ask ourselves what the lesson is which we may learn from it?

Notice, first, that there were some of the children of the captivity in Babylon. These were Jews who had been taken captive from Jerusalem the holy city.

We remember their complaint in the 137th Psalm : " By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion. As for our harps we hanged them up upon the trees that are therein; for they that led us away captive required of us then a song, and melody in our heaviness. Sing us one of the songs of Zion ! How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land ? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ; yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth."

There then, in the great, rich, and sensual Babylon, were some from the holy city of the Lord. This is, so to speak, parabolical. So it always is. There are never any scenes of evil without the presence of some protest from God. Like Noah in the old world ; like Lot in Sodom ;

like Joseph in Egypt ; there will ever be some witness to godliness and right even in the midst of abounding and seemingly triumphant sin ; some witness, though it be in the unseen message of the heart, so that, as St. Paul says of the ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, " they are without excuse." God does not leave us without some witness of a better life, higher laws, and a purer spirit than our own.

That witness comes in many ways. Every church tower and spire is a witness of something higher, not only than riot and violence and debauchery, but than daily work and busy trade. To those who have eyes to see, this world of God's is written full of His doings and Himself, and so-called common things have a precious meaning. There is a spiritual sense behind all the works of God.

The mighty progress of the day itself, the rising and the setting of the sun, the tide which sweeps up and down the river, and swings the barge in the stream with mysterious punctuality, is witness of a mighty presiding power. The wind that bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth, the very wind that flutters down the summer leaves from the trees, is the symbol of an unseen spirit which pleads within the heart, and either strives with strength, or whispers through the conscience against all that is false, and mean, and wrong.

We are not left without witnesses from God.

With Belshazzar it was not merely the weird vision of the finger on the wall which made the king's flesh creep, but the Daniel who interpreted the mystic message—so soon to be fulfilled.

Still we may take that vision of the hand upon the wall as pregnant with Divine meaning ; a meaning which has its application in even the commonest life, if anything so wonderful as life can indeed be common. Aye, the very sin, or form of the sin, of which Belshazzar was guilty, may guide men to know the kind of sin against which God makes His mysterious mark, and writes with His finger on the wall.

The record in Daniel is like a proverb, full of further meaning, fitted to the smallest ways of men now, as truly as to the largest and most magnificent impiety.

Belshazzar is represented as feasting his courtiers and his concubines out of the golden vessels which had been taken from the house of the Lord.

We call such an act sacrilege. It is difficult to define or explain sacrilege. But we can apprehend it. We are shocked to see what we have associated with the most solemn moments turned to another and unworthy use. Without any mere fanciful sensitiveness we do not, for instance, like to see a Bible flung about like any common book. It is a matter of sentiment, but righteous sentiment. We should resent the singing of some solemn hymn to a vulgar modern drinking tune. The wedding ring is the last possession that a distressed wife will part with. It is but so much gold ; a little hoop of golden wire that weighs nothing as you hold it in the palm of your hand, and as such, worth no more than any trinket of the same small value. But it has a sentiment

belonging to it which we honour. We value a keepsake, not for its own price in the market, but for the sake of him or her who gave it. It is but a withered rose; may be, or lock of hair. But to us it is sacred. It touches and recalls the memory of some loved one or scene long since passed away. After our death it may be worthless, tossed aside as a mere trumpery trifle by other hands, but to us it is sacred. I might give a hundred examples of what I mean. Things are not what they seem. Their use, their association, clothes them with a value which we recognise and honour. Perhaps the most offensive insult to the Jew who mourned by the waters of Babylon would be the using of the mystic vessels from the house of the Lord by the wives and concubines of their alien master under whom they were in captivity.

The sin then of Belshazzar, as in an acted parable, is a contempt of sacred things. This degrading use of the golden vessels from the house of the Lord is, as it were, an outward and visible sign of his sin. It was indeed not that alone which disgraced him, but his defiance of those laws which God Almighty has laid down.

It is not the thing itself which is sacred. We read how David when he was a hungered went into the temple of the Lord and did eat the shewbread or sacred loaves which it was not lawful to eat but for the priests alone, and yet Jesus who reminds the people of this does not blame David for the deed.

The deed of Belshazzar, however, was of another character, and revealed an impious mind. His heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride. His insult in the use of the holy vessels was only a sign of that contempt of holiness which disgraced him.

All may learn then from the sin and doom and death of Belshazzar not to tamper with sacred things.

And what may we understand by sacred things? Of course I do not mean merely the furniture of the church. A man may profess and even feel a sort of respect for the outward paraphernalia and apparatus of worship, and yet be far from understanding what true sanctity is. He may exalt ritual into righteousness, like the Pharisees who laid great store by the washing of cups and pots and brazen vessels. Many such like things they did. He may compass sea and land to make a proselyte to his views, and be all the while far from righteous zeal. The true reverence which we have to show is not to the mere outward things, but to the spirit of sacredness.

What is sacred, really radically sacred? not the mere outward symbol; not the building, the book, the vessel, or the element. These are brick and mortar and paper and metal. We treat them with respect because of the powers of association. They possess no magic or virtue of their own. They belong to the sacred thing, but are no more the thing itself than the clothes are the man.

Take a few things that are really sacred. There is the Spirit of God which breathes in the letter of His holy book. Jeer at that, at the breathing Spirit of truth, and truth will be avenged upon you. The finger of God will sooner or later write shame upon the conscience.

His Spirit speaking in the heart is sacred. Defy that, and the mysterious message will come, telling you that your offence is the unpardonable sin, that is, that while you commit it you are shutting yourself off from eternal forgiveness.

A man's own body is sacred. Tamper with that; defy the pure laws of life and health, and the mystic hand will soon begin to write its sentence on yourself. The drunkard, the sensualist, the profligate are like the wall on which the mysterious hand will inscribe the message of decay. Look at the very face and figure of the dissolute. There the mystic hand ere long traces the lines of retribution. The bleared eye, the trembling fingers, the shrunken or bloated form are as plain and true and terrible as the sentences set down on the plaster of the banquet hall of Belshazzar. They say, "This man or this woman has tampered with a sacred thing." They say, "Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting."

We may be sure that this strange old tale which comes to us out of the dim and ancient past, how the impious king was scared in the midst of revelry by vision of a doom-inscribing hand is not so strange after all. It is but a parable, an acted parable, of that which always comes to pass when a man tampers with the sacredness of conscience, and human life and purity, which he has received from God.

The finger of God will come forth to write against him. He shall read the message of retribution. He shall learn how impossible it is to defy the great powers, the great powers of life, the laws of the living God, and suppose that he will be unnoticed. Sooner or later the notice comes. We are too near God, too nearly related to Him for it to be possible that He should overlook us. We may be obscure and unnoticed among men. But God who owns the lowest as well as the highest records their offences, not merely in some mysterious book kept in the offices of heaven, but upon and in the man himself.

It is not that the recording angel with magic pen keeps an account against us. God employs no such clerks or go-betweens. He deals with each man and woman at first hand.

And one sign and way of His dealing is that we cannot long do wrong without a warning from Himself, a warning which comes as terribly close as, aye, which comes home to us closer than the ghostly writing on the wall which made Belshazzar's knees smite together with dismay.

It is not, however, thank God, every writing by his mysterious hand which is followed at once and imperatively by a sentence of dissolution. Rightly interpreted betimes, they may lead to life, not death.

HISTORY ABRIDGED.—Esop represents Chilo as asking what was the occupation of God, and the reply was, "He abases the high and exalts the lowly,"—a statement which Bayle aptly terms an "*abrége de l'histoire humaine*," a significant illustration this of the words of the Lord Jesus (Luke xiv. 11): "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

MY LOAN LIBRARY.

ANY one who has a little time at disposal, who is inclined to employ it usefully for others, and is in possession of a single interesting and instructive book, may at once begin the formation of a Loan Library.* There will be no difficulty in finding some one who will be glad to read a book recommended as interesting, and a succession of willing and grateful readers, in different ranks of life and of various occupations, capacities, and tastes, may be confidently relied on.

It is astonishing how such a library will increase, as both from our own resources and the kind contributions of friends, and others interested in the work, additions are made from time to time, enabling us to supply a constant succession of wholesome and pleasant reading, for which so many crave, but so few know where to obtain.

But it is not the lending about of old and uninteresting books, that we do not care to read ourselves, that will accomplish the end we have in view. Whatever its subject, the book should be the best of its kind. And it needs both care and prayer, as well as some acquaintance with the publications of the day, history, biography, travels, and above all with healthy fiction, to enable us to choose those books only which are calculated to refine and instruct as well as amuse. We must remember also, that young persons who have been standing some eight, ten, or twelve hours behind the counter, at the close of a hard day's work, are little able to enjoy books that require much exercise of mind or thought.

I began my loan library at Clifton seven years ago with the loan of a single book, "The Modern Avernus," to an intelligent tradesman whom I had been consulting on the purchase of some furniture. A few days afterwards a second copy was procured to lend to another of my tradespeople, and subsequently a third. This was followed by Smiles' "Huguenots in England," and shortly afterwards by three copies in succession of Canon Hoare's little work on "Sanctification." Subsequently, as the demand increased, the "Memoirs of a Huguenot Family," and "The Autobiography of a French Protestant," together with several tales, were added to the list.

Sometimes I found books that might, from their titles, seem unpromising were the most prized. A fishmonger's foreman, apologising for keeping Hoare on "Sanctification" so long, informed me he had liked it so much he was then reading it for the fourth time. Another told me he had read it through three times before returning it. One

shopkeeper was so much interested in the Dean of Cashel's "Moabite Stone," that after keeping it a long time, he begged he might be allowed to keep it a little longer, he "would almost like to learn it by heart." Another tradesman, speaking of a simple tale that had been lent to one of his young people and kept a long while, told me it had been so much liked, it had been read by nine of the inmates of his house. A tradesman's wife said to me one day, when calling to leave a book in exchange for one returned, "I do not know how it is, sir, but though we subscribe to two libraries, we can never get any books like those you lend us."

In two large drapery establishments from twenty to twenty-five books were constantly on loan. In one of them, which was near my house, I used to leave the books, which were returned when done with. In the other, which was at some distance, the books were sent to the care of one of the young people who undertook the office of secretary, keeping account of those to whom they were lent, and returning them from time to time, on exchange for others. On leaving Clifton in 1878, the head of the establishment told me he had observed a great change come over his young people in the course of the last year or two; that formerly they had frittered away their evenings, doing nothing and with nothing to do, but that latterly quite a taste for reading had sprung up among them.

The number of books lent out were 600 the first year and 1100 the second, in about 100 shops and offices; but as many of them were lent to two or more persons, probably not less than from 2500 to 2800 volumes were read during the two years.

In 1878 the library was removed to Eastbourne, where 1260 books were lent out in the course of the two following years. Latterly, owing to my advancing years, the library, which now contains more than 550 volumes, has been made over to the charge of one of my daughters, who attends to the applicants during one hour in each week.

I should add that not one of the books has as yet been worn out during the seven years the library has been in existence. The books are always kept well covered, and any loose leaves are promptly secured. When needed they have been roughly but strongly rebound, which anybody can easily do who takes the trouble to learn. Five or six volumes only have been lost during the whole seven years through parties leaving the place and omitting to return them.

I should also mention that not only in shops but also in post-offices, in banks, in lodging-houses, by policemen, const-guardsmen, artisans, pensioned soldiers, domestic servants, and in one case by the mistress of a young ladies' boarding-school, have the books been warmly welcomed.

CHARLES GIBERNE (MAJOR).

* In returning thanks recently at a committee meeting of the Religious Tract Society, for grants of books at a reduced price made to my Loan Library, I gave a short account of the use to which they had been applied. I gladly accede to the request of the editor of the "Sunday at Home," to commit to writing the substance of my statement on that occasion, in hope of others being induced to adopt the same plan of pleasant and useful works for the benefit of their neighbours.

Scio Cui Credidi

Jesus I will trust thee, trust thee with my soul:
Guilty, lost, and helpless, thou canst make me whole.
There is none in heaven or on earth like thee:
Thou hast died for sinners, therefore Lord for me.

Jesus, I may trust thee, name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel at thy wondrous birth;
Written and for ever, on thy cross of shame,
Sinners read and worship, trusting to that name.

Jesus I must trust thee, pondering thy ways,
Full of love and mercy all thine earthly days:
Sinners gather'd round thee, lepers sought thy face
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace.

Jesus I can trust thee, trust thy written word,
Though thy voice of pity I have never heard.
When thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet
Only may I hearken, sitting at thy feet.

Jesus I do trust thee, trust without a doubt:
Whosoever cometh, thou will not cast out;
Faithful is thy promise, precious is thy blood:
These my soul's salvation, thou my Saviour God.

Things New and Old.

PASTORAL HINTS.—We must not, in spiritual work, fall into the error of expecting too rapid results; nor imagine that God's work is retrograding when we see some of our plans fail, and some of our efforts unsuccessful. We may be assured that His cause cannot fail. But we must abate no effort. "In the morning sow thy seed: in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that, or whether both alike shall be good." All increase is from God, and He is near to crown exertion with His blessing. Our Church services continue to be attended with unflagging interest; but we must not mistake services for service. May God preside over all the ordinances of religion and the agencies of our Church! If He give testimony to the word of His grace, sinners shall be saved, and believers built up in their most holy faith. Let us, on our part, exercise earnest, persevering, believing prayer. One single praying Christian is a better friend to his minister than a hundred flatterers or a thousand critics. One single praying Christian may win more souls to Christ than a hundred sermons.—*Canon Fleming's Pastoral Address, 1882.*

TRIBUTE TO THE COVENANTERS.—That was a beautiful compliment which was paid to the father of the present Earl of Glasgow, that "he never sent a tenant away with a sore heart;" and the saying is, we understand, equally applicable to his son. At the festivities in connection with the coming of age of his elder daughter, the Lady Gertrude Cochrane, the Earl paid a handsome tribute to the sons of the Covenanters on his Fenwick estate—a tribute all the more valuable since it came from one who, as he himself owned, cherishes principles in Church and State that forbid him identifying himself with the cause of the Covenant. "He could nevertheless," said his lordship, "do unreserved and disinterested honour to their steadfastness to principle and the sufferings they endured in the cause which they believed to be a good one. He appreciated even in these later times what the Fenwick tenantry was. He had noted their tenacity and endurance in surmounting many difficulties; and he had every reason to do honour to the integrity with which they had held to every lease engagement. Integrity and conscience still reigned there supreme, but in a different sphere of action and under happier conditions." This unstinted recognition of the virtues of the old Covenanters and their descendants of to-day is in the highest degree creditable to the Earl of Glasgow. We do not remember a more generous word spoken from the camp of the Cavaliers about the Puritans. His lordship's toast to "The Tenantry" was responded to by Mr. Robert Howie of Drumtree; and no other arrangement could have been so appropriate, for Mr. Howie is a grandson of the "fine old Covenanter," as Sir Walter Scott called him, who wrote the "Scots Worthies." This descendant of the historian stated that most of the tenants on the Fenwick estate had been born and bred there, and had no desire to remove. He added that in many cases their forefathers had leased the same farms generations back.—*Christian Leader.*

A NIGHT AT "THE GRECIAN."—So much has been said and written about special meetings of the Salvation Army, on festival days, when rejoicing in the Lord is the rule, that I think it is only fair to state briefly what I saw on a working night at the Grecian Theatre, when the excitement of success had passed away and real business had begun.

Arriving on Thursday evening, September 28th, about half an hour before the time of meeting, I found pit and first gallery crowded by an audience evidently composed chiefly of former *habitues* of the place, especially of those young men and girls whose look of premature viciousness and hardness is one of the saddest sights in low London life. By half-past seven every seat was occupied, except those on the platform, where there was only a small detachment of "soldiers" and "lasses." It was an audience which the most practised speaker might have doubted his power of controlling, and the solemnity, almost awe, on the faces of the "soldiers" proved that they fully realised the situation. Sitting where I did I could hear their subdued ejaculations for the power of God to rest upon the meeting.

Commissioner Sherwood commenced by giving out the hymn, "Hark the voice of Jesus calling," which was accompanied by the band, but only partially sung by the people, few of whom had hymn-books, then three successive prayers. One of the captains, still on his knees, sang, "Sinner, where art thou?" with much effect, breathless stillness pervading the house. All three prayers were Scriptural and fervent: much of the spirit of Jehoshaphat was apparent, "We have no might against this great company; neither know we what to do, but our eyes are upon Thee." We noticed another instance of this, when later, some little disturbance arising, the "Captain" turned to those behind him, saying in an almost agonised undertone, "Now, take hold on God." The "Commissioner" then read the parable of the Prodigal Son, expounding as he went, and adapting the old story graphically to the follies and fashions of the present day, being interrupted once when he hit too hard by a storm of hisses, during which the incident we have noticed took place. Quiet was soon restored, then came a duet by two sisters, the collection, and a young fellow, who had come up to London years before as a page in a great family, told how, by the attractions of the dancing saloon and gaming table, he had been dragged down to the lowest depths, until, so great was his misery, he resolved to take away his life, when the Lord met him in some lonely spot in the country and saved his soul. Other testimonies followed. The Captain in charge at the Grecian, a manly fellow in a blue jersey, gave his experiences: he too had been rescued from a life of sin. Two or three years ago he could not read, and he told touchingly, how he used to stop the boys coming out of school, and ask them to give him a lesson. Evidently he has made the most of his time, for his knowledge of Scripture and Scriptural phraseology struck me as far in advance of what one usually hears at such meetings.

The excitable nature of the audience was shown every now and then by the bursts of laughter which greeted anything which struck their sense of the ludicrous, and which made the quiet at other times more remarkable. I felt that the power of the Holy Ghost was present, and as at the close one and another knelt at the penitent form, I thanked God that into the midst of this densely-peopled district, with its population steeped in sin, another great agency had been sent to carry the glad tidings of salvation, and as a member of the "one army of the living God," I prayed that the Gospel thus proclaimed, whether in tumult or in stillness, might have "free course and be glorified." The quietness of the soldiers themselves that night showed that they had been wisely trained to adapt themselves to circumstances, and that, if they know how to make a noise, they also know when to "sit still."—E. M. F.

Pages for the Young.

LEFT TO THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER II.



MEANWHILE Danvers was not altogether at ease. His conscience told him that he had not acted kindly towards his twin sister, though it still rankled in his mind that she had spoken of his friend in a very passionate and uncomplimentary way. Yet in his heart of hearts, Danvers acknowledged that Ethel's estimation of his schoolfellow was no more than just; for George Haynes's manners were rough and ungente-

manly, and his cruel usage of all animals was a well-known fact among his companions. She was right, too, in what she had said respecting the invitation, for had Mrs. Renner had the least idea of the character of the boy, she would never have allowed her son to ask him to join the birthday party.

At three o'clock nurse went softly into Ethel's room with a cup of hot tea, and a nice little bit of chicken. Her sleep had done her a great deal of good; for she awoke with only a slight headache, and after taking some food, even that went away. Nevertheless, the process of dressing tired her, and it was with a weary sigh that she seated herself in the drawing-room to await the arrival of her guests. Indeed she could not help wishing that no visitors were coming. "After all," she thought, "mamma was right; when one is not accustomed to it, it is not an easy thing to be the hostess, and if we had taken her advice and kept our birthday at some other time, it would have been better for us."

Then one by one the visitors were announced, and with a smiling face, but a sinking heart, Ethel received them to the best of her ability. Matters went on more satisfactorily than she had anticipated, however, and Danvers saved her the trouble of proposing an amusement by taking off all his friends to play at cricket in the meadow. Thus deserted by the gentlemen, the ladies betook themselves to the croquet ground where they had a very pleasant game.

Tea then appeared, and large and varied was the supply of good things that were spread under the shade of the trees on the lawn. The bell had rung some time, however, before the boys condescended to make their appearance, and when they did come, they made such a chatter with their tongues, and such a raid upon the provisions, that Ethel looked around in dismay, and heartily wished that somebody had been there with authority to keep order. Jamie, as was always the case when excited, was perfectly uproarious, and it was owing to the wildness of his spirits that a catastrophe occurred that caused an unpleasant interruption to the meal. It so happened that he was seated next a little girl who was very elegantly attired in a pretty, light silk dress, which had been the admiration of her companions the whole of the afternoon. But if it was their admiration it was also her own, and great was her indignation when Jamie bursting into a loud laugh with his ten-cent in his hand, spilt nearly the whole of its contents upon the pretty flounces of the silk dress. The boys' merriment was instantly stopped.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" he exclaimed, and voice and face, as well as words, expressed his penitence.

But the little lady would not listen to the apology. "You are a very rude boy," she said with a pout, "and you've quite spoilt my pretty dress." Then to Jamie's dismay she began to cry.

Ethel, though she could not help thinking the little girl very silly and vain, was extremely sorry that the accident had happened, and she stood by and anxiously watched the effect of the rubbing that nurse was giving to the damaged flounces. To smile, half in scorn and half in amusement, was the only notice that the elder boys deigned to take of the unfortunate occurrence.

"Have you finished?" called out Danvers presently, "because if so, we'll go back to our cricket at once."

George Haynes started up with his last mouthful of cake still unswallowed, but Ted Birchby—another of Danvers' schoolfellows—with more politeness, said,

"Oh! there's no hurry for a little while, Renner. Your sister and her friends haven't finished yet."

Ethel looked up with a smile. Really in such a rough and boisterous party as that appeared to be, Ted's politeness was quite comforting.

"Please don't wait if you'd like to go," she answered, "perhaps we shall be some time yet."

"No, we can't have you again, Bertie," said Danvers as his little brother rose and prepared to accompany the cricketers. "You were only in the way all the afternoon."

Just for one moment Bertie gazed in silent dismay, then burst into a lusty cry.

Oh dear, oh dear! There seemed nothing but tears and disagreements and unpleasantnesses to-day. For the first time in her life Ethel took comfort in the thought that her birthday would soon be over. In vain she and nurse tried to soothe the poor little fellow; he was tired and fretful, and refused to be comforted. Nurse was at last obliged to take him up in her arms and carry him into the house.

"Shall we have some more croquet, or would you like a game of tennis?" Ethel then inquired of her visitors.

Some were for one, and some for the other, consequently two parties were formed; and as the croquet players were found to be an odd number, Ethel joined them in order to make the sides equal, though, poor girl, her head was aching again so much that she would gladly have been left out of both games. It was all the worse for her that the little lady whose elegant dress had so suffered from the contents of Jamie's cup was one of the croquet party, and as she had not yet recovered her usual serenity of temper it was by no means pleasant or easy work to play with her. The game went on, however, and was nearly finished, when suddenly everybody was startled by a terrible shriek that came shrill and piercing from the direction of the meadow.

Just for one moment Ethel stood as if petrified, then throwing down her mallet, she rushed off at full speed. Through the shrubbery, into the kitchen garden, and thence into the orchard she ran. What had happened to cause that first awful shriek and the others that followed close upon it? Ah, it was as she had feared! a dreadful accident had occurred; for some of the boys were bending over somebody who lay motionless, and silent now, upon the grass, while others were running rapidly towards the house. "Oh! what is it?" she asked of these, but they did not answer her, and in another minute she had reached the spot and saw for herself. There, with a face that was ghastly in its paleness, lay Jamie—unconscious.

Ethel tried to speak—tried to struggle against that horrible feeling of numbness that was stealing over her, but in vain, and for the first time in her life she fainted away.

* * * * *

"That's right, Ethel. Now drink this."

It was Danvers who spoke, and he held a glass of water to his sister's lips.

She did as he bade her. What a strange sensation there was in her head! She put her hand to her forehead, and was surprised to find her hair wet. What had happened, and how came she to be lying dressed upon the couch?

"I'll tell you when you're a little better," Danvers replied, when at length she had succeeded in putting her thoughts into words. She had been ill then. How kind Danvers was, how gently he spoke to her. She lay back in a sort of stupor—not even thinking.

Gradually, however, her brain began to assert its power, and little by little she remembered all. Then she sat up.

"Danvers," she said in a hoarse whisper, "didn't I see Jamie lying under the oak-tree in the meadow——?" She would have added the word "dead," but her lips refused to utter it.

"I know what you mean," Danvers replied, in a voice that was almost as low as hers. "I thought so too at first, but he's better now."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Ethel, with white quivering lips. "Then he wasn't very much hurt after all?"

It was a minute or two before Danvers answered.

"I don't know," he said hesitatingly, "I'm afraid he is hurt. Dr. Lyons is with him now. Nurse is coming presently to tell us what he says, she told me to watch by you till she came."

There was a long, long silence; then in the deepening twilight there came a low, deep-drawn sob from Danvers as, burying his face upon his sister's bosom, he moaned,

"Oh, Ethel, Ethel! what a day this has been, and all because I would have my own way, and wouldn't listen to mamma."

She could find no words to comfort him, but she put her hand upon his head, and gently stroked the thick locks of curly hair.

"I thought it would be such a grand thing," he continued presently, "to be master, and show the other fellows that I could do what I liked, and have what I liked. I was even glad that Miss Glynn wasn't here, because then we were left quite to ourselves."

"It wasn't all your fault, Danvers," said Ethel. "I was anxious to have a party and keep our birthday as you, and we little thought how it would all end." Then, after a pause, she asked in a trembling voice, "How did it happen—the accident, I mean?"

"Why, George Haynes declared that he could beat any of us at climbing, and I said I didn't believe he could climb better than Jamie, who is the best climber anywhere about here. Then somebody proposed that they should settle the question themselves by trying which could get to the top of a tree first, and as we were getting tired of cricket we all agreed that it would be very good fun. So they started—you know the two oak-trees that grow side by side in the meadow and are just the same height?"

Ethel nodded.

"Well, Jamie was climbing splendidly, shouting out and laughing all the time, and we cheering him on, when all at once he seemed to slip, and in a moment came tumbling to the ground. Oh, Ethel, I can't tell you how I felt till I knew he wasn't dead!"

There was another long silence after that, then Ethel spoke.

"We might have been sure that mamma knew what was best for us," she said sadly. "We were wrong then in the first place. Then I think the cause of many of our troubles to-day was our forgetfulness of what she said to us. Don't you remember, Danvers, what she said as she drove away this morning: 'Be good and you will be happy'? I'm sure I haven't been good," she went on humbly. "See how badly

I behaved about George Haynes this morning; but you have forgiven me, haven't you, Danvers?"

"It is I who have been disagreeable and selfish, and everything that is bad," he replied huskily. "It is you who must forgive me," and with that he threw his arm around his sister's neck, and the twins kissed as they had not done since that day when it first came into Danvers' head that kissing was "silly" and something quite beneath his dignity to do.

Some quarter of an hour later the door softly opened, and nurse, followed by Dr. Lyons, entered the room. Shading with her hand the candle that she carried, she bent down over the children.

"I declare," she said, "if they aren't both fast asleep, and though Miss Ethel's cheeks are wet, she has quite a colour, and her breathing's as regular and gentle as can be. Shall I wake them, sir?"

"Certainly not," replied the doctor. "A good nap will be the best medicine for Miss Ethel, and if Danvers were awake he would only be anxious and miserable. By all means let them sleep as long as they will. And now," he continued, with a pleasant smile, "I am going to say good-bye for a little while. I think all will go on well, and I shall be here without fail to receive Mrs. Renner."

* * * * *

It was broad daylight. Danvers, opening his eyes, saw his mother bending over him and Ethel. She was pale, and her face wore a tired, sad expression, but in spite of that she looked very kindly and fondly at the twins, who were both now wide awake.

"Oh, mamma! do you know what has happened? Can you forgive us?" they cried together.

"Whatever there may be to forgive—and I think from what nurse has told me—there is much—I forgive you freely, my darlings," she replied, as she stooped down and kissed them; "but, you know, Jamie might still have broken his arm even had I been with you, and the day had been spent as usual. Those things——"

It was the low, awe-struck voices which repeated "broken his arm!" that caused the interruption.

"Yes, did you not know it?" she asked in astonishment.

"No," replied Danvers. "Ethel fainted and had to be carried into the house. There was only I to sit with her; everybody else was attending to Jamie. Nurse was coming to tell us what Dr. Lyons said, but I suppose we fell asleep before she could find time to come to us." He wondered now how he could possibly have slept in the midst of his misery and anxiety. It seemed to him a heartless thing to have done, and he blushed as he made the confession.

"When I came home at twelve o'clock last night," said Mrs. Renner, "I was met by Dr. Lyons, who told me that Jamie had tumbled from a tree and broken his arm; the limb had been set, he said; and Jamie, thanks to the composing draught which he had swallowed, was quietly sleeping. He told me, too," and now for the first time their mother's voice faltered and grew husky, "how bravely my boy had borne the painful operation; how he never once flinched, and how, when the agony drew forth one little cry, he stilled it instantly. 'Tell mamma that I am not very much hurt' were his last words before going to sleep."

Danvers said nothing, but he felt very proud of his brother at that moment; indeed, the admiration almost equalled the love that just then filled his heart to overflowing.

"I am thankful to say," continued Mrs. Renner presently, "that Dr. Lyons does not anticipate any serious results. Of course Jamie must have great care taken of him, and for a few days he must lie quietly in bed, but we may soon hope to have him among us again. Children," and their mother's voice became very serious indeed, "let this be a matter of thankfulness to you as well as to me, and don't forget to

express your gratitude to Him who has been so merciful to us all—Jamie tumbled from a great height, and the only wonder is that he was not killed on the spot."

"Mamma," said Danvers, "it was all my fault; it would never have happened if I had not wanted you to leave us to ourselves."

"As I said before it was an accident," replied his mother, "and it might have occurred just the same had your father and I been at home, but I think, dears," she continued very gravely, though very gently, "that you will do well in the future to submit to the guidance of those who are older and wiser than yourselves. You know what St. Peter says: 'Likewise, ye younger submit yourselves unto the elder. Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility.' This rule of subjection is one of God's laws, and you will find that in obeying it you will enjoy greater happiness, and—strange, perhaps, as it may appear to you—greater liberty than if you set yourselves up to be the best judges of what is good for you. And I pray that in the highest sense of all, my Danvers and Ethel will prove the blessedness of this law of subjection. Then will grow up in your hearts such a perfect trust in your heavenly Father's love and wisdom, that you will pass through the troubles and perplexities of the future that awaits you, not indeed free from care, but able to discern in all the tender love and gentle guidance that will lead you step by step on the journey of life, and bring you safely at last into the haven of the heaven above."

They never forgot their mother's words, nor the lessons taught them by the events of that memorable birthday when they had their wish and were "left to themselves." Some little time has elapsed since then, and Danvers and Ethel are fast approaching manhood and womanhood, but they have increased in wisdom as well as in years, and they know now the truth of that good old precept: "Behold to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

V.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." (John i. 29.) Read Matt. iii. and Luke iii. 21-23.

From the time when Jesus appeared in the Temple at the age of twelve years, we have no account of anything that He said or did until He was thirty years of age, as you have just read in Luke iii. 23. Eighteen years of our Lord's life remain thus unknown to us; but this we do know, that those were holy and blameless years. At a later time when His bitter enemies, full of malice, tried to find some fault in Him, and sought eagerly for witness against Him to put Him to death, they found no fault, during all His life. (Matt. xxvi. 59.) And Pilate, even when he most wished to please the Jews by condemning him, was obliged to confess, "I find in him no fault at all." (John xviii. 38.) So pure and so blameless was He who came to take away our sins,—the Lamb of God, "without blemish and without spot." (1 Peter i. 19.)

When Jesus was about thirty years old, the prophecy about John began to be fulfilled; see Isaiah xl. 3. "A voice was heard crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." The preaching and then the baptism of John drew all Judea out to him, and gave occasion to that journey of our Lord from Galilee to Jordan, which is the present subject of our study.

First, I shall ask you to answer some questions about

John. Who were his parents? Who appeared to his father before he was born? What ancient prophet did the angel say he would be like in spirit and power? (Luke i. 17.) In what place did the word of the Lord come to John? Can you tell me what kind of place a wilderness is? I suppose you will say it is lonely and desolate, but I am sure you never saw or imagined such a lonely and desolate region as that wilderness! It lies between Jericho and the Dead Sea, among rocks and cliffs scorched by the burning sun, where robbers lurk, and wild beasts roar. From this region John came forth in his garment of camel's hair and leathern girdle, calling to men everywhere, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" The people knew that he was sent of God to reprove them for their sins, and thronged out to him. Publicans went to him from the cities; soldiers went to him from the camp; even proud Pharisees and Sadducees went to him, but they did not go to repent and confess their sins, and what did he say to them? (Matt. iii. 7.) For each and all he had a faithful word of warning and rebuke, and when they had confessed their sins he baptized them in the rushing waters of the Jordan. But as he looked on that great crowd of people he saw One quite unlike the rest; he said, "there standeth One among you whom ye know not." (John i. 26.) Who was this? What did John say he was not worthy to do to Him? (John i. 27.)

Jesus was in Nazareth when John began to preach, and from Nazareth in Galilee he came to be baptized in the Jordan at a place called Bethabara. (John i. 28.) At this place there is a ford by which men can pass across the river, but elsewhere this river is too deep and strong to be crossed. Do you remember how the children of Israel under Joshua crossed the Jordan? (See Josh. iii. 14.) Elijah and Elisha also crossed it in a very wonderful manner. (2 Kings ii. 8.)

What did John say to Jesus when He came to be baptized? And what answer did Jesus give? What happened as He was coming out of the water? Whose voice did John hear? In what likeness did the Spirit of God descend upon Jesus?

Thus it was that John saw and knew his Lord! He saw Him condescending to be baptized by the hand of His own servant. He heard God Himself declaring that this was His beloved Son in whom He was well pleased. And he saw the blessed Spirit of God come down upon Him in the likeness of a dove. Then John said, "I saw and bare record that this is the Son of God." (John i. 34.)

Sing,—“Jesus meek and gentle.”

A Children's Hymn.

DEAR Jesus, let an infant claim
The favour to adore Thy name:
Thou wast so weak, that babes might be
Encourag'd to draw near to Thee.

My gracious Saviour, I believe
Thou canst a little child receive;
Thy tender love for us is free,
And why not love poor sinful me?

Then to a child, dear Lord, impart
An humble, meek, and lowly heart:
Oh, cleanse me by Thy precious blood,
And fill me with the love of God.

Though oft I sin, yet save me still,
And make me love Thy sacred will;
Each day prepare me by Thy grace
To meet Thee and behold Thy face.

THE REV. ROWLAND HILL.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WEEK WAS DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



LEAVE-TAKINGS.

Gwendoline.

CHAPTER XL.—AMID NEW SCENES.

"THE sore part of the matter is that it seems to be sent upon me as a sort of judgment, Honor?"

"What can you possibly mean, Gwen?" Honora Dewhurst asked, with an accent of astonishment.

The two stood side by side upon a broad platform, near the train which was soon to bear Gwendoline Halcombe to her new home. They

were early, for Mr. Halcombe was a nervous man as to journeys, and he always insisted on a start being made about twenty minutes sooner than was necessary. Neither he nor Victor were free to accompany Gwendoline to the station, and Ruth had a cold, and Gwendoline had implored her mother not to come. She could not bear the thought of *that* parting being in public. So Honora Dewhurst undertook to see her off.

The leave-takings were thus over, and Gwendoline had borne herself bravely through them. Now she only looked white and quiet, with a glitter of unshed tears in her brown eyes, which had a wide-open fixed look, as if hardly seeing

anything around. She had stood about absently, while Honora saw to her luggage.

"You will not care to take your seat yet," Honora said, when the little business was done. "Shall we go into the waiting-room, or stay here?" And Gwendoline, instead of answering, broke out with her remark about "the sore part of the matter."

"What can you possibly mean, Gwen?"

"I mean just what I say. It is like a sort of judgment upon me. I don't know whether I have complained in words often—I think not—but in my heart I have often wanted to have things different. I have been so tired of the crowd and the noise and the worry, and sometimes I have so longed to be quiet, and to have freedom of leisure and thought for my painting—not to be incessantly driven along to do my utmost, and still to feel that our heads are really never quite above water. Sometimes out-of-doors I have looked at others driving past, in their comfort and ease, and wondered over the difference between their lives and mine. Not enviously, exactly—for I have never really wished to choose for myself, or to have what was not God's will for me. But it has been cloudiness and murmuring. It hasn't been a spirit of perfect content."

"I wonder how many of us have attained to 'perfect content,' my dear child," Honora said.

"You have, for one. But don't you see what I mean? I have murmured, Honor. It is of no use to deny the fact. I have not loved God's will for me. And now it seems so terribly as if He had taken me at my word, and had given me what I craved—in displeasure. I can't talk about this to anybody except you; but it presses on me constantly."

"A child can't always read his Father's motives. Don't be too sure as to the 'displeasure.'"

"But if it were——"

"If it were,— plead at His feet for more grace for the future, and cling the closer to Christ. Don't echo Peter's cry of 'Depart from me.' The more sinful we are, the more we need Him."

"But if He should have sent this in anger, without His blessing!"

Honora slipped an arm through her friend's, and spoke slowly, "Gwen, you are overwrought and upset to day, and this is temptation to unworthy thoughts of your loving God. Suppose it were sent in displeasure for the past,—what does it mean but that He wills to draw you through chastening nearer to Himself? But I don't feel at all sure that it is so. You have been over-worked and tried, and trouble has pressed heavily, and you have all prayed that help might come, and here is the answer. Surely it is not *all* chastening, Gwen. You are to have a happy home, and the joy of knowing that those dearest to you will be living a life of comparative ease,—through your going away. Some pain comes with the joy, of course, but isn't that what one always has to expect?"

"Yes,—if I have not brought it on myself," murmured Gwendoline.

"Suppose you have,—since you are bent upon that view of the matter,—what then? If you have yielded to temptation, He will forgive you for the past, and will strengthen you for the future. I can't understand that sort of suspicious

spirit in one of His children,—always fancying that He is acting in displeasure. Of course there are times when He must do so, and I don't deny it, but I do say we don't know one-hundredth part of His pitying tenderness towards us. David's way of looking at things was very different:—'He will not be always chiding,'—that is the Prayer-book version, and I love it, Gwen. 'He crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies.' 'The Lord is gracious and full of compassion; slow to anger and of great mercy.' Try for more of that trusting spirit."

Gwendoline's face changed, and two large tears fell heavily.

"Yes—now you will feel better. It is of no use trying to persuade yourself that pain is not pain. You cannot but feel the parting."

"It is my mother—chiefly," said Gwendoline sorrowfully. "If Ruth were different! Mother and I have always been one. Ruth is very good, and she will do anything for anybody, but she does not understand. Honor, you will go in sometimes, to cheer my mother."

"By talking about you. Yes, certainly. I must say a word to you now about something else. Our time is nearly up. You know I generally run down to Riversmouth for a night or more, at least once or twice a year——"

"O Honor, when you do, be sure to let me know beforehand."

"I'll see. But one word, Gwen. Remember, you will be Lady Halcot's adopted child, a very 'grand young person,' indeed, as my good old uncle would say; and I shall only be a poor artist, niece of a retired tradesman——"

"Honor! As if that could make any difference in my love for you," cried Gwendoline indignantly.

"My dear child, I quite understand. It will make no difference in your love. But you will not be your own mistress, and it may not be in your power to see anything of me. For it will be your plain duty to obey Lady Halcot in everything—short of what is wrong."

Gwendoline's cheeks were burning. "That would be wrong—to forsake a friend, my best and dearest friend."

"You will not forsake me. You and I are friends for life, for more than merely this lower life, I hope. We will love and trust one another to the last. That is just what I want you to understand. If you never come near me, never write to me, and pass me in the street without a smile or bow, I shall not be pained, for I shall trust you still. I shall know you are not acting by your own choice, but only in obedience to Lady Halcot. Mind, darling, I mean it. Now don't!" for Gwendoline, brave through all the partings, burst into a passion of tears.

"Gwennie, don't break your heart over so small a matter. I tell you I shall not be even pained. If ever you come and say to me with your own lips that you have changed, and that you love me no longer, then I shall be bitterly grieved. Short of that I will never fail to trust you. Remember, you owe Lady Halcot a great deal. And apart from gratitude, you have to keep things smooth for your mother's sake. You may or may not be allowed to keep up a correspondence with me; but I am pretty sure you will not be allowed

to call upon me at Gladiolus Cottage. But I shall hear all about you from your mother, and that will content me."

"O Honor! Honor!"

"Hush, hush," Honor said, as to a troubled child. "I am only anticipating what will be perfectly natural on her ladyship's part. Now you have to be good and cheery. Don't let me have to take back a tale of tears at the last; and don't arrive at the Leys with red eyes on any account. Come—there is the bell, and you must get in. First class!—you 'grand young person.' Good-bye, my own Gwen."

Others were pressing into the same compartment, and Honora had to step back. Further conversation was impossible. Gwendoline gazed and kissed her hand to the last, and Honora walked rapidly away, drawing down her veil to conceal something which till that moment she had resolutely restrained. For Honora's was a lonely life. She had no near relatives, and few friends; and Gwendoline had been her one sunbeam of earthly delight.

Gwendoline shed no more tears. It was by no means her usual fashion to yield to strong feeling in public. She sat quietly in her corner, pale and sad, looking out upon the rushing landscape, thinking much upon the faces she had left, and speculating somewhat on the new phase of existence which lay before her. "I shall need to live very near to God, if I am to keep straight at Riversmouth," was the conclusion to which she came. "I think there must be great danger in ease and wealth—especially for me. I shall want so much 'keeping,' not to grow cold or careless. But mother and father and Honor will pray for me."

With this thought in her mind she reached the station nearest to Riversmouth. Her first instinctive move, as she descended, was to seek her luggage; but a drab-liveried footman, of deferential manners, presented himself, in readiness to take all trouble off her hands. "Miss Halcombe?" he said inquiringly; and then,—"Her ladyship is waiting. How many boxes, if you please?"

Gwendoline began to wake up to the change in her manner of life. She was vaguely conscious that her single trunk, even with the addition of a small packing-case containing her paintings, appeared to the tall footman a most moderate amount of luggage; but he was far too well-bred to show his thoughts, and Gwendoline had little of the shallow pride which troubles itself unnecessarily about appearances. She was quite aware also, and equally without distress, that her scanty wardrobe would prove by no means in keeping with her new position. But Lady Halcot, when sending money for her journey, had written,—"You need not mind about dress. I will see to that. Come just as you are;" and Gwendoline had obeyed this injunction literally. She only had two dresses, and she wore the best of the two, a simple costume of navy-blue serge, together with her little Sunday bonnet of black velvet, home-made, and her plain cloth jacket.

The handsome landau, with two thoroughbred bays, stood outside the station; and Lady Halcot sat alone in it, muffled up in furs still, despite the

mild spring weather, and seeming half-buried beneath the piles of the ponderous scarlet-lined rug. She scanned the station-door persistently, till a girlish figure came quietly out and stood beside the carriage, waiting, as if for a welcome. Lady Halcot's keen black eyes ran swiftly over Gwendoline from head to foot, and Gwendoline's pale face flushed brightly, as she lifted her brown eyes with a look of wistful anxiety.

Those who knew her, ladyship's turns of expression would have judged her to be well satisfied with the brief inspection. But it was not Lady Haleot's way to show her feelings. She merely said "How do you do?" putting out two fingers of a kid-clothed bony hand. "I hope you have had a comfortable journey."

The footman held open the carriage-door, and in obedience to a slight gesture from Lady Halcot, Gwendoline stepped in.

"You have given orders about Miss Halcombe's luggage?" Lady Halcot said.

"I have, my lady. It will be sent immediately."

"That will do."

And they were off, passing first a few streets of the little country town, then bowling with smooth rapidity through high roads and narrow lanes, between green hedge-rows. Gwendoline leant back against the soft cushions, with the heavy rug over her knees; and the upright drab backs of coachman and footman rising, square and motionless, in front; and the little old lady, with Roman nose and severe lips, seated silently by her side. "What would mother feel to see me now?" she thought. "This is very comfortable. How lazy I shall grow!" and a half-smile broke unconsciously over her face.

"Are you always called 'Gwendoline' at home?" asked Lady Halcot suddenly.

The smile faded. "No,—'Gwen' generally," was the answer.

"You will be Gwendoline in future. I object to abbreviations."

Gwendoline wondered what would come next.

"Whom are you supposed to resemble among your relatives?" Lady Halcot inquired after a pause, in the same abrupt fashion.

"My father," Gwendoline said at once.

"Quite a mistake. You are not in the least like him—like what he was as a young man."

Gwendoline was surprised, for she had never before heard the fact of this resemblance questioned.

"My mother always seems to think so," she said.

"Entirely a mistake," repeated Lady Halcot, and there was another break.

"However, it does not signify. Likeness is very often a matter of expression, sometimes a matter of fancy. You are a very pretty girl, Gwendoline. Of course you know this, so I shall not make you vain by telling you so."

The old lady looked hard at Gwendoline to see the effect of her words. She could not understand the expression that came over those brown eyes, an expression certainly more sorrowful than gratified. Gwendoline said gently, after a moment's thought, "I suppose I am, Lady Halcot, but sometimes I wish people would not tell me so."

"Why not?"

"It would be better for me. I don't want to be made to think about myself."

For full five minutes Lady Halcot was dumb. Then the silence was broken by the two simultaneously, a remark breaking from each at exactly the same instant. Lady Halcot had been turning over Gwendoline's words in her mind; and Gwendoline's gaze had been roving about the landscape.

"Gwendoline, are you a very religious person?"

"The sea! O Lady Halcot,—the sea!"

Lady Halcot's expression relaxed, and she put aside her own question, following it up by another in a different tone:—"You admire the sea?"

"I love it dearly. For years I have had a dream of living near the sea. It always looked like perfect happiness."

Lady Halcot was certainly pleased. She said with positive cordiality, "I hope you will be happy;" and began pointing out whatever was worth noting in the views. Her question remained unanswered, and at the time Gwendoline scarcely took in the meaning of it; yet the words afterwards haunted her a good deal.

CHAPTER XII.—GWEN'S POSSESSIONS.

"None of these are fit to wear. They can be given away at once," said Lady Halcot decisively.

Gwendoline had passed a night in her new home, and had risen refreshed, despite some wakeful periods of restless thought. It seemed to her already a very long time since she had come to this place. That less than twenty hours of her residence at the Leys had yet elapsed was inconceivable.

She had made acquaintance with the massive building, reared in far back days by Lady Halcot's forefathers, passing through rooms and antechambers and corridors, till mind and memory became confused. She had gone the round of the stiff ancestral portraits in the state dining-room, privately wondering which might be termed the ugliest; for the Halcots were by no means a handsome race. She had stood in the library, examining the rows of calf-bound volumes, hoping to be allowed free access to the same. She had had a glimpse of the wide-spreading gardens and extensive hot-houses, and had paced one of the broad terraces, in full view of the blue ocean.

Also, Gwendoline had already won the hearts of two or three of the servants, by her gentle manner of speaking, more especially the heart of Spurrell, the maid appointed to wait upon herself. She had made acquaintance with the pallid and mild-mannered Miss Withers, and had taken herself severely to task for an irresistible sense of distrust and almost aversion towards that placid individual. Miss Withers treated her with such marked and humble politeness! why could not she like Miss Withers better? Moreover, she had seen the unfortunate Conrad, as usual spending half his day at the Leys, and as usual in difficulties. Conrad Withers did not live in the house, but he was expected to occupy a certain room

during certain hours, and he received liberal remuneration for a small amount of toil. Miss Withers had set her heart on seeing him reside at the Leys, in the capacity of confidential secretary to her ladyship; but this aim was as yet far from being attained to. Lady Halcot endured him, and no more. Gwendoline had exchanged a few sentences with the young man, pitying his bashfulness, and Conrad's head was already turned.

Breakfast had been long ended, when Gwendoline was summoned to her own room, there to find Lady Halcot and Spurrell, the whole of her small wardrobe having been spread out for inspection.

This room was one of the pleasantest parts of Gwendoline's new life, being large, yet not too large, with a sunshiny aspect, flowers without and within, choice engravings upon the walls, and abundant comfort in furniture and fittings-up. Opening into the bedroom was a small and pretty boudoir, with a davenport and easy-chair near the fireplace, and an easel in the bow-window. Gwendoline could not but be delighted with these surroundings, and grateful for the thoughtful care thus evidenced. She had passed on the whole a very pleasant morning. But it was something of a shock to her now to hear the decisive order, "All these may be given away."

Gwendoline said nothing, but her face protested eloquently. Lady Halcot gave her a careless glance, and continued, "The dress and bonnet that Miss Halcombe travelled in will do until she has others. These shoes can be made presentable with good rosettes, but really there is nothing else. You have the Halcot foot, I see, Gwendoline,—high-instepped. No evening dress, is there?"

"Mother said I ought to get one, but you told me to come exactly as I was," said Gwendoline.

"Quite right," said Lady Halcot. "Spurrell, you may fetch the hats and bonnets to try on." Then when the maid was gone, she repeated, "Quite right. I did not realise that you would not possess a single evening dress, but you did as I told you. That is simply what I expect, and what I shall expect."

The tone was not hard, but it lacked tenderness. Lady Halcot stood near the bed, a little shrunken figure, scarcely up to Gwendoline's shoulder, yet with an indefinable air of dignity and command about her small person. Gwendoline debated quickly in her mind what to say, and ended by saying nothing.

"That is what I expect of you," repeated Lady Halcot gravely. "Precisely the same implicit obedience that I would expect from a child of my own."

"I should be very sorry to go against your will in anything," Gwendoline said, her voice trembling slightly. "I will try to please you, indeed."

"Yes. I believe you are a good girl. If I had not thought so, I should not have been so ready to adopt you."

"A good girl," in Lady Halcot's phraseology, meant "a girl who will do as she is bid." Gwendoline understood it so.

Lady Halcot turned as Spurrell re-entered, having an arm-full of bonnet-boxes. "I had these

sent in readiness," she said. "There is a pretty chip hat with an ostrich feather, which I believe will become you very well, Gwendoline. Spurrell will find it immediately. I am not so sure about the bonnets. You must try them on. The dressmaker will be here in an hour to take orders. I should wish you to have two evening dresses, one of a soft blue material, which will suit you nicely, and another of white, trimmed with pink. The blue will be for home evening wear, ordinarily. I had some idea of a black velvet and crimson walking-costume, but it is becoming too warm. I have chosen a pretty brown stuff for every-day wear, and you must have jacket and hat to match. The second walking-dress I have not yet decided on, but I am rather thinking of grey,—silk and other material mixed. When you are thoroughly well set up, I shall consider about giving you an allowance, but it is better that you should first learn something of my tastes. That is the hat, Spurrell. Put it on. Now look at yourself in the glass, Gwendoline. My foresight has proved true, I think. How do you like it?"

"It is very pretty, thank you," Gwendoline said in a low voice.

"We will decide upon that, without hesitation, I don't like these bonnets, Spurrell. I fancied there were others."

"I may have overlooked a box, my lady. I will go and see."

Lady Halcot moved towards the bed. "Your little writing-case and work-bag are very shabby, Gwendoline. I will supply you with fresh ones immediately, and these can be sent away."

Gwendoline was startled. "If you please, may I not keep them?" she asked. "I have had them so long."

"That is the very thing. They are worn out."

"But, Lady Halcot, my mother gave me the writing-case, and Ruth made the bag. May I keep them, please?"

"No," Lady Halcot said quietly, and she took both into her own hands.

"I will put them out of sight," pleaded Gwendoline.

Lady Halcot looked steadily at her, and repeated—"No."

"But they are mine!"

"That may be. And you are mine now."

Gwendoline had a hard struggle. Not sorrow only, but passion too rose high, for this seemed to her unnecessary and tyrannical. The cry of "Oh, help me, help me!" went up from her heart, and help came. Lady Halcot watching saw the flush subside, and the face grow calm.

"Well?" she said.

"It must be as you wish," said Gwendoline, in a low voice. "One moment—please."

Lady Halcot yielded both into Gwendoline's outstretched hands. She would not have done so ordinarily. Gwendoline held them lovingly, pressed them to her lips, and then gave them back to Lady Halcot—two bright drops having fallen on the rubbed leather of the case.

"You are a silly child," Lady Halcot said, not in a tone of displeasure. She left the room, and returned almost immediately, bearing a silk-lined work-basket and a beautiful little Russian leather writing-case, both furnished with silver and polished steel fittings.

"These were already waiting for you," she said.

Gwendoline received them with mingled pain and pleasure, touched, yet not quite comforted.

THE KING'S SCEPTRE.

HINTS OF THE WONDERFUL UNITY OF THE WAYS OF GOD IN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

II.—THE PAVEMENT: THE BASE THINGS OF HISTORY.

IF the reader will ponder it, there are few more impressive sentences, either in inspired or uninspired language, as illustrating what may be called the philosophy of history, than the assertion of Paul, in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, in which he says, how truly, that "God has chosen the base things of the world and things which are despised"—and, perhaps, even more remarkable still—"things which are not, to bring to nothing things which are." This language of the apostle was, perhaps, not in the mind of the great Edmund Burke when he expressed himself very much in the same manner. "A common soldier—a child—a girl at the door of an inn, have changed the face and fortune of empires." From this it has come about that irreverent minds have refused to believe in the providence of history, and have regarded all cir-

cumstances as the play of fortuitous and chance atoms,—a doctrine which upon any reasonable amount of thought appears incredible, and for which even infidelity itself has been compelled to substitute the idea of law; and Law, Order and Sequence in human affairs and events we are compelled to behold; but this, or these constitute the Sceptre of the King. All events are the gradual evolution of the great drama, with its extended and successive acts and scenes, and events prove that all was beheld by the Eye of Infinite providence—the end from the beginning. Divine knowledge implies Divine providence;—Divine providence means Divine Government—and Divine Government is the only reasonable and sensible philosophy of Society and History. In our papers on the "King's Windows," we saw how the pavement of Nature,

the flooring of the earth on which we walk and build, is a wonderful comprehension of insignificant marvels—the diatome for instance, and a universe of other little things; a similar remark may be made concerning the King's Highway; it is of the majesty of God that He makes the force which seems smallest and most insignificant the lord and commander of all the rest—as if the word of His power had ever been “a still small voice;” and we may seek amongst the most microscopic or invisible conceptions for the most harmonious illustrations of the Infinite, and Tranquil Mind. Truly it has been said, He uses minor means that we may hear His sounding footsteps reverberating on the earth.

History tells the same tale as Nature, it is the story of the utilization of minute life; and many of the richest and most gorgeous appendages of civilization are transformations of the most despised forms of inferior life—silk from the silk-worm, rich dyes from the cochineal insect; while all highest organisms are, as some great naturalists affirm, progressively developed from certain monads or infusoria. So in the world of History and Society, at the movement of His sceptre God the Great King is ever transforming baseness into beauty; He is calling up beauty from ashes, and fragrance from foulness. From some black subsoil of dark or even depraved humanity Divine grace is ever calling forth some lily or rose of Sharon to flourish in the conservatory or garden of the Lord.

In some of my wanderings among the Galleries of Europe, I remember to have seen a wonderful allegoric picture of, I believe, Hans Holbein, called “The Procession and Triumph of Poverty,” in which Poverty is represented as leading and conducting Hope, Industry, Memory, and Immortality, while following in chains are Stupidity, Ignorance, Mendicity, and Toil; it has always been so, so that it has been elevated into a method and principle of the Divine movement. Whenever did a trumpet peal, or a processional blast of triumph go before to herald or inaugurate a great discovery which was to effect a change in empires and men, and the destinies of future things? So true it is “base things” have been “chosen,” “and things which are not to bring to naught things which are.” There is an impalpable power in thought; its greatest apostles have been among the base and the despised; so that their pathway may be almost called the March of Providence. The King's Sceptre “cometh not with observation.” To all ordinary eyes imperceptible and unseen—thus was it with the printing-press in one age, the scoffed and scorned invention—at best regarded as the delirious and dreadful wizardry of poor men.

There is a striking scene drawn by Sir Walter Scott in “Quentin Durward,” in which the crafty King Louis XI. enters the room of Galeotti Martivale, the courtly and martial sage, and finds him employed in examining a specimen of the newly invented art of printing. The king sneers at the newly fashioned art of multiplying manuscripts by the intervention of machinery, and expresses his wonder that such mechanical thoughts can interest the sage. “Believe me,” he replied, “in this invention I read a certain augury

of the most awful and portentous changes. I cannot look without wonder and astonishment to the lot of succeeding generations, on whom knowledge will descend like rain uninterrupted, unabated and unbounded, fertilizing some grounds and overflowing others, changing the whole form of social life, establishing and overthrowing religions, creating and destroying kingdoms—” “Hold, Galeotti,” said Louis. “Shall these changes come in our time?” “No,—this invention may be likened to a young tree newly planted, but shall in coming generations bear fruit as fatal, yet as precious as that of the Garden of Eden, the knowledge, namely, of good and evil.” “Let futurity,” said the king after a moment's pause, “look to what concerns them. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.”

So the discovery of the telescope, which pronounced a verdict of Fallible on the decisions of the Romish Church, and which, by enlarging the facilities of navigation, extended the empire of commerce.

David Hume in one of his essays remarks that a nation will be behind in the manufacture of cloth or cotton which has not studied astronomy; he did not perhaps mean to go the length of saying that the study of astronomy has a real influence in making cloth cheaper or in lessening the cost of production and in therefore increasing the number of consumers, but his remark has reference to the direct influence of astronomy on navigation; and from this point of view the discovery of the telescope and its discoveries in turn have moved the destinies and affected the tariffs of all the markets and exchanges of the whole world.

So eminently the discovery of America, perhaps the greatest and most stupendous secular fact in all history. America, like a hidden jewel, picked up from the depths of remote seas by a poor sailor, amidst the jests and sneers of Europe, and the almost incredible ingratitude of the monarch whose crown he adorned by the jewel he so marvellously discovered.

And what shall we say of the story of the “Mayflower”—

“When a band of exiles moor'd the bark
On the wild New England shore?”

—the wonderful story of “the forefathers' rock,” on which the first pilgrims leapt in New Plymouth? As De Tocqueville says, “This rock has become an object of veneration in the United States. Here is a stone which the feet of a few poor fugitives pressed for an instant, and this stone becomes famous, it is treasured by a great nation, a fragment is prized as a relic. But what has become of the gateways of a thousand palaces—who cares for them?” And why? Because

“The word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came;
As they sat by the sea-side,
He filled their souls with flame.
Said he, I uncover the land,
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best.”

But all history, as well as a large proportion of the most valuable biography, illustrates the truth

that the Pavement for the pathway of the King's Sceptre has been laid from things regarded as base and despised. There is a capital old story told of the Emperor Charlemagne which may be used as some illustration of this train of remark. The anecdote is curious in itself, and is related by the monk of St. Gall. "On a certain feast day after mass Charles took his chief courtiers out hunting. The day was cold and rainy, and the Emperor wore a sheepskin coat; but the courtiers, who had just come from Pavia, whither the Venetians had recently brought all the riches of the Orient from countries beyond the sea, were clad, after their fashion on holy days, in robes covered with the feathers of Phœnician birds trimmed with silk and downy feathers of the neck and tail of the peacock and adorned with Tyrian purple and fringes of cedar bark; upon some shone embroidered stuffs, upon others the fur of dormice. In this array they rode through the woods; and as they returned, torn by the branches of trees, thorns, and brambles, drenched with rain and stained with the blood of wild beasts and the exhalations from their hides, 'Let none of us,' said the mischievous Charles, 'change our clothes until the time of going to rest, for they will dry quicker upon us.' Immediately every one became more occupied with the body than its covering, and looked about for a fire at which to get warm. But in the evening, when they began to doff the fine furs and delicate stuffs which had shrivelled and shrunk at the fire, these fell to pieces with a sound like the breaking of dry sticks. The poor wretches groaned and lamented at having lost so much money in a single day. But they had been ordered by the Emperor to present themselves before him the following day in the same apparel. They did so, but all, instead of making a brilliant show in their fine new clothes, caused disgust at their dirty and colourless rags. Thereupon Charles said to his groom of the chamber, with some irony, 'Just rub my coat a little with your hands and bring it back to me.' Then taking in his hand the garment which had been brought back to him clean and whole, and showing it to the bystanders, he exclaimed, 'O most foolish of men, which of us has now the most precious and useful attire? Is it mine, which I bought for a single penny, or yours, which has cost you not only pounds but even talents of silver?'" This is surely a not inapt illustration of the way in which "the base things of the world and things which are despised" may be chosen to confound the things which seem wise and mighty.

But of all illustrations of every order, and from every nation and age, confessedly the first birth of Christianity must be regarded as in any way, as compared with what it became and what it is, the most remarkable instance of the base things—the despised things—the things which were not bringing to naught the things which were. The most inostensible circumstance happening on the face of the earth was the birth—on what we call now the Christmas Eve—in a midnight cave, in a lonely village. At that moment the greatest power on the face of the earth—the greatest power the earth had ever known—was Imperial Rome; so far as the earth went, a power which might be spoken of as Omnipotent and Omniscient. She

was the mistress of the earth. Her eagles were everywhere scenting the prey. There was terror in her name. She had wealth and genius at her command, and a matchless and ubiquitous organization; her mighty roads were traversing all lands. She was like a dread, vast fate—before her the overwhelmed nations were as nothing. From Lebanon to the Apennines—from the Euphrates to the Thames—her close-locked and interlaced mail of power extended everywhere. Before the birth in the midnight cave it came to naught. Its Emperors were said to be born in the purple—in the purple chamber. Round the obscure midnight cave were only the curtains of the purple heavens, while the scarcely invisible presences of poverty, cold, abandonment, rejection, secrecy, mortification and inhospitality, attended the birth. There was not a courier flying with some imperial message along the roads of any part of the great Roman Empire who did not receive more deference, and seemed to be a much more important personage than the child, whose "name was to be called Wonderful," born in that midnight cave. Who in Greece knew that one was born that evening whose teachings would antagonise and transcend the philosophy of Plato? And amidst the wild Druidic rites on Stonehenge or Dartmoor, or in far-off Mexican forests, who dreamt that one was born that night before whose word their bloody sacrifices would pass away? And the commencement of the decay of all seemed almost contemporaneous with that birth. So that while that Roman power came to naught, not many years had passed away before Tertullian, one of the earliest of the Christian apologists, addressing himself to the Romans, in those ages of martyrdom, said, "We fill all that you call yours." And we well know infidel historians, like Gibbon, have been compelled to admit that this was no vain nor vapid boast.

We have referred to the expression of Paul—"the things which are not bringing to naught things which are." There is something very significant in the consideration of the place. The city—to which Paul sent his letter, Corinth—was the most brilliant, the most luxurious in all its rich achievements, the most beautiful of the cities of Greece. It was the glory of Greece. Its temples were celebrated in the strains of its poets. It was a lovely spot unrivalled in architecture; its costly streets, sumptuous in their elegance or in their magnificent grandeur. It came to naught. The Mediterranean, as it spread before the eyes of the apostle—the mighty and the many-nationed sea—was to know a change. It was the scene of the long missionary voyages—the tours—the trials and the triumphs of St. Paul; and before the insemination of the words of this poor but singularly gifted man, a mighty transformation was to take place; and, in fact, the costly and splendid piles—the fanes—of Pagan worship were not only to quiver in the air, but to fall prostrate in decay and ruin. Perhaps it may seem that the line of this remark travels almost too exclusively along one road; but let the reader consider how important are these illustrations to the main purpose of the argument. The birth, the rise and progress of Christianity in its earlier ages, as well as in its latest lines, illustrate the whole principle

of the obscure ideas, and the mean and base things which have formed the pavement of the King's Highway, and the steps leading to the sceptre and the throne.

But the secular story of the world presents a series of the same illustrations—unnoticed events become the roots of Infinite affairs; the germ of things, which men had not discerned, were God's chosen, but adequate instruments of impalpable power, like electricity sleeping innocuous, but not therefore inoperative in a drop of rain. Indeed, here is that which statesmen always fear, the possibilities they cannot as yet measure, the secret things which germinate they know not how, but which may be destined to threaten their thrones. How singularly insignificant, again, we say, in the world of causes, have been the trifles which have roused and moved great nations; sometimes a hymn, sometimes a song, sometimes a martyr's scaffold, sometimes a discovery in science, sometimes a stray ship lighting by chance on a foreign shore: such are the things of which history is made; insignificant, but apply them to the story of our Faith, and then as used by Providence, the base and despised thing becomes sublime, for thus Infinite arrangements include what may be called infinitely small things, germs of thought, little books and tracts—nothing is too small for God to employ. The smallest thing may give equilibrium to the world; if "He weighs the mountains in scales," so He does also "the small dust of the balance." Thus the impalpable power of Christianity, a new living energy, arrayed meekness against might, and penitence and piety against jealousy and wrath; the fishermen of Gethsemane con-

verted the orators of the world; and the cross of the Crucified One became an object of even superstitious veneration, adorning the bosom of beauty, and illuminating the sceptres and the diadems of emperors and kings.

And ancient and secular history, not less than modern and sacred, illustrates a Divine Providence controlling human affairs. Think of Greece, of Athens, think of the great decisive battles of the ancient world, think of Salamis—

"A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
And ships by thousands lay below;
And men in nations all were his.
He counted them at break of day,
And at the sunset, where were they?"

History is full of instances in which the destinies of nations, and sometimes of races, and sometimes of the world, have been suspended on turning-points whose slightest deflection no science or philosophy the world has ever had or ever will have, can hope to estimate with even an approximation to correctness. It has been truly said that the breaking of an oar in the boat which carried the message from Themistocles to the Persian admiral the night before the battle of Salamis, might have given victory to the Persian armament, and might have founded an Oriental supremacy, and instead of a Grecian have given a Persian literature to colour the course of European thought for long succeeding ages. But the contingencies of history, by which the sceptre of the King controlled the course of ages, afford far too important a series of illustrations to be dismissed at the end of a paper.

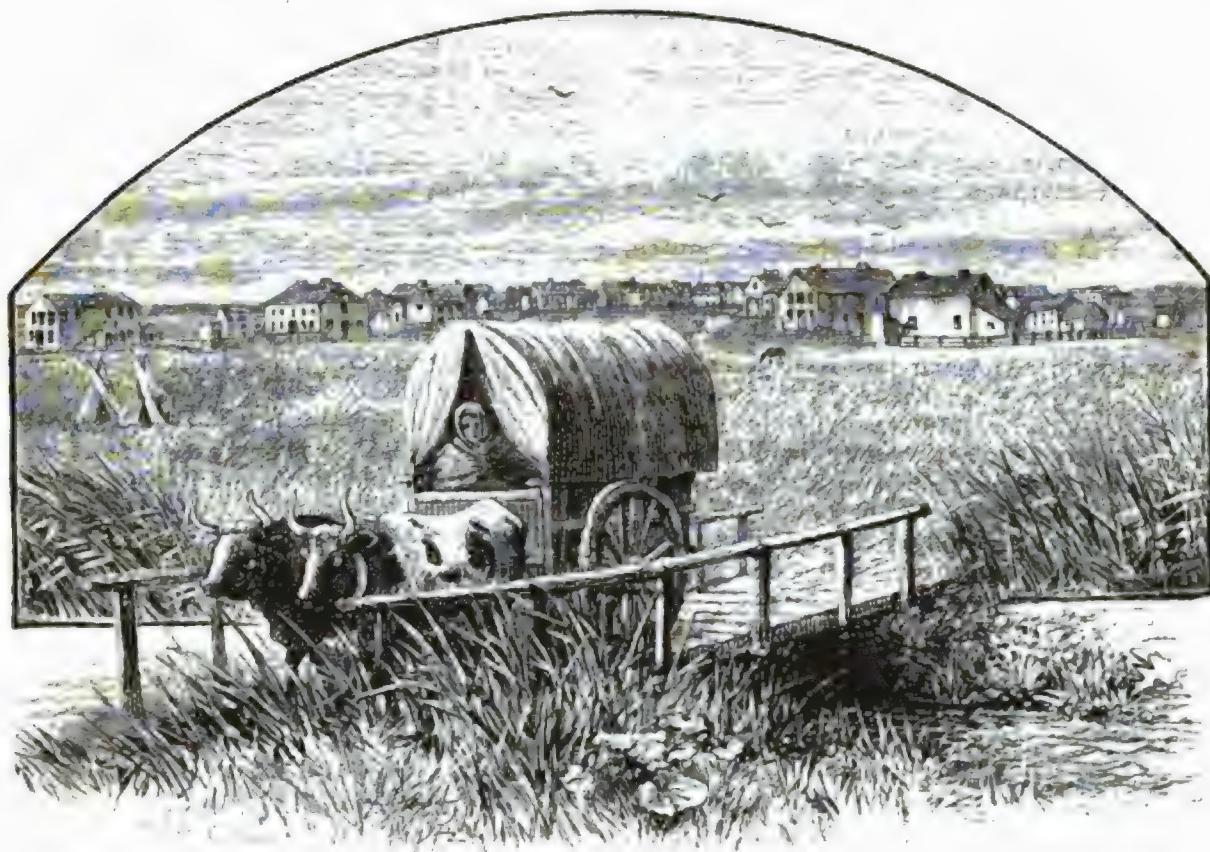
NOTES OF A JOURNEY TO THE NORTH WEST LAND.

III.

TEN years ago Winnipeg was still described as an unsightly Indian village. Now it has over 20,000 inhabitants, three colleges, a university, several banks and public buildings, such as City Hall, City Offices, Post Office, Police Office, Market and Fire Hall, a general Hospital, a public Library, many hotels, a Young Men's Christian Association, Schools and Churches of all denominations. Winnipeg proper is built in the fork of the two rivers, the Red and the Assiniboine, opposite the Roman Catholic colony of St. Boniface, which lies on the eastern bank of the Red River. Near the junction of the two rivers is the old Fort (Fort Gibraltar), formerly the stronghold of the North-West Company, and not far from that is Fort Garry, the Hudson Bay Company's quarters. Beyond the other end of the town, on the banks of the Red River, stood formerly Fort Douglas, built by the Selkirk colonists, and named after their leader, which in 1816 was the scene of the deadly attack by the Bois Brûlés on behalf of the North West Company. The site of this fort has now been swallowed up

by the Red River, which has encroached on its crumbling banks, so that it is now in some parts nearly double the size it then was. The three Colleges, the Church of England at St. John's, the Presbyterian or Manitoba College, founded at Kildonan and removed in 1874 to Winnipeg, and the Roman Catholic at St. Boniface, have equal representation in the Council of Winnipeg University, founded in 1875. Each college has its own hall, its own teaching staff, and its separate faculty in theology, and all three seem to be flourishing.

But to return to Winnipeg itself. At first sight it is a straggling place, very irregularly built on the prairie, and down the banks of the river. The streets seem to be thrown about in all directions, though an effort has been made to centralise them by one broad road, called Main Street, which at certain times of the year is ploughed up, and at others is quite impassable, through mud. The pavements here, as in all the Canadian towns, are wooden platforms, called "board walks," and there are wooden walks



WINNIPEG.

across the roads at intervals. The houses are of every possible size and variety, the larger ones of brick faced with stone, and a great many simply wooden shanties; some painted various colours, and named the "blue house," or the "red house," and some with great signs, such as the Golden Lion, which is a "dry goods store" (Anglicé, linendraper's). Instead of going to St. Boniface to look after my luggage, which we had not brought over the night before, we went to an omnibus office, where the man held a conversation through a telephone with the Custom-house officers, who appeared to be quite as difficult to satisfy as their colleagues in France or Germany, and were very suspicious of the R. T. S. box of books for the Rapid City Library.

It will be a great advantage to Manitoba to have the Canadian Pacific Railway through from Lake Superior, as now travellers are obliged to come through the States, and besides the enormously high fares and charge for goods, the luggage cannot be checked right through, and the Custom-house officers seeing an American check on it always choose to imagine that it has come from the States. Eventually, however, we got my luggage passed and conveyed over to the wharf on the river. The Red River is very different from the Mississippi. It is a muddy river with low banks of red mud, which are constantly breaking away: nevertheless, near St. John's, about a mile and a half out of the town, it is very pretty, with wooded banks. In the afternoon E. hired a buggy, and we drove out to St. John's, where we saw the Cathedral, the Bishop's house, a College for boys and young men, and

rather nearer the town, the Ladies' College, which is really a large girls' school for the province.

This was my first drive on a Manitoban road, and I certainly wondered at the ruts and holes which it seemed almost impossible to escape. Fortunately the road was quite dry. Ox-carts and waggons are continually driving over the prairie with a creaking sound, which reminds one of the moaning of the sea. On the way home we went to see one of the prettiest houses in the place, a really comfortable-looking brick house (a sort of villa), standing in a garden. In the morning we had called on a judge, who gave an excellent account of Miss Macpherson's boys, and said that those whom he had come across were doing very well. At Winnipeg I should think there is a great deal for a judge to do, for there are a great many, too many, saloons (*i.e.* public houses), and a dreadful amount of drinking. Numbers of young men are sent out from England on account of intemperance, and only fall into worse temptation here. Having passed Winnipeg they may be comparatively safe, as in the North West territory there is a Prohibitory Liquor Law making it absolutely illegal to import alcohol except for medicinal purposes, or in a few cases by special permit obtained from the Governor. The penalty for breaking this law is at the rate of \$200 for a bottle of whiskey. It is difficult at times to enforce it in such a wide district with a scarcity of police, but the strong public opinion which exists in its favour is generally sufficient to preserve it.* There are few police between

* Since this was written a large portion of the North West territory, including Rapid City, has been incorporated

Winnipeg and Rapid City, the first station being forty miles beyond (a distance of 200 miles from Winnipeg)—but such is the difference between Canada and some of the Western States of America that cases of robbery or violence are almost unknown. It is absolutely illegal to sell drink to Indians, but they are said to get it a good deal through the half-breeds. It seems a great pity that the whole of this new country should not profit by all the warnings which it might read in the condition of the old country, and keep clear of all those vested interests in the drink traffic, which are already beginning to hamper it. Some people think that the whole province will soon adopt the prohibitory law, but that Winnipeg will be the last town to consent to it.

The judge was lamenting over the difficulty of obtaining and keeping female servants. In hotels they get fifteen dollars a month, and all found, and they certainly do just what they like, in both hotels and private houses, and expect to be treated as members of the family. At Mrs. G.'s the new "help," when asked if she were going to church on Sunday night, replied, "No, I am going for a drive;" and accordingly as we left the house we saw a smart buggy which had just deposited the young lady, after Mrs. G. had performed all her duties, such as getting supper ready, etc., in her absence. Good servants can get almost anything they ask. I should advise any one coming to Winnipeg to bring boots that will not require blacking, as it seems impossible to get them blacked unless you are fortunate enough to have a brother who will do them. I suppose Canadian servants think they must draw the line somewhere, and so they draw it at blacking boots. Washing has to be asked quite as a favour, though the charge is four shillings a dozen. When I suggested I should be glad to get my Sunday dress ironed, I was told that they could lend me an ironing board and an iron in the kitchen if I liked, so accordingly I went down and had a merry time over it. On the other hand those servants I have seen, both at Galt and at Winnipeg, are extremely pleasant and polite, and seemed to me more refined and intelligent than the generality of the same class in England.

The mixture of classes is very great. You find carpenters and artizans in the first-class cars talking on an equality with doctors, ministers, and other gentlemen. The reason is that in families of farmers (and nearly every one has a farm, or gets one as soon as he can afford it), one boy will be brought up as an artizan, another as a farmer, another as a clergyman, and so on, but all up to a certain point having the same education, and all, whatever the profession afterwards, being expected to work with the

into the Province of Manitoba, and the inhabitants, numbering about 10,000, showed their appreciation of practical temperance by refusing to be included in the Province unless their Prohibitory Liquor Law was retained. The people of Marquette and Lisgar have adopted, by popular vote, the Canada Temperance Act, which prohibits the sale of intoxicants, though not their use, so that the City of Winnipeg and the counties of Selkirk and Provencher are the only three places in the Canadian North West where liquor can be sold.

hands while young. Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town Folks" gives a splendid picture of family farm life. The fact is there is none of the distinction between wholesale and retail which we have in England. A man is considered just as much a gentleman whether he works on a farm or at a carpenter's bench, or sells in a shop, or has a manufactory, or a merchant's office. The waiter at this hotel is a doctor, who has taken to waiting for a little change.

After this digression, I must go back to our life at Winnipeg. On Friday evening we walked round by the river, and saw a most lovely sunset light over the Church and Convent of St. Boniface. On Saturday we visited the Hudson Bay Company's stores, which is like an enlarged general shop, containing almost everything you could imagine, from soap to clocks and watches. We saw there enormous piles of skins, and buffalo robes, heaps and heaps of them, but they would not sell any yet, as they had not sorted and priced them. They say the buffalo skins will be very dear this year, because the buffaloes went across the line. I suppose the Canadians charge duty on them when they are killed.

Winnipeg, Tuesday.—We have been detained here since our arrival on Thursday evening waiting for the boat (the last of the season), to take us up the Assiniboine to Rapid City. On Sunday we took a walk before church on the prairie, where the railway is being made. Only fifteen miles are made yet, and there is a talk of an English company taking it up, but they seem to think this will not be done. It would be a very bad thing for the country, as the company would have a reserve in each alternate section of fifty miles on each side of the railway, and that would lead to much speculation in land. On the other hand the Canadian Government is too poor to make the line, and it is important for the settlers that it should be finished soon.* We came to a tent on the prairie, with a family of half-breeds, who seemed very pleased to receive coloured texts, and tracts, and talked French with us.

In the afternoon Mrs. G. kindly called for me after Sunday-school, and took us home to tea with her. It is about half an hour's walk to the Ladies' College, and five or ten minutes further to the Cathedral. It seems a pity that both are not placed nearer the town, as it is too far on these very bad roads for people or scholars to come out in bad weather. We much enjoyed our evening. The Ladies' College is empty now, as it is vacation time, but in the term there are from twenty to twenty-five pupils boarding in the house. It is most comfortably fitted up, and has large school-rooms and class-rooms, and very nice rooms for the teachers and pupils, and a beautiful Library, and Music-room. After tea we went to the Cathedral, which is a large, rather dilapidated wooden church, standing in a church-yard among trees. The St. John's College for boys and Missionary Students is close by, and one or two other houses.

On Monday evening, we took the ferry to

* In the summer of 1882 the railway had advanced miles beyond Winnipeg.

St. Boniface. There we went up to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and found it nearly full of people; we heard the end of a sermon in French from Bishop La Flèche from Ontario. After the service, the people all seemed to be going in the direction of the Bishop's Garden, so we went too, and found a number of little boys running about with Chinese lanterns, which some men were helping them to hang on the trees. We asked why they were illuminating, and were told it was because Bishop La Flèche, who used to live there eighteen years ago, had been on a visit to St. Boniface, and was leaving the next day. The garden looked very pretty indeed when it was illuminated with the many coloured lanterns, and the children were so happy, and bright about it, it was very pleasant to see them. It was a lovely evening as we came home, with another glorious sunset. On Monday we saw a house being moved from one side of the street to another. It was then standing across the middle of the road, drawn by horses, with all its sitting-room doors open, after being lifted by wedges and placed on rollers. This is quite a common occurrence.

Thursday morning we went down with all our luggage, at about 9 o'clock, as we had been instructed, but boats, like trains in this country, seem to start when they are ready. I forgot if I mentioned that at the stations there are blackboards, with notices chalked on them. "Train left (the last station) at . . . due at . . . will arrive about . . ." These times are chalked up just before the train arrives, and time tables are not very dependable. When at last, in the evening, the "Manitoba" started she only went over to St. Boniface, where there was a quantity of machinery close to the convent ready to be

loaded. This was a long business. E. had time to go up to the town to get some bread, and I had time to sketch the steamer from the shore, and to make an attempt at sketching the sunset from the deck. Quite late in the evening we moved off again, and turned into the Assiniboine, and stopped at the Old Fort, where a number of people came on. One poor lady, whose husband was expecting her at Rapid City, found her heart fail her at the last moment, and went off with her little boy, just as the gangway was being raised. The steamer is a most extraordinary erection, like a great barge with a tall house on it, or still more like a Noah's Ark with galleries all round and a tower in the middle. It only draws two feet of water or three when loaded, so it can float almost anywhere. The upper deck consists of a great saloon with a sort of verandah in front and gallery all round, the cabins all opening into the saloon and into the gallery. The accommodation is passable, but the cabins are small and the food poor and the attendance second-rate, with the exception of that of the stewardess, an active and kindly hearted woman, a native of Kent in the old country. Overhead the roof of the saloon forms an upper platform, which is at present loaded with farm machinery. And above that is the steering house, a little square tower where we sit when we wish for a breeze and a particularly good view. The steamer has a large paddle wheel at the back and great furnaces in which wood is burnt, and at intervals along the river there are wood-piles, where we stop to replenish our stock of fuel. These stopping places are not very desirable, for the mosquitoes come in armies out of the woods and make raids upon us poor unfortunate. In the daytime (having made a conquest of the boat at night) they seem determined to skirmish with us even while we are moving, and not even veils and leather gloves and gaiters can resist their stings. Not being sufficiently experienced in choosing a cabin, I found that the



INDIAN TEPEE.

one allotted to me was exactly over the furnace, and that the stovo pipe was carried up through my berth, leaving spaces through which I could distinctly perceive the flames not far below, and by means of which also a stream of mosquitoes advanced to the attack. It was in vain to shut the window, to stop up the ventilators with towels, and fasten white net in front of the berth. My enemies still advanced up the stove-pipe. The heat was almost intolerable, and after hours of restless tossing, and listening to the whining of a poor dog on deck above my head, I was thankful when the boat moved on at dawn, and the fresh air to some extent dispersed the intruders. When I came into the saloon to breakfast I was greeted with the exclamation that I looked as though I had had the small-pox, and the next two days were spent chiefly on the sofa under an attack of mosquito fever. However I changed my room, and with the help of net curtains succeeded in getting some rest at night. The Assiniboine runs through a deep valley, which is really a groove cut by the river for itself out of the level prairie. The views have been most beautiful. Often we are sailing through a great park, with woods stretching away on each side of the river, great trees with underwood below. In fact on each bank there is a belt of forest land, showing that the moisture of the river has preserved the trees from the ravages of prairie fires, which have rendered the greater part of the prairie bare of wood. There are so many turns in the river, so many little green islands between which we have to dodge, that we wonder how we get round them, but though the "Manitoba" looks unwieldy she twists about most cleverly. At night we sit on the top deck and watch the view by moonlight, singing hymns at intervals, and talking to the sailors or passengers. On Wednesday morning we arrived at a place called White Horse Plains, where lived a man, half French, half Indian, who most benevolently invited us into his house, and gave us strawberries and cream. He was so generous in his ideas, that he put a great dish of them before me, and I had to get a plate for myself off his dresser, before he would understand that I did not want such a liberal portion. He quite refused to accept any payment, but he and some of the men near seemed glad of some little French books. While we were there a settler's waggon arrived, and I had some talk with the man, who had taken up land at a place beyond Rapid City, and was then going down to Winnipeg to fetch his wife and family. The next place we stopped at was Baie St. Paul, where there is a shop, and a Roman Catholic church, and priest's house.

This morning early, we arrived at Portage la Prairie, and finding we should be there for some hours we walked into the town, where E. had some business to do. On the way we saw that the road had just been ploughed, and was now being levelled with scrapers, each drawn by two horses. People here will not do a single thing that they can get machinery to do. They would never think of setting men to take up the mud with spades. We were preparing to walk on to the further end of the town, when we met Mr. G., the clergyman of Portage, who most

kindly offered us the use of his buggy, promising to wait until we returned; so we had a very pleasant drive to the other end, where we went to look at some buffalo skins, etc., and when we came back, Mr. G. kindly drove me down with our purchases to the boat, which was close to his home. At Portage I saw my first live Indian in paint and blanket. He had a bright scarlet blanket wound about him most gracefully, over his calico garments, and very red paint on his cheeks, and long lanky hair: he wore a queer sort of black head-dress, and carried a fan. We saw plenty more when we stopped at the next place, where there was a collection of Indian teepees, or tents, and all the inhabitants came down to stare at us—little boys with blankets thrown round them and belts worked with beads, and smaller boys in linen shirts without blankets, and squaws, young and old, with the queerest little papooses, or babies, each tied on to a board, with a projection above the child's head, and a mosquito curtain hung from it. Their little hands looked so funny, folded together, and wrapped round in a bundle in the middle of the board. When the mother wants to play with the baby, she dangles the board about, or if she carries it, she slings it backwards over her shoulders, so that the mosquito curtain may protect it.

A number of Indians clambered over our barge on to the steamer, and I offered them some coloured texts, not knowing whether they could speak English. They prefer not to do so, but I think some of them can, for when I asked a man if he understood English he said "No," which made everyone laugh, but they liked the bright colours of the texts very much and treated them carefully. I only gave one or two at first, but several more boys came and stood looking at me and the texts, as if they wanted them, but were too proud to ask, until I gave each of them one, when they went away. They are very graceful in running; it was quite pretty to see some of the younger ones scrambling for some apples, which the steward gave them, and trying to help with the ship's line; but they do not look at all merry, and the grown up men have very grave, rather sad looks. The squaws nearly all smoke. There are two Indian sailors on board, but the captain says they are not very good for work. We found a house at this landing belonging to a settler, and got some milk and eggs from his wife, who had some pretty little children. She seemed to find it rather lonely, and said the Indians were not much company; they only came to beg when they were hungry. She was extremely glad of some tracts and cards, and was evidently a nice Christian woman. We often see very lonely settlers' log-houses, generally inhabited by half-breeds, but sometimes by British or Ontarian settlers, with a small patch of land cleared round the house. When we were at breakfast one morning at Winnipeg, a Scotchman came to the restaurant and sat down by us saying, "It does seem strange to be in the city again; for three months I have not seen anyone to speak to except sometimes on Sunday." He lived at a place on the Red River, and praised the land there, especially for cattle breeding.

VISIT TO THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN DE WYCLIFFE.

MANY might, no doubt, wish to see the place where the illustrious John de Wycliffe first saw the light. The writer of this paper would have made such a pilgrimage long ago had he known how easily the place could be reached. The little village of Wycliffe, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, lies in a romantic dale not far off the high road from Richmond to Barnard Castle, about eleven miles from the former and four miles from the latter. The exact spot of the birth-place is now unknown, but is said to have been in the hamlet of Spresswall, close to the river Tees, about half a mile from the present village of Wycliffe. Spresswall itself and its ancient chapel, though both were in existence in the eighteenth century, have passed away, and the site is now ploughed land. But the parish church of Wycliffe, in which the Reformer was probably baptized, yet remains; and the aspect of the country has been little changed. His writings contain many allusions to the scenery, and the historic associations of that region, the natural features of which must have influenced the formation of his character, which had much of the sturdiness and strength of the men of these Northern Yorkshire dales.

The Wycliffe family were lords of the manor of Wycliffe, and patrons of the rectory, from the time of the Conquest. Representatives of the family continued to occupy the manor house, still seen on the height above the parish church, till the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the estate was carried by marriage to the Tonstall family. The Wycliffes continued in the communion of the Romish Church. Even after the Reformation they, together with half the people of the village, remained Romanists, and their conduct bears fruit to the present day. The old parish church belongs to the establishment, but the Roman Catholic inhabitants worship in a chapel of their own, adjoining the Manor-house.

Little is known of John de Wycliffe's early life. The date of his birth is variously given, but he probably went to Oxford about 1335, entering as a student in the College then recently founded by John Balliol, great grandson of the builder of the imposing edifice from which the town of Barnard's Castle derived both its name and its existence. Who were his teachers is also doubtful, but it is supposed that he came under the influence of Richard Fitzralph, then in the zenith of his fame as a lecturer and preacher; who, after having held the Chancellorship of the University, was advanced to the Archbishopric of Armagh and primacy of Ireland.

Fitzralph was a zealous opponent of the abuses of the Romish Church. Lechler says of him, "Richard of Armagh has the spirit of a reformer in the noblest sense; he is a man who contends against ecclesiastical abuses with combined wisdom and zeal; with eye uplifted to Christ,

and with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

Thomas Bradwardine, a man of kindred spirit, was also one of the lights of Oxford in those days, and we can well believe that from such influences Wycliffe received the first impulse in his Christian course, and his high purpose of attacking error and spreading the doctrines of God's Word.

But let the reader return with us to the place from the darkness of which young Wycliffe escaped in his early youth.

In the chancel of the old church are memorial brasses exhibiting the arms of the Wycliffe family, and recording the names of various individuals, including William Wycliffe, Lord of the Manor of Wycliffe, A.D. 1537. There is also a stone built into the outer wall of the church on the south side, having a large foliated cross richly sculptured with other memorials of the family. The church has also some very curious figures in its stained glass windows, one representing Joseph the husband of the Virgin Mary with a carpenter's plane in his hand. In ludicrous contrast to these memorials of a past which excites our reverential interest, as we step across the threshold our feet comes in contact with a stone which bears the following suggestive, but not very edifying, inscription:—"John Bayles, who died 26 November, 1755, aged 46, as he lived so he died, *an Non est Man.*"

Leaving the church, we see the overhanging cliffs through which the little brook (Wy) forced its way to join the Tees ages long anterior to the period when the hamlet on its banks took the name of Wycliffe. Amidst these haunts Wycliffe spent his early life, and it may be that the courage and capacity of his later years found appropriate nurture from the stern solitude of this sequestered spot. Much of that vigorous independence in the pursuit of right, and indifference to the compromising compliances of courtiers and politicians which characterised Wycliffe's public life, may have derived its inspiration from the surroundings of his youth. At all events the genius of the place seems in perfect harmony with the Elijah-like character which, in the early half of the fourteenth century, emerged from its obscurity, to dazzle the greatest scholars of his time by the profound subtlety of his philosophy, to animate the hearts of patriots by his courageous resistance to the intolerable usurpations of the papacy; to cheer the seekers after Gospel truth by his luminous unfolding of its verities, in opposition to the pernicious superstitions of Rome, and above all to give to the starved myriads of his countrymen the heavenly manna of God's Word in the familiar language of their own Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Milton speaks of "the divine and admirable spirit of Wyclif," and says that "he was honoured of God to be the first preacher of a general reformation to all Europe."

Wycliffe died December 30, 1384. The papal

clergy betrayed indecent joy at his death, the Council of Constance, thirty years after, decreed that his remains should be disinterred and scattered. The carrying out of this decree led to the throwing his decaying body into a brook near Lutterworth, one of the tributaries of the Avon. "And thus," says old Fuller, the church historian, "his brother did convey his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow sea, and this into the wide ocean. And so the ashes of Wyclif are the emblems of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

It is strange, discreditably strange, that a man who wrought such mighty achievements, and endured such life-long opposition, not merely to the advantage of England, but to the profit of universal Christendom, should have received so little recognition, even in the land of his birth and of his life-long labour. No memorial of him exists either in his native village, nor amid the halls of the university to which he brought such renown, and attracted so many students; unless we consider the portraits in the rectory at Wycliffe (most carefully resuscitated by the present Rector), and at Balliol College, Oxford, as such. Nor in London, where he so bravely confuted his adversaries, nor in York, where he received ordination, is there any memorial of him. Surely it is time that this omission were repaired. A plan is proposed to erect at least a monument in the Cathedral city of his native county, as well as to organise a society for publishing his hitherto inedited works. Let every one who values nobility of character, and unselfish devotion to the cause of truth and freedom, aid the enterprise.

J. N. W.

* * * The year 1884 will be the 500th anniversary of Wycliffe's death, and it is hoped that before then, "a Wycliffe Society" will be established for the publication of the works of the Reformer. Some of his most important treatises are still in manuscript, in the libraries of Vienna and Stockholm, as well as in England. A very influential committee have made arrangements, and invite co-operation. If 300 members can be obtained for the "Wycliffe's Society" at one guinea a year; it is estimated that in ten years the whole of the works would be published.

This publication scheme is excellent in its way, but we hope that some more ready and popular method will be adopted for celebrating the anniversary in 1884. Prizes might be offered, either at the universities, or open to general competition for the best little book on Wycliffe's Life and Times, with extracts from his writings. Some monumental memorial might surely be also planned, even if the execution of the plan were postponed till the publication of the prize essay, or essays attracted wider attention to the subject.

The materials for a popular life of the Reformer are now ample. In addition to the biographies by Dr. Shirley, Dr. Robert Vaughan, and Professor Lo Bas, there is the book on "John Wyclif and his Precursors," by Professor Lechler of Leipsic, translated by Dr. Lorimer, and a smaller book, "Wyclif's Place in History," by Professor Montagu Burrows of Oxford, which we commend to all interested in the subject.

Pages for the Young.

THROUGH THE MIST.

I.



Na pleasant little village in Wales there lived, some years ago, an aged couple named Owen. For nearly half a century the Owens occupied the small farm in which they still lived, and were among the most respected inhabitants of the district.

Owen ap Owen, as the old man liked to be styled, cultivated the land with his own hands, assisted only by a labourer and cow-boy, while Moggy, his wife, attended to the dairy and looked after the house affairs.

The Owens had had only two children, both of whom were dead, but they had under their charge a little granddaughter nearly seven years of age; she had been left an orphan very young, and her grandparents had brought her up from the time.

Little Matty was the life of the house, and the joy of her grandparents. Oftentimes Moggy would take her upon her knee and caress her until she almost thought she was young again and was nursing her own child, Matty's mother. She was a loving and engaging child, full of fun, and yet in some things older than her years. When she walked with her grandfather to the little meeting-house, the only place of worship within walking distance of Owen's home, she would talk so sagely about the Bible and the histories it contained that the old farmer would fancy she was too knowing, and wonder what she would become if she grew up to womanhood. But sometimes she asked too curious questions.

"Grandfather," said Matty one Sunday morning as they walked to chapel, "don't you think God knows everything?"

"Yes, Mattie, for sure He does," was the answer.

"Then He knows that you had a bad wheat crop this year?"

"Yes, my child. God knows that; but why do you ask?"

"Because I want to know why He lets you have it bad."

"Look you, child," answered the grandfather, "you must not ask such questions; if the Almighty sees fit to let my crops fail I must just give in to His will."

Poor little Matty, her faith was not so strong as her grandfather's; she had only just begun to have any faith at all; and no wonder that she could not understand that God sometimes tries His people for their own good.

"Look you, my child," said Owen, after a long pause, "God is everywhere, and He knows everything, and if we only trust in Him, He will see that no real harm comes to us. His love is shown sometimes in the very troubles that come upon us. It is not right to doubt the Lord's love or wisdom."

Strange to say the preacher at the meeting-house that day spoke especially of the providence of God, and the manner in which He makes all things work together for good to them that love Him.

Matty listened attentively; but she could not yet quite understand why her grandfather, who was so good and kind, should have to bear the trials that he had, and she puzzled her little head over the matter for a long time without coming to any satisfactory conclusion.

Not many days afterwards her grandfather was taken ill, and it was necessary to call in a doctor; just at the time, the man and boy were away, and Mrs. Owen could find no one among her neighbours who could go to the town to fetch him.

"Why don't you send Matty?" inquired one; "my Davey should go directly if he was at home, but he won't be back for an hour or two."

"I can go, grandmother," said Matty, "it is not far."

"Are you sure that you could find the way, Matty?" asked her anxious grandmother.

"Yes, for sure I am, grandmother, I have been ever so many times."

"But not alone, my dear——"

"No, but I know the path and—do let me go, graney, I will be so quick;" so it was decided that Matty should go to the town and ask the doctor to come to see her grandfather.

Matty was soon on her way, and very quickly she got over the ground; her anxiety for her dear grandfather made her eager to reach the doctor's as soon as possible.

The path that Matty had to take was a very winding one, and led through a thick wood on the side of one of the hills that surrounded the village in which she lived. She had more than three miles to walk, but that was of little consequence to her, for she was used to running about on the hills, and on many days, when she was not at school, walked far further distances; besides, her dear grandfather was ill, and she was ready to do anything for him.

"Please is doctor Davis at home?" asked Matty, when she reached the surgery.

"No, my dear," returned the servant who had answered Matty's modest ring; "but he will be in directly, I expect. You had better sit down and wait a little."

For some time Matty sat quietly waiting for the doctor to arrive, but at length she grew impatient, and wondered how long it would be before he returned.

Presently the servant came into the room again and talked to Matty, and asked her a number of questions as to where she lived and what her name was, and so on.

"Please, I can't wait much longer," Matty ventured to say at last. "I must get back home before it is dark."

"Very well, I will ask master to come and see your grandfather; perhaps he will be there before you."

So Matty set out on her homeward journey. She ran as quickly as she could when she got out of the town, for she wanted to reach home before it became dark, and the thought of her suffering grandfather made her anxious to get there as soon as she could.

"Poor grandfather," she said to herself as she ran along, "I hope he is better."

Before Matty was half way home, the evening was drawing in, and it began to get dusk, besides which a heavy fog was rising, and she had some difficulty in keeping the path. We call it a path, but really it was only a track made by the persons who walked from the village in which Owen ap Owen lived, to the neighbouring town.

After Matty had been walking for some time she came to the wood, and found she had to get over a stile. "Why," said the little Welsh girl, "for sure I didn't get over a stile as I came?" and then she began to think she must have lost her way.

Those who know the Welsh hills will understand how perplexing it must be to lose one's way on one of them. In many places there are hardly any paths, and in some places none at all; there are many sheep tracks, and they are very puzzling, as it is hard to distinguish them from the regular footpaths.

Matty was quite right in thinking she had missed her way; she had, indeed, wandered some distance from it.

"Never mind," she said to herself, "I shall soon find my

way home; it can't be far from here," and so she went on into the wood. Little did she think how long it would be before she reached her home.

After walking some distance Matty became more perplexed as to her whereabouts, she could not tell at all where she was; everything was unfamiliar to her, and to add to her difficulty the fog was every moment increasing in density. Brave as she was, Matty could not help becoming a little frightened; she hardly knew whether to go on until she came to some familiar object, by which she could ascertain where she was, or to retrace her steps; she eventually decided on the latter course, but when she had gained the outskirts of the wood the heavy fog entirely prevented her from seeing the path, and Matty could no longer conceal from herself the fact that she was lost.

What could she do? She knew that it was exceedingly dangerous to walk along the rugged path, even if she could keep it, as in some places it was very steep and rocky; and if she wandered from it, she might at any moment walk over one of the many walls of rock that she knew surrounded her, in which case death would almost certainly be the result.

In her difficulty she sat down on the stile, which she discovered by the sense of feeling only; and considered what was best to be done. Matty had yet to learn the deeper truth that God, in His care for the soul, does not always grant deliverance from bodily danger. But she knew that she might trust Him. She remembered what her grandfather had said; and all her heart now went into the prayer that He would help and protect her. Not a sparrow falleth to the ground, but our heavenly Father knoweth. She prayed earnestly that He would take care of her; she prayed, too, that her grandfather and grandmother might be kept from feeling alarm at her absence. After this, Matty felt less alarm. She got down from the stile and began to grope her way as best she could along the narrow path; she went very slowly, for she knew that if she left the track even for only a few steps she would have great difficulty in finding it again, and then she might wander on in the darkness until she met with a sudden death by falling over one of the steep, stony banks.

Poor little Matty! it was an anxious time for her, but she still pursued her way, taking every precaution not to leave the track. After walking for some distance she thought she heard the bleating of sheep, and the sound of voices. Yes, she could not be mistaken, there was some one not very far from her. No sooner was she sure of this than she shouted as loudly as she could.

"What is that?" she heard one voice say.

"It was some one close by the old quarry" was the answer, and Matty could hear it as plainly as possible, for the sound rose up to her although her cries had hardly reached the persons below.

"Close to an old quarry," Matty said to herself, "then I must not move, or I shall fall into it." And then she called again, "Do come and help me, or I shall be killed?"

"Where are you?" was the response.

"I don't know, I have lost my way," cried Matty.

"Then stay where you are till I come up to you," answered one of the men Matty had heard speaking.

For some minutes she stood quite still waiting to hear the sound of a脚步声. Presently a voice reached her, shouting, "Whereabouts are you?"

"Here, up here," she answered. Soon afterwards she was called to again, but she could not see any one, and she prayed again most fervently that the man who was trying to help her might be kept from harm, for she was afraid that he too might wander from the path, and fall into the quarry.

Presently Matty, who had called several times to direct

the man, saw a figure approaching her; she thought it must be a giant, it looked so large and tall, and she felt a little frightened, for she had an idea that giants were cruel to little children; but in another minute she was reassured, for when the form came close to her, she saw that it was only that of a man of ordinary stature; the mist had made him appear so tall.

"Why, Matty," said the man, who recognised the little girl, "however came you here? and on such a day too!"

"Oh, Mr. Jones, I am so glad you came," cried Matty. "Will you take me home?"

"Yes, I will take you to my own cottage, but you cannot go to your grandfather's until the fog lifts." Then the good-natured man took Matty up in his arms, and began slowly to descend the hill; and as they were going down he explained to the child that she was a long way from Owen ap Owen's house; that she had taken quite a wrong path, and followed a direction opposite to that which she wished to traverse.

"But what will grandfather and grandmother think?" exclaimed Matty. "Grandfather is so ill, and he will be frightened if I don't go home!"

"You can't help that, Matty," returned the shepherd; "perhaps it will clear up presently, and then I will take you home."

But the fog did not clear off; in fact, it grew worse and worse, and before Matty and her friend the shepherd reached the latter's cottage it was so dense that it was only with difficulty that they could see one another, although they walked hand in hand.

"Where are the sheep, Mr. Jones?" asked Matty, as they walked along.

"Oh! David has taken them home all right; he will be there before us, I dare say."

And this proved to be the case. David had reached home before his father and Matty, and the sheep were safely in the yard.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

VI.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

Text for the day. "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." (Matt. xxvi. 41.)

Read Matt. iv. 1-11 and Luke iv. 1-13.

Our Lord had gone down into the Jordan and had there been baptized by John, and now, "full of the Holy Ghost," He went forth to the lonely and desolate wilderness, to meet that tempter whom He alone of all the sons of men could in His own strength overcome. It was a dreadful journey, but this was one of those sufferings which for our sakes the Saviour went through. In the words of Mark, "the spirit driveth him into the wilderness; and he was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan; and was with the wild beasts; and the angels ministered unto him" (Mark i. 12, 13). There is a dreary region to the west of Jericho, which is thought to have been the scene of this awful encounter; a mountain, called Quarantania, rises from the plain, all white and bare and bleak, scorched by the sun, and dotted with rocky caves, in which hyenas and other wild beasts make their dens. Jesus was "with the wild beasts," but there was one there who was a far worse foe than the wild beasts; who was that? There was no harm that the wild beasts could have done to him equal to the harm which the devil tried to do, for those creatures could only have killed the body, but the tempter tries to destroy the soul of man; and therefore we earnestly pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," that is, from the evil one—the devil.

However, we have no reason to think that the beasts would have harmed the Lord, though He was all those forty days wandering about in that wilderness. At the end

of those days, when He was weary and faint with hunger, came a voice to him quite softly, with the words, which seemed to have no harm in them, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread!" My dear children, tell me the words in which Jesus gave His answer (Matt. iv. 4), and learn those words by heart, and write them out fully in your books; and may God give you grace to remember them, if ever the devil tempts you to think that man can live by bread alone, and rather give up the Word of God than do without bread! This was the first thing the tempter wanted to make the Lord do; mark how He answered him—"It is written!" Can you find the place where it is written? (Deut. viii. 3.) See what honour the Lord puts upon God's written Word! How important for you to make yourself well acquainted with it! (Heb. iv. 12.)

"If thou be the Son of God," said the tempter in his first attack, pretending he did not know! Again, in the second temptation he begins in the same way, when he had taken the Lord to Jerusalem, and had set him on a high, dangerous, dizzy height, the pinnacle of the temple. "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down!" What did he say the angels would do? What passage of the Bible did he quote? (Psa. xcii. 11.) As if the Lord Jesus needed to make proof of His being the Son of God by any such rash act! What was the Saviour's answer? To "tempt the Lord our God" means to put ourselves into needless danger, either of body or soul, in the expectation that God will work a miracle to save us. Jesus says "it is written" again, and repeats God's command—that was enough.

But the devil had still another temptation, the one before which so many fall! He took him to the top of a high mountain,—what did he show the Lord? What did he promise him? What did he ask Him to do? One wonders how he could be so bold as to make such an offer, and to tell such a lie! At the horrid proposal, "Fall down and worship me," the meek and lowly Jesus answered with burning words, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Such a thought was not to be endured; the tempter had gone too far! Again he heard the words of God's written Word, and what were those which Jesus now repeated? (Deut. vi. 13.) It was sufficient; "then the devil leaveth him." Jesus had gained the victory, and had shown us the way to victory, in His strength and looking to Him for help.

"And behold angels came and ministered unto him."

Now tell me what were the three temptations? And the three answers of our Lord? One of you may look out and read 2 Peter ii. 9. Another may read Matt. vi. 18; and a third, Heb. ii. 18.

Sing,—"Oh, happy band of pilgrims!"

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

no. v.

A Short Prayer from the Psalms.

1. To him to live was Christ, to die was gain.
2. Ah! desolate mourner, weeping tears like rain!
3. More youthful than the three, thou speakest right.
4. The lord hath given him wisdom, wealth and might.
5. First born, yet having not his rights of birth.
6. Fly forth, strong bird! Seek some dry spot of earth.
7. This was the savoury meat that Isaac loved.
8. Thy comforting hath not a pain removed.
9. Found in the flood—tended by royal hand.
10. The simple word that for our Yes doth stand.
11. The eldest son of him who built the ark.
12. A friend of friendless ones in days most dark.
13. Rash and presumptuous one! How dread thy fate!
14. Chief captain of a guard 'midst danger great.

M. E. R.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THY WEEK WAS DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Marymont.*



MADAME DE BRUDNER'S VISIT TO THE CZAR.

THE CZAR AND THE BIBLE.

IT is night—the night of the 4th of June, 1815, the memorable year when our great English Duke overthrew Napoleon at Waterloo. But Waterloo is yet in the future; the allied monarchs are in arms to meet their terrible adversary, and expect no less than a long and doubtful conflict. Heilbronn is the head-quarters of a great army on its march against the common foe; but the noise and clamour that have filled the town all day are now hushed and still, for the hour is very late. Lights are burning yet in a quiet room

where an officer sits alone. He is trying to read, but he cannot fix his attention on the page before him. A dark cloud of care rests on his brow, and ever and anon he sighs deeply. No wonder he is anxious and troubled, for heavy is his responsibility, and vast are the interests committed to his keeping. He is the greatest of all the sovereigns engaged against Napoleon, Alexander, Emperor of Russia. But it seems that he is not thinking of Napoleon now; for the book upon which he is trying so earnestly to fix his attention is no military report, no plan of the seat of war, but something very different—a collection of passages of Scripture and of prayers.

While the Emperor sits in mournful thought,

PRICE ONE PENNY.

fixing his eyes upon printed words that bear no message to his weary brain, we may briefly retrace the story of his life. Its interest does not lie in the fact that he was a great monarch, lord of the seventh part of the habitable globe, but rather that he was one of those of whom the Psalmist says, "Blessed is the man whom thou choosest and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts."

Alexander's childhood and youth had been passed in one of the most brilliant and at the same time most frivolous and vicious of courts. His preceptors were almost or entirely infidels; they taught him that he should be just and kind to his fellow-men; but that if there was a God at all, at least there was none to whom he owed any duty. When his father's assassination called him to the throne, at the age of twenty-three, he was an upright and benevolent freethinker. He "never willingly hurt any living thing," he was sincerely anxious to do his duty, and to promote the happiness of his fifty millions of subjects; but personally he had "no hope," and was without God in the world. His heart was lonely and empty; and neither the cares of his high office, the pursuits of ambition, nor even the "pleasures of sin" to which for a season he had recourse, could avail to fill it. As he himself said afterwards, "I felt the void in my soul, and a vague presentiment accompanied me everywhere. I went—I came—I sought to distract my thoughts."

It happened that he wished to make one of the friends of his youth—a "freethinker" like himself—Minister of Public Education and Worship. "But, sire," Prince Galitzin naturally remonstrated, "I cannot be Minister of Public Worship. I know nothing about religion." "That is a point in your favour," replied the Czar. "You will be quite impartial. You have only to be fair to everybody, and hold the balance even." So Galitzin accepted the post. As time passed on, there were rumours of an extraordinary change in the Minister of Public Worship. He no longer spent his time in frivolous amusements, he withdrew from his gay companions, and forsook the vices for which in former years he had been too notorious. But the flow of good spirits which had always been his most remarkable characteristic showed no abatement; even when others were cast down and gloomy, he remained uniformly cheerful and hopeful. The lonely-hearted Czar envied his friend; and in a moment of unwonted confidence confessed that he did so, and asked him the secret of his cheerfulness. Galitzin showed him a copy of the Holy Scriptures, telling him it was there he had found the secret of peace and joy. He explained that when appointed Minister of Public Worship he had gone to the Archbishop of Moscow, and asked him to recommend him some book which would give him *a knowledge of religion*. "Read the Bible," said the venerable Plato, a patriarch nearly a hundred years old. In vain Galitzin, who did not like this advice, asked him to name another book; the old man would give him no answer but one, "Read the Bible." He obeyed; and the Holy Spirit opened the eyes of his soul, and showed him Christ as He is revealed in the Divine Word. It was therefore with much earnestness

that he now commended to his sovereign the study he himself had found so precious.

Alexander immediately borrowed a Bible for his wife, and began to read it. At first he was haunted by sceptical doubts, but as he persevered in his study they gradually disappeared, and he became more and more deeply interested. From that time until the end of his life, he never failed to read at least three chapters every day, with thought and prayer.

This was on the eve of the French invasion of Russia. Flushed with victories, and hitherto unconquered, Napoleon poured his half million of veteran warriors into the dominions of the Czar, whom he confidently hoped to crush beneath his feet, as he had already crushed the other sovereigns of the Continent. Alexander met the crisis with heroic courage and unalterable firmness, but he was fully aware of its peril. "All faces gathered blackness," even the two Empresses, his mother and his wife, implored him to make peace, or to allow them to flee from the country. The night before he quitted his capital to join the army, a lady of the Court entered his cabinet, and, after apologizing for her unseasonable visit, placed a paper in his hand, which she entreated him to read, saying he would find true comfort there. He thanked her, and put it in his pocket, but did not think of it again until three nights afterwards he lay down to rest for the first time. In removing his coat, he found the paper; and glancing at it, saw that it was a copy of the 91st Psalm. Being unable to sleep from weariness, he presently called his chaplain, and asked him to read for him. Strangely enough, the chaplain made choice of the 91st Psalm, and the Emperor, impressed by the coincidence, listened to the words as though they were the voice of God Himself speaking to his heart. Truly from that hour he said of the Most High, "He is my refuge and my fortress, my rock, in Him will I trust."

God answered his faith, and gave him the victory over all his enemies. Snow and ice, and piercing cold fulfilled the Divine will, and the magnificent host of the invader was overwhelmed by a destruction unsurpassed since the angel of the Lord smote the sleeping thousands of Sennacherib. The conqueror proved his gratitude by showing mercy to the conquered. Alexander sought out the miserable remains of the French army, had the sick and wounded carefully tended, and fearlessly exposed himself to the perils of infection in visiting the hospitals where typhus fever, in its deadliest form, was raging amongst them.

All this and much more had he done before that 4th of June when he sat, depressed and sorrowful, in his quarters at Heilbronn. He "yet lacked" something, and his heart was dimly conscious of the lack. The world was praising his magnanimity, his generosity to the fallen, but "this was too little" for him, it could not give him what he craved—peace in his own soul, peace with God. He had put away, long since, all known, outward sin from his life; but he could not put away sin from his heart. The more he tried the more he felt his weakness, his helplessness. No comfort came to him from the pages of his book. As he laid it down in despair, the

thought crossed his mind that a certain French lady, reputed to be very religious but rather eccentric and fanatical, had addressed to the Empress some remarkable words about the love of Christ. "I wish this Madame de Krudener would come and talk to me also; perhaps she might help me," said Alexander to himself.

At that moment his favourite aide-de-camp entered the room. "Sire," he said, with an air of reluctance, "there is a lady in the ante-chamber who insists upon seeing your Majesty. And at this hour too! I have said everything I can think of to put her off, but she will not listen to me. I cannot get rid of her," he continued, almost angrily.

"Who is she?" asked the Emperor.

"Madame de Krudener!"

Alexander said afterwards that when he heard the name he thought he must be dreaming. "Ask her to come in," he answered.

A pale, worn, white-haired woman entered the Emperor's presence. Madame de Krudener was a remarkable character, a power in her day and generation. She made serious mistakes, she had grave faults, yet on the whole she did much good. For she knew the love of Christ that passeth knowledge, and she spent her life in trying to make that love known to others. The noble character of Alexander awakened her interest, and an intense desire arose within her to be the means of leading him within that kingdom from which he seemed already "not far." So she never rested until she found access to his presence.

She began at once, without any ceremony, to speak to the Emperor of his sins and his Saviour. "Sire," she said, "you have never yet come to the foot of the cross with the prayer of the publican on your lips, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" Then she told him those simple truths which we call the "Gospel," the "old, old story" of the love of Christ, and of full and free salvation from sins through His blood. How He had taken the guilt of sin away for ever by His cross for all who believe in Him, and is ready to deliver them also from its power and dominion. Her words touched the inmost heart of the Czar. Strong and brave though he was, and undoubtedly though he had borne himself before a world in arms—he had to veil his face with his hands to hide the tears that began to fall. Then first she feared she had said too much—recollected herself—paused in embarrassment—began to apologise. "Go on," said the Czar with emotion, "your words do me good."

This was the first of many conversations. When the head-quarters of the army were removed to Heidelberg, Madame de Krudener established herself in a little cottage near the town, where, with the help of a Swiss evangelical pastor named Empaytez, she used to hold prayer-meetings and receive inquirers. To these quiet little meetings the Czar used to come, quite alone, "with his Bible under his arm," unobtrusively taking his seat amongst a handful of humble listeners to whom his person was unknown, and often remaining afterwards until far into the night for religious conversation with his friends. It was not long before he came to realize the blessed truth that Christ died for Him, and his heart was filled with joy and peace in believing.

One day the pastor ventured to question the monarch on the subject of his faith. "Sire," he asked, "have you now peace with God?"

For a few moments the Emperor was silent, as if questioning his own heart. Then "it seemed as though a dark veil was lifted from his face," and he looked up and answered, "Yes, I am happy. I am very happy. I have peace, even the peace of God. I am a great sinner; but since Madame"—glancing towards Madame de Krudener who was present—"has shown me that Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost, I know and believe that my sins are pardoned. The Word of God says that he who believes in the Son of God—in God the Saviour—is passed from death unto life, and shall not come into condemnation. I believe. Yes, I have faith."

Two words at this period were often on his lips, "I am a great sinner," and "I am very happy."

Yes, for the first time in his life, this great monarch, whose heart amidst all the world could lay at his feet had been empty and sorrowful, found true and solid happiness. Weary and heavy laden he came to Christ, and Christ fulfilled His promise and gave him rest. To use his own words, "Since the Redeemer has manifested in me the power of His faith, His peace—for which I thank God—has entered into my heart."

The effects of this peace became manifest to all around. When he came to Paris (after the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo), an attempt was made by the Buonapartists to assassinate him. But the fear of death had no power to disturb him. "Be calm and tranquil," he said to those around him. "God is present. He keeps me. I do not fear what man can do against me. Pray for me," he said at the same time to his religious friends. "Do not pray that I may be guarded from the evil that man can do unto me. I have no fears upon those grounds. I know I am in the hands of God, but pray that I may be strengthened against the evil influences of this place." Some surprise having been expressed at his ready forgiveness of one who had wronged him deeply, "Am I not a disciple of Christ?" he said. "Have I not the Gospel in my heart? I know only that, and I think if any one were to compel me to go a mile with him, I would willingly go with him twain."

This faith stood the test of time, and the trials and temptations of a position perhaps the most difficult in which a human being could possibly be placed.

After his return to his own country he did much good; he had the New Testament translated into the language of his people, and favoured and promoted its circulation throughout his wide dominions, and he was a large-hearted helper of missionary work, both amongst the heathen and amongst the Jews, in whom he took a special and most kindly interest. To a young Protestant missionary whom the Englishman, Dr. Way, brought to see him, he said, "You are young now, but if, after a long life of labour, you have only succeeded in bringing one sinner to Christ, you will have cause enough to rejoice and to praise Him throughout eternity."

Of his deeds of benevolence enough might

be gathered to fill a volume. Many indeed of the poor and suffering might have echoed the touching prayer of Prascovia, the heroine upon whose true story that of the "Exiles of Siberia" has been founded. When brought by her friends to see the state apartments of the Imperial Palace, and shown the Emperor's throne, "God bless this throne," said she, as she knelt beside it overcome with emotion. "God bless him who sits upon it. God make him as happy as he has made me."

But an autocrat of fifty millions, with a tender heart and a scrupulous conscience, was not likely to have a very happy life in a world as full of sin and sorrow as ours. He met with much opposition and many disappointments; and his later years were clouded with care and with the bitter sense of failure. Doubtless, too, he made some mistakes; claims and duties apparently irreconcilable perplexed his judgment, and the many who were interested in trying to mislead him sometimes succeeded in doing so. But he never ceased to hold the hand of Christ; and when—while still in the very prime of life—Christ called

him to Himself, he was found not willing alone but glad, to obey the summons. "The best news I have heard for years," he said to the physician who told him of his danger. This faithful attendant, who was constantly with him during his last illness, bore witness that to the end he continued to rest on Christ as his only hope, that his greatest pleasure was to have the Scriptures read to him, and that he often asked to be left alone, no doubt for prayer, and secret communion with God.

God has fashioned alike the hearts of the children of men. The monarch, the hero, the scholar, the peasant have essentially the same nature, the same sorrows, the same wants. These sorrows only Christ can heal, these wants only Christ can satisfy. His words, spoken long ago to His prophet, still echo down the centuries, "I have satiated the weary soul, and I have replenished every sorrowful soul;" they were true then, they have been true since throughout all the ages, they will be true for ever and ever. But the weary and the sorrowful must come to Him that they may be satiated and replenished out of His fulness.

GWENDOLINE.

CHAPTER XIII.—TO AND ABOUT HONORA.

"The Leys, Thursday.

"**M**Y OWN DEAR HONOR,

"Just a week since I came,—and it seems like three months at least!

"I would not write sooner. It seemed better to wait, and not to give you mere first impressions too hastily. Mother promised to let you hear of my safe arrival. Lady Halcot has given me leave to write home regularly once a week; and I suppose this is as much as I could expect under the circumstances. Nothing has been said yet about correspondence with friends. I do not know whether I am to expect restrictions there.

"My new—residence—I cannot quite call it 'home' yet—is very beautiful, Honor. How you would delight in the garden and conservatories! Sometimes the whole seems like a dream to me, and I find myself expecting to wake up in the dear old London house, and I do not quite know how to bear the pain of separation,—and then again it comes over me with a rush of joy that things will be so different there now. I had a letter from my mother this morning, and she says they feel quite rich. Of course my father has his full income until Midsummer; and the first quarter from Lady Halcot's settlement had just come in; and, also dear father had heard of something for himself after Midsummer, which will bring in enough to be a real additional help, though very far from enough for us all if I had stayed at home. I know all this is safe with you.

"So I have a great deal to make me happy and thankful, have I not?

"Lady Halcot is very good and kind. She is not loving in manner like my own dear mother, and of course I miss that. But she has lavished gifts upon me,—everything that I can possibly want in the way of clothes and knick-knacks. It seems quite wrong that so much should be spent on my single self. One of my new hats had a ticket hanging to it, and I saw 3*l.* 10*s.* marked. I felt positively guilty, remembering all the home needs. Yet I dare not protest.

"Sometimes I think Lady Halcot is already growing fond of me. People show fondness so differently. She never kisses me except once coldly night and morning, and never puts on an affectionate manner; yet she shows constant interest in everything that I do, and overlooks me incessantly. I have to get up exactly at half-past seven, and to be in bed precisely at half-past ten; and I am made to read one hour, to work another hour, to walk a third hour, as she thinks desirable; while if I am half-an-hour absent, without being sent away, she always inquires what I have been doing. She even chooses books for me, and prescribes the order in which I am to read them.

"This sort of supervision seems of course a little strange, after my London independence. The eldest of ten naturally learns to stand alone early; and I seem now to have gone suddenly into leading-strings. But I know it is all meant kindly; and I shall grow used to it in time.

"I have not seen much of Riversmouth yet. Lady Halcot sends me into the grounds for an hour every morning; but I do not go beyond them. She does not like me to walk about alone; and I don't think she quite understands my love

for the shore, or the delight that a wander there has for a Londoner. In the afternoon we either go out in the pony-carriage, or else we have a state-drive in the large carriage, paying calls, and sometimes seeing very pretty gardens and pleasant people. She introduces me everywhere as 'my young cousin,' occasionally adding, 'and adopted child ;' so I am most kindly received.

"I must confess I do sometimes long to jump out of our stately chariot, and to have a good scramble up the banks and over the fields ! But I try not to give way to such feelings. Yesterday we passed a lovely bank of wild-flowers, and I could not help exclaiming. Lady Halcot asked if I wanted some, and she actually had the carriage stopped, and made the footman gather me a hand-full. It was nice to have them, only of course not quite like getting them for myself.

"Is it not strange that I should have so often thirsted for a life of more freedom, with plenty of room, and plenty of air, and plenty of money, and absence of noise and crowd, and not to feel always obliged to toil on, whatever my mood might be, and now these have all come to me, and yet they are not freedom ! My London life was a life of greater liberty

"You would not let me say, Honor dear, that God had taken me at my word and sent me my will in displeasure. But I do think I must be meant to learn a lesson from all this, a lesson against the sin of murmuring. I have been looking out in my Bible, the last morning or two, all about the different murmurings and complainings of the children of Israel; and it does seem to me as if there was almost no sin of which they were so often guilty, or which had to be more sharply punished. One is apt to think that grumbling at little things in every-day life is a small matter, but I am sure it is not a small sin in God's sight. I am praying hard now for the great gift of a contented spirit, and you must pray for it with me, Honor,—for myself, I mean. I know now that God can see exactly what is best for me, and I do not want to have any longer even a wish to choose for myself. He can tell exactly the discipline that I need; and I would not, if I could, lift a finger to keep it off. I have found out more this week of my own pride and wilfulness than I ever found out before, and yet I have been so happy the last two or three days, in the thought that He is training me, and that He loves me too well to let any foolish shrinking on my part hinder the training. And I want not even to shrink, I want to have those things sent which will draw me nearer and nearer to Christ.

"Forgive all this talk about self. It is only what I would say if we were together. I cannot write so freely to anybody else. Mother would be distressed, fancying me unhappy; but you will understand exactly what I mean.

"I had a real treat this morning. Lady Halcot took me in the pony-carriage to the Phillips' cottage, to see little Arthur. He is looking quite rosy and well, and his sister is such a nice respectable girl, very lame, but a capital needlewoman. Lady Halcot has promised to give her some work, and she has given me leave to pay for little Arthur's schooling. I am

to have such an allowance for my clothes,—it quite frightens me.

"I should have liked to kiss the dear little boy as he came creeping up close to me—his sister saying, 'Artie's always talking about you, Miss, and how you saved his life'—but I did not quite dare, with Lady Halcot sitting there. She is kind to the poor on her estate, but she never unbends in manner.

"I must not forget to tell you that I have received a medal from the Humane Society—partly Mr. Fosbrook's doing, I suspect. He came in yesterday and was very pleasant; but he said something to Lady Halcot about my not looking strong, and directly he was gone she desired me to go to my room and lie down for an hour. So you see your Gwen is well taken care of.

"Not a word so far about Miss Withers, the companion. The truth is I am rather at a loss what to say. She is a sort of neutral-tinted individual, with an air of humble politeness and an apparent forgetfulness of her own existence, which, if genuine, would be—perhaps I ought to be able to say are—positively beautiful. Yet I do not like her; I cannot tell why. She seems invaluable to Lady Halcot. Sometimes I wish she would not be quite so invaluable. I should so like to be useful to Lady Halcot, but not a loophole is left to me. Watch as I may for opportunities, Miss Withers invariably glides in between and does what is needed. I have an instinct—perhaps only a fancy,—that she dislikes me, notwithstanding her cordiality. Her nephew is Lady Halcot's secretary, about as fit for the post as our little Bob. I do pity him.

"Only think ; I have not touched my painting all this week. The packing-case is not even opened. An odd sort of laziness has taken possession of me, and steady work seems impossible. I must try to get out of this.

"I am writing to you in my own boudoir, a lovely little room, fit for a Princess. You would not know your Gwen here ! Yet I do not feel that I myself am different. It is only the surroundings that are changed, the same stone in a fresh setting. Will it be so when we get to heaven, Honor ? our very same selves, actually and consciously, only with all the evil that is in us utterly gone, and with radiant new surroundings ! What a beautiful thought, if one follows it out !"

A slight rustle made Gwendoline raise her eyes, and she involuntarily stood up. Lady Halcot had entered the room, unperceived.

"You seem very much absorbed," her ladyship said.

"I am only writing to a friend," Gwendoline answered, not without an inward tremor. Would Lady Halcot demand to see the letter ? She wished she had not written so freely.

"To what friend ?"

"Honora Dewhurst."

Lady Halcot waited for more, her little crooked figure in black velvet standing motionless in the middle of the room, and her black eyes requesting information.

"She was a fellow-student of mine in London, an artist," said Gwendoline. "We worked side

by side very often. I have known her for years, and she is my dearest friend. She is an orphan and quite alone in the world, and she is—oh, so good. I never knew anybody like Honor."

The black eyes did not stir from Gwendoline's face. Lady Halcot was never guilty of staring; but her power of gazing steadily, without a blink, was remarkable.

"A young person?" she asked, with a stress on the adjective.

"Honor is four or five years older than I am."

"A lady in mind and manners?"

"Oh, quite—quite," said Gwendoline.

"And in family?"

"I believe her father was of a very good family. I never asked her much about that. And her mother too—only one of her mother's sisters married a tradesman." Gwendoline hesitated a moment, flushing brightly. "I ought to tell you that the aunt lives in Riversmouth, with her husband. Honor and I came down together to see them."

Lady Halcot's face showed a mixture of gratification and dissatisfaction. "You are thoroughly honest, I see," she said. "Then you are acquainted with these people."

"With Mr. and Mrs. Widrington,—yes."

"The acquaintance cannot be continued, in your present position."

"Honor told me that it would be so," said Gwendoline in a low voice. "But may I—please may I write to Honor? She is my oldest and dearest friend."

The moment's pause was terrible to Gwendoline. Then the answer came,—"Yes: in moderation; if I find no cause later to rescind this permission."

"Thank you," was all Gwendoline could say. Her limbs shook with agitation.

"Had you acted towards me with less transparent openness, my decision might have been different. As it is, you may write occasionally, once a month or so."

Gwendoline murmured her thanks anew.

"I see you intend to conform to my wishes in these matters," Lady Halcot continued, in her calmly impassive manner. "This is precisely what I have desired, and I am extremely pleased with you, Gwendoline. You are a very pretty girl; your manners are thoroughly ladylike; and you have thus far shown yourself entirely submissive. Continue as you have begun, and I shall have no fault to find with you."

Gwendoline broke out suddenly with unpremeditated words. "I can't thank you for all your kindness, Lady Halcot. I wish I could."

"There is no need. Gratitude is best shown in the conduct."

"If only I could feel that I was of any use," half-whispered Gwendoline. "If I could be any help or comfort to you! My mother did so wish—"

Lady Halcot's glance was checking. "It is a pleasure to me to have you in the house," she said. "That should be sufficient. I do not forbid you to speak of your mother, Gwendoline, but the less frequently you do so the better."

Gwendoline's cheeks were crimson, and her eyes overflowed. "If you did but know my

mother now!" she said almost passionately. "Such a mother she has been to us! O Lady Halcot, if you could but forgive—could but feel as you once did—"

"The two things are not synonymous," said Lady Halcot. "I have long forgiven Eleanor Halcombe, but I certainly do not feel towards her as I once did. That is enough on the subject. I wish you now to show me your paintings. You have brought some specimens, I hope, as I desired you to do."

"The packing-case is downstairs. It has not been opened yet," Gwendoline said huskily.

"We will send for it. Ring the bell."

Gwendoline obeyed, and before long she was kneeling on the ground, tenderly lifting out one after another of her later studies and sketches. Memories of the life which lay behind thronged upon her, as she did so, but she would not be again overcome. Lady Halcot stood near, with an air of keen interest, receiving each in turn from Gwendoline's hands, placing it in a good position, examining, criticising minor points, but as yet giving no general verdict. Gwendoline knew that the verdict would be one of weight when it did come. Lady Halcot was a connoisseur of no common order.

"These are all I have brought," Gwendoline said at length.

Lady Halcot stood gazing still. "That head is very carefully executed," she said. "You are painstaking, I perceive. But there is not a second study of the kind. You seem to have done most in the way of landscapes."

"I never thought I had any gift for heads."



LADY HALCOT WISHES TO SEE THE SKETCHES.

Lady Halcot went over the whole set again, plainly making up her mind as to their merits, with an air of quiet competence.

"Stay,—I see one more in the bottom of the box. You have overlooked it. Yes, that is the best of all,—by far the best. There is a vigour of outline here, and a force of colouring, which I miss in the rest. It will be worth your while to continue painting as something more than a mere pastime. I began to have doubts on that head."

Gwendoline hardly knew whether pleasure or pain weighed heaviest. She said simply, "That is not mine. It is Honora Dewhurst's."

"Indeed. She has unusual artistic power."

"I always knew her pictures to be better than mine," said Gwendoline.

"It is not merely a question of their being 'better.' That, in a sense, one would expect from her age, and her longer practice. This picture bears the stamp of genius—not merely of talent. Your sketches are very pretty, and they do great credit to your perseverance. Painting will be a pleasant occupation and a graceful accomplishment, in your present sphere. But you could never have made your livelihood as an artist."

Possibly Lady Halcot found more satisfaction in this thought than Gwendoline did.

"And you think Honora may?" asked Gwendoline.

"I do not say she will ever find herself in the first rank of living artists; time alone can decide that. But undoubtedly she has a gift worth cultivating to the utmost of her opportunity, a gift by which she may make her way. Are you disappointed, Gwendoline?"

Gwendoline was looking strangely pale, but she tried to smile. "I ought to be thankful it is Honor and not I—"

"Why?"

"She needs it most—now."

"True. But do not misunderstand me. I have no wish to discourage your efforts. You have a marked talent for painting, and it is a talent which ought not to be neglected. All I say is that I do not find tokens of original genius."

"Not in mine, but in Honor's."

"Yes, there is that difference," said Lady Halcot, looking rather curiously at Gwendoline. "Would it be a pleasure to you to request Miss Dewhurst to paint me a picture to order? I am willing to give twenty guineas for it."

"O thank you, how kind!"

"You may keep your letter open till to-morrow, and I will consider what subject I should prefer. I think—" Lady Halcot paused, and then asked again, "Are you very much disappointed?"

"I ought not to be."

"Why 'ought not'?"

"It was conceited of me to expect anything else. And nobody ought to wish for genius, where God has not given it."

"I am not so sure about that," Lady Halcot said. "I am sorry for your disappointment, Gwendoline; but you are not one to wish for other than an honest opinion, even if I were capable of giving any other."

"O no, indeed," said Gwendoline. "It is just

what I have wished to have, for years past, from someone who could really know."

"Have your paintings never been seen by a competent critic?"

Gwendoline moved her head negatively. "I have had a great many kind things said to me, by fellow-students and others," she said. "I never knew how much it was all worth."

"Miss Dewhurst's estimate ought to be worth something."

"She is my friend," said Gwendoline simply, and Lady Halcot's face relaxed into a smile.

"You show some knowledge of human nature," she said. "But that biassing of one's opinion by one's affection is to me a thing inconceivable—for myself. My judgment would be altogether the same in the case of friend or foe. It is a matter apart from personal feeling."

"With you, but not with most people," Gwendoline said.

"I believe you are right. Nearly half-past four. We will go down and have our tea."

"In a few minutes—if you please—"

"Very well—you will follow me when you are ready."

Lady Halcot disappeared, and Gwendoline went slowly into her bedroom, feeling strangely weary, as if all life and power had died out of her. She rejoiced for Honor, and she did not for a moment question the justness of the sentence passed, but this only made pain the more acute. It was the fading of many bright girlish dreams. Gwendoline knelt beside the bed, and hid her face, a cloud of deep depression weighing her down. She was rather given to such moods, but she had seldom known a darker hour than this.

Everything seemed going from her,—all the dear old life, with its trials and hopes, its toils and aspirations. What had she now to live for? Was it to be with her thenceforward a mere dead level of self-satisfying, an easy existence, without work for others, without high hopes for the future, without consolation, except in the knowledge that by her presence at the Leys she was indirectly keeping the home-circle in comfort?

"What had she now to live for?" Simply, as before, to carry out the will of her God in whatever sphere she might be placed!

"Without high hopes for the future!" But what of the glorious future beyond and above the present life, where all her highest hopes were centred? That remained untouched.

These thoughts came first, followed by a recollection of her late struggles for submission. Here was a new test. If this were the will of God, should it not be her will also? Who and what was Gwendoline Halcombe, to chafe and fret because He had not seen fit to endow her with great gifts? Whatever her gifts might be, she had but to lay them at her Master's feet. Whatever her appointed manner of life, she had still to honour His Name. What need for other and more selfish aims?

How time passed Gwendoline did not know. She forgot all about Lady Halcot and afternoon tea. Victory came to her slowly, and calmness with it; but the battle following upon sharp disappointment had been exhausting. A sense of nerveless languor seemed to enchain her

faculties, and she knelt on still, from sheer lack of energy to rise. Kneeling thus she fell heavily asleep.

A hand on her shoulder broke into a dream of old days. Gwendoline sprang up from her crouching posture, with a startled exclamation of,—“Mother!”

“Gwendoline!” said Lady Halcot, in astonishment.

Gwendoline was for a moment utterly dazed and colourless. She stood silently, gathering up her scattered recollections.

“What made you go to sleep?” inquired Lady Halcot.

“Was I asleep?” Gwendoline asked in reply.

“Yes. Sit down there,” said Lady Halcot, motioning her to the sofa. “Miss Withers knocked at your door, and could obtain no answer.”

“I am so sorry you have had trouble,” murmured Gwendoline, not yet quite coherently.

Lady Halcot stood looking, with her manner of unimpassioned interest.

“I’ll come down now. Please do not let me keep you,” said Gwendoline anxiously.

“No. Stay where you are. Your tea shall be brought to you.”

Lady Halcot moved away, and Gwendoline was glad to rest her head among the cushions. By the time Spurrell and a little tray appeared, she had regained her collectedness, but to Gwendoline’s amazement Spurrell did not appear alone, for Lady Halcot swept in before her.

“Do not talk. Take the tea,” said Lady Halcot, when Gwendoline would have protested. “You may leave the tray, Spurrell.” And presently, as Gwendoline set down the emptied cup, she asked with some abruptness, “Do you say your prayers in the middle of the day?”

Gwendoline blushed vividly. “Sometimes,” she said in a low voice.

“Then that is what you were doing.”

Gwendoline’s brown eyes had their pleading look. “I don’t think I was exactly saying any prayers,” she answered gently. “I only felt as if I wanted help.”

“Help?” repeated Lady Halcot.

“I could not feel rightly. It was not right to be discontented and unhappy, because of what you said. I wanted to be perfectly willing to have whatever God might will for me.”

“I see no particular objection to your manner of expressing yourself,” said Lady Halcot, after a pause, as if for consideration. “But I have a very strong dislike to infatuation on religious subjects. I hope you will keep clear of it.”

“I hope so,” was the best answer Gwendoline could think of.

“Your tea has done you good, but you are pale still, Gwendoline. I should like you to rest on your sofa for half an hour. Then you may come down.”

Gwendoline submitted unquestioningly, and at the end of the half-hour descended to the drawing-room, white-cheeked and spiritless still.

She was no better next day. The weariness which had seized upon her that afternoon continued, and Gwendoline fought with it in vain. There were no signs of discontent about her; but the brown eyes had grown languid and the cheeks colourless, and interest in life seemed

to have forsaken her. She was submissive and grateful, but her face rarely lighted up with its old flashes of brilliancy. Lady Halcot tried to recall her to painting; and the effort was a failure. If she walked in the garden she had to lie down afterwards, and if she attempted to read she dropped asleep.

“This cannot be allowed to go on,” Lady Halcot said one day to Miss Withers. “I must consult Mr. Fosbrook, if she does not mend soon.”

“I do not imagine there is much amiss,” that lady said mildly. “Except—possibly—a little home-sickness,—quite natural—”

“I do not believe Miss Halcombe is home-sick,” said Lady Halcot. But she did not like the suggestion, and she did not forget it.

Until the Daybreak.

FOR the vision of the Bridegroom
Waits the well-beloved Bride;

Severed only for a season
From her well-beloved’s side.

For the hour when morn ascendeth,
And the shadows disappear:

For the signs of heavenly glory
She is waiting, waiting here!

Morn of morns, it comes at last;
All the gloom of ages past;
For the day, of days the brightest,
She is waiting, waiting here!

For the coming of the Bridegroom,
Whom, though yet unseen, we love;

For the King of saints returning
In His glory from above;

For the shout that shakes the prison,
For the trumpet loud and clear,
For the voice of the Archangel,
She is waiting, waiting here!

Morn of morns, it comes at last;
All the gloom of ages past;
For the day, of days the brightest,
She is waiting, waiting here!

For the light beyond the darkness,
When the reign of sin is done,
When the storm has ceased its raging,
And the haven has been won;

For the joy beyond the sorrow,
Joy of the eternal year,
For the resurrection-splendour,
She is waiting, waiting here!

Morn of morns, it comes at last;
All the gloom of ages past;
For the day, of days the brightest,
She is waiting, waiting here!

For the day of ended battle,
For the Victor’s palm and crown,
For the day of recognition,
When the King shall claim His own;

For the day when He who loved her
Shall in glory re-appear,
For the day of revelation
She is waiting, waiting here!

Morn of morns, it comes at last;
All the gloom of ages past;
For the day, of days the brightest,
She is waiting, waiting here!

Morn of morns, it comes at last;
All the gloom of ages past;
For the day, of days the brightest,
She is waiting, waiting here!

WHAT IS BEING DONE FOR SEAMEN.



TWIXT LIFE AND DEATH.

IT is very rarely that we notice the proceedings of public meetings, but a speech recently delivered in Scotland gives so gratifying an account of the efforts that are being made for the moral and religious welfare of seafaring men, that we have pleasure in presenting it to our readers. It was at a meeting in connection with the Glasgow Seamen's Friend Society, presided over by Mr. John Burns, a veteran philanthropist, chairman of the great commercial firm known as "The Cunard Company."

The Chairman said he had an apology to make on behalf of his friend, Mr. Alex. Allan, and he was sure they must all deplore the cause of his absence from them that night—it would be well known in the city of Glasgow—the sudden

death of his brother, Sir Hugh Allan, a name long associated with steam navigation between this country and North America. When he received the kind request from his friend Mr. Allan to preside at that meeting he was on his way from the Continent, having been visiting maritime establishments with which he was connected at Rome and Havre, and elsewhere. He specially mentioned that fact, because it came to his knowledge that in one of the great French ports a work, kindred to the work which had brought them together, was being carried on there most successfully amongst the French sailors, but by Englishwomen. They had little idea of the vast good that had arisen through the labours of the band of ladies who had started this mission.

He thought that they in Glasgow should certainly not be behindhand in following up the good work being done in

a foreign port by their own countrywomen. When they also considered the vast work being done by the Thames Mission, and by other kindred missions, they had great encouragement to do what they could to promote a similar mission in this city. He had the greatest respect and regard for the work done by the Thames Mission. Their work on board ship in the North Sea was not only most remarkable but most gallant in those who were conducting it. He would give them an instance to show how diligent the Thames Mission was in bringing the Gospel of Christ before the sailors who frequented the port of London. There was a Spanish gunboat, with a crew of 100 men, came to the Thames for some repairs. It remained a month, and during that time the Thames Mission instituted a missionary service for the Spanish sailors twice a week, and no less than thirty of the crew regularly attended and heard the Scriptures read and explained in their own language by one of the missionaries of the Thames Mission.

He had had a great deal to do with different classes of men, and much with sailors, both in this and in other parts of the world, and he had come to this conclusion, that no class of men were more amenable to kindness or more easily impressed with the good news of the Gospel than sailors, that there was no difficulty in approaching them, and that although quickly led into vice, they were easily led into virtuous and good paths.

He had a great respect for the work carried on in the great naval port of Plymouth by Miss Weston. He had visited there personally and seen the work, and he believed that the success of Miss Weston's efforts had arisen from the fact of her having her coffee-house and institution just at the gates of the Plymouth dockyard, so that when a ship was paid off, the sailors were seized by Miss Weston and her emissaries before they got into the public-houses or worse places in Plymouth. Miss Weston had gone upon the principle which had been admirably carried out by the Board of Trade, and that was of getting hold of the money of the sailors before they spent it in probably improper places. In the course of a very short time, Miss Weston put a very large sum of money into the voluntary savings bank which she had instituted for the sailors of Plymouth.

Before he spoke of the mission which had been instituted in the city of Glasgow, he would like to give them some figures which had been kindly furnished to him by Mr. Jackson, the Registrar-General of Seamen in the port of London. The total number of seamen employed in ships belonging in the United Kingdom in 1881 was 193,000. Of this large number there died in one year 4464. There were two singular facts got out of this. By disease there died 1286, while by shipwreck and accidents incident to a seafaring life, there were 3178; so that out of the 4464 a very large proportion suffered death by shipwreck, or by causes incidental to maritime occupation.

Another curious fact was, that out of that large number of 4464 there were no less than 413 mates met their death, or one-tenth of the whole number. He had gone into the returns sent him by the Registrar-General very closely, and these facts showed that men who, by their probity and good character, had risen to be mates in the merchant service had not less exposed themselves to the dangers and vicissitudes of a maritime life. The same fact was brought out wonderfully in our army and navy by the percentage of deaths in war. The percentage of officers killed was always greater than that of the common soldiers or sailors. That said volumes in itself for the gallantry and devotion of the officers both in our navy and army, no less than in the mercantile marine.

In referring to the savings banks instituted by the Board of Trade, he said that in 1880 there was lodged in the bank no less than 58,348*l.*, showing that the sailor

did take advantage of those means of saving his money if only they were presented to him. In the port of Glasgow the number of seamen engaged in 1882 (it was only an estimate, the year not being ended) was 31,256, and there were discharged 21,566, or a total of 52,822.

He might say, as an encouragement for the work which was being carried on among the sailors at the port of Glasgow, that many instances had occurred by which it had been shown beyond all doubt that the bringing of the tidings of the Gospel before those men had not only been most acceptable to them, but had been sought by them, and that they were only waiting to receive those good tidings as they were presented by that society. The chief constable of a great city told him that from his experience—and that experience was a long one—there were two classes of criminals in the city. The one was a class who sought out vice for themselves—whether it was drink or other vices—and were determined to have it. That was the incorrigible class, or the class most difficult to deal with. But, said he, the greater class was the class who would not naturally go into vice but for vice—especially drink—being brought to their very doors. If these men, said he, had not the vice brought to them, not the inducement and the encouragement to drink and indulge in other species of vice, they would not go into it of their own free will. Now, so it was with the sailors of all our ports. His belief was this, that when they took from them the inducements to vice, and especially the drink, they would find that the sailors themselves would reciprocate their efforts, and do what they could to meet the best wishes of the society.

The institution in connection with which they were assembled peculiarly met the wants of the seamen. It was based upon a liberal and a sound principle. He noticed with great satisfaction that not only was the religious element very strongly carried out in regard to intercourse with our sailors, but beyond that the society embraced other things, such as social amusements in the way of concerts, and other things which were absolutely necessary if they meant to carry religion successfully along with them in the common affairs of life. He had a profound belief, that in a great city, if they wished to repel the evil, if they desired to be a match with the iniquity which necessarily abounded in a large community, they must have counter attractions, not only for their young people, but for those more mature—such as sailors, who, when they came into port, had nothing to do at night, and who would seek out amusements for themselves which were most hurtful to them if they did not provide for them wholesome and sound enjoyments. He held that, considering the peculiar class with which they had to deal, they must not be too stern and exacting. They must give the sailors sound and true religion, but at the same time they must meet them as regarded the enjoyments of life of which those in other stations partook freely. They should therefore the more particularly consider the habits of sailors who came strangers to a strange port, for if they did not meet them as they should be met they would seek out baneful amusements for themselves. Among the other advantages of the society was the propagation of sound literature among the seamen, not only whilst they were in port, but in sending along with the ships those bags containing books which were so useful in conveying information to the men who were disposed to take advantage of books when at sea.

There was one other point which he wished to touch upon, and he was sure he would have the sympathy not only of that meeting, but of all right-minded men, whether they took the more ultra view of teetotalism or the more moderate view of temperance, and that was the question of providing drink for men on board ship. He wished Mr. Allan had been there to hear what he had now to state, and that was that the Cunard Company, of which he (Mr. Burns) was

chairman, had adopted since the first of this month what Messrs. George Smith and Sons, the Allan Line, the White Star Line, the Inman Line, and the Anchor and States Lines on the Atlantic had already done—namely, the principle of giving no grog or beverages of that description on board their ships, and in substitution thereof giving coffee unlimited in quantity. He thought that the next best to the initiating of a good thing was to follow a good example. So, from the 1st of December last, on board the Cunard fleet, no grog had been served out to the men, and none would be in the future, but as much coffee as they could drink. When he told them that last year they engaged and discharged 40,000 men, it would be seen that in great maritime enterprises vast influence could be exercised if leaders would only do that which was right between man and man. What had been the effect of the change? Mr. Ismay, of the White Star Line, and Mr. Inman, of the Inman Line, had told him, and he knew from his own experience that there had not only been no complaint on the part of the men, but they were well satisfied with the change. There were men—old-fashioned sailors—who thought that they still should have their grog, but the generality of the men were pleased at the removal of the temptation. One of the strong motives which he thought should dictate to them in making a move of this kind was the fact that on board those large steamers on the Atlantic there were a number of young men who came into the service who had not been accustomed to have spirits served out to them, and by the old-fashioned principle this grog was served out whether they liked it or not, and if they did not like it, some old salt said—"I'll take it for you." In any circumstances the principle was bad; and he was glad to think as we grew older in this world things were vastly improving, not only among the sailors but all classes of the community.

As regarded the particular society with which they were connected, he thought it fulfilled a good mission, and did a work which was covered by no other society in Glasgow. They had a kindred institution to the Seamen's Friend Society, and that was the Sailors' Home. These two agencies worked hand in hand, and he was thankful to find on his return to Glasgow last week that some of the ship-owners of this city had started a dining-room at the Queen's Dock in connection with the Sailors' Home. He ventured to think that they could not have done a better thing for the sailors, or one which would more effectually be a match for the public-house, than by instituting that dining-room. Whether it was the Sailors' Home or the Seamen's Friend Society, all these influences were working a great good among the sailors who frequented the port of Glasgow.

It was one of the first duties of the citizens of a great country to come forward and assist in all such philanthropic and religious efforts for the good, not only of the class with which they were dealing at the present time, but of the community at large. He had therefore the greatest pleasure in presiding there that night, and in doing what he could to advocate the claims of this admirable society.

It will be observed that Mr. Burns did not confine his remarks and his commendations to the Glasgow Society, but made reference to good work being done for the seafaring classes in other centres of influence. At Liverpool, Hull, Newcastle, and many other places at home; and abroad, as at Calcutta, Smyrna, Port Said, and in fact at whatever seaports many sailors are found, there are Christian agencies at work for their temporal comfort and spiritual welfare. It is a kind of work much needed, and long neglected by the Christian churches, and voluntary efforts are now being made, which have already met with most encouraging success.

Things New and Old.

BISHOP MIDDLETON'S BUSINESS MAXIMA.—

1. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride.
2. Persevere against discouragement.
3. Keep your temper.
4. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.
5. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction.
6. Never be in a hurry.
7. Rise early, and be an economist of time.
8. Practise strict temperance.
9. Manner is something with everybody, and everything with some.
10. Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak.
11. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.
12. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.
13. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent.
14. In all your transactions remember the final account.

Principles to Start with.

SIX KINGDOMS.—The late Mr. John Mackie, M.P. for Kirkcudbrightshire, used to describe an extensive view which one of a friend's hills commanded. This he never failed to call to the attention of his English visitors when the weather was clear. Willy, the shepherd, was always the guide on such occasions, as he knew precisely the weather that would suit. One forenoon an English friend was placed under Willy's charge to mount the hill in order to enjoy the glorious view.

"I am told, shepherd, you are going to show me a wonderful view."

"That's quite true, sir."

"What shall I see?"

"Weel, ye'll see a feek (many) o' kingdoms, the best part o' sax, sir."

"What do you mean, shepherd?"

"Weel, sir, I mean what I say."

"But tell me all about it."

"I'll tell ye naething mair, sir, until we're at the tap o' the hill."

The top reached, Willy found everything he could desire in regard to a clear atmosphere.

"Noo, sir, I hope you've got good een."

"Oh, my eyes are excellent."

"Then that's a' recht, sir."

"Noo, div ye see yon hills awa' yonder?"

"Yes, I do."

"Weel, sir, those are the hills o' Cumberland, and Cumberland's in the kingdom o' England; that's ae (one) kingdom. Noo, sir, please keep coont. Then, sir, I must noo trouble ye to look ower yonder. Div ye see what I mean?"

"Yes, I do."

"That's a' recht. That's the Isle o' Man, and that was a kingdom and a sovereignty in the families o' the Earls o' Derby and the Dukes o' Athol frae the days o' King David o' Scotland, if ye ken onything o' Scotch history."

"Right you are, shepherd."

"Reoht, div ye say? I wouldna haes brocht ye here, sir, if I wus to be wrang. Weel, that's twa kingdoms. Be sure, sir, to keep coont. Noo, turn awee aboot. Div ye see yon land yonder? It's a bit farder, but never mind that sae lang as ye see it."

"I see it distinctly."

"Weel, that's a' I care aboot. Noo, sir, keep coont, for that's Ireland, and makes three kingdoms; but there's nae trouble aboot the next, for ye're stannen' on't—I mean Scotland. Weel, that makes four kingdoms. Div ye admit that, sir?"

"Yes, that makes four, and you have two more to show me."

"That's true, sir; but don't be in sic a hurry. Weel, sir, just look aboon (above) yer head, and that is by far the best o' a' the kingdoms—that, sir, aboon is Heeven. That, sir, makes five, and the sixth kingdom is down below yer feet, to which, sir, I hope ye'll never gang; but that's a point on which I canna speak wi' ony certainty!"

PERNICKY LITERATURE.—Ten years ago Mr. Anthony Comstock, then a clerk in a large dry goods establishment on Broadway, New York, seeing the demoralising effect of the corrupt and obscene literature that was then largely circulated, resolved to do all in his power to suppress it. At first he acted alone, then with the aid of the Young Men's Christian Association, and for the last eight years as an officer of the Post Office Department, and the agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. At a public meeting recently held Mr. Comstock described the methods of the dealers in forcing their wares upon the attention of curious youth, and of his success in foiling and crushing them. He had secured the arrest of 582 persons engaged in illegal business, of whom 251 had been sentenced to pay fines amounting to \$63,938. Over twenty-four tons of pernicious literature had been destroyed, the stereotype plates of books and pictures having been broken up so that they could not be reproduced, and the paper having been ground to pulp, and the 165 books of the vilest character that were in circulation when he began being now blotted out of existence. [We extract this from a New York paper. We have need of similar efforts in England, where vile and impure literature, especially for the young, is too much tolerated.]

STORY OF A BIBLE.—On the 23rd of November, 1835, Maria Dorothea, Archduchess of Austria, a pious Protestant lady and daughter of the Duchess of Würtemberg, was returning from a visit to her sister, the Queen of Würtemberg, and brought with her from the Queen two boxes of German Bibles, for three pastors of Lutheran churches to be distributed among the poor of their several charges. These two boxes had been sent some time before, to those ministers, for this express purpose. But on their arrival at Salzburg—then a dark, bigoted place—they were stopped, and sent for adjudication to Reichenhall. They were thrown into a general receptacle of lumber and of forbidden articles, and, while there, fire broke out and consumed the whole government establishment. When the *débris*, after some time, was gradually removed, the two boxes of Bibles were found, among ashes and burnt and broken articles, untouched and safe. But containing, as they did, forbidden books, they were sent back to Würtemberg. From these boxes, which had passed through the fiery ordeal, the Queen took a copy as a memento, and the Archduchess Maria Dorothea, on her visit to her sister, took another, and on her return to Austria she carried the boxes with her, and delivered them to those for whom they had been originally intended. Last year, when the Crown Prince of Austria, Prince Rudolf, was married to the Royal Princess Stefania, of Belgium, a Catholic (by the laws of the realm), but granddaughter of the Protestant Archduchess Maria Dorothea, the son of one of the three Lutheran pastors above mentioned, on the arrival of the Imperial bride presented her, in the name of the Protestant churches in Upper Austria, with that copy from these boxes into which his father had entered, in Latin, the whole story of their arrest, and the ordeal through which they all had passed. The gift was accompanied by an appropriate address to her

highness, expressive of their joy at the safe arrival of the granddaughter of that pious archduchess of precious memory among the Protestants of Austria, whose mother and protectress she had proved to the end of her days. It is needless to say that the gift and the expressions of loyal attachment were graciously received by the young Crown-Princess.—*The Rev. Dr Schaufler, D.D., in New York Observer.*

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.—This is one of the many proverbial sayings of everyday usage, whose authorship is unknown. Though not unfrequently quoted as Scripture, it does not there occur in so many words, yet it faithfully re-echoes more than one of its sacred passages, e.g. 1 Tim. v. 4, "Learn first to shew piety (marg. kindness) at home," and again, ver. 8, "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Classic reverberations of the same world-old sentiment are found in the words of Cicero. "Every one should maintain his own family;" and as Tacitus says, "Nature dictates that to everyone his own children and relatives should be the most dear;" and Plutarch more fully, "Nature, and the law of nature, requires that parents should have the highest honour next to the gods; and that men can do nothing more acceptable to the gods, than by readily heaping favours upon their parents, and that nothing is a greater evidence of atheism or impiety than to despise them."

What would Jesus do?

WHEN the morning paints the skies,
And the birds their songs renew,
Let me from my slumbers rise
Saying, "What would Jesus do?"

Countless mercies from above
Day by day my pathway strew;
Is it much to bless Thy love?
"Father, what would Jesus do?"

When I ply my daily task,
And the round of toil pursue,
Let me often brightly ask,
"What, my soul, would Jesus do?"

Would the foe my heart beguile,
Whispering thoughts and words untrue;
Let me to his subtlest wile
Answer, "What would Jesus do?"

When the clouds of sorrow hide
Mirth and sunshine from my view,
Let me, clinging to Thy side,
Ponder, "What would Jesus do?"

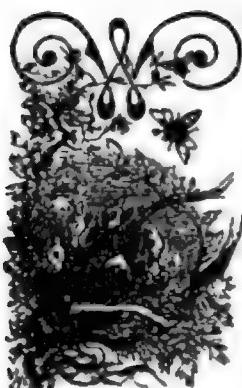
Only let Thy love, O God,
Fill my spirit through and through,
Treading where my Saviour trod,
Breathing, "What would Jesus do?"

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

Pages for the Young

THROUGH THE MIST.

II.



E must now take a peep into the cottage of Matty's grandfather.

"I wonder how the child will find her way," said Mrs. Owen to the labourer, who had now returned, "I wish I had not let her go; but then Owen was so ill that we were obliged to send for the doctor, and there was no one else to go. Give another look out, will you, Richard, and see if she is coming."

Richard accordingly went to the door, but in a minute returned saying, "You can't see your hand before your face, mistress, it is so thick."

"Then go you out along the road, Richard, and call her; here, take the lantern, maybe she is not far off."

Rather reluctantly the labourer obeyed; he did not feel so much anxiety about the child as did her grandmother. Of course his search was a vain one, because Matty was far away from the cottage.

"I can't see anything of her, mistress," the man said when he returned; "and I don't hear the doctor's cart on the road. Perhaps he will bring her home when he comes."

"Perhaps he will," returned Mrs. Owen, "I hope he may."

Just then Mr. Owen called to his wife from his bed-chamber. "Where is Matty? why doesn't she come to see me?"

"She has not come home yet, Owen," answered his wife; "it's likely the doctor is going to bring her home when he comes." Mrs. Owen repeated the labourer's words, but she did not feel satisfied in her own mind that this was the case; she began to suspect the truth, and in spite of what she said, her anxious face revealed the truth to her husband.

"Do you really think so, Moggy? or are you trying to deceive me?" inquired Owen.

"No, dear Owen, I would not deceive you if I could. I am anxious about the child, but I hope she may be coming with the doctor."

"And perhaps he will not come through such a fog!"

At that moment the doctor's cart drew up at the door, and Mrs. Owen ran out to meet him.

"Have you brought my little girl home, Dr. Davis?" she inquired, hurriedly.

"Your little girl, Mrs. Owen? No, I have not seen her; she left before I returned home, and I have been a long time on the road on account of the 'mist'."

"Then what can have become of her, she is lost and wandering about on the hills, poor helpless mite. Oh! why did I let her go?" cried the distressed grandmother, in an agonised tone.

Both of the grandparents were very much distressed that Matty should be out on such a night, for it was quite late in the evening now, and the doctor expressed his concern, and promised that when he returned he would make all the inquiries he could about the missing child; but as he was driving, and would have to keep to the main road, there was little probability of his meeting with her, as she would naturally have come across the hills.

"She is in the Lord's hands, Moggy," said Owen

kindly to his wife, after the doctor had left them; "but you had better send Richard to try and find her."

If Owen had not been ill he would have gone himself to look after his little grandchild, but all that he could do, situated as he was, was to lie upon his bed and pray for her safety, and this he did most earnestly.

Meanwhile Matty was safe in the shepherd's cottage, but she was very much distressed to think of the anxiety her absence would cause.

"Can't you take me home now, Mr. Jones?" she asked more than once; but the shepherd said that it would be almost impossible to find the way, and she must wait a little longer.

Presently Matty fell asleep; and it was not until the morning sun peeped into the window that she awoke and found that she had slept all night in the shepherd's house. When she did wake, however, she was anxious to return as quickly as possible to her grandfather's, and after taking a hurried meal she started homewards, accompanied by one of the shepherd's children who knew the way.

There was great rejoicing when Matty reached her home; her grandmother took her in her arms and caressed her as she had never done before, for though she had always loved the little girl, she seemed to be doubly precious to her now, after all the dread that her absence had caused. As to her grandfather, he said that her return in safety had done him more good than a lot of physic; and, as he soon afterwards quite recovered, perhaps it was so.

Matty never forgot that night, and it is not to be wondered at that she remembered it so distinctly, for it had been a time of fear and anxiety to her, except when she was asleep in the shepherd's cottage.

Sometimes Matty speaks of her adventure, and tells the little children about it, and when she does so she says that it makes her think of the journey of life that we are all travelling; it is one full of difficulties and dangers. The temptations that beset us are like the rocks and stones through which she had to find her way in the thick fog; and the kindly shepherd who came to her help reminds her of the good shepherd, Jesus Christ, who is ever ready to hear the cries of those who require His aid. When once Matty was in the arms of the shepherd she felt safe, and she was safe too, for he had travelled the road many times, and knew exactly where to go. So, if we put ourselves into the hands of Jesus we may feel safe, for He has travelled the road of life before us.

"He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same."

And then the joy that her grandparents felt when Matty returned in safety may be likened to the joy that is felt by the angels in heaven over one sinner that repented.

Will you not try to put your trust in God as little Matty did? It will make you so much happier than if you trust to yourself or any one else. Ask His aid in all times of difficulty or temptation, and He will lead you even through the thickest mist; He will put you in the right path, and at last receive you into His heavenly home.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

VII.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me." Psa. cxxxix. 1.

Read John i. 29-51.

"After the devil had ended all the temptation he departed from him for a season." The Lord Jesus then came down from the mountain where He had fought the fight, and won the victory, and we find from the Gospel of St. John that He returned to the Jordan where He had been baptized.

Here I wish to point out to you in passing what a great advantage it is that we have four accounts of our Lord's history in the four Gospels; each writer describes what he saw and could best describe, and as John was at that time in Judea he tells what happened there, while the others tell what happened afterwards in Galilee; it is like having four different photographs of a person, each gives something a little different from the rest because taken from a different point.

John was standing with two of his disciples as Jesus walked along, and now again the second time John bore witness to the Lord, and called attention to Him, by the words, "Behold the Lamb of God." From that time John's two disciples became Jesus' disciples. One of them was Andrew, the other was John "the beloved disciple." I have known some children make a confusion in distinguishing between John the Baptist and John the Apostle who wrote this Gospel; surely none of you will do this?

These were wonderful words that the Baptist said! You remember the verse you learned, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

This explains how John called Jesus the Lamb of God, not only because He was meek and gentle, pure and spotless, but still more because He was to shed His blood to save us and to take away our sins. The sacrifice of a lamb which the Jews offered every morning and evening by the command of God, was a type of the sacrifice of Christ the true Lamb of God. (Isa. liii. 7; 1 Peter xii. 19; Rev. v. 9 and 12.) Look out and read these verses and write them in your books below the text for the day.

Now for some questions. What question did Jesus ask the two disciples? What did they call Him, and what does *Rabbi* mean? What invitation did Jesus give them? How long did they abide with Him? After that what did Andrew do first of all? What great announcement did he make to his brother? What was his brother's name? What new name did Jesus give him? What does it mean? But what is the name by which we know him best? I like to remind you of this disciple's name, *Peter*, the fisherman who loved his Lord so well; this was the beginning of his coming to Christ, and it was his own brother Andrew who brought him. What a happiness when brothers lead each other to Jesus! It is the very best proof one can give of brotherly or of sisterly love.

In the next verses we have two more brought to Jesus. I ask you whom did Jesus find? and whom did Philip find? When Philip told Nathanael that he had found him of whom Moses and the Prophets had written, and that this was Jesus of Nazareth, Nathanael could not believe him. He despised Nazareth, and said, "Can any good thing come out of it?" But when Philip brought Him to come and see for himself, he learned how far mistaken he had been. It is not enough to hear from others about Jesus; we cannot know Him aright till we "come and see." Jesus says, "Come unto me" (Matt. xi. 28).

"Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile!" was the greeting with which the Lord met Nathanael. What was Nathanael's question? He had never seen Jesus, he could not believe that Jesus had seen him. Ah, my young friends, perhaps some of you feel like this! But mark the Lord's words. They struck like an arrow of conviction into Nathanael's heart. "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee!" Then Nathanael felt, O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me! And he cried in deep humility, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel." What did Jesus promise Nathanael he should yet see? Look out the following verses about Him who sees us. (Gen. xvi. 13; Prov. v. 21; Job xxxi. 4; Prov. xv. 3.)

Sing,—"Just as I am, without one plea."

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

VIII.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Whosoever he saith unto you, do it." (John ii. 5.)

Read John ii. 1-12. Jesus and the disciples whom we read about in our last lesson, now went from the banks of the Jordan to Galilee, and thero we find them present at a marriage. Can you give the names of these five disciples? There may have been others, but we know only of these at this time. There were different roads by which Jesus might have taken this journey. But it could not have taken less than two days, and on the third day, as you have read, the marriage took place. Cana is near Nazareth, and the mother of Jesus came from Nazareth to the marriage.

I have seen beautiful pictures representing this marriage as taking place in a grand palace among rich and splendidly dressed people, but I rather think it must have been in a poor house and among poor people, for you see "they wanted wine," which in that country is as cheap and common a drink as tea is with us. The mother of Jesus had a kind wish to help her friends in their difficulty, but she need not have spoken. Jesus knew quite well what was wanted, and what to do, when the right time came; she might have trusted Him. But Mary said a good and true word unto the servants, a good word for every one of those who profess to be servants of Christ,—what was it? You have learned to repeat it, and I hope you will write it on the book of your hearts and remember—"Whosoever Jesus saith unto you, do it!" It is not for you to ask the reasons of Christ's command, you have only to obey.

Now tell me the particulars of this miracle. How many waterpots of stone were there? How much did they each contain? What did the Lord command the servants to do first? When they had obeyed Him without asking why, and had filled them to the brim with water—a great quantity of water, perhaps seven gallons being in each waterpot—What command did He next give? These servants did not say to themselves, "What is the use of filling up all these firkins, and still more, what is the use of pouring out water to the governor of the feast when he is expecting wine?" No, they simply obeyed the Lord's command—and the water was made wine! Think of the astonishment of the servants, of the guests, of all present! It was no mere appearance of wine, it was better than any they had before seen; what did the person whom they called governor of the feast say about it? He did not know where it came from, but thought the bridegroom "had kept the good wine until now."

We read very lately how Jesus, the Son of God, refused to turn stones into bread for Himself, though He was famished with hunger, when invited to do so by the tempter. But though He would not work a miracle for Himself, see how ready He was to supply the wants of others; see how willingly He who would not turn stones into bread, turns water into wine, in His kindness and goodness to those who were in need. This is a lesson for us; let us follow Jesus in denying ourselves; let us follow Jesus in being kind to others. Do you remember the verse, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus"? (Phil. ii. 5.) and another verse, 1 Peter ii. 21, about an example left to us:—"For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps."

Will you now answer the following questions on v. 11: Where did this miracle take place? Had Jesus worked any miracles before this time? What did He here manifest forth? What was the effect on His followers?

Sing,—"The King of Love my Shepherd is."

Monthly Religious Record.

REMOTE Cornwall supplies the new archbishop. The selection of Dr. Benson, the Bishop of Truro, for Canterbury, has been canvassed from every point of view. The complex and difficult duties to which he is now called will test the capacities he has already shown. His appointment, regarded in the light of the influence he will yield, and the questions which he may be called to face, is an event of national interest; and it is not surprising that while some have hailed it almost with enthusiasm, others have objected with strong criticism. The general voice appears to be one of approval. The new Archbishop is a son of Mr. E. W. Benson, of Birmingham Heath, where he was born in 1827. He attains, therefore, to the highest dignity while still in the prime of his days. After a preliminary education at King Edward the Sixth's Grammar School in Birmingham, he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where his career was one of rapid success. For three years subsequently he acted as assistant master in Rugby School. In 1858 he was appointed headmaster of Wellington College, then opened, and there first showed his powers of administration, raising the institution to the dignity of a great public school. In 1872, he accepted the chancellorship of Lincoln Cathedral where for a long time he had held a prebendary stall; there he formed a theological school, and introduced various improvements. Four several times he has been chosen select preacher to the University of Cambridge; and for some years he was chaplain to Her Majesty. When the diocese of Truro was created out of the diocese of Exeter, in 1876, he was recommended for the new see by Lord Beaconsfield. Dr. Benson then found himself in the midst of a mixed population, amongst whom the influence of John Wesley's great work in the last century was still strong. His attitude towards Nonconformists, as he now desires it to be understood, may perhaps best be inferred from his farewell address to the clergy of his diocese. Extending his thanks to those laity "whose experience has been gained in bodies which honestly endeavoured to make up what was left undone in the past," he says: "Little justice should I do to my creed or my feelings if I did not yet again, as often in the past, acknowledge with love and gratitude that activity for Christ's sake, that open-handedness, that kindness, towards all good works, that favour at beholding growing activities in the Church which have been shown by the Wesleyans and by very many others who nevertheless have and use energetically organizations of their own." At Truro Dr. Benson had to form a diocese, with its proper diocesan institutions; he had to found a cathedral and carry it so far through its early difficulties as to leave no doubt of its completion. He had to select and form a Chapter, and to accomplish many lesser foundations in the neglected or backward parts of his diocese. The measure of success to which he attained has led to his promotion to the primacy. He early adopted the principles of lay help, and readily licensed zealous laymen both to read prayers and preach. Some hint as to his future policy in accepting "a leadership full of labour and anxiety," is given in the address to which we have already referred: "Where I go I have a noble, holy example before my eyes in my great predecessor in the archiepiscopal see—but how hard to follow! The greatness was God's gift of nature, but the holiness and sweetness of his charity, for that I am bound to strive as I may. You will pray for me often, and especially in that holiest communion where we are together unsevered by time or by space, that I may not strive in vain. I bless God for some little knowledge of the strong dignity of his work, and yet more for the sight of his fervent love to all men, and of his dying yearning for peace among Christians, which, by God's special goodness, was allowed to him from time to time in his weeks of ebbing life." Dr. Benson has published several volumes, chiefly of discourses. He is also a contributor to the Speaker's Commentary.

THE last act of Archbishop Tait, to which Dr. Benson refers, brings us to the edge of ecclesiastical controversies, the bearing of which we can but briefly indicate. The late primate addressed a letter on his dying bed to the Rev. A. H. Mackenzie, of St. Alban's, Holborn, suggesting

that he should withdraw from further conflict with the courts, by voluntarily resigning his benefice. Mr. Mackenzie, it will be remembered, was on the point of incurring the penalty of deprivation, by his continued refusal to recognise the decisions of Lord Penzance. Archbishop Tait wrote: "I am exceedingly anxious that the result of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts should, by the blessing of Almighty God, be such as to allay disquiet, and, by meeting any reasonable objections to existing procedure, to set men's minds free for the pressing duties which devolve upon the Church in the face of prevailing sin and unbelief." He urged therefore the expediency of such action as might tend to preserve peace. Mr. Mackenzie, after taking time to consider, wrote accepting the line of action indicated, in deference to the Archbishop's spiritual authority, but reaffirming his convictions as to "the State Courts." He further solicited the good offices of the Archbishop with the Bishop of London, "so that he might be licensed or instituted at once to whatever work in the diocese might offer itself." This correspondence was forwarded to the Bishop of London. The benefice of St. Alban's had thus been vacated for only six days when the Rev. Robert Suckling, of St. Peter's, London Docks, was presented by the Dean and chaplain of St. Paul's to the living; and on the next day Mr. Mackenzie was instituted to St. Peter's, a transfer being thus effected in a manner which leaves the question of ritual untouched. The ritual and ornaments at St. Alban's are to be unchanged, except that a picture, the removal of which was long ago ordered by the bishop, is at last to disappear; while Mr. Mackenzie will find at St. Peter's a ritual as fully developed as that which he leaves behind. It is pointed out that by this act, Archbishop Tait virtually abandoned the Public Worship Regulation Act, which he had done so much to promote. While due respect is paid to the motives by which he was actuated, it is strongly objected by others that this arrangement allows the ritual of the Mass a place within the Church of England.

ANOTHER course has been pursued by the Bishop of Manchester, with reference to the living of St. John's, Miles Platting, rendered vacant by the deprivation of Mr. Green. He has refused to institute Mr. Cowgill, the late curate, on the ground that he has been in the habit of using things prohibited—vestments, altar lights, and the mixed chalice, usages held unlawful by the supreme ecclesiastical tribunal, and that he is not satisfied with the testimonials of the vicar designate, nor with his promise of canonical obedience. The patron has intimated his intention of legally contesting the bishop's right of refusal.

FRANCE appears disposed to moderate her recent claims upon Madagascar. The Malagasy Envoys meanwhile have had an audience at Windsor Castle with our own Queen, who showed a great interest in their country. They were presented with an address of welcome and sympathy at a special meeting of the directors and friends of the London Missionary Society, held at the mission-house in Blomfield Street. The Religious Tract Society welcomed them also at one of the weekly breakfast-meetings of its committee. Their reception in England has been of the most cordial kind, one desire being expressed that the Malagasy people, preserving their independence, may continue to prosper. Perhaps the chief danger to Christianity in the island at the present time results from its having become "fashionable." There are perils in prosperity more subtle than those which have to be overcome in days of adversity.

AMERICAN Missions in Japan were commenced in 1859. It was ten years later before any British Missions were established. In May, 1882, the number of Protestant missionaries connected with Japan was 147, exclusive of the wives of missionaries, but including single ladies. The American Missions had 68 gentlemen and 46 single ladies; the British Missions, 28 gentlemen and 5 single ladies. Missionaries are still confined to the few treaty ports. In 1870 there were not ten native Protestant Christians in Japan; now they amount to about 5,000. One of the most

encouraging features of the work is the liberality of the native Christians. The Japanese display greater literary activity than any other Asiatic nation. In 1881, the number of distinct publications registered was 3,792. Some of the principal classes were as follows:—Education, 707; poetry, 556; politics, 545; history, 276; medicine, 267; law, 255. The number of newspapers was 254, including about 50 dailies. Notwithstanding the prevailing immorality, perhaps in no mission field has greater progress been made in providing Christian literature, and nowhere does its prospects seem more hopeful. The people show a spirit of "self-help," and a willingness to purchase Christian books at rates covering the cost, which is not equalled in any other part of Asia.

THE Baptist Missionary Society recently said farewell, at a valedictory service of unusual interest, to several missionaries proceeding abroad. The Rev. Francis James spoke forcibly of the difficulties which, notwithstanding all signs of progress, have still to be encountered in China. "Thirty millions sterling were spent every year in China upon idolatry. In a city where he was, just before leaving, he saw being built a large temple to Confucius, which was to cost between 60,000L and 70,000L. These things proved that the system was not dead or helpless. They had most powerful forces against them. He did not want to magnify difficulties, but he hardly thought that he could if he were to try. They had to deal with an acute and ingenious people. They found the same objections raised by them against Christianity as were raised by the keenest modern sceptics in America and England. The Chinese classics were interpreted by materialistic commentators, which hardened the people's hearts against the Gospel. The effect of the Taiping rebellion, too, told powerfully against them. The rebels, who were imperfectly instructed in the truths of Christianity, used the names of God and Christ amidst all their outrages, and the result was that in many districts the mention of this God-religion, as it was scornfully called, set the people in arms against them. . . . Their mission was a growing success. They only wanted more men, and they must remember that one man to-day in China could do more in one year than two or three could ten or fifteen years ago."

THE Rev. James Gilmour, describing the various forms of incense-burning in China, mentions one curious fact in relation to Peking. Incense-burning there "has taken another development, and one which cannot but be regarded as higher and nobler, and coming a step more near to the true worship than ordinary idolatry. Numbers of people go to a certain quarter of the city, and 'burn incense towards empty space.' Report says that the Chinese authorities prohibited the worship as irregular; but the votaries, Chinese-like, soon found a mode of evading the law by going into a neighbouring temple, and, with the consent of the guardian, turning their backs on the idols, and burning their incense towards the desired point of the compass. This turning from idols towards heaven cannot but be welcomed as a step in the right direction; and Christian teaching may be able to lead on towards the living and true God this worship, which may be regarded as a blind groping after, or ignorant worshipping of, God."

THE Calcutta "Church Missionary Gleaner" reports some interesting facts connected with the Krishnagar mission. Converts there are encouraged to remain in their old homes, among their own people after baptism. A Mohammedan had asked for baptism, and had relapsed under the strain of these new relations. The Mussulmans boasted that there would be no more conversions now it was plain no situations or gain could be had. But the spirit of inquiry began to spread. Presently four Mussulmans belonging to the same clan, were baptized in the village of Tetuberia. "Great efforts were made to prevent them. All labourers were forbidden to work for them. At the ghat and in the roads ridicule and reproach were heaped upon them, doggerel verses full of low abuse were composed by the village poet. Two nights before the baptisms one of their houses was set on fire. The owner, with three other Christians, who were staying with him, managed to extinguish the flames before much damage was done. Although a large crowd of Mohammedans were present and were entreated to assist, only two of them gave a helping hand. Relying upon God, the converts stuck boldly to their purpose, and were baptized in the presence

of a large company of Mussulmans and Hindus. Within a week after the baptisms, labourers were again allowed to work for them, and our brethren had begun to receive from the rest of the villagers the respect to which their social position entitled them."

THE *Times*' correspondent at Calcutta states that Pundita Romabal, a learned Hindoo lady who has consecrated her life to the work of promoting female education in India, has aroused profound interest by a course of lectures which she is delivering in Bombay. She is a widow, aged barely twenty-five, and renowned among the natives for her knowledge of Sanskrit, and for her complete emancipation from all narrow and debasing superstitions. There was a very large attendance of Hindoo and Parsee ladies at her first lecture. The lecturer, who, it is stated, was modestly attired in a simple white dress, spoke with perfect fluency and complete self-possession. Although native ladies are unusually bashful, yet when after the Pundita had finished, the ladies present were asked to express their thoughts on the subject which she had dwelt upon, one of them, after a slight pause, gathered courage and spoke, and nearly half a dozen other ladies followed.

THE mission established in Mexico by the Friends, numbers now 186 members, nearly all of whom are native Mexicans. It is stated that where the Friends' discipline has become known there has been a marked expression of approval of it. In one case a whole congregation applied to be received, on the ground that greater liberty of conscience is allowed by the Friends. The work of the mission is chiefly among the middle class. "Religion," writes one of the missionaries, "is now the leading theme of the public mind, as the recent conflict between the Government and the clergy, which has practically placed the whole State of Coahuila in interdict, has shaken the whole land, and people are anxious to know what Protestantism teaches, to see if they can accept a religion which is not in direct conflict with the Liberal Government."

THE Christmas season was marked as usual by many festive gatherings, in which the poorer classes participated. The annual supper, given in connection with St. Giles's Mission, at the Mission Chapel in Little Wild Street, near Drury Lane, to discharged prisoners, was attended by more than two hundred men out on ticket-of-leave. Prisoners, on coming out of gaol, are invited to breakfast in rooms near by. It is found that more than half of those released are willing to accept this first overture. A link thus established, an effort is made to retain an influence over them. It appears that during the last twelve months seventy-two discharged prisoners have been sent to sea; employment has been found for 173; twenty-one have been sent home, twenty-nine to the colonies, and 715 have been relieved with money, clothes, and tools. On this occasion silver watches were presented to twenty reformed convicts who had retained their situations over a year.

THE great work done among homeless and destitute children is among the most cheering facts of our day, but cannot be sustained without the continual replenishment of funds. Thus we notice an appeal on behalf of the well-known training-ships "Chichester" and "Arethusa" and the seven homes for destitute boys and girls known as the National Refuges. Since the year 1852 the committee have received upwards of 7,300 boys and 1,600 girls. During the same period they have trained and placed out in the world to earn their own living upwards of 7,500 children. Of this number about 3,000, boys have been sent into the Royal Navy and merchant service. There are now nearly 1,000 children under training in these homes and ships, but a considerable sum was required to clear off the liabilities at the end of the year.

THE bishopric of Llandaff has become vacant by the death of Dr. Ollivant, who had reached the ripe age of eighty-five. He took part as one of the Old Testament Revision Committee up to the time of his final illness.

THE death of Dean Close strikes from the roll a long familiar name. For thirty years he laboured at Cheltenham with a zeal rarely surpassed. In 1856 he became Dean of Carlisle, and there he remained till last year, when he resigned the deanery. He also had reached the full age of eighty-five.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



CONRAD WITNESS HAS AN APOLOGY TO MAKE.

F. D. Gask

GWENDOLINE;

OR, HALCOTS AND HALCOMBE.

BY AGNES GUERNE, AUTHOR OF "THROUGH THE LINN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—AN ENCOUNTER.

"I AM not ill, I assure you. There is nothing wrong with me. It is only a spirit of idleness," Gwendoline said, blushing.

"We must consider how the spirit of idleness can best be met," said Mr. Fosbrook, in his dryly polite manner, glancing from Gwendoline to Lady Halcot. "I should not imagine idleness to be Miss Halcombe's usual failing."

No. 1205—MARCH 3, 1883.

"On the contrary she has an energetic temperament," said Lady Halcot. "But I do not think she is very strong just now."

"What are Miss Halcombe's favourite occupations, may I ask?" Mr. Fosbrook addressed the remark generally.

"Painting—has been," Gwendoline answered, as the elder lady remained silent.

"And is not now?"

"I can't take it up yet. I am idle," repeated Gwendoline.

"A little reaction, possibly, from too steady application in the past."

"That did not occur to me," said Lady Halcot.

"Don't try the painting at present. You will

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return to it with more zest by-and-bye, if you give yourself a few weeks of thorough rest first. Are you fond of riding?"

"I have never been on horseback."

"And how about walks? I do not mean mere garden-strolls, but brisk country-walks and sea-shore rambles."

Gwendoline coloured brightly, and Lady Halcot did not look quite pleased. "Miss Halcombe spends at least an hour in the grounds every morning; but walking seems rather to knock her up."

"I would not think too much of that. Let her take a sharp walk, and if necessary go to sleep afterwards for an hour. Perhaps a morning on the beach would be a pleasant change sometimes. Are you devoted to sea-anemones, Miss Halcombe?"

"I do not know much about them. I should like—" and she paused.

"I could lend you a little book on the subject." He had noted her expression of pleasure. "Merely as a guide to your own researches on the beach."

Lady Halcot counted all this beside the mark, and she intimated with dignity that Gwendoline's presence was no longer required. Mr. Fosbrook stood up to shake hands, remarking "You had better leave art alone for a while, and take to nature instead." Gwendoline went away, smiling, and the doctor had a somewhat lengthy interview with Lady Halcot. After his departure Gwendoline was recalled.

"Would you like to go to the shore this morning?"

Gwendoline's face said more than words in response.

"Mr. Fosbrook does not think there is much wrong with you, but he recommends sea-bathing and as much fresh air and exercise as possible. It is unfortunate that Miss Withers is such a poor walker. You cannot of course go alone into the country, but Mr. Fosbrook assures me that you will be perfectly safe upon the beach. He thinks you will enjoy yourself more alone, than if I sent Frith as your attendant. I am willing to try the experiment, trusting to your discretion. I need scarcely say that you will of course exchange words with no one. I have a great objection to the making of stray acquaintances."

Gwendoline did her best to put the old lady's mind at rest, and speedily started upon her solitary ramble, feeling like a caged bird set free. She had not passed an hour of such enjoyment for many a day. It was a sunny morning, and the half high tide, as it came in, was dropping little lines of froth along the pebbles. Small green waves washed up and broke in quick succession; while the pale blue, further out, reflecting the sky, was varied by snatches of grey from passing clouds. Gwendoline paced to and fro restlessly happy. The sea never saddened her as it saddens some people, but it preached her a sermon that morning. The great ocean was so hard at work, climbing the little belt of shore, seeming to expend much energy on a small object, and gaining that object only to fall back beaten so soon as victory was obtained. Yet was it thus in reality? If in that hour its ap-

pointed work was done, its Maker's will was accomplished, could the object have been slight or the apparent failure real? "I think not," Gwendoline murmured half-aloud. "I suppose one ought to be willing and ready for anything, advance or retreat, conquest or defeat, no matter what, so long as God chooses it for us. I should like to feel so about my everyday life,—just to have my whole heart set on the simple doing of His will."

Lady Halcot counted her experiment successful, when Gwendoline returned, fresh and hungry, from her ramble. "Mr. Fosbrook is right," she said. "We must follow his advice." And during several successive mornings the same plan was pursued.

Gwendoline had taken with her one day a little volume of poetry, and was busily reading, seated on a low rock, the first of that same jutting series where had taken place her adventure with the little boy. Voices near made her turn her head mechanically.

Gwendoline sprang to her feet, as if from an electric shock. "Honor!" burst from her lips, and she was in Honora Dewhurst's arms.

The instant's impulse over, Gwendoline woke up to the realities of her position, and she stepped back, yet not before Honora was gravely putting her off.

"O Honor, why didn't you tell me you were coming?"

"Why, Honor, if this isn't your pretty young friend, Miss Gwendoline Halcombe! How do you do, my dear,—how do you do. Allow me to congratulate you heartily on the rise in your circumstances. I hope her ladyship, Lady Halcot, is quite well."

Gwendoline stood still in blank dismay. She remembered Lady Halcot's prohibition,—yet what could she do? Mr. Widrington came near with outstretched arm and beaming face: and she slowly put her little hand into his. One shake did not satisfy Mr. Widrington. He moved her hand up and down energetically, renewing his congratulations, with an air of paternal encouragement.

"Quite a pleasure to see you again, Miss Halcombe,—I do assure you it is quite a pleasure. We haven't forgotten you in our little home,—no, no, my old wifie and I we often talk of you, and she used to think at first you'd maybe drop in some day, and have a cup of tea with us. But I said to her, 'No, no, wifie,' says I, Miss Halcombe's a grand young woman now, in a sphere above us, and depend on it she's got other fish to fry, so we needn't look to see her in our humble dwelling! And sure enough we didn't. Not as I'm offended, so don't you think it, Miss Halcombe. But I'm not sorry for this opportunity to congratulate you on your prospects, and I'm sure you'll accept the congratulations as meant."

Honora, who had been studying Gwendoline's face, spoke suddenly: "Gwen, is this permitted?"

Gwendoline's lips scarcely formed the monosyllable,—"No."

"There, we will say good-bye at once."

"O Honor, let me have a few words, just a

few words with you," Gwendoline said pleadingly. "I don't think she would mind that, really."

"I understand." Honora considered for a moment, then turned to her uncle,—"Would you mind leaving us together for two or three minutes?" she asked. "Miss Halcombe must not stay, and we have not met for so long."

"To be sure, my dear, to be sure; it's a true saying that three is no company. I'll make for the cliff, and wait your leisure, and don't you hurry yourselves on any account. Women always have plenty to say to one another. I don't mind if I'm an hour waiting."

"Kind old man!" Gwendoline murmured, as after another vigorous hand-shake he withdrew.

"Now, Gwen, tell me what is permitted?"

"I may correspond with you, and that of course means that you are acknowledged as my friend. I do not think Lady Halcot would mind my meeting you, here or elsewhere."

"I see. She would tolerate me as an artist. But you are not to meet my uncle as an acquaintance."

Another soft "No" was the answer.

"It has been spoken about."

"I told her all at first. I thought it right. And she said—that must stop."

"The other must stop too," said Honora quietly.

Gwendoline gave only a look.

"I do not mean that the correspondence must stop, or the friendship, my darling. But when I am staying with my uncle, I cannot have differences made that would pain him. If you must pass him without notice, you must pass me too. Your meeting him occasionally is unavoidable, especially now you are allowed to go about more alone. I shall tell him simply what he has to expect, and that it is by Lady Halcot's desire; and if I put myself in the same category with himself he will not be hurt. Gwen, don't sob!"

"O Honor!—if I could but go home!"

"Hush, you must not wish that. For your mother's sake, Gwennie dear, don't wish it. Think how comfortable and easy they all are now, in comparison with the past. And you are happy at the Leys, are you not?"

"I suppose so," Gwendoline could hardly utter.

"Don't cry, Gwen,—you make me feel myself so cruel. Yet surely you see with me that I cannot act differently."

"I don't know. I think I only see my own side of the matter," said Gwendoline, with a tearful smile. "I do try to be brave, but sometimes I have such a heart-thirst for you and mother. Lady Halcot is very kind, but nobody loves me here, Honor, and nothing seems really worth doing. Miss Withers does everything for Lady Halcot, and I never have a chance of being useful in that direction. Lady Halcot won't hear of my taking a class in the Sunday-school; and if I propose to work for the poor, she says I may give orders to my maid to do anything I like. And though I have a large allowance, she expects me to spend so much upon myself, and overlooks the spending so closely, that I cannot give away much. What am I to do, Honor? I know you won't say anything of all this to mother, but I

have been longing to ask somebody, and I have no friend here. What ought I to do?"

Honora looked very tenderly into the sweet face, with its brimming sorrowful eyes. "It is not so very hard a question to answer, my darling," she said. "Just do what your Master gives you to do."

"But, Honor, He gives me nothing."

"Then be content to do that."

"Nothing!"

"Certainly, if such is His will for you just now. A master is entirely at liberty to bid his servant stand with folded hands for an hour, if so he please."

Gwendoline looked dreamily towards the horizon.

"Yes," she said, "of course he is. And the servant ought to obey without grumbling."

"Unquestionably."

"But doesn't it seem a waste of time? So much needs to be done."

"The seeming is not reality. God knows the need better than you or I can do. Perhaps you are being prepared for some work, which you would never be able to undertake without some such previous testing of your will as this."

"But if it lasts a long time?"

"It will not last longer than is good for you."

There was a brief pause, and Honora said gently, "Gwen, we must part."

"Just five minutes more."

Honora yielded, and the five minutes grew into ten, of low-voiced conversation. After that, she would consent to no longer delay. Gwendoline stood like a statue on the beach, watching her friend rejoin Mr. Widrington on the cliff, watching still until the two disappeared. Then with a full heart, yet cheered and comforted, she made her way homewards.

Leisure for thought came now, and a sense of fear crept over her. What would Lady Halcot say? Had she acted wrongly?

One thing was clear. The whole truth would have to be told without delay, cost what it might. Gwendoline had no manner of hesitation there.

Reaching the Leys, she was met in the hall by Miss Withers. "You have come back," that lady observed, with what struck Gwendoline as a singular expression.

"Yes," Gwendoline said simply. "Where is Lady Halcot?"

"Her ladyship is occupied, and desires not to be interrupted at present."

There was nothing remarkable in this. Gwendoline passed on silently to her own rooms, and there indulged in so absorbing a dream of home-faces and home-news, that she lost count of time, and the luncheon bell rang unexpectedly. Gwendoline hastened downstairs, regretting that she had not made an effort to see Lady Halcot. It was too late now.

Luncheon proved to be a silent meal that day. Lady Halcot's nose and mouth wore their most rigid look, Conrad Withers seemed conscious and uncomfortable, and Miss Withers bore an aspect of humble satisfaction. Gwendoline became conscious of something unusual in the atmosphere. Whether or no this something unusual were

connected with herself, she wisely resolved to be prompt in what she had to do.

"You have all finished?" Lady Halcot said at length, glancing round and rising. Other words were on her lips, but Gwendoline forestalled them.

"May I speak to you alone, if you please?"

"Certainly," Lady Halcot said, casting a swift glance at the girl's pale face. She did not see how another face in the room fell, but led the way to her own boudoir, and placed herself in her favourite armchair. Gwendoline stood near, trembling slightly, but resolutely calm.

"Miss Withers said you were engaged when I came in, or I would have told you sooner. I have seen my friend, Honora Dewhurst."

"Where?" asked Lady Halcot.

"On the beach. She is staying for a night or two with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Widrington, and she came there with her uncle. I was taken by surprise, and I did not know what to do. He and I shook hands."

"That 'did not know what to do' is not quite ingenuous, Gwendoline," said Lady Halcot coldly. "You could scarcely have forgotten my desire."

"No, but—with Honor there—I did not know how, indeed," said Gwendoline in distress. "I could not refuse to notice him."

"Certainly you could. I expect you to do so in future."

Gwendoline thought of a dozen different things to say, and said none of them.

"Your only excuse is that you were, as you say, taken by surprise. But it must not happen again. The Widringtons are not to be received as acquaintances in any sense by you. Have you told me all?"

Gwendoline considered painfully, finding some difficulty in commanding her thoughts, with those stern bright eyes upon her.

"Honor asked if it was allowed, and I said 'No,' and she asked him to leave us. I thought you would not mind my talking to Honor herself for a few minutes."

"Only a few minutes?"

"I don't think it could have been more than a quarter of an hour, but I cannot be sure. She was telling me about all of them at home, and the time went very fast."

"Did you talk of nothing else?"

Gwendoline blushed vividly. "Yes,—I was telling her I wished I could be of more use to—*to somebody—to people.*"

"You are of use to me. That ought to be sufficient. Have you told me all?"

"Not quite. I am afraid I kissed Honora at the first moment more warmly than you would have liked. But it was so sudden."

"I do not approve of school-girlish ecstasies, especially in public. But I have not had to complain of your manner before."

"You shall not again, if I can help it," said Gwendoline quietly.

"And about the Widringtons? That has to be put an end to, decisively. Either you must not meet them, or you must make them understand your respective positions."

"I think I had better not go on the shore again at present."

"Mr. Fosbrook wishes you to bathe."

"Yes, twice a week. I can manage that safely by going early,—but I will not sit about on the shore again. I do not want to give pain unnecessarily."

"Very well," Lady Halcot said, and she sat looking at Gwendoline thoughtfully.

"You need not stand," she remarked. "Gwendoline, it is well that you have acted with openness. I had already heard of this interview."

Gwendoline's astonishment was unmistakeable.

"It does not matter how,—still I have no objection to your knowing. Mr. Withers was on the cliff during the early part of the affair, and on arrival here he naturally told his aunt what he had seen. Miss Withers felt it her duty to inform me. It is well therefore that you have been frank. If you had kept back any particulars, my trust in you would have suffered. The only complaint I have now to make is of your want of presence of mind. There was plainly no deliberate intention to disobey."

"I hope there never will be," Gwendoline said in a low voice, smothering with difficulty a sharp sense of indignation at Miss Withers' conduct.

"It would have been singular," Lady Halcot said in a musing tone, unusual with her,—"singular if to-day of all days, I had found cause to think less well of you. You do not understand me, of course, and there is no need that you should. Still it is well that you should see clearly the relations in which we stand to one another. By certain alterations made in my will, and completed this very morning, you are made heiress to the greater part of that property which lies at my own disposal,—not the Halcot estate, but that which came to me from my mother. Unless you give me reason to revoke this step, you will some day be a tolerably rich woman."

Gwendoline showed no excitement, as the old lady expected her to do. She received the news in absolute silence, and after some serious thought she said simply, "I hope that if I ever am rich I shall use my money rightly."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"No, I ought to thank you," said Gwendoline. "And I do, indeed I do. Only I wish——"

"You wish what?"

"That it could be left to my mother instead of to me."

"There is no need to enter upon that question," said Lady Halcot, with less displeasure than she would have shown some weeks earlier. "Your mother took her deliberate choice, and she must abide by it. I do not wish this matter talked about, remember."

"No," replied Gwendoline, "I will be very careful, and of course you might change your mind again. Shall I tell my mother or would you rather not?"

"I leave that to your discretion."

"Did Mr. Selwyn come?" asked Gwendoline suddenly.

"To Riversmouth?—To-day? No, I wished it, but he was unable. Had he done so, I should have remembered that he was an old acquaintance of yours. Now you may dress for our drive."

Gwendoline understood that no more was to be said, and she moved away, outwardly quiet, but inwardly much stirred. As she passed along the corridor leading to her room, Conrad Withers suddenly darted towards her from some unknown corner, and brought himself to an abrupt pause.

"Miss Halcombe—Miss Halcombe! Just one word, I entreat of you! The old lady has let the cat out of the bag! I knew she would. I see it in your face. Can you ever forgive me?"

Gwendoline stood still, and gravely scrutinized his perturbed face. "How much have I to forgive?" she asked.

"I assure you I didn't mean any harm, but I'm a most unlucky fellow—always putting my foot in it? I saw you were awfully delighted to get hold of the young lady, and it made me laugh to see old Widrington sawing your hand up and down and speechifying? I just told my aunt out of fun, and never dreamt of anything else, till I saw she took it as a serious matter. I assure you I didn't mean any harm."

"It was nothing worse than a little gossip on your part," said Gwendoline.

"Well, you see it's so tremendously dull here. If I didn't have a bit of fun sometimes I should

die of the dumps, I do believe. But you'll forgive me, won't you?"

"There has been no harm done," said Gwendoline, with a certain quiet dignity which Conrad thought fascinating. "But there might have been. Another time I shall feel much obliged to you and your aunt if you will leave me to make my own explanations. Miss Withers may be perfectly sure that Lady Halcot will not fail to hear everything from me. Perhaps you will kindly say this to your aunt."

"I'll see that she understands. And I'll bite off my tongue before ever I tell her anything about you again," said Conrad.

"Stay," Gwendoline said, as he made a move. "When did Miss Withers tell her story to Lady Halcot?"

"Oh, she just kept watch outside the door, till the lawyer's man—Mr. what d'you call him?—was gone, and then she went in, and never left Lady Halcot till the luncheon-bell rang. I knew what it meant, the moment I saw the old lady's face; and wasn't I mad with myself? Hallo! there she comes! I must be off, or I shall catch it!"—and Conrad sped past Lady Halcot, receiving a sharp glance of questioning as he went.

THE RESTORED PRIZE-MONEY AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IN the struggle of the American colonies for independence, in 1776, they received sympathy and aid from France. This produced a war between France and Great Britain.

There was at that time living at Falmouth, in Cornwall, a surgeon named Joseph Fox, a member of the Society of Friends, who, both by education and conviction, regarded war, in every shape, as forbidden by the precepts of the Gospel. He was part owner of the "Greyhound" and the "Brilliant," two luggers or cutters which traded along the Cornish coast.

It was then the barbarous practice for the owners of such vessels, in time of war, to arm their ships and take out *Letters of Marque*, giving them licence to waylay and capture the merchant-vessels of the enemy. In no part of England was this practice more general than in the southwestern counties; and the other owners of the two luggers proposed to fit them out for this purpose. Joseph Fox of course objected, and remonstrated strenuously with his partners on the injustice of such an act. Being one alone, however, his protest was disregarded; the vessels were armed; and the partners refused at the same time either to purchase his share or to allow him to dispose of it to any other. All he could do was to declare that he would never be a partaker in gains so acquired.

The war broke out so unexpectedly that many French craft fell an easy prey to the English cruisers; and the "Greyhound" and "Brilliant" succeeded in capturing two valuable merchantmen, "l'Aimable Française" and "l'Assurance," together

with some small coasting vessels. Joseph Fox's partners, taking advantage of his declaration, made a great effort to retain all the profit of the adventure for themselves; but he believed it to be his Christian duty to claim his share and hold it in trust to be, when occasion should permit, restored to the rightful owners; and with much difficulty he succeeded in obtaining from them a sum of money, which he placed at interest in the public funds. This was in 1778.

In 1783 peace was restored; and the next year, a delay having occurred from the refusal for a time of the partners to give up the bills of lading, Joseph Fox sent his son, Dr. Edward Long Fox, to Paris, to advertise for the owners of the plundered property. A proceeding so unheard of was naturally looked upon with suspicion; and before the doctor could obtain leave to insert his advertisement in the *Gazette de France*, he had to communicate with the Count de Vergennes, one of the French ministry, who required a formal declaration that his real object was such as he professed it to be, and who added a threat of severe punishment in case of deception. Joseph Fox died of pleurisy, after a short illness, a few days after the appearance of the advertisement.

In consequence of the public notice thus given, applications were made by numerous parties, as proprietors or insurers; all the claims were proved to be well founded; and the chief part of the money was proportionately distributed amongst the owners of the two merchantmen and their cargoes. Those who had been sufferers by the capture of "l'Assurance" made an acknowledg-

ment through the *Gazette* of this rare act of restitution, stating their desire "to give the publicity which it merits to this trait of generosity and equity, which does honour to the Society of the Quakers, and proves their attachment to the principles of peace and unity by which they are distinguished." It is related that this partial restoration of what was looked upon as irrecoverable was of especial value to the widow of one who had died of a broken heart in consequence of his losses.

After restoring the proportion due to the two principal vessels (about 1,470*l.*, including expenses), there remained a balance of 120*l.* on the proceeds of the coasting vessels, which could not be refunded, the owners being numerous and widely scattered in various parts of France and Holland. It was concluded to appropriate this sum to the relief of decayed seamen in the French mercantile service, but no way could be found for doing this before the year 1793, when war again broke out between the two countries. Hostilities continued with little interruption till 1814, when Dr. Edward Long Fox proceeded again to Paris and had an audience of Louis XVIII., and several interviews with his ministers. Napoleon's return from Elba the next spring caused a fresh delay; and it was not till 1818 that the matter was finally settled. The money (which had been invested at compound interest) had increased to 600*l.*; and this sum was deposited in "the treasury of the Invalid Seamen of France," for the relief of "non-combatants of the merchant service."

But this is not the end of the story.

What has been related was not the only result which followed from the advertisement of 1784. Besides the applications for the restored property, Dr. Fox received at the same time a reply of a very different and unexpected character. It was a letter with this address, "The Quakers of Congénies-Calvisson to the virtuous Fox." Congénies is a village ten miles west of Nîmes in the Department of Gard. The writers describe themselves as a little flock of about a hundred persons, and express the joy it had given them to hear of the efforts used by the advertiser to fulfil the commands of Christ. They represent themselves as opposed to war on Christian principle, and as being in consequence an object of hatred and contempt to their fellow-citizens, both Protestants and Catholics. Especially do they condemn the wars engaged in by the former in previous ages to keep possession of their religious liberties.

This letter led to further correspondence, and to a journey to London by De Marsillac, one of their community. From his account the English Friends discovered to their surprise, that there had existed in the South of France for sixty or seventy years a Christian Church, which, besides its testimony against war, held spiritual views regarding worship and the ministry identical with their own. When inquired of concerning their history, and how they came to entertain such views, the Congénies Friends said that, according to the traditions preserved amongst them, they sprang out of the Camisards, or Protestants of the Cévennes, who from 1702 to 1705 defended themselves against all the armies sent by Louis XIV. to

compel them to abjure their faith. How their forefathers came to adopt such a manner of worship and such religious views they could not say: only on one point, their testimony in regard to war, had they preserved any clue as to the means by which the light may have come to them. In the heat of the fierce and vindictive struggle just mentioned, in the year 1703, an epistle, believed to be written by some faithful pastors of Geneva, was received and circulated through the Cévennes. It was an appeal, strong and warm with Christian love, calling on their persecuted brethren in the faith to cease from violent reprisals, and to throw away the sword.

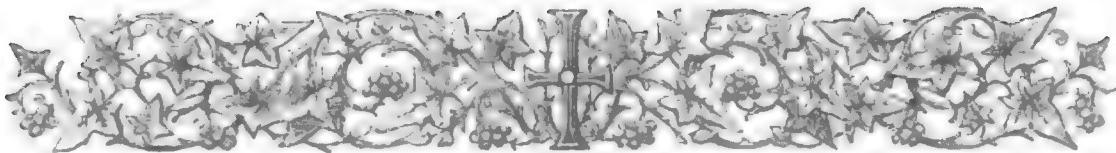
We have only space here for one or two paragraphs.

"Dear Christian Brethren," so runs the epistle, "we know the violent measures which have been used to compel you to attend mass, and to send your children to the Romanist schools; how soldiers surround you and pounce upon you, like wolves on lambs, when you assemble in secret to worship God. We know the cruelties which are inflicted upon you, pitilessly, incessantly, the loss of your goods and the maltreatment of your persons; how chains, imprisonment, torture and the gibbet have at length broken down your patience and filled your hearts with despair and rage. We confess that under such protracted and bitter trials, it is hard to withstand the impulses of nature, which, in spite of ourselves, spring up in the depths of the heart, bidding us render evil for evil. We pity and sympathise with you in this fiery trial; but you are Christians, Reformed Christians! But have you forgotten that it is never permitted to do evil that good may come? —that you are not now under the old law, by which it was commanded to exterminate idolaters and destroy their high places, but under the new commandment whose Author wills not the death of a sinner, but that he should be converted and live? It must be the Lord's arm, and not yours, which shall put an end to your captivity. Do all you can to obtain the desired object by a holy life, and not by the works of darkness."

The Romish historian of the times observes, that for several days after the reading of this letter the Camisards refrained from their accustomed acts of cruelty and reprisal; but no more permanent effect on the body of the people appears to have followed.

The Friends in this country were warmly interested in the sister-church in France, thus unexpectedly made known to them; Stephen Grellet went there in 1807; and the intercourse which was then begun has been sedulously maintained ever since. The soil of France, however, with its revolutions, conscriptions, priesthood, and infidelity, has not been favourable to the growth of simple, spiritual Christianity; and it is a source of deep regret that the Friends of Congénies are now less numerous than they once were.*

* "Memorials of Christine Majolier Alsop." By Martha Braithwaite. S. Harris and Co., London. A book full of interesting matter. Christine Majolier was a native of Congénies, and came to England in 1817 with William Allen and his daughter when they visited the Camisard villages of the Cévennes.



"How shall I put thee among the Children?"

Jeremiah iii. 19.

IT was a time of gladness, for my heart beat with young life,
And my ear had not grown weary of Earth's noises and its strife;
They could hardly make their way through the music that I heard,
When the bells rocked in the steeple and night inspired her bird.

I only dreamed of darkness, for my eyelids never woko
But upon the rosy radiance that athwart its shadows broke;
Even Nature moved around me with the mirth of dancers' feet,
Or if we met in silence her smile was solemn, sweet.

The purple of the ocean was but a robe of state
Laid round the throne of empire to man's lordship consecrate,
And his throne was God's own footstool, and His glorious garment's hem
Gleamed with a rarer radiance than His creature's diadem.

The heavenly blue above me, my soul should one day cleave,
And in divine progression her human barriers leave;
From glory on to glory, from knowing but in part Should onward press to all that fills and satisfies the heart.

To yearn was not to sorrow, for life was still so sweet,
To burn was not to wither in fever's fitful heat,
To look within the veil had ne'er brought any discontent,
For far too well the exile loved her place of banishment.

The heir of all the ages, proud of their wealthy thought,
To my inheritance a glad and loyal heart I brought;
Fain had I built me larger rooms in which to place my store,
For failing to grasp much, I could but long to garner more.

'Twas sweet that to the beautiful my heart might open swift,
And each ennobling influence my soul might heavenward lift;
Ne'er should I entertain, I thought, God's angels unaware,
But feel their presence in the stir of ampler purer airs.

And so among my fellows I moved with reverent brow,
The glory of the vast to be touching the pleasant now;
Content that lovely things and fair were ministers of good,
Although the symbol lying deep was dimly understood.

Until for one brief moment God rolled the heavenly blue
Backward to my astonished gaze and let the glory through;
I saw as in a golden haze the glowing seraphs swim,
Veiling their faces with both wings to chant their choral hymn.

And Holy! Holy! Holy! was its burden and refrain,
While from the choiring cherubim pealed Holy! back again;
And lo, upon a crystal sea I saw a white-robed throng
Attune their golden harps to chord with the angelic song.

But Holy! Holy! Holy! the strain shot through the height,
As if eterno to travel through uncomprehended light;
And deep it rolled like thunder, until it fell so low,
Methought I heard it waken a hollow note of woe.

I dared not to look God-ward—the light might strike me blind—
And for the adoring seraphs no language could I find,
But as my angel brothers were the harping white-robed throng,
I was fain to hear the greeting that their lips would speak ere long.

Till lo! one like the Son of God came from their midst to me,
And said, "Among the children, ah! how shall I put thee?"
His tones were full of pity, His voice so sad and sweet,
That I longed like Magdalene to press right in and kiss His feet.

But I could not stir for anguish; I only saw the white These harpers wore unblemished in the strong and searching light;
And I looked upon the raiment that erewhile appeared so fair,
And I knew 'twas all unsightly and discoloured everywhere.

My heart was nigh to breaking, and my eyes were very dim:
Those words of mild upbraiding smote me through the angels' hymn;
And I turned my troubled gaze where it might not meet the face
That for all the grief and anger was so full of love and grace.

He then was not my heaven—He had turned my heaven
to pain—
In a moment all the splendour round me began to wane,
And I was even thankful, in my sorrowful dismay,
That I had not changed the earthly for the immortal
day.

Years passed, and I knew sorrow; ay, and the bark of
care;
I wearied of my roses, for the thorn pierced everywhere;
My sense was dulled to beauty, and the life wheels
dragged so slow.
That thought was rendered anxious and the song bore
notes of woe.

And as I walked 'mid others I caught their fretful
plaint.
And in the sight of duty I languid grew and faint;
The sky above was greyer than when life was in its
spring.
My hopes and aims more sordid, for they ne'er were on
the wing.

Ah! and I thought no longer my raiment white and
clean,
New spots of sin were daily upon the surface seen;
I scarcely dared to ponder on the soul's vast to nx,
But asked, "Among the children, ah! how shall He put
me?"

Then a horror of great darkness fell o'er me as I saw,
Beyond that light, no cover from the thunderbolts of Law;
And 'twas, Oh, to be brought near! and to end the weary
strife
At His feet whose word could give me the power of en-
less life!

But I heard the angels singing, and as erst there broke
between,
The sweet harps of the children, who sang, with look serene:
"To Him who lovéd us and washed be glory evermore!
Because He washed us in His blood we laud Him and
adore."

Well might their radiant garments be whiter than the
snow!
"Lord, Thou canst put me with them if Thou wilt wash
me so!"
Oh! for the crimson flood that poured o'er the unsightly
stains,
Oh! for the joy that swallowed the soul's long travail
pains.

And now a blood-bought heaven leaned o'er a glad new
earth,
And angels paused in rapture to hail a glad new birth;
And God's Dove brooded sweetly above the heart's calm
sea,
Because among the children He had put even me.

Brood ever there in meekness, O Thou most Holy Dove!
And be my last breath blended with the strains they
chant above;
I hear their harp-notes ringing in glad and loud acclaim,
In full-hearted choral homage to an ever-blessed Name.

Oh, listen! it is mighty to lift the soul from gloom,
And fill with love and radiance the heart's long curtained
room!
Behold, it says, what manner, what height of love is
this,
That we should be upraised to live with Him in bliss.

That we should e'er be callēd the sons of God and reign
With Christ where sin's dominion shall ne'er prevail
again,
Should be heirs in His triumph; and in His light so
clear,
What we shall be for beauty, it doth not yet appear.

We know we shall be like Him, and see Him as He is,
The earthly shall the heavenly take on it even His.
Behold! and let the joyous shout be echoed all abroad,
Behold what love it is that we are called the sons of
God!
SAMSON C. J. INGHAM.

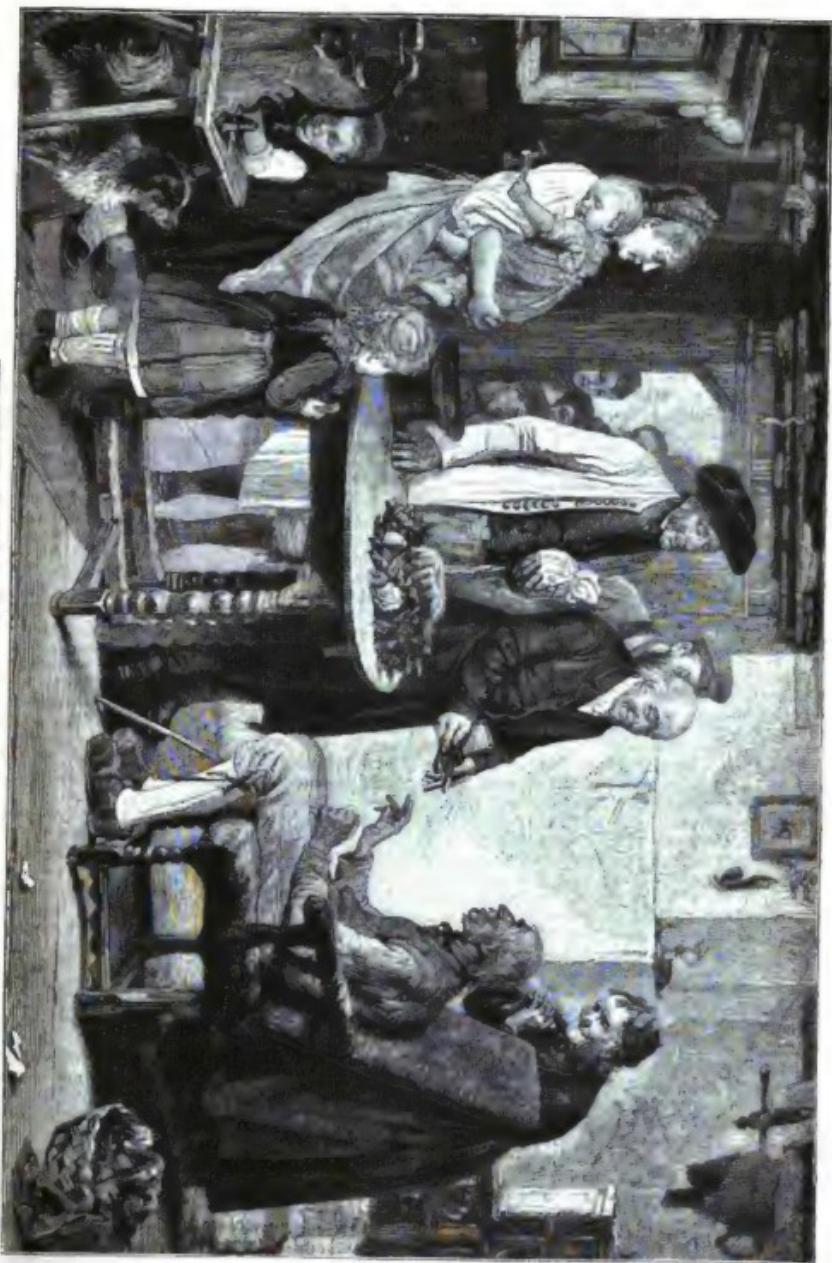
FAITHFUL SERVICE.

A GERMAN painter has pleasantly depicted one of the rewards of faithful service in the accompanying scene of peasant life. The Hessian or Swabian peasant, whose official jubilee is honoured, is represented as receiving from his Sovereign, by the hands of the pastor of his parish, the order of the Black Eagle in recognition of his long and faithful services. The burgomaster, a successor in an office which the old man himself has probably held, accompanies the pastor on the occasion. His wife also is by his side, and his children and children's children are present to share his joy. The things that should accompany old age surround this worthy old retired peasant and civic dignitary. Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends are his. Surely goodness and mercy have followed him all the days of his life.

Instances like this are an incentive to well-doing in every position which a man may be called to occupy; and an encouragement to fidelity and perseverance when the burden of responsibility presses heavily, and difficulties and trials are encountered in the discharge of duty. It is a legitimate ambition to cherish that we may win the approval of our fellow-men and the honourable rewards of faithful service, and the satisfaction felt when it is fulfilled is a thing which no man need be ashamed to own. There are higher motives than these. These are, the glory and favour of God, the testimony of a good conscience, the desire to do right because it is right, the good of our fellow-men; but none of these is inconsistent with a love of human approbation and desire for and satisfaction from the attainment of merited recognition and reward.

It is only a one-sided system that would make the higher motives exclude the lower. A complete and catholic system of morals would comprehend them all, giving to each its due place and influence. Christianity itself, while it demands the purest and most disinterested devotion to the true and right, holds out the prospect of reward to the good and faithful servant and of reward proportioned to the measure of fidelity.

Alike in our earthly and heavenly calling, it is lawful to look forward to the rewards of faithful service, not making them our chief aim but keeping them in a secondary place as motives; and it is a great satisfaction to a rightly constituted mind, to see faithful service meeting with a fitting reward.



THE JUBILEE OF OFFICE : A RECOGNITION OF LONG SERVICE

R. G. CRANCH.

LOVEST THOU ME?

BY THE REV. ADOLPH SAPPHIR, D.D.

I.

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?"—John xxii. 15.

"LOVEST thou Me?" This question was no doubt in the mind of the apostle, when many years after he wrote the touching words, "Whom having not seen, ye love."

Napoleon at St. Helena, when he looked back upon the past, and when he compared himself with other men who had been great in the history of the world, remarked, that there was One with whom there was no comparison, but contrast. He said, "I am not astonished at Cæsar; I do not wonder at Alexander the Great, or at Charlemagne, or Attila; but I do wonder at One who, though absent from the earth for many centuries, is still able to fill multitudes with a wonderful affection and never-dying enthusiasm. I can understand how I myself at the head of armies was able to inspire them with almost superhuman courage and devotion. But how an absent one, simply by His spiritual influence, is able to attach to Himself multitudes of hearts, is a thing which cannot be explained in any natural way. Jesus Christ is more than man. Even at this present day," he said, "there are thousands of people who would die for Him."

The apostle Peter explains the mystery: "Whom having not seen ye love, in whom believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

It has been well said that the first and the last chapters of the gospel of John are two great and mighty wings, on which this eagle soars into the heights of God. As in the first chapter we behold the wonderful pre-mundane glory of the Word of God, so in the last we see Jesus after His resurrection as living and abiding in His Church to the end of the age. Let us consider the narrative recorded in connection with the question of Jesus, "Lovest thou Me?"

It was in the morning, a boat was on the lake of Galilee: fishermen had been there all night, and their toil had met with no success. In that boat were seven wonderful fishermen. First of all Peter. In all the catalogues that are given to us of the apostles, Simon Peter is always mentioned first. Jesus Christ had chosen him, not merely to be an apostle, but to be among His apostles the first. He devoted to Simon Peter most of His care and His most special training. It was in Simon Peter's house that the Lord Jesus lived when He was in Capernaum. It was to Peter individually that He said at the beginning, "Thou shalt be a fisher of men." It was Peter who was the spokesman when he confessed in the name of the disciples, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." He it was who gave the touch-

ing reply, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." It was to Peter first that our blessed Saviour appeared after His resurrection. It was Peter by whom the Church was founded in Jerusalem among the Jews, and in the house of Cornelius among the Gentiles; and it was this beloved though humbled disciple who was chosen by the Lord to strengthen the brethren.

This great apostle is here also leading the others. Beside him we see two who are singularly contrasted. There was Nathanael, the Israelite in whom is no guile, a man of extraordinary singleness of heart and simplicity of mind. And there was Thomas, also a sincere and true disciple, but one whose character was more complicated in its organisation: troubled with doubts and misgivings, and inclined to melancholy and isolation. Nathanael and Thomas supplemented one another. There were those of Zebedee, the sons of thunder—John and James, true Israelites of the zealot type, continually thinking of the glory of Jehovah, whose ardent hearts were filled with love and devotion to Jehovah incarnate. And the other two, in all probability, Andrew the brother of Peter, and Philip who accompanied Nathanael. However this may be, seven of the apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ are in this ship. The night is passed. They have toiled; they have caught nothing. Everything about the chapter has a symbolical character. It is morning now, and on the shore they see some one. As Mary thought that Jesus was the gardener, as the disciples on their way to Emmaus thought that the stranger who joined them was an ordinary traveller, so now again there is an appearance, and they know not who it is. A friendly neighbourly air is about him. In a kindly tone He addresses to them familiar words. "Children, good people, have you anything to eat?" And then He gives them a command, like the command which He gave at first when He instituted Peter to be the fisher of men, yet different in many respects. He tells them how to cast the net. It was to be at the right side; and the net was filled. It was full, and yet it was not broken. Then it was that John, the beloved disciple, with the intuition of love, said immediately, "It is the Lord." He was always seeing Jesus. His thoughts were always centred in the Saviour, and therefore he readily recognised Him; while Peter again in his ardent impetuosity immediately leaped into the water and swam to the shore. Behold now the disciples gathered, knowing that it is the Lord. Then the net was brought, and the fishes were counted, a hundred and fifty-three.

Here there was not a combination of good and bad. Here there is no more selection necessary. We may see here a type of the remnant according to the election of grace, whose number is well known to the Father, and whose names are in the book of life. And on the shore there was brought, no doubt by the unseen hands of angels, a fire of coals, and fish and bread. Thus we read in the history of Elijah, that when he was in the wilderness the angel called upon him to eat, and he found that there were burning coals there and food to strengthen him. And then it was that the Lord Jesus Christ commanded them to eat. No words were uttered. Jesus did not speak to them at this time. It is altogether an action of a symbolical nature. The thing that Jesus wished to impress upon them was that they were the fishers of men, that through them the elect would be gathered in, that toil without blessing can lead to no result, that labour with His blessing must surely be crowned with success, and that there is one church, undivided, one in Him, in communion and in glory. Full of majesty did Jesus appear, and full of kindness. He wished to remind them that the same affection was in Him now as in the days of His flesh when He, as father of the family, as the Master of the household, sat at the head of the table and blessed the food before they all partook of it.

"So when they had dined, Jesus saith: Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" None but an eye-witness could have written thus in this connection, "So when they had dined." It is evident that the man who wrote it remembered, while he was writing it, the exact impression of homeliness and confidence and solemnity which was produced on their minds. It is in the same manner that the eye-witness says to us in the fourth chapter of the gospel of John: "When Jesus sat thus on the well." That little word "thus" is the evidence of its truthfulness. He pictured out to himself Jesus, tired with the journey, resting on the well, and enjoying in quiet and almost passive contemplation the effect of the scenery around Him.

Consider now the touching interview between Jesus and the apostle Peter. Oh, the love of Jesus! It is impossible for any believer to stand in any other relation to Jesus according to the will of the Saviour, except that of love. Are you a disciple of Jesus? You must love Jesus, and if you have gone away from your first love, let no man ever persuade you that it is a natural thing for Christians to lose their first love, and that they need not return to it. Jesus says, "I have against thee that thou hast left thy first love." Jesus cannot rest satisfied with anything but love. The law said, "Thou shalt love." The law was not satisfied with anything short of love. And do you think that the Gospel will be satisfied with anything short of love? No sorrow, no fear, no works, no suffering, no obedience, not the attitude of the unprofitable servant, "I thought that thou wast a hard master,"—nothing can take the place of love to Jesus. Peter had been melted by the look of Jesus, and he went out and wept bitterly. Peter was forgiven. Jesus appeared to Peter im-

mediately after the resurrection, and Peter knew that he was forgiven. But that is not enough. There must come a full, outspoken declaration on the part of Peter, and every trace of his fall must be effaced, and every cloud must be removed. "Lovest thou Me?"

Jesus asked the question three times, because Jesus with all His tenderness is thorough. Jesus cures the wound by probing it to its very depth. Jesus is the Amen—the true and faithful witness. Jesus builds no house upon the sand. Jesus always builds upon the rock. Peter was grieved because Jesus asked him three times, and it was necessary that he should be grieved.

But Jesus never wounds except it be to heal. Jesus never kills except it be to quicken. Jesus never inflicts pain unless it be to introduce a greater and a fuller joy. Jesus is always love. Sharp are the arrows, and they pierce the heart. Gentle and sweet is the hand by which they are sent forth. Jesus, who is love, sheds abroad love; and Jesus, after having grieved the apostle, consoles him with abundant consolation. What is meant by love? There are many people who speak of love in a superficial and sometimes in a frivolous way, but it is the most solemn word that exists in our language. What is man? The only definition of man is this—"Man is a creature who has a heart to give to God." It is quite true that we are distinguished from the animals by our reason and by our speech; but it is not merely reason and speech that distinguish us. There is a profound saying of Pascal—"No amount of matter can produce thought, and no amount of thought can produce love." There is a distinction between thought and matter which nothing will ever bridge over. There is a distinction between love and thought which nothing ever will bridge over. Man is created in the image of God in order to love with all his heart and with all his soul and with all his strength.

Love is essential to our nature. Whether we be on earth, or whether we be in heaven, or whether we be in hell, human nature remains the same, man is created in the image of God. It has no satisfaction unless it go out of itself and rest in some object. If we love self, we lose self. If we lose self properly, and to the right object, then we gain self. There are a great many elements in love. We explain to our little children the difference between liking and loving. When they use the word "love" of a thing which can only be liked, we think it very important to point out to them that love must have an object worthy of it. There is in love reverence: there is in love delight: there is in love gratitude: there is in love self-surrender. And there is only one who is the perfect object of the love of a human being, and that is God. This is the grandeur of man: this is the majesty of man. It does not consist in what he has, but in what he has not. It does not consist in his fulness, but in his emptiness. It does not consist in his self-dependence, but in his utter dependence on some one above him. This is the grandeur of man—that he is made to love God with all his heart and with all his soul and with all his strength; and if we have not that love to God, what will become of us throughout

the ages of eternity? Here, in this world, we may forget it, and we may satisfy our thirst with the water which this world gives. When the rich man opens his eyes in hell he is in torment; and why? Because he thirsts. His soul wants to grasp something, and there is nothing there on which it can rest.

Love is that wonderful commandment which the Lord our God has given to us. Here as in all love is liberty and necessity. When we love it is our own choice. How can you command love? Love is spontaneous. Of all the things that we do, that is the one thing in which we show our liberty. You may make a person do things, you may make a person say things, but you cannot make a person love. Love is a self-moving thing in the heart, spontaneous, but when the right object of love comes, there is no choice in the matter. We must love: there is a necessity in love. It is the greatest power; it is most irresistible in its might; yet this constraining influence is sweet and in liberty. But there is only one perfect Object of Love, and that is God, and God in Jesus Christ. "Lovest thou Me?" Son of God, and Son of man, we love Him with a confiding friendship, and with a solemn adoration. Saviour, who died for us on the cross, we love Him with an intense gratitude and with an entire self-surrender. Emmanuel, our Divine companion, we love Him with an ever growing and increasing richness of experience. The head of the mystical body, we love Him with a mysterious love, kindled in us by the Holy Ghost. "Lovest thou Me?"

Look at Him—Jesus, the man, the Son of God, Realise Him as He was there with His disciples. "So when they had dined he said unto him, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" and in the few words which then were uttered between Jesus and Simon Peter, notice three cogent proofs of the divinity of Jesus. None but God could have uttered the words.

The first proof is this. God alone can say "Love me." God alone deserves the supreme affection of His creatures. God alone has said, "Thou shalt love Me with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength;" and Jesus says that we must love Him more than any creature—more even than father and mother. Jesus Christ, by demanding our supreme, absolute love, declares Himself to be God, identifies Himself with Jehovah.

The second proof of the divinity of Jesus is this. The most intimate friend you have does not know you thoroughly. You yourself do not know your own heart thoroughly. Jesus is the all-knowing One. You remember that grand, solemn Psalm, the 139th, where David describes the omniscience of God. Oh, what a view that gives us of God, who knows all things, who knows all our thoughts, who searches into the inmost recesses of our soul, and who not merely sees us, but who knows the very depths out of which we came into existence, that hidden substance out of which we were made. God knows perfectly all that He has created, and, as is the Father, so is the Son. The Father omniscient, the Son omniscient; Jesus, God and man, omniscient. Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest my heart

better than I know it myself, thou knowest that I love Thee.

And the third proof is this. Who is this man who claims to be the Lord and Owner of all human beings, who says, "They are my flock; they belong to me. Feed my lambs: feed my sheep?" Is this the Jehovah of whom David said, "Jehovah is my shepherd?" Is this the Jehovah who spoke by the prophet Ezekiel, "I will gather My flock, and I will feed them?" Oh, blessed Jesus, object of supreme desire, searcher of the heart, Shepherd and Lord of the human race, what a wonderful, beautiful, and blessed truth, that this is our Jesus, God and man, whom we adore and love!

Note how the Lord Jesus Christ, after He has heard the answer of Peter, commissions him to feed the sheep, and to feed the lambs; and, after He has thus reinstated him into his apostolic office, He then shows him what lies before him, and what his path will be in the future. He tells him that there is a new development coming, that is, the path of suffering. The will must be crucified. We are not to do what we wish to do, however good and desirable that thing might be. You girded yourself and you went. It was with a good purpose and to do something that was right. But another state is coming when you will give up your will to Another, when, instead of saying, "I wish to do this thing; would God give me His blessing to it,"—you will ask God, "What is the good thing that thou wilt have me to do?" And this path of suffering and self-denial was to end in death. And after He had given to Simon Peter this outline of the path that was before him, He said to him, "Follow Me." And when Peter, as we are all disposed to do, instead of looking straight to Jesus, and to Jesus only, turned round to look to John, Jesus emphatically said to him, "Follow thou Me." While loving the brethren, we should not look to them as our guides or our standard, but follow our One Master.

Here we pause, hoping in our next to deduce from the narrative which we have rapidly considered a few lessons with regard to loving the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Sabbath.

HAIL, holy day! that bid'st harsh labour cease,
And calmly preaches of supernal things:

That bring'st to man a taste of heavenly peace,—

A draught of water from the Upper Springs;
Fostering within him pure imaginings,

And yearnings for a truer life than this.

Day when the Soul upon the ardent wings
Of Hope mounts nighest to the perfect bliss:

A rift in the dark cloud, through which a ray
Shines all unruffled by the tempest's rage:—

A shelter, where the traveller on his way
From wind and rain finds briefest harbourage:

God's earnest to His children toiling sore,
Of that large Peace upon the farther shore.

J. MILLIGAN.



TO THE RESCUE!

Things New and Old.

SERMON-MAKING.—The following passage from a charge of the late Bishop Wilberforce is quoted in his recently published Biography, and has an interest much wider than the occasion on which it was first spoken :

"To secure thought and preparation begin, whenever it is possible, the next Sunday's sermon at least on the preceding Monday. Choose the subject according to your people's need and your power. Let it be as much as possible resolvable into a single proposition. Having chosen the subject, meditate upon it as deeply as you can. Consider, first, how to state correctly the theological formula which it involves; then how to arrange its parts so as to convince the hearer's understanding. Think, next, how you can move his affections, and so win his will to accept it. See into what practical conclusions of holy living you can sum it up. Having thus the whole before you, you may proceed to its actual composition. And in doing this, if any thoughts strike you with peculiar power, secure them at once. Do not wait till, having written or composed all the rest, you come in order to them: such burning thoughts burn out. Fix them whilst you can. I would say never, if you can help it, compose except with a fervent spirit; whatever is languidly composed is lifelessly received. Rather stop and try whether reading, meditation and prayer will not quicken the spirit, than drive on heavily when the chariot wheels are taken off. So the mighty masters of our art have done. Bossuet never set himself to compose his great sermons without first reading chapters of Isaiah and portions of Gregory Nazianzen, to kindle his own spirit. In some such way set yourself to compose and, until you have preached for many years I would say, to write, at least one sermon weekly. Study with especial care all statements of doctrine; to be clear, particular and accurate. Do not labour too much to give too great ornament or polish to your sermons. They often lose their strength in such refining processes. Having written them, if you must deliver them with the manuscript before you, strive to do it as little as if you were reading and as much as if you were speaking them as possible. Do not be the slave of your manuscript, but make it your servant. If you see that a word is not understood, vary it; that an appeal is reaching some heart, press it home. If you have the gift, after having written your sermon carefully, make short notes of it and preach from these. This will help you greatly to show in your manner that you feel what you say, the first and chiefest rule for making it felt by others."

NOT GETTING WORSE.—We often hear doleful complaints that "the world is very evil, the times are waxing late." It is pleasant to hear testimonies of a cheerier strain. When Dr. Dwight assumed the presidency of Yale College, there was but one professing Christian among the students. In Harvard College it was no better. Scepticism and Atheism were everywhere rampant, and infidel clubs in the colleges and among the people were a feature of the day. All that was, how many years ago? Fifty, sixty, seventy years only. And what is the aspect of affairs now? The hall erected to the memory of Tom Paine, in Boston, has been sold under a foreclosure of mortgage. Of the 300 institutions in America called colleges and universities, 270 are supported by Christian Churches, and of their 45,000 students, the Church teaches all but 6,000. These are instructed at the expense of the State. A majority of the students of old Harvard are from the Evangelical Churches. Then there was but one member of the Church for every fifteen of our population,

and but one minister for every 2,000 of the people. To-day there is one Church member to every five inhabitants, and one minister to every 750 persons. It is the testimony of Prof. Seelye, of Amherst College, that, notwithstanding our great foreign immigration, and our acquisition of Texas and California and New Mexico, the membership of our Protestant Evangelical Churches has increased, since 1800, two and a half times faster than the population.

The figures of Prof. Diman, of Brown University, as to the relative increase of church buildings are to this effect: In 1777, when the population of the country was 3,000,000, the number of organized churches was less than 2,000. In 1872, the population being 38,000,000, or 13 times larger than in 1777, the churches numbered 72,000, or 36 times as many as in 1777. That is to say, one hundred years ago there was but one church to every 1,500 people. To-day there is one to every 528.

Boston has long been the home of every *tem.* Its religion has always been more of the head than of the heart. It is good news we have from there. The Rev. G. C. Lorimer made this statement the other day, in Tremont Temple: "In 1860 there was one orthodox church (in this city) to every four thousand people, and now there is one to every two thousand." When orthodoxy can double itself in Boston in less than twenty years, I do not think the cause is lost.—*Rev. J. S. Reed, Indianapolis, in New York Observer.*

MORAL EDUCATION.—Under whose care soever a child is put to be taught during the tender and flexible years of his life, this is certain, it should be one who thinks Latin and languages the least part of education; one who, knowing how much virtue and a well-tempered soul is to be preferred to any sort of learning or language, makes it his chief business to form the mind of his scholars and give that a right disposition; which, if once got, though all the rest should be neglected, would in due time produce all the rest; and which, if it be not got, and settled so as to keep out ill and vicious habits—languages and sciences, and all the other accomplishments of education, will be to no purpose, but to make the worse and more dangerous man.—*Locke.*

THE LIFEBOAT SERVICE.—During the storms of the past year the Lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution were the means of saving 741 lives from wrecked or endangered vessels, besides helping to rescue twenty-three ships from destruction. The number of Lifeboats now under the management of the Institution is 273, stationed on all parts of the coasts of the United Kingdom, which extend over 5,000 miles, and the success which attended the exertions of the crews last year was characterised, as it has ever been, by an amount of bravery and perseverance which reflects the highest credit on them. In addition to their actual services in saving life, the Lifeboats were called out during the year, in replies to signals of distress, ninety-eight times, when no positive results followed. On such occasions, however, lifeboatmen have no time for hesitation. During the year the Institution also granted rewards for rescuing 143 lives by fishing and other boats, making 884 lives saved last year mainly through its instrumentality. Altogether since its formation the Society has contributed to the saving of 29,600 shipwrecked persons. Well may the Committee of the Lifeboat Institution appeal with renewed assurance to the public for support and sympathy.

Pages for the Young.

IN FATHER'S PLACE.

CHAPTER I.—BIDDING GOOD-BYE.



T was early morning in May. The birds had not been awake very long, so you may be sure the sun had not been up many hours. But he was shining very brightly, and the birds were singing very merrily. Only human bipeds were asleep and did not know what a time of beauty and sweetness was slipping by while they lay in bed.

The Manse folks were early risers as a rule—that is, they got up about six, but it wanted a long time of six o'clock, and the sparrows and mice were making the

most of the quiet period left, by hopping and creeping close to windows and doors, confident of not being disturbed.

Very much surprised were they when the back door softly opened, and two little girls stepped out. They wore black frocks and no cloak of any kind. Their brown hair was uncovered, so they could not be going on a long journey. Perhaps to rob birds' nests, thought the sparrows. Perhaps to set traps, thought the mice. Ah! the sad expression of both young faces said that the girls were bent upon no such errands of mischief or fun.

They held each other's hand, and stepped slowly out into the sunshine.

"It's a lovely morning. I am glad to see everything looking its best to-day," said the elder child in a gentle voice.

"I wish it rained and poured, and the sky were black with clouds. I wish there were lightning and thunder and snow—heaps of snow," said the younger girl frowning.

Her sister took no notice of the words, but remarked, "We will go to the garden first, eh—Madge?"

Madge merely nodded her acquiescence, so to the garden they went, and walked silently along each path, stopping now and then beside some favourite flower-bed, or in front of a pet tree, but never speaking a word.

When they reached the summer-house, some very tender memory seemed touched, for two large tears rolled down the elder girl's cheeks, while the younger frowned as before, and struck her foot among the grasses, as if it were a great effort to repress herself in other ways; still no words were spoken. The two strange little creatures stood there a long time: then plucking a few blossoms from the boughs that twined around the summer-house, they quietly moved away towards the stables and barn-yard.

On the way they passed the swing which their father had fixed between two grand old trees. Isa looked the other way, and walked more quickly when they reached that spot, but Madge suddenly dropped her sister's hand, and jumping into the swing, sent it off to sweep through the air with a steady rapid motion. Neither spoke for quite ten minutes, and when Madge had had enough of the swing, she dropped quietly from it, took Isa's hand as before and went on.

When the couple reached the stable-yard they sought the corn-bin, and taking a handful of oats, they scattered it for

the fowls who crowded round the children with much familiarity.

After that they peeped into the byre and stroked the cows.

The visit to the stable was longer. The big farm horse was fondled again and again, and the minister's pony, which had done good service for years, was clasped and kissed by both the girls. Madge took some crums from her pocket and fed the horses, while Isa cut a bit of hair from each mane. Still they did not speak, and after a last lingering caress they left the stables and passed into a meadow which separated the manse from the church.

It was a pretty church, standing, after the old fashion, in the midst of the graveyard of the parish. Trees of great age spread their bountiful arms over the church and yard; and many a song bird warbled the story of its innocent and most happy life above the tombstones.

There was a narrow footpath through the meadow grasses by which the minister had been accustomed to go to church. His household went round by the avenue, but he had a fancy for walking alone when going to conduct service. Thus the manse children had not often used that path—they had rather avoided it as being associated with Sunday and solemn thoughts. But how often had they watched their father come and go along it. As the little girls moved slowly onwards by that sacred path, they remembered how frequently their eyes had followed him thoro.

They remembered, also, with intense pain, that never more would they see the dear familiar form on that, or any other earthly path; and the tears of both, bravely repressed till then, broke forth in a bitter flood.

Isa's arm went round Madge's neck, for even in her sorrow the thoughtful elder sister strove to impart comfort and express her sympathy, and thus linked together and sobbing unrestrainedly they entered the churchyard and found their way to the minister's grave.

The turf upon it was beginning to grow green, and a number of cut flowers were carefully arranged around it. The children's feet paused close to where their father's tired head was lying so low, and for one moment the tears were stayed. Then Madge, crying out, "Oh, papa! I cannot live without papa," flung herself upon the earth, sobbing wildly, and scattering the flowers in a passion of rebellious grief.

Isa sobbed too, but more softly; then seeing that her little sister's anguish grew more wild the more it was indulged, the thoughtful creature checked her tears and strove to soothe Madge.

"Don't take on so, Madge dear," she said, "we must bear what God sends."

"God didn't do it! He never would have been so cruel. There was no one so good as papa. Oh, papa!"

"Very likely God needed him, Madge. Will thinks so."

"But I needed him more, and I can't—I won't go away and leave him—leave my own papa here!"

"He is not here, Childie," said a kind voice that was not Isa's, though like hers in its tone of protecting care.

The girls looked up to see their eldest brother standing close by.

"Oh, Will," said Isa, clasping his arm with both her hands. "Oh, Will, I am so glad you have come."

Madge sprang up and faced Will defiantly. "Don't call me 'Childie,' Will," she cried. "No one must ever call me that. It was the name he gave me. I was his own 'Childie.' My papa's very own little girl."

"Yes, Madge, I know," the lad replied, a little coldly; "but you must really—"

"You've come to look after us," she interrupted hotly. "You want to make us go home, Will, but I won't! I want to die, and be with him!"—and again she flung herself on the grave, and sobbed convulsively.

Will and Isa stood silently by for a few minutes. Then

the brother stooping put his arms gently but firmly around Madge, and, lifting her, in spite of an effort she made to escape, said : " Dear Madgie, I know it has been a greater grief to you than to any of us. I promised father that I would try to take his place to all his bairns. Won't you let me comfort you for his sake ? "

" But you don't care for me, Will," she muttered. " You only do it because papa asked you. No one cares for me. I want papa—I want papa ! "

" Oh, little sister, I do care for you," exclaimed Will, with a touch of remorseful suffering in his voice. But Madge did not notice that, and only cried on.

Presently Will said in a low voice—

" Madge, darling, suppose papa could hear and see us still." She was quiet at once, and asked in a startled tone—

" Will, is it possible he knows ? "

" Even if he does not, you would not like to do anything that would vex him. He may not see us now, or know what we are doing, but some day you hope to meet him, and you would like to be able to tell him that you never had forgotten all the good words he said to you; but had striven always to be the loving, unselfish girl which he tried to make you when he was here."

" I will never forget any word he ever said to me," Madge answered slowly, with her eyes upon her father's grave, and trying still to withdraw herself from Will's arms; but he held her fast, and went on talking softly.

" I am very grieved, dear Madge, if I have let you think that I do not care for you. Some day you will understand things better. Now say you forgive me, and let me be another father to you. Just here beside his grave I promise to fill his place to you as far as any one can. Give me a part of your love, dear, and try to believe what I say."

" I'll try," Madge whispered, with a certain reluctance in her voice, which rather chilled her brother's sympathies, but he rose up, still holding her in his arms, while Isa re-arranged the flowers.

He carried Madge home, and, laying her on his own bed, persuaded Isa to join her, while he sat beside them talking softly of the life beyond earth—the life which their father had begun, and which they hoped to enter upon by-and-bye.

When the household was beginning to stir, the girls had fallen asleep, lulled by their brother's voice.

As he gazed at their pale tear-stained little faces, Will's own tears came, and kneeling by the couch, he sought aid to be, as he had promised, a father to his fatherless sisters.

CHAPTER II.—LEAVING THE MANSE.

At the usual breakfast hour Will went downstairs to find his mother and brothers waiting impatiently. The meal was to be somewhat of a scramble, for the greater part of the house-belongings were packed, or already in the new home to which the family were going that day.

Mrs. Vancroft had taken her place by the tea-cups, and was glancing fretfully at the empty seats around the table. She was a small, pretty woman, rather feeble both physically and mentally, and very much engrossed at all times with her own small self. Her parents had spoilt her, she being their only daughter, and her husband, who was fifteen years her senior, had done very much the same thing; so that the poor creature had been ill-prepared to face adversity without the support of either parent or husband.

Selfish mothers often have unselfish sons, and Mrs. Vancroft's boys vied with each other in taking upon themselves many of her home duties and in waiting upon her; and the result of so much petting was a conviction of her own extreme delicacy and need of attention. If at any time it seemed that any member of her family was forgetful of her requirements, Mrs. Vancroft was apt to be a little

cross. Thus she was not in a pleasant mood on finding that her children had not all assembled on her arrival at the breakfast table.

" Late, Will!" she exclaimed. " Why did you not hurry the girls when you passed their room? Everyone late today when so much has to be done! Jack, go and call your sisters."

" They are out," said Jack. " I went to their room on my way downstairs, but the birds had flown."

" They are asleep in my room, mother," said Will sadly. " Poor little souls! They got up at daybreak to pay farewell visits all over the place."

Jack and Ben stared, and the mother remarked petulantly, " some eccentric idea of Madgie's, of course. Like her queer ways; and then she will be tired and cross all day, giving no end of bother. What a child she is!"

" If they are left to sleep it off I dare say they will be all right in the afternoon," said Jack cheerfully; then turning to Will he asked, " How did you find them ? "

Will's pale face flushed, and he stammered : " Well, to say the truth, I got up for the same purpose and I found them—crying, poor lasses! They can't bear trouble as boys do, Jack."

Jack's lip had been trembling, but at his brother's last words he braced himself together again, and answered manfully, " They'll be all right when once we are off, and the putting things in order will keep their minds busy. Ben, old chap, we will have to get up some fun for the girls and the babies."

Ben, an urchin of five, nodded solemnly and assailed his porridge, and Mrs. Vancroft said fretfully, " How you do chatter, Jack. I do not know how I shall ever get through this day. No one to help! I know I shall break my heart before it is all over."

" Poor little mother! But we will do everything for you, won't we, Will? Why Will is a host in himself."

" You are very good boys when all is said," the weak woman answered with a wan smile. " But I do think your aunt might have come to assist. Old maids have no thought."

" I think it would have been a greater trial to auntie than it is to us," Will replied.

" Nonsense," said his mother impatiently, " she has lived out of the manse for years, and she does not have strong feelings. I am sure I wish I were like auntie in that respect," and then Mrs. Vancroft cried a little,—crying which the boys never could bear to see, but which was easily stopped by the postman's knock. Ben ran off to bring in the letters, which included one for Will.

His father's sister, the aunt aforementioned, had addressed all her communications for the family to Will since the minister's death (which had occurred some months before the time of which I am writing), therefore no comment was made upon his receiving a letter from her.

Will was the eldest, a grave lad of seventeen, and considering what manner of woman Mrs. Vancroft was, it was not wonderful that auntie turned to Will as the more fit head of the house.

Will did not always like auntie's long letters of advice and suggestions, and he thought, as he opened the one which had arrived on the morning of his last day in the old home, that a better opportunity for giving him good advice might have been found. Very much surprised was Will—and indeed all of them—to find that the letter contained no "old maid's preaching," but a cheque for twenty pounds!

Auntie was considered stingy in money matters. Her letter was characteristic, so I give it.

" I meant to be with you myself," she wrote, " but I cannot bear to witness the departure from our old home. My grandfather, father and brother lived and died at the manse, and I had expected to see my nephew minister there.

"I enclose a little money, which you will expend as you see fit in adding comfort to the journey. Your dear useless mother has not been accustomed to 'roughing it.'

"And now, my dear boy Will, I know what a day of trial the last will be to you. Perhaps I know better than you do yourself what a burden you took up when you promised your dying father, that you would do your best to stand in his place. I do indeed know that you are practising a great self-denial, and that all depends upon you. Be strong and of good courage, resting on your father's God, who will help you through all difficulties."

Will did not read this letter to any one, but often during the day he turned to auntie's words for comfort.

At Jack's suggestion Will arranged that the departure should take place in the evening, when it would be light enough to go away in comfort, but no sunshining to show the old place in all its quiet loveliness.

One of the kirk elders had kindly offered to drive Mrs. Vancroft in his carriage to the station; so the little ones and their mother were stowed in the roomy conveyance while Will and Jack were to follow in the manœ dog-cart.

The new minister had arrived before the family left, and his servants were bustling about, so there could be no going stealthily into old rooms to take last looks. Nor was there that deepest sorrow of any, the closing silently of old home doors for the last time.

When the carriage swept out of the avenue Jack led his horse slowly down, and waited on the road below the church until Will, escorted by his father's successor, joined him.

"Good-bye, my lads, a pleasant journey to you, and a pleasant future," said the new minister heartily as he shook hands with the brothers, who could not even utter commonplace words of adieu in reply.

Will took his seat at the back, while Jack jumped up in front and shook the reins impatiently. Then both turned their heads the other way when the dog-cart rapidly passed a certain part of the churchyard.

But a perfume of spring-flowers came from Jack's neighbourhood, and, glancing across, Will saw a small bunch of violets and lily of the valley peeping from Jack's pocket. Restless rollicking Jack, who had been full of animal spirits all that day, who had seemed to mind less than any one the going away, who had laughed and shouted and let everybody call him heartless—Jack had brought those flowers from the father's grave.

Will being on the back seat could not see his brother's face. He was glad of that, but he leant across and took a flower from the bunch, and at that moment the two so opposite in character were drawn nearer to each other than they had ever been before. "There's a battle before us, old fellow," said Will, "but we'll fight it out shoulder to shoulder—eh, Jack?"

Jack turned wet eyes with a look of astonishment upon Will. "Ay, I'll stand by you if you will let me," he said.

"Let you!" echoed Will surprisedly.

"Yes. Truth is, I thought you believed I wasn't of much use at any time. I never expected you would treat me as if I were not one of the children to be corrected and managed—"

"Oh, Jack," said Will sorrowfully, "I did not mean to come the elder brother over you like that."

"I don't mind," answered Jack, "I made up my mind to stand any of your airs for father's sake, and because I believe you think I need a deal of looking after. But perhaps I am not such a fool as I look, Will!"

"I know you are a better fellow than I am, boy-Jack."

"Nonsense! I have been too outspoken as usual I see; but I wasn't exactly prepared for your talking to me as if we two stood on equal ground, and you can't think how happy it makes me, to feel that you are going to let me share your responsibilities."

"You will be the greatest help to me, Jack. It lightens my heart of half its care to have you step up from among my responsibilities and take a place as burden-bearer beside me," and Will sighed heavily.

"Well, to be sure, I am glad," was Jack's cheery answer, "I was afraid I would have hard times with you in father's place. He was always so forgiving, and helped me out of scrapes instead of scolding about them. But I see I was all wrong about you, and you shall see—I'll follow your lead, Will."

"We will stand by each other, boy-Jack," said Will.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

IX.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

Text for the day: "Let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear." Heb. xii. 28. Read John ii. 12-25. Two of our Saviour's journeys are mentioned in the passage we have read; the first was from Cana to Capernaum, the second from Capernaum, which was in Galilee, to Jerusalem, a long journey, occupying nearly three days, as our Lord always travelled on foot. Look at the map. What was the occasion of this journey to Jerusalem? Why was this feast called the passover? (See Exod. xii. 26, 27.) Do you know if Jesus ever before this time went to Jerusalem to the passover? (See Luke ii. 42.) This feast was held to keep in remembrance the great deliverance that God had given to His people, and it was a very solemn and important time for those who truly served God; but when Jesus came into the temple, how did He find it occupied? What were the people doing? Was this worshipping God with "reverence and godly fear"? Ah, no! These men seemed to have quite forgotten that it was the house of God. They treated it as if it were a market-place. They thought only of buying and selling.

What did Jesus do? What did He say to them? Did they offer to resist Him? No, their own consciences told them that He was right, and that their conduct was disgraceful. The disciples who stood by were reminded of a prophecy about Jesus,—what was it? You will find these words in Pea. lix. 9; look out the passage.

Let us think what would the Lord find among us if He were to appear suddenly in one of our places of worship. He does not appear there visibly, but His eyes behold us, and too often He sees that we are thinking of very different things from the true worship of God! Some are thinking about business, and others about amusement, even while they appear to be praying to God or singing His praise. We have much need to pray that God, for Christ's sake, would forgive the sins of even our best services, and would give us His Holy Spirit to enable us to worship Him in spirit and in truth.

The Jews wanted a sign, and what sign did Jesus give them? (Verse 19.) They did not understand Him, and thought He spoke of that temple in which they stood. But what temple did He really mean? (Verse 21.) When was His saying fulfilled? Jesus called His body a temple, for it was indeed holy to the Lord, and the Holy Spirit of God dwelt in it; but He would not explain this to these unbelieving Jews, who did not want to know the truth. There were many, however, in Jerusalem who believed at that time when they saw His miracles. Why did Jesus not commit Himself to them? (Verse 24.) Remember Jesus still knows what is in man. He knows our hearts, knows our thoughts, and sinful as we are, and all unworthy in His sight,—Jesus cares for us, Jesus loves us still!

Sing.—"Come, thou long expected Jesus."

Or, "To thy temple I repair."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—Herbert.



N. Mura.)

GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT.

[From the Picture in the Louvre.]

HENRY KINGSCOTE.

BY CANON NISBET.

IN the month of July last there appeared in the "Times" a short sketch of the life of Henry Kingscote, respecting whom it was remarked in a leading article of the "Standard" during the same week, that he was "the very model of a Christian gentleman." It has been thought by some of his friends that the sketch which pleased them might, if enlarged into a full-length portrait, interest a still wider circle. Hence the present attempt to do honour to one who had many friends, for he always "showed himself friendly."

Henry Kingscote came of a good Gloucestershire stock. He was a limb of an old family tree, which for upwards of eight hundred years has grown, and still flourishes on the lands of Kingscote. The gift of William the Conqueror has never been taken from its owners, and measures exactly the same, acre by acre, as it did according to the record of the first Domesday book. Antiquaries may like to know something of the lineage of this ancient house. Eva, niece of William the Conqueror, married Robert Fitzhardinge, grandson of Sueno III., King of Denmark. Their daughter, Adeva, married Nigel Fitz Arthur, the grandson of Ansgerus the Saxon, and received as her dower the manor of Chingescote, which manor was confirmed to her son Adam de Kingscote by his uncle, Lord Maurice Fitzhardinge. The present owner is Colonel Nigel Kingscote, M.P. for West Gloucestershire, and nephew of him of whom we are writing.

Of many, it is needless to say anything respecting their personal appearance—whether it were mean or otherwise; his appearance, however, was so conspicuous from his unusual height (six feet five inches), his graceful figure and handsome countenance, that it can hardly pass unnoticed. The readers of Plato will remember what stress he lays in the "Republic" on the importance of gymnastic exercises as a part of education. Henry Kingscote's earliest gymnasium was the hunting field. He rode to hounds before he was six years old. His next arena was the cricket ground, both at Harrow and at Marylebone. As was the boy, so was the youth. Field sports were his delight—for many years almost his occupation.

"Baily's Magazine" recently published some cricket reminiscences of Lord Charles Russell, who in his account of a match played at Brighton in 1827 to test the Sussex round arm bowling of Lillywhite and Broadbridge against the batters of England writes as follows:—"Henry Kingscote walked to the wicket, six feet five inches in height, and handsome in proportion, a very fine player, but more dangerous than dependable. His time was at hand, and a full swing from his windmill arm caught Lilly on the rise, sent him clean out of the ground across the road into Hanover Crescent (it was a prodigious hit, portentous

of that steam power which had not at that time traversed our island or the Atlantic Ocean, but was even then simmering in the kettle cradle of its existence). Thirty-one was his score. England won by twenty runs. Thus ended one of the decisive battles of the world of cricket, without a breach of the peace." He himself was fond of telling two other anecdotes—the first, how he beat the crack shot, Sir Richard Sutton, and raised quite a commotion in the household because he had bagged one more bird than the sporting Squire. The second—how a favourite mare of his, pronounced to be quite incorrigible and vicious by a new owner, at once recognised the voice and hands of her first master, and went away with him through the whole of a long run without a mistake. Many stories have been told of his daring exploits in the hunting field.

These pursuits of pleasure brought him into the society of some of the smartest and gayest of his day. He followed their fashions, enjoyed their company, and, as he afterwards admitted with regret, was a partaker with them in some of their sins and follies. He suffered for forty years more or less from frequent attacks of the gout, and used to acknowledge, what some are slow to admit, that he deserved it.

If he were trained at the stable door and by the covert side, he also frequented another and a better school, the wholesome lessons of which he never forgot—namely, those he learnt from a very pious and much loved mother. Mrs. Kingscote was the intimate friend and connection of the "good Duchess of Beaufort" (as she was called). These ladies did not minister in public, or meddle with things ecclesiastical, but they both spoke much on religious subjects, were associated in many good works, and, better still, lived very influential, religious lives. Henry, in his earlier days, was no doubt the subject of many "searchings of heart" to his mother, but she gained one very important point, in extracting from him the promise that he would daily read the Bible—a promise which he kept, even during the most thoughtless period of his life. Those thoughtless days were suddenly arrested by an escape from drowning while yachting in the Bristol Channel. This accident, supplemented by other religious influences, brought back with peculiar force to his memory his mother's words, and God's words, which she had taught him at her knee. With some men, Christian character is the slow growth of a gradual development; in the case of others, as it was with him, it comes as the more rapid result of a few pelting showers, which penetrate ground sown with good seed many months and years before. This gave a complexion to his religious views and tone. He thought that in the case of others, as there had been in his own, there must for the most part, if not always, be a marked transition from one state to another. He never

despaired about anyone, and delighted to think how quickly they might pass from darkness to light, from death to life.

Amongst the most frequent expressions of his faith were such as these :—“ Whatever is, is best ; ” “ Never fear, never despair ; ” “ God is always good ; ” “ All will come right.” He agreed with Lord Palmerston, who once remarked to a friend : “ I do not understand what is meant by the anxiety of responsibility. I take every pains to do what is for the best, and having done that, I am perfectly at ease, and leave the consequences altogether alone. “ That strain,” it has been said, “ is of a higher mood : it is the strain of the inspired wisdom of ancient days. ‘ Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.’ It is the strain also, may we not say, of true Christian humility and courage, which may well calm many a care, and nourish many a hope, and strengthen many a faith, beside, and beyond, and above the care, and the hope, and the faith of a mere political career.”

This strong and sanguine faith was sorely tried by a chequered and eventful life, but like the sea-fowl, though often dashed with the spray of the billows, he was lifted above the storm and weathered the gale when many would have sunk. Being a “ younger son,” he went “ into business.” Better perhaps for him, if he had followed some other profession. His course in the City resembled one of his days across country ; he rode well, made a largo fortune, was very prosperous, but in the dark days of the commercial panic of 1848, his horse fell with him. He did not regain his wealth, but he did not lose his influence or his friends. Many people lose their “ summer friends”—he used to say adversity had never lost him one, it had proved the value and worth of the many who rallied round him. More than this, he frankly admitted that which the Psalmist so beautifully expresses : “ Before I was afflicted, I went astray, but now I have kept thy word.” “ It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes. The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.”

Though, as has been noted, his faith was of the simplest form, his works were many and varied. Distress of any kind always moved his generous heart. Hence it was that in 1843 he took an active part with Bishop Blomfield in founding the Metropolitan Visiting and Relief Association. The object of this society is to place the funds which it collects at the disposal of the parochial clergy of London, to be distributed by them to the deserving poor, through the hands of district visitors, who, by personal visitation, have made themselves acquainted with their wants. The receipts of the society in the winter of 1880 amounted to 10,000*l.*

In 1846, he used his influence, in conjunction with Mr. Spring Rice, amongst the merchants and bankers of the City to raise a fund of no less a sum than 500,000*l.* for the relief of the famine which then devastated unhappy Ireland. The fund was administered under the presidency of the present Lord Overstone.

It was Henry Kingscote who first came to the

rescue of our troops during the awful winter of 1854, by projecting the Crimean Army Fund.

The helpless confusion of those days will long remain a blot on the escutcheon of our fame, just one of those national misfortunes which opened the way for many salutary reforms, conspicuously the improvement of military hospitals, and the training of qualified nurses. His brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Tower, and the Hon. Algernon Egerton, conveyed to the Black Sea the gifts of England’s noblest and fairest on board the Earl of Ellesmere’s yacht, the “ Erminia.” Mr. Kinglake, in his well-known work, describes the arrival of the “ Erminia” in the following remarkable passage. “ She was only a schooner under the flag of the Royal Yacht Squadron, but she brought nothing less than an embassy—an embassy of affection and gratitude from our people at home, to the survivors of that valiant army which had borne the privations of November, December, and January, and was still locked in strife with its foe. The ‘ Erminia’ had on board both Tower and Egerton, the two ‘ Honorary Agents,’ who had undertaken to administer the Crimean Army Fund. The success of the enterprise was not only complete, but attained by means so well chosen that the narration which reports them deserves to be carefully studied in our Public Departments, as an indication of what private citizens have once, at least, done in the way of army administration, and of what our state servants, though acting on a larger scale, should hope and strive to make sure of being able to do.”

It seems a sudden transition to pass from the Crimea to Canada, but there are also in the far West some who to the present day are indebted to the exertions of Henry Kingscote. By his good counsel and assistance, the association of the “ British and Colonial Emigration Society” was formed in 1868. It proved of immense assistance to the numerous poor and unemployed families at the East End of London. Some 20,000 persons were by its instrumentality assisted to other fields of labour. The great mass went to Canada; and it has been ascertained that the people are doing well. It is complimentary to the action of the society to note that the Canadian Government, in its recent despatch on the subject of Irish Emigration to Manitoba, adopts the regulations and recommendations of this society.

On many occasions, Henry Kingscote could have used without presumption the language of Job : “ When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me : because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out.” Literally these were acts in which he took part. He established an institution of workshops for the industrious blind. He was for many years the indefatigable treasurer of the Royal Orphan Asylum at Ham. He was a constant visitor and reader to the sick at St. George’s Hospital. But perhaps the institution which owes most to his efforts is the Church of England’s Scripture

Readers' Association. When Mr. Kingscote first inaugurated the society, there were many who looked upon such a movement with suspicion, as being outside the lines of the Church of England. He was one to whom belongs the merit of having been a reformer before the time when reforms became fashionable. He greatly astonished some of his friends, who were staunch adherents of ancient usage and established custom, by daring to address a letter full of suggestions to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley) on the spiritual wants of the Church. The suggestions however, which somewhat startled that cautious prelate, and were never entertained by him, were almost all of them carried out during Mr. Kingscote's lifetime by the successors of Archbishop Howley, and by none of them with greater earnestness and vigour than by the late Primate.



Henry Kingscote

From a Photograph by Donamy.

We have lived in an age of school building and church building. In these also Henry Kingscote took his part. In conjunction with Bishop Sumner, he worked very assiduously in the establishment of the Southwark fund for schools and churches. Through the instrumentality of this society, a large number of churches and schools were erected.

The portrait we have been attempting to draw would be an exaggerated representation if we claimed for its subject that he did any of these things alone. So far from this being the case, it was one of the talents that he possessed to make others work, to incite them by his irrepressible ardour, and draw large sums of money for public purposes from those who were wealthier than himself. He had a habit, which sometimes raised a smile, of asking for 1,000*l.*, when he was con-

tented with 100*l.*, and if he got nothing in answer to an appeal, he did not consider it a rebuff, but "pitied the poor man for having lost the pleasure of giving." It is pleasant to know how much his efforts were appreciated. After his death, the Duke of Cambridge, with that kindly consideration which so eminently distinguishes the Royal Family, wrote in the following terms to his nephew:—"Your worthy uncle was a great friend of mine, and supported me constantly, or rather I should say, I supported him in many works of charity, which of late years had brought me into contact, and I entertained for him the greatest regard."

Another who only knew him in his later years, Dr. Lindsay Alexander, writes of him thus:—"In him I saw realised the beau-ideal of a true

Christian gentleman, dignified without a particle of haughtiness, firm of principle, yet gracious and kind, and one who followed his Master alike in the excellencies of personal character, in the amenities of social life, and the activities of general beneficence. In his stately figure and benign, intelligent countenance, one saw the outward type and representation of the finely balanced and beautifully developed soul within."

Another letter from a correspondent, an old clergyman in Australia, may be worth quoting. He writes thus:—"Your communication took me back sixty years, when from 1820 to 1826, we used to meet at Clifton, Lansdowne, Gloucester and Kingscote at our cricket matches through the summer. What a glorious life your uncle's was!—and he has gone to his reward. The memory of such a life is something to think on, and his example a more convincing evidence of the truth than any amount of sermons. You have reason to be proud of him." This kindly note from the antipodes illustrates that which is intended to be the point of this narrative, the consecration of manly vigour to the nobler aims of Christian enterprise. Charles Kingsley would have called it "muscular Christianity." St. Paul must have had before his mind's eye the type of a similar character, when he writes of the "good soldier who endures hardness," the wrestler who "strives for the mastery," and "the husbandman who labours," and then is "the first to partake of the fruits." It is a wasted existence when a man does nothing better than follow a fox or bowl at wickets all his life. It is a noble thing when the lower energies of physical vigour are directed to the prize of a higher calling.

There is a peculiar difficulty in writing "In memoriam." The ancients had their well-known adage which bids us say nothing but good of the dead, and modern biographers have certainly not forgotten the precept. Many biographies are simple encomiums and nothing more—they hardly allow of the presence of a fault or defect. He whom we are endeavouring to depict would have been the last to claim perfection for himself, and we therefore need not assert it of him. His most admiring friends would not venture to put him

forward as an example to be imitated at every point. This is no more than the common fate of all men who have a title to be remembered at all. He was not what is called a thinker, nor did he care to discuss debateable questions, either of politics or theology. Hence he eschewed controversy, and often joined hands with men of very different opinions from his own, provided he thought their motives sincere and their hearts in the right place. He gave no quarter to the drones of the hive. He was not a great reader. He very rapidly seized what appeared to him the salient points of any question, but with these he was contented without further research.

In hunting, he never looked out for the ditch at the other side, but took his fence in a stride. At cricket, he was, according to the remark already quoted, "more dangerous than dependable." He neither dreaded the uncertainties of the future, nor regretted the irretrievable past. He was not a man of sentiment but of action; his beneficence seldom caused him pain; he did not stay to lament over sin and suffering; he did not suffer from his sympathy, but at the very first sight of any evil which he could possibly alleviate, found instant pleasure in endeavouring to apply some remedy. It was to him an opportunity, and he seized it without delay. He was ready with expedients. A private misfortune immediately incited him to write to a rich friend to ask for help; a public calamity aroused him at once to send off a letter to appear in the "Times" next morning, announcing that a subscription list had already been opened at his bankers'. In this way he became a very large distributor of charitable gifts, and the success of his appeals was often surprising. His strength lay in what may be termed the excellence of his aim (the glory of God, and the good of man), and the vital force of his "windmill arm." Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with his might. There is a beautiful description of vitality given by Dean Stanley, and, as we have attempted to modify laudation by criticism, it is hoped that we shall not be thought to say too much if we sum up Henry Kingscote's character in the Dean's words. "We know what we mean by saying that a child or a man is full of life—not desponding, sickly, pining, morbid, morose; not gloomy, chilling, cold, forbidding; not languid, lazy, indolent, inactive; but full of life and warmth and energy; cheerful and making others cheerful, gay and making others gay, happy and making others happy, contented and making others contented, at ease and putting others at ease, active and making others active, doing good and making others do good, by his living, lively, life-like, vivid vitality—filling every corner of his own soul and body, filling every corner of the circle and the institution in which he moves, with the fresh life-blood of a warm, genial, kindly Christian heart."

The question may be asked—what was this man at home? He tried to make the world better than he found it—how was he at his own fireside? Here also his life was full of light and shade, labour and rest. For many years he had the affection of a devoted wife, Harriet, daughter of Mr. Tower, of Weald Hall, in the county

of Essex, and the honour of children, who loved and admired him. His happiest days were spent amongst them—entering into the sports of their childhood, and visiting them afterwards when they had homes of their own, where he was wont to pursue the favourite pastime of his old age, "made him gardens and ferneries," and like Solomon of old "planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits." Dark days came when death took from him his wife, a married daughter, and both his elder sons. Each loss had its peculiar sadness, with which strangers could not intermeddle, but he replied, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

At length "the time drew nigh when Israel must die." He of whom we have been writing was long a-dying. For nearly a whole year he was stretched on a bed of languishing, stricken with paralysis and gout combined, and gradually losing the use of every limb except his left hand. But neither was his natural force of character abated, nor the supernatural strength of faith diminished. He was ever glad to welcome to his bedside friends old and young, to watch his grandchildren at play, and to testify to all "how good is God." So vividly was this "confession witnessed" that one who stood by exclaimed "he has preached many sermons in his lifetime, the most eloquent he ever delivered is his unmurmuring patience." The patience endured even to the end, and appropriate are the words written over his tomb, "Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord his God."

A ROMANTIC AND TRUE LOVE STORY.

IN the year 1813, a young Scotchwoman, daughter of a sheep farmer in the Highlands, was living in the family of the Sheriff of Inverness-shire as nursery-maid. A private soldier of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, or Black Watch, as the regiment was originally named, had been sent home from the seat of war with others, in charge of a party of French prisoners, and was then stationed at Fort William, awaiting orders to rejoin his regiment abroad. In his rambles near the fort the two met; became acquainted, and in a very short time were married, in spite of the opposition of the young woman's mother, stepfather and friends. The family regretted the loss of a good and faithful servant, but took interest in what was seen to be a case of deep and honourable attachment. The sheriff kindly presented her with a sum of money, which she found very useful in launching out into the world. From the moment of her marriage, her mother turned her back upon her, and, though she lived upwards of forty years after, she would never again see nor speak to her offending daughter.

Shortly after the marriage, an order was given for the party at Fort William to march to Aberdeen, to join the dépôt there. This was a bitter trial—to leave her native home without being reconciled to her mother, and without even being

allowed the mournful pleasure of saying farewell to her young step-brother, Archibald. They were deeply attached to each other; but, although she begged with tears to be permitted to see him before departing, she was not allowed.

It was a beautiful day when, with an aching heart, she took her place on the baggage-waggon, and proceeded with the detachment on their weary march. On a Saturday evening they reached the little town of Huntly, in the district of Strathbogie, on the border of Aberdeenshire. Here they were furnished with a most uncomfortable billet for the Saturday night and Sunday. On the afternoon of that memorable Sabbath, with her soldier husband, she left their comfortless lodging, and in a strange place strolled out they knew not where, but soon found themselves on the banks of the river Deveron, where they sat down in a secluded and romantic spot, and began to talk of their future prospects. Everything was lovely around, and the birds sang sweetly amongst the trees, but her heart was like to burst as she sat musing on her wayward disobedience, the first fruits of which she was now beginning bitterly to taste. In vain did her partner try to cheer her; her grief was too deep to be slightly healed. If she had done wrong in marrying against the will of her parents she might have trials to meet, but the Heavenly Father has pity and forgiveness, and out of evil might come good.

As she rose to depart, her eye rested on a pretty cottage snugly nestling amidst the wild scenery on the steep bank of the stream. Struck with the beauty and peacefulness of its situation, she said to her husband, "Oh, my dear Donald, would that we were going to settle in that lovely cottage, instead of having, as we soon shall have, to encounter the horrors and hardships of war in a foreign land."

On Monday morning the march was resumed, and on Tuesday evening the barracks at Aberdeen were reached. After remaining a short time here, the detachment embarked to join the forces under the Duke of Wellington in Spain. It would be needless here to enter on a detail of the harrowing experience she had to pass through whilst she remained a follower of the camp; suffice it to say, that when that crisis arrived which so affected the destinies of Europe, the battle of Waterloo, she was still found following her husband with a devotedness which neither toil nor danger could shake. During the three days of that terrible conflict, she remained, with her child in her arms, within view of the field.

It was now, she afterwards said, that she began to recognise God as a God of providence; and, though she had no right views of Divine truth, no true anxiety for the soul's best interest, she was led to commit herself, her husband, and child, to His protection. In the beginning of the action her husband was wounded severely, but it was not till the battle was over that she knew it; when, after a long anxious search, she found him in a place temporarily provided for the wounded, in the city of Brussels. Her stricken heart was melted in gratitude that she found him alive, although her fond desires with respect to their

return home were not immediately to be realised. The wound was so severe that it was found necessary to detain him in foreign hospitals for several months; and, when sufficiently recovered to be removed, he was sent to England, where he remained in hospital for a considerable time, and at length was discharged on a pension of ninepence per day, in a strange place and without friends. This pittance being insufficient for their maintenance, and he still an invalid, she resolved to take in washing and needle-work, in order that she might earn sufficient to pay their way, and get those little comforts which her sick husband required.

Whilst she was struggling in this humble position, often from the early dawn till the midnight hour, that kind Providence which had watched over her in all her wanderings interposed in her behalf in a most signal and unexpected way. The Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly (afterwards Duke and Duchess of Gordon) had returned from a continental tour, and settled in their mansion of Huntly Lodge, and had applied to their friend Colonel Dick to select a respectable 42nd man with his wife, to keep the porter's lodge near their mansion. Colonel Dick had, in common with many of the other officers, noticed the superiority of my mother's manner and conduct over that of most of the other women in the regiment, and had in consequence shown her many little marks of sympathy and kindness, and, when applied to, he said he thought he knew just such persons as the Marquis required. He wrote to that effect, and in answer was requested to send them off without delay. Matters were soon arranged, and, with bright hopes for the future, they set out on their long journey from the south of England to the north of Scotland, travelling by easy stages, which was necessary on account of the state of the invalid's health. They suffered much on the way—he from extreme prostration, and she from fatigue and anxiety in attending to him. At length their future home was reached; the conveyance which their kind and considerate master had sent to meet them stopped before their cottage-door. On alighting the poor fellow leaned upon his crutches, whilst my mother looked around. Could it be a dream? the scene seemed familiar. In an instant the surprising fact was realised, that her future home was to be that self-same lovely cottage which she had seen and admired when on her weary march from Fort William to Aberdeen.

Little did she think on that sad Sabbath-day, when seated with a bursting heart by the riverside, that in a few short years her wish should so signally be realised. Little did she think, when looking as a broken-hearted stranger on that quiet dwelling, that it would be one day her own happy peaceful home, and the birth-place of most of her children.

It was one of her sons who told all this, more than fifty years after, at the request of the Rev. Dr. Doudney, vicar of Bedminster, Bristol, editor of the "Gospel Magazine," where it was published in 1869, and has again appeared in an Edinburgh journal, "The Evangelical Advocate." But the brightest and best part of the story has yet to be told. The foregoing part of the narrative we have

abridged, but the conclusion we must give in the son's own words. Many years, it appears, after she was settled in that peaceable home, where she lived an upright and respectable life, training up her children in honesty and industry, a memorable event happened to her, as to many others in the region of spiritual death. She thought she was doing well, but she came to know that she was destitute of true grace in her soul. The husband and father we suppose to have died, for there is no reference to him in the narrative by the son, which is as follows:—

It was announced that the late Rev. R. M'Cheyne was to preach in the open air at the Meadow Well, in a spot consecrated by the labours of Dr. Chalmers and other godly men. Amongst the multitude who went to hear that Sabbath evening was my dear mother. Mr. M'Cheyne's address was deeply solemn and searching; many were alarmed, and some were pricked to the heart. A wound was made by the sovereign work of the Spirit's power which none but the Saviour's hand could heal. Amongst the latter was my mother. The arrow of conviction had pierced her soul; all that night she never came home, but stayed in an old building near at hand with other anxious ones, crying to God for mercy.

The writer of this was a boy at the time, but well remembers his deep anxiety and distress on account of his mother's absence from home on that eventful night. Many days she had to walk in the bitterness of her soul, the cry of her heart being, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" And He did extend mercy. Jesus was revealed in all His fulness and suitability to her weary soul, and she was enabled to rest and rejoice in Him as her Saviour-God. She was a woman of prayer, and enjoyed much of the light of her Lord's countenance, although at times she had to walk through darkness, and feelingly had to experience that the path to glory is through much tribulation. Now, in the lonely graveyard of Dunbennan, near the banks of the Deveron, her honoured dust reposes, with two of her children, till that day when she shall joyfully obey the summons of Her loved Lord, when He shall say, "Daughter, come up higher."

Thus far the narrative runs, the writer adding in a letter that his aged mother gave this account of her religious experience the last time he went to see her, shortly before her death. Mr. M'Cheyne had repeatedly visited her when in that neighbourhood, and his name was always mentioned with veneration and love.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY TO THE NORTH WEST LAND.

IV.

FRIDAY, July 23rd.—The river is very low now, and we have to proceed carefully, and often sound. The captain says he intends to make another trip this summer, when he comes back from this one, but if the river continues to go down so rapidly I should think it very doubtful if he will be able to manage it. We have to stop every night tied up to the bank, till it gets light, which the mosquitoes think a grand opportunity. We had scarcely started at dawn this morning before we grated on a rock; we tried backing off, but in vain: then going ahead with like success; and then were hauled on by a cable tied to a tree on shore, which resulted in hauling the tree out into the stream; and it was only after putting a large part of the cargo into the barge, which occupied five hours, that we were able to get off the rock. The river is not very well known as yet, as it is only beginning to be navigated by these steamboats. The settlements, though almost out of sight behind the banks, are rapidly increasing all along the river, and there will probably soon be several lines of boats running. A little later we came to some rapids, and a number of men jumped on to the shore, and began crashing through the woods as best they could, with a long rope, which they fastened to the trunk of a tree; the machine called the "nigger" then began to work on board, winding the rope up, and thus gradually hauling the vessel up the stream. This process was repeated several times, between which we careered zigzag over the river as a cart

goes up hill. Soon we stopped at a lovely place called Smart's Ferry, where we landed, and went up to a little loghouse. The family in the house complained of some Indians who had broken into their warehouse, and stolen several things, and gone away so quickly that they were far off before the loss was discovered. They had opened a keg of treacle, thinking it to be whisky, but finding what it was they had left it almost untasted. We saw a travelling party of Indians on the other side of the river, a very pretty sight; waggons covered with bright dark blue and yellow, and horses with crimson cloths, and long manes and tails, and Indians in scarlet blankets and different costumes, all grouped round a little clearing, with the forests and hills behind them, and an Indian crossing the river in a "Dug-out" (a canoe hollowed out of a tree), in the foreground.

Saturday.—Our progress since that has been very slow; in the afternoon we had a tremendous thunderstorm, which cleared the air a little, so that it was very pleasant in the evening on the upper deck, where the views were most lovely. The captain sat with his gun, looking out in vain for a bear, one having been seen early in the morning. Late in the evening we came to a place where he had left two men on the way down to cut wood for the steamer. They had a tent, and had made five great stacks of wood, and it took so long to get it all on board that we stopped there all night, and finished the loading at dawn

the next day. The stream here is very shallow and winding, and they have to keep constantly sounding to prevent getting aground. A man stands at the prow with a long pole, and shouts to the captain, who passes the word to the man at the wheel. The word is often first "seven feet," then "six and a half," then "six," and so on down to "three and a half." Then the excitement becomes great, for if the next is "four," we are safe, if "three," the next shout is sure to be "she's aground!" followed by a grating sound as the boat touches the bottom. Once on Sunday evening we struck on a rock, and as we backed off we swung right round, the barge running straight into an island, and we had difficulty in getting off again. The stream is so swift, that sometimes we seem to be steaming away as fast as possible, and yet hardly move at all.

entitled to claim a free grant or homestead of a quarter section (i.e. 160 acres), on these conditions, viz., that he put up a house, fence and cultivate a certain portion of the land, reside on it for three years (or one year without absence), and pay the regulation fee of 2*l.* for entry. If he complies with these conditions the land becomes his own freehold by patent, the homestead with the house on it, two oxen, a horse, a cow, household furniture, and certain farm implements, being exempted from seizure for debt. Every settler is also allowed to pre-empt the quarter section next to his homestead, i.e. to buy it under conditions, at the rate of two dollars per acre, payable at the end of three years. He may also purchase timber lots not exceeding twenty acres, at the rate of two dollars per acre. Special facilities are also afforded to those individuals or companies who



SMART'S FERRY.

There is a good deal of conversation among the passengers about the land regulations and the railway. Certainly the land-laws as to "homesteading," etc., seem wonderfully wise if they are only well and honourably carried out. The land is divided into townships of six miles square, each containing thirty-six square mile sections. In each township two of these sections is appropriated to the work of education, and two are reserved for the Hudson Bay Company under the treaty of 1869. The even-numbered sections in the remainder (with the exception of any portion reserved for wood-lots) are offered by the Government as free grants and pre-emption, the odd-numbered sections being retained as "public lands" and offered for sale to settlers at the price of two dollars per acre, payable at the time of purchase.*

Any head of a family, male or female, or any man who has completed his eighteenth year, is

wish to buy up land for purposes of colonisation, and many districts have been settled in this way by parties of Mennonites, Icelanders, or English colonists.

A law has lately been passed that a homestead cannot be abandoned by its owner; but if he does not fulfil the Government regulations anyone else may come into court and bring two witnesses to prove that he has not fulfilled them, and if the case is decided against the owner the land is then declared vacant, and any other settler may claim possession of it. This is called "jumping" the land.

Monday.—Yesterday we found there was no provision made for a service—in fact no difference of any kind between Sunday and week-day, but

undertaken to carry through the line to the sea-board of British Columbia on the Pacific Ocean. Following this agreement all the odd-numbered sections in a belt of twenty-four miles on each side of the line are the property of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and are to be offered for sale. By this means over 500 miles of the line beyond Winnipeg are already finished, and the country is thus being rapidly opened up.

* Since this was written the construction of the Railway has been conceded to a Syndicate, who, under condition of certain payments in money, grants of land, and other valuable concessions from the Dominion Government, have



INDIAN GRAVES.

as there is a missionary of the Episcopal Methodist Church on board, who was willing to hold a service, we asked the captain for the use of the saloon in the afternoon, and received permission to invite the second-class passengers as well.

In the morning we went down to the lower deck, and had a good singing party. We had brought some of Sankey's hymns with us, and the boys and men seemed quite pleased to join; one of them said it was like home again, and reminded him of his Sunday-school. After singing "Safe in the arms of Jesus," I told them Mr. Carlile's story of "Stepping over the line," and then one of the emigrants prayed.

Since the mosquito attack left me, we have had some good opportunities for talk with the people. I wish I had a great many more tracts and books, but the greater part are in the packing case, and my stock has run very low. They seemed to have absolutely nothing to read, and I believe scarcely a man on board has a Bible with him. The captain and crew are all Americans, chiefly from the Southern States, and the swearing on board is terrible. In the afternoon we had our service with an address. We were to have proceeded all night, but we only went round and round an island a great part of the time, and so did not get far. We broke our great wheel at the back, and it had to be mended and set up again very early this morning. At the landing on Sunday evening some very solitary looking men came out, and hauled in some provisions and planks for house building with much joy. This morning, we stopped first at Milford Landing, and then at Souris Landing which opens up the Souris River district.

Here I saw the first beginning of a city; we were in the middle of our breakfast, but we left it, and went out to see what was going on.

There we found at the end of a road, or cart trail, several waggons or teams which had just come over the hill, a tent and a wooden erection, supposed to be a house, a dog, a plough, and several men who are out on a land-surveying party, and whom several of our passengers came to join. There was quite a lively scene, old friends greeting each other, and inquiring for news, while a miscellaneous collection of things was being brought on shore, machinery of all kinds, a great iron safe, boxes, sacks of flour, besides building materials. They are going to build two rival cities in this district, and expect to have a great settlement there, if the coal fields on the Souris turn out according to expectation. It is a pretty place now, just a clearing in the trees, and if it grows into a city I shall be interested to remember its first beginning.

To-day we had a practical illustration of the need of coal, for we had run out of wood, and soon after leaving Souris we had to stop by the bank, while the men ran up, and began felling trees, and carrying them on board. E. made an excursion over the hill, and found some very good farming country there, while I stayed on deck, and watched the wood-cutting. It was very curious to see the men scrambling on and off the ship, and the trees falling one after the other. The Indians seem to have far less strength than other men. They always look as though they laboured in carrying weights that the other sailors carry easily. The American expression is that "they are born tired," but I think wearing those heavy blankets while they are young, in such weather as this, must take the strength out of them.

One of the passengers showed me a piece of a tree trunk eaten off by beavers. They actually climb up the trees, and bite off branches,

or pieces of trunks of young trees, and nibble them into pieces about two feet long, and then take them down to the river to build their dam. They often dam across a shallow stream even if very broad. They are very seldom seen, because one of their number always watches while the rest are working, and as soon as he sees the least sign of anything approaching he gives warning, and they all scamper into the river.

I learned something more about the Government this morning. The North West, being only a territory, has no land tax, but all the provinces are divided into municipalities, each having the control of its own taxation, and paying a percentage of the taxes to the Central Government. There is a reeve for each municipality, and two councillors for each ward. The amount of the land tax differs in the different municipalities, and according to the state of the land, but it is lower than in the United States. There used to be no tax on wild lands, but the Hudson Bay Company kept so much land wild, that there is now a tax imposed upon it in Manitoba.*

Rapid City, Wednesday.—After all we did not arrive at the landing till Tuesday. We had to stop again and again to cut wood, and in the night, instead of making way, the boat slipped back two or three miles with the current. Early in the morning we stayed a long time opposite one island steaming away hard, but not advancing an inch. At last, by hauling as before at a rope attached to trees on shore, we went on slowly till about ten o'clock, when we stopped for wood again, our patience was exhausted, and we got out and walked the remainder of the way. It was a very pretty walk, by what is called a "track," but I could not see much sign of a road as we plunged through the long grass, wild raspberry bushes, and lovely flowers, finding here and there a deep cart rut to mark our way. At the landing we found a busy scene; numbers of men and horses and oxen, who had been waiting there several days for the boat, with tents and small carts and waggons of all sorts and sizes. S., the farmer who works with E., came up and greeted us, and also several other people, and F., a youth whom E. has employed for some time. S. is a settler working on his own account, who shares one of E.'s teams. He and F. had the two waggons there, and had been waiting for us since Saturday. I went to rest in a tent, where a woman, who had lately come from Ontario, was making bread, with her little girl to help her. She told me so many people had come in to meet the boat, that it was quite difficult to supply them all. As soon as the boat arrived, we took our luggage out of the cabin, but it was a very long time before the rest of the things were unloaded. E., of course, stripped off his coat and set to work in a moment, carrying heavy packages on land. There is no room for West-End respectability out here. Meanwhile F. discovered that his boxes, which he

had expected from Winnipeg, had not arrived; and also that he would earn better wages by going as a sailor on the boat, so he suddenly decided, with the double object in view, to turn sailor, and asked E. if he could drive his own team home. E. said he did nothing wrong in leaving so suddenly, as he was bound by no engagement, but it was very awkward for him to be left in the lurch just now. He has not yet filled up F.'s place, and is not likely to fill it at this time of the year, so we do all the work between us.

At last we were loaded, and set off; S. on the first wagon, with a number of planks, and sacks of flour, and a table, and a passenger sitting on the sacks, then we followed with a miscellaneous collection of packing-cases, boxes, barrels of eggs, sacks of oats, etc., and ourselves perched on buffalo skins on the front. Everything went jolting about; before we started the eggs came down with a crash, and caused great excitement, but fortunately only three appeared to be cracked. Then a sack of oats plumped down on the road, so we had to stay and tie it on as well as we could. I was rather afraid of following the example of the oats, and held on tight at first, but soon got accustomed to my elevated position. E.'s horses rejoice in the names of "Mary" and "Jane," and "Kate" and "Dolly," respectively, and are really intelligent creatures and very good workers; they never need a whip (indeed E. does not possess such a thing), but they answer to their names when spoken to. Once started, we went on for mile after mile at a steady walk over a sort of rough track through the grass, with nothing but waving prairie grass, and bright flowers round us as far as we could see, except the low Brandon Hills on the horizon, and a belt of trees towards which we were steering. The sun was hot, but there was such a cool breeze we did not feel the heat. About one o'clock we stopped, and unpacked the provisions in the shade of the waggons: E. and S. took the horses down to a stream near and turned them loose, then made a fire of sticks from the brushwood and boiled some water for tea, and we spread out our dinner on the grass. I really felt like a settler at last. Then the horses were caught and fed, and we went on again. We found some lovely flowers on the way, quantities of wild roses, sweet-peas, wild thyme, purple cornflowers, and great scarlet lilies. In the evening we stopped again for tea, just at sunset. The grass looked very mosquitoish, so I remained on my perch and admired the scene, the fire with the kettle hanging on a stick from the cart axle, and the three men hovering about it. Then we went on again, first by sunset, and then in the dark. The moon rose, a great red moon, and still we went on, jolting over the grass, and sometimes pitching down into a little bit of marsh-land, and then up again on the other side.

At last we passed some scattered homesteads, and finally we saw some lights, some straggling houses, and stopped before a great shadowy square house; but this was all dark and unprepared, as they had not expected us that evening, so after unharnessing the horses, E. took me up to the house of S.'s brother, where we all had supper.

* It must be borne in mind by the reader that in the rapid progress of events since these notes were taken, new laws may have come into action which may modify the facts therein referred to. Any one wishing for practical information on the subject can obtain it at the Dominion of Canada Office, Westminster.

G WENDOLINE.

CHAPTER IV.—CLOUDS.

A YEAR had gone its round, spring yielding to summer, summer fading into autumn, autumn giving place to winter, winter once more budding into spring.

Gwendoline lived still at the Leys, and had lived there through all these months, with only one slight break of a fortnight at Malvern with Lady Halcot. The old lady rarely cared now to leave Riversmouth.

Sometimes Gwendoline found it difficult to believe that only one year had passed, since she was banished from her home. The time seemed interminable to look back upon; and the busy happy London life appeared to lie indefinitely far behind. Gwendoline wondered often how she could ever have murmured at the surroundings of that dear life. The troubles in it seemed so small to her now, the happiness so great. She did so thirst to be again in an atmosphere of lovingkindness, away from all this cold grandeur. Strange to say, Gwendoline had found no friends in Riversmouth. Lady Halcot kept everybody at a distance. Mr. Fosbrook had made one attempt to advance acquaintanceship between Gwendoline and his sister-housekeeper; but Lady Halcot did not like Miss Fosbrook, and she gave him so decided a snubbing that the offence could hardly be repeated. Gwendoline stood entirely alone.

The Halcomes had not quitted their old home, though Mr. Halcombe's present clerkship, bringing in about 150*l.* per annum, lay at an inconvenient distance. The said clerkship, together with Lady Halcot's settlement, and Victor's lately increased pay, tended to keep them all in greater comfort. Two or three of the boys had been sent to a boarding-school, which lessened the amount of home-work. Gwendoline knew that her parents' cares were much lightened. Sometimes she and her mother exchanged by post some words of sorrowful longing, but generally each wrote cheerily for the other's sake, suppressing any mention of troubles, and neither, perhaps, quite knew how the other pined for a sight of her face.

Conrad Withers no longer filled the post of secretary to Lady Halcot. A grave and elderly man of greater competence gave her the assistance which of late she had increasingly needed. Conrad had taken it into his simple head to fall in love with Gwendoline. Miss Withers did not exactly discourage him, but she counselled patience, not without secret hopes of bringing the matter to pass. Gwendoline, as Lady Halcot's adopted child, was distasteful to her; but Gwendoline, the probable heiress, as Conrad's *fiancée*, would have been quite another thing.

Miss Withers over-estimated, in some degree, her own influence with the old lady; for probably nothing would ever have induced Lady Halcot to consent to such an engagement, had Gwendoline

herself become willing; and she also over-estimated Conrad's powers of self-command. The gradual and subtle working out of plans which suited Miss Withers, was an impossibility to him. He endured a few weeks of delay, in deference to her wishes; then under a sudden impulse he precipitated matters by making a direct proposal.

Gwendoline, a good deal astonished at his boldness, refused him at once, kindly yet decisively. She passed some hours of painful hesitation as to her next step; and then followed her usual habit of telling Lady Halcot what had occurred.

The delay was unfortunate. Miss Withers, feeling convinced that Gwendoline would certainly speak, took her own measures, and made use of the interim. By some delicate manipulation of the tale and a little additional colouring, she caused it to appear that the "poor silly boy," as she called him, had been the victim of Gwendoline's trifling, the helpless fly caught in the web of her attractions, and flung carelessly away so soon as Gwendoline had had her amusement.

Miss Withers' daily increasing influence over Lady Halcot, and Lady Halcot's own detestation of anything like flirting, caused this tale to carry weight. Gwendoline's own version of affairs following after, came too late to counteract the mischief. Lady Halcot was angry with everybody,—angry with Conrad for his temerity, angry with Miss Withers for not preventing the thing, doubly angry with Gwendoline, alike for her delay in speaking, and for her supposed conduct towards the unfortunate Conrad.

Conrad was dismissed from his employ on the spot, with a quarter's salary in advance, and a promise of recommendation to work elsewhere—"if he could find anything he was fit for," Lady Halcot grimly added. Miss Withers could not forgive Gwendoline this banishment of her nephew, for which poor Gwendoline was certainly not responsible. While enduring meekly her own share of Lady Halcot's annoyance, Miss Withers stealthily fanned into continued existence Lady Halcot's displeasure towards Gwendoline.

To Gwendoline, the change in Lady Halcot's bearing was an utter mystery. She was unable to imagine any reason why Conrad's foolish fancy should be visited upon her so heavily. Lady Halcot's air of cold vexation, persisted in week after week, was simply inexplicable. Sometimes she fancied she caught glimpses of strong dislike to herself, underlying Miss Withers' soft civility of manner, and she wondered whether the clue lay there; but again she would blame her own thoughts as unkind and suspicious, and would resolve to wait patiently for a lightening of the cloud. At times she felt strongly disposed to ask an explanation from Lady Halcot, and the step might have been a wise one. It was, however, impossible to tell how such a request would

be received, and Gwendoline's courage failed. Her bright free spirit was growing positively timid, under the long pressure of her present life.

Matters had gone on thus during many weeks when one day Gwendoline received by post a short note from Conrad Withers. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR MISS HALCOMBE:

"I have not any right to send you a letter, of course, but you'll forgive me this once. I want to say something to you, and that is—Mind you beware of my aunt. She is a good woman, I suppose, as good people go, at least she has been good to me and my sisters: but she has claws beneath her velvet pads, and she hates you from the very bottom of her heart. Mind, if she can oust you from the Leys, she will! I think you ought to be warned, for you are too good to suspect anybody—a different sort of goodness from the other! I didn't mean to say so much when I began. Of course this is strictly in confidence. I depend on you not to say a word to anybody, for you'll get me into an awful mess if you do. But you must just keep your eyes open."

"Yours ever,
"C. WITHERS."

Gwendoline read and re-read the scrawl in painful bewilderment. What should she do? How could she betray the poor fellow's well-meant effort to warn her? Yet might she venture to keep his secret? Gwendoline was naturally impulsive, and an impulse seized upon her now. The letter had been brought to her room by a servant, and she did not know that it had lain for a few minutes in the hall, with some others by the same post, and that Miss Withers had inspected them. Conrad had endeavoured to disguise his handwriting in the address; an abortive attempt so far as his aunt's eyes were concerned. Gwendoline, ignorant of this and hearing a footstep approaching, crumpled sheet and envelope together and flung them into the fire. The blackened edges were curling still, when Miss Withers entered, with some slight message from Lady Halcot; and they did not escape that lady's notice.

Miss Withers withdrew, leaving Gwendoline a prey to troubled thought. The deed was done, but the question was scarcely settled thereby. For many hours she was tossed to and fro in utter perplexity as to her right course. Inclination would have led her, for her own sake, to divulge the whole to Lady Halcot: but a fear of bringing trouble upon Conrad, and a conscientious shrinking from anything like betrayal of confidence, withheld her.

Days passed, and nothing was said. Gwendoline did not speak, neither did Lady Halcot. It was not Lady Halcot's fashion to ask an explanation which she expected, as her due, to come spontaneously.

Miss Withers had not failed to inform Lady Halcot of the arrival of the letter, adding to her information regrets as to "the poor boy's folly," and mild surmises that some encouragement from Gwendoline must have caused the deed. "I do

not believe that," Lady Halcot said. "I have always found Miss Halcombe straightforward and obedient hitherto. Your nephew is by no means wanting in assurance, Miss Withers. I shall no doubt hear all from Miss Halcombe before night." But in a little while Lady Halcot did believe it—naturally perhaps, since Gwendoline said nothing.

So the cloud upon Gwendoline grew darker, she herself unknowing why. She could not see the weaving of the web behind the scenes, could not tell how the gradual process of alienation was carried on, could not guess how her most unimportant remarks were detailed to Lady Halcot with new meanings of which she herself had never dreamt. She was conscious of a wall of separation growing up between herself and Lady Halcot, but the manner of its growth was a mystery to her. That Miss Withers had a hand in the matter she could no longer doubt. Conrad's letter supplied her with a clue thus far. It supplied her, however, with no means of circumventing the evil.

Gwendoline had never passed through a trial of this description before. Accustomed up to the time of leaving her London home to be petted, beloved, and sought after in her little circle of acquaintances, accustomed since coming to Riversmouth to be admired and trusted and made much of, it was an experience no less new than painful to find herself thrust out into the cold. The cessation of Lady Halcot's interest in her concerns revealed to her how much she had valued that interest. She was still looked after, told what to do, desired where to go, but the manner of the superintendence exercised was sharp and cold, as to a child in disgrace. Sometimes she wondered whether Lady Halcot were growing tired of her, and would one day decide to send her home, and her heart sprang at the thought. But no hint of such an intention ever dropped from Lady Halcot's lips.

Gwendoline drooped under this icy atmosphere like a hot-house plant turned out into the frost. Without any definite ailment, she grew thin, pale and listless, and the days seemed to her to drag by interminably, lacking life and interest. She had nothing particular to do for anyone except herself, and the mental energy necessary for steady self-improvement seemed of late to have died away. The weariness of long patience was upon her.

Yet she did not murmur, and she was patient still. Whatever results this time of trial might have in the end remained to be seen; but its present effect was distinctly to draw her nearer to her God. In her lack of earthly friends, she clung the more closely to her Heavenly Friend. The unsatisfied thirst for earthly love made her drink more deeply of the river of Divine love. Even now, in the pain of her loneliness, Gwendoline knew that the pain was "good for her."

Mr. Selwyn came down to Riversmouth one spring day, by the old lady's request, to discuss certain matters divulged by her to nobody. The change in Gwendoline's position, and in Gwendoline herself, struck him forcibly. He had been down several months earlier, just before the Conrad affair, and had seen Gwendoline well and

happy, seemingly established as Lady Halcot's especial favourite. Lady Halcot had been giving her riding-lessons, and had just presented her with a beautiful little horse. He well remembered Gwendoline's eager pleasure and gratitude, and her brilliant prettiness on horseback, together with Lady Halcot's evident satisfaction and pride in her. He had counted the whole arrangement a most happy success.

But this sunny May day, when he found himself once more in the old mansion of the Leya, he perceived at once a change. Gwendoline's wistful face, and subdued voice, as she met him, told their own tale. She could hardly speak for threatening tears, and she had to turn away lest others should see. At luncheon he noted with regret her constrained and even timid manner, together with Lady Halcot's cold and repressive bearing, nor did he fail to perceive the covert dislike and silken satisfaction of Miss Withers' air towards Gwendoline.

CHAPTER XVI.—LADY HALCOT'S WILL.

"I wish to have a codicil added to my will," said Lady Halcot.

She spoke very decidedly after her wont, and sat upright in her chair, facing the lawyer, while the muscles round her mouth worked nervously.

"I have decided not to make Gwendoline Halcombe my heiress to the full extent that I purposed some months ago. Circumstances have occurred to alter my determination."

"Indeed," Mr. Selwyn said, not without a touch of surprise. Lady Halcot took umbrage at it immediately.

"I suppose I am at liberty to dispose of my property as I see fit," she said sharply. "I am not under obligations to explain my reasons to all the world."

"Certainly not. Certainly not," Mr. Selwyn answered, with all politeness.

"I intend to leave the sum of thirty thousand pounds for the building and endowing of a small hospital in Portsmouth; and also the sum of ten thousand pounds for the building of some almshouses. I did not realize till lately the need for these two institutions. Miss Withers has been drawing me some neat plans for the almshouses. She has quite a gift that way."

"Ha,—that is it," thought the lawyer. "So she is at the bottom of the matter."

"Also I intend to leave the sum of four thousand pounds to Miss Withers."

"Miss Withers ought to be grateful," said Mr. Selwyn.

"Miss Withers is always grateful for kindnesses. I find her increasingly useful,—a most devoted attendant. I am not so young as I was, and I do not know what I should do without her. It is my wish to mark my appreciation of her services. If I could depend upon others as entirely as I can depend upon her—"

The old lady's tone was combative, and the unfinished sentence plainly pointed to Gwendoline. The lawyer again said,—"Certainly," in a soothing tone. Secretly he thought Lady Halcot nervous and irrational, as if something had thrown

her off her balance. A pause followed, and he observed cautiously,—"It is of course no concern of mine, but perhaps I should recall to your memory, Lady Halcot, that in a letter to Miss Halcombe you undertook to provide handsomely for her future. There would not be much remaining to her, after what you propose to do. Thirty thousand to the hospital; ten thousand to the almshouses; four thousand to Miss Withers: twenty thousand, roughly, in various bequests and legacies,—out of some seventy thousand pounds."



LADY HALCOT WISHES AN ALTERATION IN HER WILL.

"Seventy thousand is a low estimate, if I am not mistaken. I promised to provide handsomely for Gwendoline Halcombe, if she gave me satisfaction," Lady Halcot said, rather too much as if speaking of a housemaid. "But I have had reason of late to be disappointed in Miss Halcombe. She has shown a want of ingenuousness, a want of entire straightforwardness,—with which it is impossible to be satisfied. And within only the last week she has displayed a want of propriety in her manner of speaking about me,—not of course to my face, but behind my back,—which I could never have expected in her."

"I am surprised, I confess," said Mr. Selwyn, while "Miss Withers again" flashed through his mind. "I should not have imagined the thing possible, knowing Miss Halcombe as I do. Is your ladyship sure that the information is completely reliable?"

"Completely," Lady Halcot said with her most decided air. "However, I am not in the habit

of forgetting my promises, or of swerving without sufficient cause from my intentions. I intend to leave Miss Halcombe sufficiently provided for. Your suggestion was therefore superfluous."

Mr. Selwyn felt that he had given offence, and he bowed slightly with an air of apology.

"The five hundred a year, settled upon her parents for their lifetime, will revert to Miss Halcombe after their death. This is already so arranged; and the arrangement shall remain undisturbed. Also there will be at my death a few thousands to become hers immediately—some seven or eight thousand, if I am not mistaken. This is at least as much as I have ever pledged myself to do; although for a time I intended to go much further."

Mr. Selwyn found the old lady as usual keenly interested in business details. It struck him, however, that she was not so clear as she had once been. She forgot herself repeatedly, asked the same questions over again, and seemed not fully to grasp the sense of his answers. Still, her resolution was plainly taken.

The interview was a long one, leaving Mr. Selwyn barely time to catch his train. He would have liked a few words alone with Gwendoline; but to defer his return until a later hour was not possible; and he learnt that Gwendoline had gone out for a drive. Was it by her own wish? Mr. Selwyn shrewdly suspected that Gwendoline would have been at least as pleased as himself to exchange a few remarks.

"The upshot of the matter is that Miss Halcombe is unhappy at the Leys."

Mr. Selwyn had said little about his visit to Riversmouth, that same evening in the drawing-room; much less than he was wont to say. Isobel's questioning had proved almost fruitless; for her husband was of course an adept at fencing. Mortimer Selwyn had listened silently, drawing his own conclusions; and these conclusions took shape suddenly in the above remark.

"I have not said so," Mr. Selwyn cautiously answered.

"Not in words, precisely," said Mortimer. "Is she well, father?"

"I should say not thoroughly. She has lost her colour."

"And her spirits?"

"I thought her looking rather depressed. But, as I tell you, I had no opportunity of speaking with her."

"Is the old lady as fond of her as six months ago?" inquired Isobel.

Mr. Selwyn could have laughed. "Fondness" was not a word to apply to Lady Halcot, under any circumstances, and he said so.

"Call it anything you like, Stuart. You know what I mean. Does Lady Halcot care for Gwendoline Halcombe as much as ever, or has she begun to throw her overboard? You need not be afraid to speak. Mortimer and I are perfectly safe."

Thus pressed Mr. Selwyn yielded in some measure. He said nothing about the proposed change in the will, but he spoke with regret of Gwendoline's altered look, and of the old lady's seeming coldness.

"I'll tell you what it is," Isobel cried indig-

nantly. "It is all that little wretch of a Miss Withers, and her stupid nephew."

"My dear! You are not acquainted with Miss Withers."

"Yes, I am,—through you,—quite as much as I am acquainted with Lady Halcot. Do you think I don't understand the expression of your face, when you mention Miss Withers' name? I have no doubt she is a most estimable person, in people's opinion generally, but she isn't in your opinion, Stuart. And I haven't the least grain of doubt that she is at the bottom of the mischief, and you haven't either."

Mr. Selwyn would not confirm or deny the assertion. He said merely,—"You are too observant, Isobel, and you have a quick imagination. But remember, this must not go farther. Not a word must reach Gwendoline's parents."

"What!—you would leave that poor girl to pine away for want of a kind word!"

"I hope matters are not quite so bad. We have no business to interfere; and it would be positive cruelty to tell her parents, when nothing can be done. Gwendoline is bound to remain at the Leys, so long as Lady Halcot desires to keep her."

Isobel fumed, but could not explain away the truth of the assertion. Later in the evening, when she had retired, Mortimer took the opportunity to say quietly!—"You consider seriously that no steps can be taken?"

"About Gwendoline? Certainly not. She is entirely in Lady Halcot's hands. You and I have nothing to do with the matter."

"I am not so sure that I have not."

"Eh!" Mr. Selwyn said doubtfully, and Mortimer's pleasant eyes met his.

"I do not know whether I shall ever marry, father. But this I know,—that if I do, Gwendoline will be my wife."

Mr. Selwyn made a sound of regret and disapproval.

"I should wish you to understand so much. I have had as yet no opportunity of endeavouring to win her."

"And you will not have," said Mr. Selwyn gravely.

"I should not wait long, but for your position with Lady Halcot. As it is, I could take no step without your approval."

"The last step which I could approve would be your going to Riversmouth with such an aim," said Mr. Selwyn. "She is a good girl and a sweet girl, Mortimer, but she is utterly out of your reach at present. Lady Halcot has her own plans. I am sorry for you. Perhaps I should be right to mention to you in confidence that Gwendoline will not be so rich as many suppose."

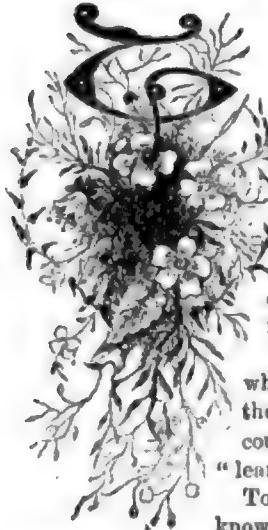
"So much the better," Mortimer said quietly.

GOOD HABITS.—What I do most earnestly contend for is this: that the imparting of knowledge should not be considered as the end of education. The intellect is not the most important part to cultivate: morals are—moral conduct is to be our first foundation work: on this super-add intellectual until you make every charity boy a Newton, if you can, only remember *moral*, not learning, is the foundation.—*Bishop Wilberforce*.

Pages for the Young.

IN FATHER'S PLACE.

CHAPTER III.—THE NEW HOME.



HE mother had, as she predicted, broken down very considerably at the last, and the boys had no easy task to perform during the two hours' journey to Edinburgh, for the little ones seeing their mother cry thought they must cry too.

Will and Jack vied with each other in attempting to comfort the others, and their efforts were not without success, so that when the party reached the door of their city home even Mrs. Vancroft could smile at Jack's joke about "learning to go up the rigging."

To understand the joke you must know that their reduced income prevented them from taking any better house than a top flat in one of those stately buildings which add so much to the architectural beauty of Edinburgh, but which do not convey to one's mind a picture of home.

The old servant who had been with Mrs. Vancroft since her marriage had been sent to Edinburgh some days before to prepare the house for its new inmates. Will, ever mindful of the mother, asked Jack to take her up the long flight of stairs while he looked to the luggage. Ben was the first to commence the ascent. He was followed by Isa carefully guiding little Ella's tottering feet. Then came Jack with his mother on one arm and her baby on the other. Lagging behind, with a black cloud on her brow and a protest in her gait, came Madge.

Mrs. Vancroft's heart sank at every step of that upward way. This home-coming was painfully contrasted with her arrival at the home she had just quitted. Then she had stepped from her smart little carriage on to the manse lawn, so green and soft and fresh, and (led by her husband) she had been greeted on the threshold by the good sister who had welcomed a young bride to the manse as few unmarried sisters do. These two had shielded her from all care during the whole period of her married life, and it was not wonderful that her thoughts were with them while ascending those interminable steps.

At last the door was reached. It stood open, and on the threshold stood trusty old Janet and—Auntie!

"Good boy" were her first words addressed to Jack with a nod. "Well, Anna, how do you find yourself—bairns all tired? will sleep the sounder." Without waiting for a reply Miss Vancroft led the way to a cozy sitting-room, where fire and gas were doing their best to say 'welcome.' A bountiful tea-dinner was spread on the table. Mrs. Vancroft's own especial easy chair, with baby's bassinet, stood by the side of the fire.

"There, sit down and rest," said Auntie, and in a grim methodical manner, as if she knew nothing about either feelings or fancies, she assisted Mrs. Vancroft to unfasten her bonnet and shawl, at the same time telling Isa and Madge to do a like service for the little ones. "And come

with me, I will show you where to put their things." The girls meekly followed her into a bedroom, where she deposited their mother's wraps. "Poor thing!" Auntie murmured, quite forgetful that she had listeners, and she passed her hand gently over the crimped and snowy border of the widow's bonnet. The girls stole back to the dining-room where Will had arrived, and where Auntie soon joined them.

"Ah, Will, my lad? so you've got them all safe through! Now I wonder who of the whole family would have got here in safety if you had not been there to look after them?"

The severe expression of Miss Vancroft's face had relaxed wonderfully as soon as she saw Will. Even her voice had lost much of its abrupt and rather hard tones.

"Indeed, Auntie," laughed Will, "I have done very little except look after boxes and the like. It was Jack who took care of the bairns. I am sure Ben would have left his head in a tunnel, and Ella her fingers in the railway carriage doors, if they had not been looked after by Jack."

"Jack!" exclaimed Auntie with a contemptuous sniff which brought an angry flush to Jack's brow. Said Will, taking no notice of Miss Vancroft's look and action, "What good fairy sent you here, Auntie? And don't the bairns look at home already!"

The youngsters had possessed themselves of chairs around the table, and were eying the poached eggs, which Janet brought in, rather hungrily. "Very much at home, bairns," laughed Jack.

"Follow their example, big boy, who does not call himself a bairn," said Auntie, adding to her sister-in-law, "Anna, you had better stay where you are, and I will pour out tea for those ravens."

Will brought up a gipsy-table for his mother, while Jack deposited Ella in her high chair on the hearth-rug beside Mrs. Vancroft. Then he took the place next Madge. Isa and Ben were on the opposite side of the table, and the tea-tray at the top indicated where Miss Vancroft was to be located.

There was an empty chair at the other end where some carving was to be performed.

It had been the custom at the manse when the minister was absent for two or even three small chairs to occupy the lower end of the table, and that habit had been continued during the last few months, indeed ever since death had stepped in to overturn all the home regulations.

But Auntie's methodical mind had presided over the arrangement of the table that evening, therefore the chairs were placed in due order round the board.

"There is no place for Will," cried little Ben.

"Yes, where the carvers are, you stupid elf," said Jack very hastily.

But Ben, quite forgetful for one moment, answered, "That's papa's chair."

Madge dropped her head suddenly on her breast. Mrs. Vancroft's handkerchief went to her eyes. Jack kicked the table, and Isa sighed softly; while Ben suddenly remembering, made matters worse by saying sorrowfully, "Oh, I forgot."

There was a painful silence. Then very slowly and gently Auntie spoke.

"Will, that place belongs to you, now ask a blessing, please; the children are waiting."

And Will, taking his father's seat performed one of his father's duties with a solemnity which impressed the young folks with wonder. They could not know what taking the father's seat meant to their brother.

Ever since the minister's death, the daily life of his family had been very much of a scramble. Regular hours, order of any kind, had not been observed, for Mrs. Vancroft had

spent her time on the sofa, or in bed, and each child had done just very much as it pleased in the matter of being tidy, punctual, or considerate.

Auntie's presence, the neat table she had prepared, her well-known habits of order and neatness, had suddenly aroused Will to the knowledge that the children had been running wild, and that an effort must be made to bring them back to the "ways" which they had when the head of the house was present, directing and controlling them all.

Yet, after his talk with Jack, Will felt that he would require to watch himself most carefully lest a too dictatorial manner, or assumption of too much authority, might have a bad effect on the others. He desired most earnestly to guide them aright through the power of love, yet he knew that some little strictness would be required and he feared now that they might resent his insisting on obedience to his wishes as an attempt on his part to "come the elder brother" too strongly. And if such an idea as that got into the small heads, good-bye to all his hopes of standing to the children in father's place.

By-and-bye Mrs. Vancroft becoming sensible of the fact that her children were not so well behaved as they used to be, said apologetically, "I fear you must see a difference in the children's manners since they lost their poor dear father, who had such a way with them all."

"I do see a marked difference," Miss Vancroft replied, grimly.

"My health is so wretched, you know, Martha, and I never was a manager like you, and really—" there she took refuge in her handkerchief, and her children, much subdued again, looked at Auntie as though she were to blame for the tears which never failed to make them all feel guilty of some indefinable crime.

"I know," Auntie said, "that you never were capable of keeping a troop of healthy children in order, and you never will be. But you have got—" a pause, then in a very gentle tone, "and his father has got, a good substitute in Will."

"Bairns," she added vehemently, and turning suddenly from Mrs. Vancroft to the others—"bairns, you cannot know what a charge you are to your brother. Don't make it too hard for him. Will loves you with a strong unselfish love, and if you disobey and grieve him, you will make his duty a very heavy care indeed. He will only wish you to do what is right. Do try never, never to forget that every family must have a head, and that Will is now in father's place, to be loved and honoured as the father was."

Auntie stopped there abruptly, as if she had been carried away by feeling into saying too much. "Now go to bed," she added.

The children bade their mother and aunt good-night, then by a new impulse they all—except Madge—ran to Will, and kissed him. An hour later, when Will had gone to his room, a little apparition in a white nightdress came to him. It was Madge, pale, with red eyelids and disordered hair. Never a word she uttered, but clasped her arms tightly round his neck and knelt in his lap with her head buried in his arms. Will was beginning dimly to learn that there were mysterious depths in that child-heart which no one could comprehend, and that she must not be judged as one would judge an ordinary child. So he did not speak more than she, only stroked her hair tenderly; and after a little she whispered, "I could say my prayers here."

The next few minutes were too sacred for us to touch upon. They were remembered by Will all his life. The little trembling night-robed figure, the clinging hands, the broken voice, the holy words, the mute striving of a frightened soul to make itself understood. She stole away as quietly as she had come, but she left a memory with her brother that haunted him for evermore.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

X.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). Read John iii. to verse 24. In this chapter we have an account of a very important conversation which Jesus held with one who came to Him to be taught. *What was the name of this man? To what sect of the Jews did he belong? What rank did he hold? At what time did he choose to come? By what name did he address Jesus? What was the first great truth that the Lord declared to him?* Nicodemus could not understand what Jesus said. Perhaps if he had been brave, and had come not by night, but by day, every day, to listen to the Lord's teaching, Nicodemus might have understood him better. But Jesus was very patient with him, and revealed to him many great and glorious things. He told him about the Holy Spirit's work in the hearts of men, by which they are born again, and live unto God. *To what did the Lord compare the work of the Spirit?* (Verse 8.) Then Jesus spoke of His own work, and to what did He compare it? (Verse 14.) *Why did Moses lift up the brazen serpent in the wilderness?* (Read Num. xxii. 8, 9.) Was it not that the men who had been bitten by the fiery serpents might be healed and live? And so the Son of Man, even Jesus Himself, was to be lifted up on the cross, that all who look unto Him may live, that "whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life" (verse 15). This is the great gift that Jesus came from heaven to bring to you and me, and it was because God so loved the world that He sent Him to bring this gift; I hope you will learn that sixteenth verse very thoroughly, and keep it in your hearts as a precious treasure, for it has been the saving of many a soul by leading them to believe in Him, whom God in His great love has sent into the world.

In verse 19, Jesus tells how it is that some men are condemned; it is not that there is no light, but it is because men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. They would not go to the light lest they should be found out, and their wicked deeds should be reproved.

Let us ask God to shine with the light of the truth into our hearts, that we may all be children of light, and children of the day. (1 Thess. v. 5; Rom. xiii. 12.)

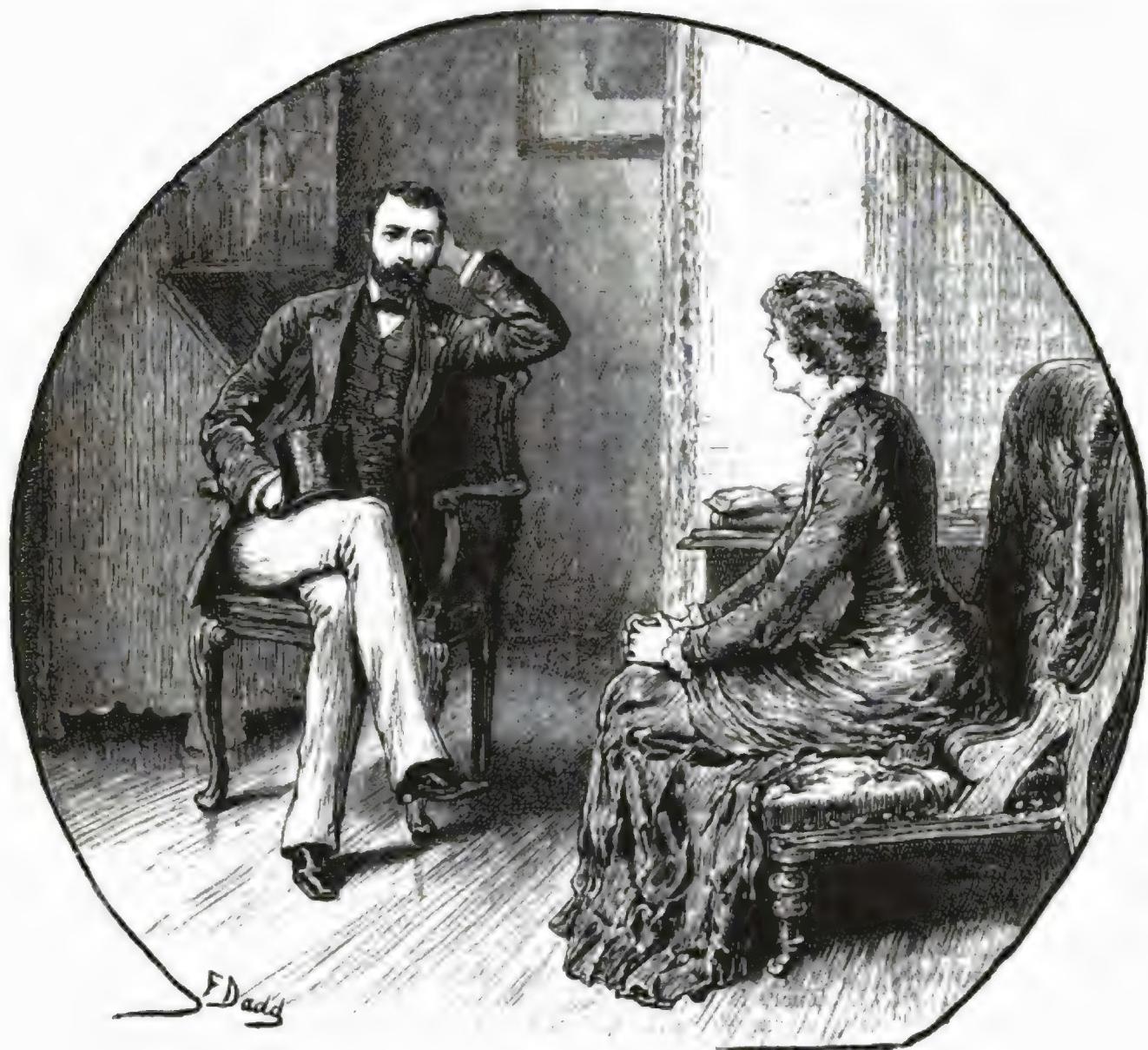
"After these things came Jesus and his disciples into the land of Judea" (verse 22), thus we have another of the journeys of our Lord recorded. *What did the Lord and His disciples do there? Where was John at this time baptising? For what reason did he baptize there?* (Verse 23.) The disciples of John did not like to hear that the disciples of Jesus were baptizing; they were jealous for their own master, and went to him to complain. What a low, mean thing is jealousy! These men were of a very different spirit from their master. It was no grief, but a pleasure to John to hear that men were coming to Jesus. He knew that he had been sent from God to prepare the way for the Saviour, and he was glad that the Lord had come, as a bridegroom, whose voice he rejoiced to hear. (Verse 29.) Observe how he put them in mind that he had himself said, "I am not the Christ, but that I am sent before him." John was true to his own mission, and there is something very noble in his answer to those mistaken men. He knew, and he told them, "He must increase, but I must decrease" (v. 30). John the Baptist testified that God had sent His Son, and that "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." (See John i. 12; John vi. 47; Acts xvi. 31.) You may write these verses out in your albums.

Sing.—"Rock of Ages cleft for me."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



BAD NEWS.

GWENDOLINE.

CHAPTER XVII.—RICH TOWARDS GOD.

ONE June Sunday there came into the parish church a new preacher, never before seen within its precincts. A charity sermon was foretold for that morning, and Mr. Rossiter had summoned a clerical acquaintance from a distance. He did not very often indulge his congregation with variety in their spiritual fare. Charity sermons and strange preachers were contrary to the traditions of Riversmouth, and he was at all times anxious to avoid giving needless offence

to his aged patron. Occasionally, however, he broke through this rule, and he had done so now.

Lady Halcot was in her pew, as she seldom failed to be, despite her increasing infirmities. She counted it her duty to set a good example; and though unwell for some days past she was there.

Charity sermons are not, as a rule, peculiarly spirit-stirring addresses; but this charity sermon promised early to be somewhat exceptional in its nature. The preacher was a middle-aged man, of a rugged and fervid aspect, yet a gentleman. He said little about the immediate object for which help was needed, taking at once a broader stand. Also he kept away from the smooth and

sleepy lines of much pulpit phraseology, and spoke in terse every-day language, such as he might have used in conversation, always to the point, nevertheless always reverent. Such clothing of ideas in words might almost take the place of eloquence. Mr. Rossitor, with all his earnestness, had not yet learnt this secret of speaking straight to men's hearts in strong Saxon English; and he began to take a lesson for himself, as he sat watching his congregation wake up from its ordinary air of drowsy submission.

"Twelfth chapter of St. Luke; twentieth and twenty-first verses. 'But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is NOT RICH TOWARD GOD.'"

The closing words rang solemnly through the church. The clergyman, indulging in no circumlocutions, with the half-closed Bible clasped in his hands, went straight to the point.

"Which among you all, my friends, can count himself thus 'rich toward God'?"

"You are strangers to me, and I am a stranger to you. Of your families, your homes, your circumstances, I know nothing. But this much I know, that not one among you is without his treasure laid up, whether for himself or for his God."

"Wealth is a matter which men see differently from different stand-points. A man may be rich in his own or others' estimation, with five-hundred a-year. A man may be poor, at least in his own estimation, with ten thousand a year. The exact 'how much' that each one has is not the question. You have your wealth, more or less; you have your possessions, great or small; you have your treasures that you have provided; you have these things in some sort, every one of you. Now comes the vital question. Is it only treasure for self, mere pelf of earthly storehouses, subject to mildew, moth and flame? One night or day thy soul shall be required of thee; then, whose shall that poor worthless rubbish be, which thou hast so carefully provided? Not thine, in any case."

"Not rich toward God. There is the gist of the matter. You may have your 'much goods laid up for many years.' You may have your thousands or tens of thousands, descending to you from your forefathers. You may have your luxurious home, your high position, your care and comfort and delicate fare, fruits of industry in generations past. Or you may have striven and fought your own way upwards from poverty to comparative wealth, till now you can sit with your hands before you, and look placidly round, confident in the knowledge that want and poverty cannot touch you. Of course that 'cannot' is far from absolute. Riches do 'take to themselves wings' unexpectedly sometimes. You know this, yet you feel secure. You have your possessions inherited by descent or gained through labour of hand or brain, and you know you are comfortably provided for, till—till—

"My friends, till when?"

The question came sharply, breaking into the

slowly-uttered syllables which preceded it. He paused for an instant, and the silence was intense. Lady Halcot looked stern and pale. She thought the preacher meant herself. Mr. Widrington, seated opposite, felt equally sure that he was the person intended.

"'This night,' the summons came thus. It may be 'this night' to any one of us. Suppose the call came now to you, whose should those things be which you have provided—those things which have filled your hearts and lives hitherto? Have you treasure laid up in the heavens?

"'Surely every man walketh in a vain show, he heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them?' You may make your plans and form your wills, and those plans and wills may or may not be carried out, after you are gone. What if they are? You will not be here to see it. What of yourself, stripped of all your wealth, of all your position, of all that you have sought and valued and stored and laid up,—yourself, standing a cold and poverty-stricken soul, before the Eternal God? Not rich toward God, in the hour of death. It is an awful thought. 'Lo, this is the man that made not God his strength, but trusted in the abundance of his riches, and strengthened himself in his substance.' So in the margin.

"I do not for a moment say that wealth is a sin. No gift of God can in itself be evil. I say only that wealth is a danger. Poverty is a danger too, though of a different kind. No condition of life is without its dangers. If you hold your treasures of any kind as from God, they will not harm you.

"'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God.' Yes, because 'they trust in the abundance of their riches!' That is why! God made Abraham abundantly rich, and Abraham was none the worse in heart and spirit; for his trust was in God, not in his wealth. So, too, with Job. When his riches were swept away, he could still say of God, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' Which of you could speak those words from the bottom of the heart, if your best treasures were taken away? And mark,—treasure does not always mean money. There may be treasures in the shape of mental powers; treasures in the shape of loved friends, or relations; as well as treasures in the shape of wealth. Those who have not one have another of these.

"'The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.' My friends, do not make it needful that He should add sorrow. Take heed that your hearts are rich toward God, with the wealth which Christ alone can give; and neither riches nor poverty will hurt you then.

"Remember, every one of you, treasure-holders of any kind or degree, that which you have is not your own. It is the Lord's. You have to use it for your God; and by-and-by He will demand from you a solemn account of the use which you have made of it. Are you prepared to yield this account?

"The need for which I plead to-day is one among many needs. I do not seek merely to move your pity, or to stir your feelings, in the hope of loosening your purse-strings. The prin-

ciple of the matter lies far deeper than any surface stir of pitiful feeling. God has given to each one of us so much of the good things of this world. Are we heaping them together for ourselves, or are we using them for God, counting them as lent, while the true God-given riches of forgiveness and peace and joy are in our hearts for evermore?

"Using them for God, means more than an occasional shilling put into the plate at church, or an occasional penny tossed to a beggar. It means more than plans of kindness, and schemes of generosity. It means doing what you do for Christ's sake. It means doing what you do as unto the Lord Himself.

"There is a deadly sin spoken of in the Bible. Listen—

"The wicked shall be turned into hell . . . and all the nations that *FORGET GOD*."

"And again,—'The wicked through the pride of his countenance will not seek after God. God is not in all his thoughts.' Only forgetfulness again! How much has God been in our thoughts this past week? Put the question to yourselves. 'Consider this, ye that *FORGET GOD*.'

"Only forgetfulness! A small matter in the eyes of many. It will not seem a small matter, in that hour when you stand face to face with the Eternal God, whom you through long years of life have habitually forgotten.

"Forgotten Him in your work! Forgotten Him in your duties! Forgotten Him in your pleasures! Forgotten Him in your money-earning! Forgotten Him in your money-spending!"

"And yet—He is your Father. He has not forgotten your needs. The Lord Jesus did not forget to die for you. The Holy Spirit does not forget to plead with you."

So far the sermon proceeded, the effect of the preacher's brief clear utterances being enhanced by his impressive earnestness and by a mellow voice of strong feeling.

Suddenly, and without the slightest warning as regarded the greater number present, there was a heavy "thud." Lady Halcot lay senseless upon the floor of the large square pew.

Two or three friends near said afterwards, that they had observed a livid whiteness creeping over the old lady's face, but had not thought much of it. Miss Withers, the only sleepy person in the congregation, had noticed nothing; and Gwendoline, absorbed in attention to the preacher, had been equally oblivious. The collapse of Lady Halcot's powers was so instantaneous that neither could be in time to break the force of the fall, but Gwendoline was the first to lift her head.

A general stir took place, and the thread of close attention was broken. The clergyman came to a sudden pause, and people around craned their necks to observe, with eager whispers: two or three young ladies becoming slightly hysterical. Help was at hand, and before many seconds had elapsed the little bent figure was carried into the vestry. There, with the help of fresh air and remedies, Lady Halcot slowly revived.

"It must have been the heat of the church. I never fainted in my life before," she said

uneasily. "So very strange. If I had guessed that anything of the kind was coming on, I should have walked out. It must have made quite a disturbance. Thanks,—I do not require the salts, Miss Withers. I am quite well." But when she stood up to walk to her carriage, Lady Halcot fell back again in semi-unconsciousness.

The disturbance in church had not been slight, and many found it difficult to give further attention to the sermon. With some, however, the event had rather deepened the effect of the preacher's words, and among these was Mr. Widrington. For so chatty a man he was strangely silent during the remainder of the day; and a clue to his silence came at night.

"Wifie," he said tremblingly,—"I can't get out of my head the things I heard this morning. It's an awful thought that all these years I've been forgetting God,—forgetting Him in my getting and my spending too. I didn't mean to, but I have. It was awful to see the old lady go down like that, and to think it was, maybe, the call come all of a sudden. I hope it isn't, but there's no knowing; and I hope if it is she's got her treasure in heaven, all right. But I'm sure I haven't. It's time we should see to it, wifie."

The preacher came and went, and his first sermon in Riversmouth was also his last there. But the words flung broadcast upon the soil that day sprang up and grew and bore fruit; not only in the heart of little old Mr. Widrington.

CHAPTER XVIII.—LONELINESS.

Six weeks had passed since Lady Halcot was first taken ill in church, and she was ill yet. She had not left her room, had scarcely quitted her bed, since that day. Mr. Fosbrook found it difficult to say in precise terms what was the matter with her. She seemed to have no definite ailment, beyond complete collapse of all her powers. She had sunk suddenly into the ways of a confirmed invalid.

Miss Withers from the first moment stepped quietly into the position of head nurse and of general manager in all that appertained to Lady Halcot. That position she retained.

Gwendoline, on the contrary, found herself gradually excluded from the sick-room. A brief visit, once or twice a day, was permitted for a while; but as time went on difficulties were raised, and slowly, almost imperceptibly to herself, it came about that her entrance was forbidden. She had no means of knowing whether this was by Lady Halcot's desire. Miss Withers did everything in Lady Halcot's name, spoke much of the necessity of keeping her quiet, and smoothly promised to call Gwendoline at once if the old lady seemed to require her.

Gwendoline could not separate the true from the false in these utterances. Had she felt the least security that her presence was desired by Lady Halcot, she would have taken a firm stand immediately. But this security she could not feel. Lady Halcot's long-continued coldness, and the absence now of any kind message from the sick-room, made her shrink from intruding where, as it seemed, she was not wanted.

Life dragged on wearily with her through those weeks. She had no friends, no companions. Miss Withers was with Lady Halcot, morning, noon and night, scarcely ever quitting the room for even a hurried meal, but "snatching food" as she called it, when she could; and never walking out at all. Yet she never appeared over-taxed, but always looked placidly neat and satisfied. Gwendoline wondered at her.

Gwendoline did not know what Mr. Fosbrook thought of the old lady. She would have spoken to him, but no opportunity presented itself. So sure as Mr. Fosbrook's carriage reached the front door, the ubiquitous Miss Withers was gliding through the hall to welcome him, and when he left she accompanied him out upon the steps, talking always in muffled and confidential tones. To Gwendoline her report was invariably the same. "Mr. Fosbrook considered Lady Halcot very feeble still, and desired that she should be kept perfectly quiet."

It was a strange life for Gwendoline, brought up as she had been in a crowd, now to be cut off entirely from all whom she loved. She could hardly in any circumstances have felt herself more completely isolated. Letters were her great comfort, and correspondence was no longer subject to supervision; but Gwendoline was strictly honourable, and she would in no case exceed the bounds marked out for her by Lady Halcot. A feeling of lonely restlessness made it very difficult to settle to any course of study; and rides and drives were melancholy, with no particular object in them, no companion with whom to exchange ideas, nobody to see her off or to welcome her home. Gwendoline had not known till now how much of real affection she had learnt to bestow upon Lady Halcot, or how keenly the little old lady could be missed out of her daily life.

In despair of other interests she took to her painting again, and spent hours over it daily, struggling with lassitude and disinclination, and trying to revive a shadow of her former delight in her pencil. Some of the pleasure crept back slowly, but she missed the old companionship over it, the criticisms, opinions and judgments of fellow-students, together with the warm home-interest in all that she undertook. The poor girl sometimes flung her pencil down, and sobbed aloud in her heart-ache. Occasionally Miss Withers would appear for an instant, and call her efforts "so pretty." Gwendoline had difficulty then in controlling herself to receive politely the unwelcome commendation.

She was alone in Lady Halcot's boudoir early one afternoon, going through an hour's self-prescribed reading, when to her surprise Mr. Fosbrook walked in. It was half-an-hour before his usual time of calling, and Gwendoline said, as she rose, "I did not hear the carriage."

"No, I came on my own feet for once," said Mr. Fosbrook, "and finding the front door on the latch I did not ring. Have you been out to-day, Miss Halcombe?"

"No; I did not feel inclined."

"Don't give way to that feeling."

Gwendoline smiled assent, cheered quickly by the interest shown in herself.

"You are not looking very well, I think. People cannot get on without fresh air."

"No; I will remember," she said, not wishing to waste valuable time. "Mr. Fosbrook, what do you really think of Lady Halcot? Will she soon be well?"

Mr. Fosbrook, looked at her in silence for two seconds. Then he said gravely. "Miss Withers undertook to tell you."

"She tells me nothing," said Gwendoline hastily. "Except that Lady Halcot is weak and must be kept quiet."

"That is true—so far. It is not all. There has been a marked failure the last three days."

"A failure of strength?"

"Of vital power."

"I have heard nothing," Gwendoline said in a trembling voice; "nothing whatever. Is this right? Why am I to be kept away from Lady Halcot, and to have the truth hidden from me?"

"Then it is not by your own wish?"

"Staying out of the room! No, indeed! Could you think so?" asked Gwendoline reproachfully.

"Miss Withers seemed to think you were of a nervous disposition as regarded illness."

Gwendoline exclaimed in amazement.

"I confess, it did not sound very much like the young lady whom I saw leaping from the rock," he said, with a half smile. "But characters are often inconsistent in their developments."

"If I thought Lady Halcot wished to see me, nothing should keep me out of her room," said Gwendoline indignantly. "Miss Withers! As if she had any right whatever!"

"It is possible that Lady Halcot wishes it more than she allows to appear."

"Has she ever said anything—ever asked you about me?"

"No," Mr. Fosbrook said at once. "Your name has not been mentioned by her in my hearing. I confess the silence has struck me as unnatural."

Gwendoline stood with a look of painful perplexity on her face.

"If I only knew what to do!" she said. "Did you mean just now that you think Lady Halcot's state at all serious?—anything to be anxious about?"

"It would be no kindness to hide the truth from you," said Mr. Fosbrook gravely. "She will never come downstairs again, Miss Halcombe."

"You don't mean to say that she is dying?"

Gwendoline's startled white face was turned upon him in blank distress. But his answer left her in no doubt.

"Lady Halcot is dying."

"Not actually dying—not so bad as that! How long can she live?"

"It may be weeks. It may be only days."

"And she—does she know it?"

"I cannot tell. She does not appear to be aware."

The door opened slowly, and Miss Withers entered, a rather disagreeable expression underlying her smile. "Mr. Fosbrook already," she said. "You are early to-day."

Mr. Fosbrook was of course entirely indifferent to Miss Withers' pleasure or displeasure, and he shook hands with his usual manner, contented to have achieved a step which might prevent after

unhappiness or self-reproaches on the part of Gwendoline. He had suspected some not quite straightforward dealing. Having done his part, he left Gwendoline to carry on the matter.

LOVEST THOU ME?

BY THE REV. ADOLPH SAPHIR, D.D.

II.

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?"—John xxi. 15.

THE first lesson I would derive from the narrative, we have considered it, that no one loves Jesus who does not know that Jesus loves him. Love to Jesus means receiving the love of Jesus; and, after the love of Jesus is received, then the love of Jesus is implanted. Faith must come before love. It is impossible for any one to love Jesus who does not believe in Jesus, the Saviour that died for sinners. If I may so speak, in an allegory, Peter wished to die for Christ before Christ had died for Peter. And so it is that there are many who wish to love Jesus, before in humility and simplicity of faith they have received the love of Jesus who died for the ungodly. There is no reception of the love of Jesus, and there can be no return of the love of Jesus, until we have received Him as our Saviour. It is only they whose sins are forgiven, and who in repentance and faith have turned unto God through Christ, who can love Jesus. We love Him who loved us first. The woman that was a sinner loved much. Why? Not in order that much might be forgiven her, but because much was forgiven her. And therefore, before she loved, she exercised faith. When Jesus said to the woman, "Go in peace," He referred her not to her love to Him, but to His love to her: "Thy faith hath saved thee." Because she believed that Jesus was the Saviour of sinners, she came; because in actual experience she found it true that Jesus, who knows all things, did not shrink from her, she loved Him. She loved because she believed. Love is evident to all. Even the Pharisees could see the tears of this woman, and the whole attitude expressing repentance and contrition. But faith is the hidden root that is manifest only to God. We must first believe in Jesus before we can love Him. There are many earnest souls who are tormenting themselves for years by studying books, like Thomas A Kempis, and who never come nearer to the one true foundation or to any real peace. And why? Because they want to love Jesus before they know that Jesus loves them, because they want to be good before they have received a new heart, because they want to bring forth the fruit of the Spirit before they are grafted by faith, as a poor, perishing sinner into Jesus. First comes the door: then comes the path. Faith must precede love. We believe the love wherewith God has loved us. You might as well think of building pillars upon which the sun and the moon

and the stars are to rest as to put underneath the love of God anything upon which it is to rest. What is there in you that God should love you? Even the desire that you have for God is God's own gift. God has not loved you because you wished to love Him. God does not love you because you are going to be in earnest. You would never be in earnest unless God had loved you first. It is the prompting of His own Spirit that kindles within you even the feeblest desire of loving Him. God loves because He loves. God's love is spontaneous. It is its own reason. It is sovereign. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." First, the love of God to us; then our love to God.

But notice secondly. It must always remain so: faith must always come before love, and, if you were to live a thousand years upon earth, every day faith must come first and then love. How is that? Our blessed Lord goes to the root of the matter. Peter denied the Saviour. Why did he deny Him? His love was not strong enough? Or because there was great danger. He had not courage enough. He minded the power of men too much. Oh, it was not that. Why did Peter's love fail? For one simple reason—because he trusted in himself. For no other reason. He said, "Though all men should be offended because of thee, yet will I not be. I will die for thee," and because he trusted in himself he did not trust in Jesus. We cannot trust in two. Leaning on his own strength he did not lean on the rock. The only reason why Peter denied Jesus was his self-confidence—his strength. Faith must always come first before there can be any love. We remain as helpless, as dependent on the grace of God, to the very end of our earthly pilgrimage. God who begins a good work in us must constantly continue it. The moment you stop exercising faith in the grace of God, love is extinguished. Poor Peter's faith would have been extinguished too, but Jesus prayed. What did He pray? Did He pray to the Father, "Oh, do not let his courage fail; do not let his love fail; do not let his strength fail?" Oh no. All these things come by themselves. "Let not his faith fail; let it not be totally extinguished." It was almost extinguished, for if he had looked to Jesus and not relied upon himself he would not have denied the Lord. Now, look at this. Do not let any one misguide you and say, "First comes

faith; true, but we have come into a higher atmosphere. We have now to study the chapter of love." No, my dear friend, you are a poor sinner who must daily take hold of God and Jesus Christ by faith, and if you live a life of faith, then love will be shed abroad in your heart. Let me remind you of the teaching of the 119th Psalm, and the teaching of the 15th chapter of the Gospel of John. Both teach the same lesson. The psalm looks at man. Here am I, ignorant, full of evil thoughts, sluggish, cleaving to the dust, with sinful tendencies, habits, temptations, trials, difficulties. God has made me His child. I wish to serve Him. God has given me His word, all-sufficient pasture, and I cannot take hold of it. Therefore the psalmist always prays, "Teach me, guide me, open my eyes, enlarge my heart, make me to go in thy ways. Incline me." The very faintest beginning of love is always attributed to God. There is no stronger lesson against the poison of Pelagianism than the 119th Psalm. We require God's grace continually for the smallest duty, for the easiest work, for the lightest affliction. Grace is wanted—present fresh grace, undeserved grace, through the blood of Jesus, by the power of the Holy Ghost. We must always begin with *faith*. Jesus teaches us the same lesson in a different way. Where is everything that is good? where is it? Faith, and love, and joy, and patience, and gentleness, and temperance, and courage, and wisdom—where is it all? It is all in Jesus. "Set your affection upon the things that are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." "I am the vine, ye are the branches." Therefore as I am nothing, and Christ is everything, I shall not love Jesus, and I shall not serve Jesus, unless day by day faith is exercised. Faith comes first, day after day, and faith worketh by love.

Now, the third lesson is this. In every country where the gospel is preached, there are a number of people for whose everlasting salvation we really must tremble. And why? Because they resemble in their relation to Jesus parallel lines. They may go on and on and on for ever, and never meet—learning and learning, and never coming to the knowledge of the truth—hearing about Jesus and love to Jesus and faith in Jesus, and never closing with Jesus—never taking hold of Him—never coming to a decisive point—never entering in by the gate. You must enter: you must be successful here. It is not enough to say, "I have tried it, and I wish it;" but, unless you actually do enter in, you must be lost for ever. It must come to a face-to-face meeting with Jesus. Oh, dear friends, do not be alone with your sin; do not be alone with the past. Be alone with your sin, but in the presence of Jesus. Do not go and brood over the past. Do not go and brood merely over the Bible. It is not good for us to be alone with our sin. We ought to be alone with our sin, but in the presence of Jesus, and we ought to confess our sin, to receive the absolution and remission of our sin, and to take the hand of Jesus that is offered to us and to receive His benediction. "Be of good cheer: thy sins are forgiven thee." And therefore it is that the Lord Jesus Christ and the apostle Peter had to meet. "Lovest thou me?" and Peter had to say, "Lord,

thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." You remember the story of the woman who was a great sinner. Many had accused her, and what was the salvation of that woman, or her consolation? *It was not the absence of the accusers, but it was the presence of Jesus.* If all the men that had accused her had gone away, and Jesus had also gone away, the poor woman would have been just as wretched as she was before; but this was her salvation—that Jesus remained with her. The accusers had gone; that did not help her. There was no peace of conscience given to her by the fact that these did not accuse her. But this was her salvation—that Jesus, who knew all things, remained there—not that she was alone, but that she was alone with Jesus. Oh, dear friends, enter in: take hold of Jesus—of that grace which is in Jesus Christ unto the chief of sinners.

I want to bring you to another point. You love Jesus because you believe in Him. What are you to do now? "Out of sight out of mind;" and, out of mind, certainly out of heart. Do you think that you will continue to love Jesus without thinking about Him—without reading about Him in the Scriptures—without meditating upon Him in your hearts? How is that flame to be nourished—love to Jesus? Oh, it was very natural that people who wished to love Jesus reasoned within themselves in this way: "We will get a beautiful picture of Jesus lest we should forget Him. Let us have a vivid picture of Jesus to keep us mindful of Him. Let us have a touching picture of the sufferings of Jesus." For Christendom felt this from the very beginning, no Jesus is the real Jesus unless it be Jesus on the cross. It is a crucified Saviour who pours out His blood for the remission of our sins, who is the true magnet of love. Now, what these people attempted in a mistaken way, let us attempt in a scriptural way. If you wish to continue loving Jesus, you must keep your mind stored with thoughts of Jesus. The image of Jesus must be before you, and that image of Jesus is in the Scripture. There the Holy Ghost has given us the portrait, so that the spiritual mind may be kept in constant communion with Him.

Another help pointed out by the Lord. Jesus said to Peter, "Feed my lambs: feed my sheep." Oh! how much Jesus must love him to entrust to him what He loves most. You would not give your children into the charge of any one that you did not love much. Now, love to Jesus grows by loving those whom Jesus loves. Love grows by becoming the instrument of Jesus in bringing blessing upon the people. You that are parents, you have children committed to you: feed, in your children, Christ's children—"my lambs." By the Word of God, by your intercession for them, by your prayer with them, by your own Christian character, by your love and kindness, feed Christ's lambs. There is a golden saying of the Christian philanthropist Mrs. Fry. "The soul of love is the love of souls." Do you love your children? What do you love? Who are your children? Do you love these immortal children—their real selves? Do you love them, not merely for the next twenty, forty, or fifty years? Are you anxious for their success in this

life, or do you love them—the human immortal soul entrusted to your keeping? And so it is with pastors; and so it is with teachers; and so it is with regard to our relations; and so it is with regard to the servants that live in the same house with us; and so it is with regard to all that we are brought into contact with, especially those of the household of faith. "Lovest thou Me?" Do not look at them. Do not consider that they are very difficult to manage, or that there are many faults in them, or that they are ungrateful. It is not because you love them that you are to feed them. It is because you love Jesus. It is out of love to Jesus that we are to feed the sheep of Jesus; and the more we love Jesus, the more love there will be in us towards those that God has given to us to love.

And we may apply this principle, "Feed my lambs" and "Feed my sheep," not merely to persons, but also to our work—to our duty. However trifling and insignificant the duties may be which we have to perform in our earthly calling; however mechanical may be the routine, or however trying it may be, or however little may be the reward connected with it, or however little we may be recognised and praised for what we do, never mind. It is the work of Christ. "Feed my lambs"—do My work. As the Apostle Paul says—and Paul always says everything beautifully—"Do it heartily as unto the Lord, and not unto man." A Christian never can have a mechanical life, however insignificant his position may be. A Christian who has the lowliest occupation is a grander being than a king on a throne, if the king has not the love of Christ, because everything that a Christian does he does heartily, as unto the Lord.

Let us learn another lesson from this narrative. Look at the path which lies before us, ere we reach the goal. The heart must be broken; the will must be crushed. "When thou wast young thou girdedst thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldest." Now there comes a different thing. Now we say, "I am not my own, but I am bought with a price. I must not choose, however good a thing it is. I must not set my heart upon anything. I must not say, 'Lord, I would like this: now wilt thou help me in it.'" But I must say, "Lord, I do not want to like anything except what thou wouldest have me like and choose. I am thine; guide me: lead me." This submission to the will of God is continually deepened in us by seeing how necessary it is, and how sinful and selfish we are even in the very best and highest moments of our spiritual existence. Though it appears hard and severe, yet if we thus know the death of Christ, we also know the blessedness and the sweetness of the resurrection life of Christ. And so the Apostle Peter was told what was before him, and that he should glorify the Lord Jesus Christ even by his death. He once wanted to die for Christ, but it was not the right time, and he thought that he could do it in his own strength; and in dying for Christ, he would after all have only carried out his will, although it was a beautiful will—very noble, but still it was Peter. But afterwards it was given to him by grace to die for Jesus when it pleased God; and in the manner in which it

pleased God; and in the meanwhile Jesus says to him, "Follow me." Oh, the path is narrow, but there is room for thee and for Me. Never fear, however narrow the path is I will always be with thee. I will go before thee." Jesus walks before us, as God said to Israel, that they were to walk after Him. Jesus is the pillar of light: Jesus is the gentle light that goes before us. Jesus is the Shepherd, and since the Shepherd goes before the sheep—then, leave all to Him. He considers all the difficulties of the path. He has provided against all the dangers that may beset you. He is strong enough to deliver you from the wolf, and from any other power that may come against you. Let Jesus go first; and take no thought except this one—to follow Jesus. Many a difficulty which we try to put out of the way when we go in advance of Jesus still remains there; but if we trust in Jesus many a difficulty is taken away. As the anxious women had needlessly asked, "Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" Jesus goes before us as our example. By the Holy Ghost He puts every feature of His blessed character before us, and of everything that we see in Jesus, He says to us, "Follow me." Do we see Jesus earnest in prayer? Do we see Jesus faithful to His friends? Do we see Jesus forgiving His enemies? Do we see Jesus constantly doing the Father's will? Whatever we see in Jesus, it cries out to us, "Follow me." Thus our love to Jesus will be sustained by the continual influence of the grace of God in our hearts.

I conclude with an appeal to the believer and to the 'seeker. The Apostle Paul is very glorious. He is like a majestic mountain. When we think of him we glorify God in him. The apostle John is very glorious. Like the Sabbath day among days, he is among the disciples, resting in the love of God. But there is no apostle who comes so home to us as the Apostle Peter. He is more a companion to us in the chequered and varied path of our daily conflict, failings, and restorations. Oh! look at this apostle elated by self-confidence, overwhelmed in the hour of temptation, crushed by the look of Jesus, melted to bitter weeping, restored by the grace of the Good Shepherd, confirmed in the apostolate, crowned with the crown of martyrdom. "When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren." And this is what the Apostle Peter has done in his subsequent history and in his beautiful epistles. Let us learn from him to follow Jesus. Rely on Him, and you will love Him. Look to Him and your love will increase. Obey His commandments and you will abide in His love. Learn of Him. Feed Christ's sheep. Love all those who are given you, and your love will never be exhausted; and finally there will be given unto you the crown of glory. Look at this path upon which we have entered. It is the path of love, and the end of it will be perfect love and unceasing love; but the strange thing about it is, that if we have once entered in by the door and are on this way, at whatever point of the way it pleases God to take us, we have arrived at the end of the way. Wherever we are on this path we are in perfect safety. Wherever on this path God calls us away to Himself we shall

enter into everlasting glory, for in Jesus we have all things. We have that perfect love which He has unto us, and which "casteth out fear."

But, dear friends, you who have heard the gospel, you who know the scriptures and have not taken hold of Jesus, remember that before you can answer that question, "Lovest thou me?" there comes another question. You cannot get into the path except by one door. It is very good for you to read all about the path and to hear all about the path; but if you take a view of the path from without, it will not profit you. You must enter in by the door. Jesus is the door,

and the door is near to you. There is no little way leading to the door. Wherever there is a sinner, the door is straight before him. First comes the door, then comes the path; but there is no path necessary from you to the door. Wherever you are, right before you is the door, and that door is Jesus, and the latch of the door is the confession that you are a sinner. The door is this—"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Behold the door. The latch of the door is, "*Of whom I am chief.*" The moment you realise that, the door is opened, and you are inside, on the path of love. Amen.

AMONG THE MONGOLS.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A.

I.



A MONGOL LAMA.

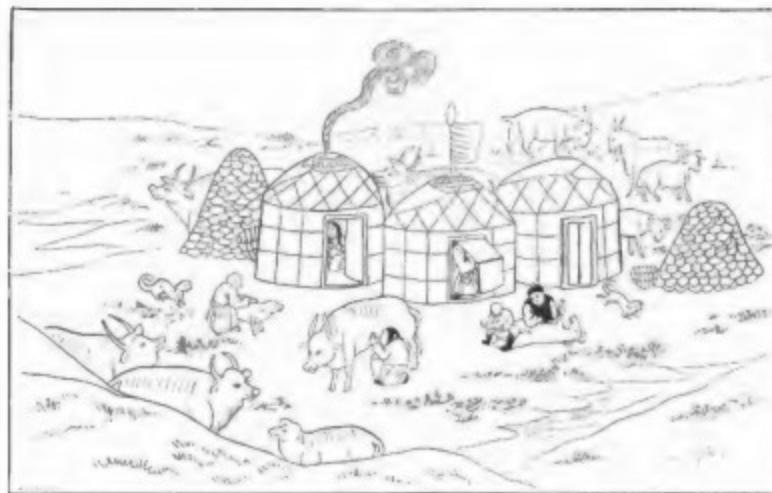
THE Mongols are a race of shepherds who watch their flocks on the high plains of central Asia. They inhabit a country extending from the frontiers of Siberia on the north, to the borders of China proper on the south, a distance of eight-hundred miles. With the north and south frontiers of his country a Mongol is familiar enough, either from having seen them himself, or from hearing them described by those who have visited them.

From east to west the length of Mongolia is much greater, and bounded by limits much less sharply defined. Ask a Mongol himself, and he will reply that on the east his country extends till it meets the land of the Dog-men tribe, a race where nearly every Mongol seems firmly to believe the population consists of dogs and human beings who live together on terms of social equality. The Mongol travels little in foreign

parts himself, and seems to have taken in good faith a good many curious reports which have reached him about the inhabitants of distant regions, such as that one nation consists of half men who need to be joined together to make a whole, and that the people of another country have a hole running through them somewhere in the region of the chest, so that when they want to travel they have only to string themselves on a pole and go comfortably along, borne on the shoulders of two men. To do him justice the Mongol seems a little sceptical in his own mind about the half men and the "bored" men, but he is positive about his neighbours the Dog-men, speaks of Chinese who have been to see them, and even gets indignant with any foreigner who refuses to believe the whimsical story.

The west—ah, that is a word often in a Mongol's mouth—and it is a word that stirs a Mongol's heart, for by the west he means Tibet the head-centre, and, to him at least, the source of his religion—his most prized possession on earth. With Tibet the Mongols are familiar enough. Many of them go there to study theology, if theology is a term that can be rightly applied to a religion which is atheistical, staying several years, and being looked up to with admiration and reverence when they return. It is always with an air of pride that a Mongol on the plain introduces to you a man who has travelled to the west. Tibetans too finding that their country and themselves are held in such high esteem in Mongolia, come over in numbers and travel about or settle down as best they can, some men of ability rising to good positions, and even the poorest seldom failing to meet with kindness and respect.

The Mongols are a most religious people, and as such stand out in strong contrast to the worldly-minded Chinese. In passing from China to Mongolia the change is at once apparent. In China priests are few, temples are for the most part empty and ruinous, and the observances of religion seldom strike the attention of the traveller, except indeed he happens to stumble upon the annual



MONGOLIAN CAMP.

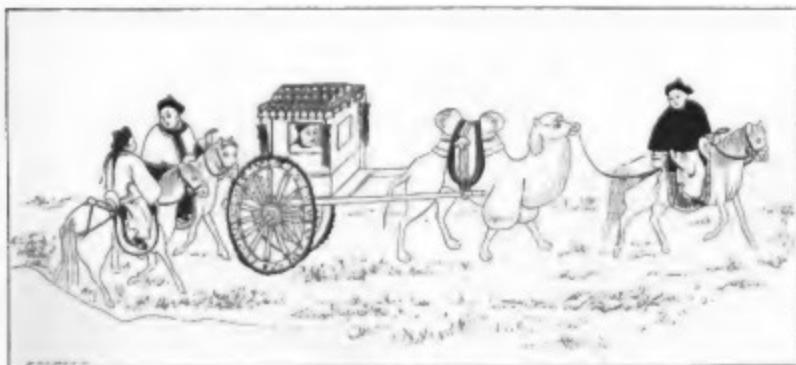
From a Native Sketch.

theatrical exhibition given at the temple in honour of the gods—a secular form of worship in which the Chinese participate with great zest. But no sooner is the border of the two countries crossed than all this is changed. In Mongolia priests conspicuous by their red and yellow garments abound. Temples, almost the only buildings in that land of tents, shine out in gilding and colours when seen at the distance, and when closely approached are found to have a considerable, sometimes a large number of resident lamas, and are in addition the great life centres of the population of the districts where they are situated.

As to the observances of religion, no one can be long in any part of the country, or in company with almost any Mongol, without being astonished

at the large part which sacred things occupy in the every-day life of the inhabitants.

It is not strange that the missionary zeal of the Christian Church should have been early directed to a people of so much religious earnestness. In 1817 the London Missionary Society first sent out a mission to Siberia, which finally consisted of three men and their wives. The first object of this enterprise was to translate the Scriptures into the language of the Buriats, that is of the Mongols who live under Russian rule and form part of the Russian Empire. In these early days travelling was difficult and communication slow, and away in the wilds of Siberia the missionaries must have felt very much shut off from the rest of the world. Missionary enterprise too was at that time but little understood,



TRAVELLING IN MONGOLIA.

From a Native Sketch.

especially in such an out of the way place as that distant part of the Russian empire, and the Englishmen were looked upon with great suspicion by the government officials, who were ready to suppose that they were, in some sort, political spies or pioneers, and that the mission might be an attempt on the part of the English Government to accomplish some underhand scheme, such as that of entering China "by the back door."

A Russian Governor-General whom the missionaries regarded both as a good man and as their friend, in a private letter written from Irkutsk in 1819, thus describes three members of the missionary band. "Two English missionaries visited me lately. They are to settle in Solinginsk in eastern Siberia. They speak no Russian and no European tongues either. I asked them to dine with me. When the door opened it admitted a tall, elongated, dried-up, elderly female. She is a Scotchwoman and a *pïèteste*, wife of one of the missionaries, and is the first visitor of the feminine gender that has crossed my threshold since I came here. Luckily she was so silent that I found it unnecessary to unfold all the secret treasures of English speech I possess. One of the missionaries is a very handsome youth of twenty-five years of age, with an open countenance and an angelically pure and innocent face. The recording angel preserve us from fancying that these people have any other object than that of evangelisation in coming here."

This is the language of a great man and a friend, but officials of a different character, and who were inimical to the mission, spoke in a very different tone, and the ecclesiastics, who never viewed the enterprise with favour, were bitter and persistent in their opposition to the whole scheme. But undaunted by distance and difficulties, secret distrust and open opposition, the missionaries persevered in their work, till at last their endeavours were put a stop to by order of the Emperor Nicholas, and early in 1841 they bade a tearful farewell to the little company of converts and friends which they had gathered around them, and returned to their native land.

The translation of the entire Bible into the Mongolian language was among the most noteworthy results of this mission. There was also gathered a small band of converts, some of whom were, down to within a few years ago, living, as far as could be judged, lives of intelligent Christian faith. Proof was obtained that the most bigoted of Buddhists, though slow to move, can be won over to the gospel. And the Greek Church was stirred up to put forth efforts for the conversion of the Buriats.

Before their expulsion from the country, the missionaries were cheered by seeing a number of those for whom they had laboured confess Christ; things were looking bright for a greater ingathering of converts, and it is believed that this success and hopeful aspect of things was the immediate cause of the closing of the mission.

Protestant missionary effort, thus shut out from the Mongols at the only point where they could be then reached, for the Chinese empire, of which Mongolia forms part, was as yet unopened, was not long in trying to reach them from another quarter.

Some twenty-five years ago, the Moravians, aiming at Mongolia, established a mission station away to the north of India, as far towards Tibet as they found practicable, hoping in this round-about way to be able eventually to reach the Mongols. The idea of thus reaching Mongolia was abandoned on the opening up of China, and the Moravian brethren, turning their attention to Tibet itself, afterwards established a second and more northerly station. The converts made during a quarter of a century at these outposts of Christian missions have been very few, amounting in all to, I think, less than one for every year that has elapsed since the establishment of the mission; but yet it is said that at a recent deliberation on the condition and prospects of the work, it was decided, with unanimity and enthusiasm, to carry it on, notwithstanding the meagre results which have as yet attended their labours.

Some twenty years ago the treaty of Tientsin opened China to travellers and missionaries, and though the Chinese Government would have been glad to keep Mongolia closed up as of old, Englishmen began to find their way across the desert, and it thus became evident that Mongolia was open, so far at least, to missionary efforts.

In 1870 the London Missionary Society, which had been compelled to leave Siberia in 1841, was able to carry out an idea, some time previously conceived, of attempting to reopen the Mongolian mission from the south, with Peking as a centre. Almost simultaneously an American society began work among the Mongols, carrying on its operations from Kalgan, its most northerly Chinese station, a place well adapted for such an enterprise, being situated within about twenty miles of the plain, and having, in addition, the great advantage of being a trading and government centre much resorted to by the Mongols. One of the inducements that led to Peking being selected as the head-quarters of a mission to the Mongols, is the fact that in winter it is resorted to by numbers of men hailing from all parts of Mongolia. Some of these come as pilgrims to worship at the famous shrines in Peking, large numbers come to pay their yearly tribute to the Emperor; but perhaps the largest influx of visitors is due to the fact that Peking offers, on the one hand, the best market for the disposal of the frozen game which, preserved by the steady cold of the north China winter, can be safely transported from immense distances, and, on the other hand, affords the best facilities for the purchase in return of materials for clothing and such domestic necessities as even the limited civilisation of Mongolia renders it difficult to do without.

In summer few or no Mongols resort to Peking, and the missionary takes the example set by the Chinese traders, and follows the Mongols to their native plains; and most of my sketches, to be published before long in a volume, will deal with things seen, heard or done, by the writer, while journeying or residing in the desert, searching out the scattered inhabitants in their remote homes, healing their diseases, and telling them the way of salvation through Jesus Christ.

The accompanying portrait is that of Liang

Lama, a most learned Mongol, who lived in a temple in Peking, spoke and read four languages, Mongol, Manchu, Tibetan, and Chinese, all of which, except the last, he could also write. He assisted Protestant missionaries in Peking in the revision of the Gospel of Matthew and the translation of a catechism and some tracts, was well acquainted with the facts and doctrines of Christianity, but died without giving any indication of his believing the gospel, being thus, it is to be feared, like Noah's carpenters who helped to build the ark, but were drowned in the flood.

II.—A NIGHT IN A MONGOL'S TENT.

We had been travelling, uncertain both as to the time of day and the proper direction of our route. If we could have seen the sun, we should have known both the time and the points of the compass; but the air high up was loaded with very fine dust, which hid the sun and covered the earth with a dull twilight. At last the darkness began to thicken, and we knew night had come, and a short time afterwards we struck the great road, and my guide assured me we were not far from tents. Both our camels and ourselves were fairly tired out, and the hope of rest soon seemed pleasant; but on and on we went, and still no tents.

My guide, being mounted on a swift young camel, kept so far ahead of me that I could just distinguish a dark mass away before me. After following the road a long time, I urged my camel on, overtook the guide, and asked him where these tents were; he simply pointed forward, and said, probably they were there. This was little comfort, but it was all that was to be had; his swift camel soon drew ahead again, and left my old animal far behind. Still no tent; still the distant black mass loomed in the darkness before, and I felt convinced that my guide knew little more about the tents than I did. Suddenly the black mass seemed to become broader. Was it the camel with his length across the road? Then it moved a little to the right. Had my guide spied tents? A very little urging now brought my camel alongside of his swifter companion.

We had left the road, certainly, but where were the tents? Some distance off there was a streak slightly blacker than the rest of the darkness. The quick eye of the Mongol had noticed this. As we approached it, dogs began to bark, tent doors opened, and fires gleamed. We had found inhabitants at last. We were soon seated by the bright fire of a Lama's tent. The Lama was about twenty-seven years of age, and lived with his mother, an old woman over fifty, and another little Lama, about fifteen. They were just at dinner, which seemed to consist of boiled millet, flavoured with a very acid kind of sour milk. The old woman urged the two Lamas to finish their dinner quickly, that she might heat some tea for the two travellers. After snuff bottles had been exchanged, and the customary questions asked and answered about the personal health and comfort of our host, and the peace and prosperity of his flocks; and he, on the other hand, had been informed who we were, where we

were going, and how our cattle stood the journey; my Lama guide ventured to ask if there would be room for us to sleep in this tent.

Our Lama host did not seem altogether pleased at the request, and answered, "I am afraid not." His fear seemed quite natural. The tent was small, and pretty well filled up round the north part with boxes, and the altar on which a butter-lamp was then burning. Most of the west side was taken up by a lamb-fold, and the east side, in addition to the usual quantity of pots, water-holders, milk-vessels, that cumber that part, had a thriving calf tied up, which for lack of something better to do, kept licking with evident relish, everything it could reach. There seemed to be little enough room for three people to sleep, how then could other two find room?

My Lama, nothing daunted, replied that I was not proud or troublesome, and could do with very little room; and it was finally settled that I should sleep where I was, and my guide should sleep in a neighbouring tent. This arranged, we drank our tea, the neighbours came in to see us, our Lama host soon thawed, and he and I engaged in conversation, while my guide superintended the cooking of our dinner.

Our host proved more intelligent than Lamas usually are, and could read Mongolian—a very extraordinary thing for a priest. When I produced my satchel of gospels, catechisms, and tracts, he handed me a book he had been reading just before dinner. It was not printed, but written in a small character, and much thumbed and worn. It was some old historical legend, and the Lama pointed to the place where he had been reading, and asked me a word in it he could not make out. He next asked me to read the whole passage, which I did.

It ran thus:—"The hero (I forget his name) stuffing the mouth of the hole with his white bonnet, took a large stone, and 'toong, toong,' beat the ground above. The fox alarmed, rushed out, and ran off with the white bonnet on its head."

I had got thus far, when a neighbour came in to let me see a Mongol prayer-book, used in presenting offerings to the god of the fire. I had to read a piece of this also, and then our dinner was ready.

While we ate, our host applied himself to the Gospel I had given him, and he could make it out very well indeed. He asked many questions about Christ and our religion, and this gave ample opportunity of explaining to him and to all in the tent the way of salvation through Christ.

After a good deal of interesting conversation on this subject, the time for sleep arrived. My guide went off to the other tent, and my host pointed out my place of rest between the lambs and the fire. I rolled myself in my sheepskin blanket, and found that the place given me was just large enough; no more. I could see no place for the Lama to sleep; and on asking him what he meant to do, he said he had to sit up and watch a cow that was expected to calve. The cold is so great, even in April, that a newly-born calf exposed all night is frozen to death. The Lama settled himself on the south-east of

the fire, took the Gospel in his one hand, and with his other hand from time to time kept throwing argols on the fire to keep up light enough to read with. Though very tired, I could not sleep except for a few minutes at a time, and always when I woke up there was the Lama reading slowly away at the Gospel, and always adding a few more argols to keep up the light. Happily, the book was printed from wooden blocks by a Chinaman in Peking. This made it less neat than moveable type would have been, but at the same time made it much larger and rounder, and much better adapted for the bad eyes of the Mongols and the dim light of their tents. All night through this Lama kept reading, going out at intervals to see his cow; and when dawn began to come and people from the other tents began to move about, he went off to sleep, and we got up and prepared to depart.

While the old woman was boiling tea for us, I read a chapter in Mongolian, and when I had finished this, and we were drinking our tea, the Lama roused himself and asked why we called the Gospel "the Joyful News." The reason, I told him, was that all men are sinful. This, he admitted at once. I then reminded him of how the Mongols sought to wipe away sin, and escape hell by penance, pilgrimages, fastings, offerings, and other difficult works. Now this book says that when a man wants to get rid of his sin, he has only to look to Christ and his sin clears away; that when he wants to escape hell, he has only to come to Christ and Christ saves him, by making him meet for heaven. Is not the book, then, rightly named "the Joyful News"? He at once assented, got up, expressed many friendly wishes, escorted us beyond the range of the dogs, and made me promise that if I came back that way I would call on him. As I left his friendly abode I could not help feeling that, notwithstanding the cold reception at first, the lambs on the one side, the fire on the other, and the sleeplessness, I had spoken the truth, when, in reply to the pleasant Mongolian salutation on waking, I replied, "Yes, I have spent a good night."

BREAKING UP AT A BLIND COLLEGE.

A SHORT time ago I was staying under the Malvern Hills, when the friend I was visiting, proposed we should drive to Worcester and spend an afternoon at the Blind College for the Sons of Gentlemen.

This college is located in one of the oldest houses in Worcester, called "The Commandery:" it stands quite apart from the High Street, and the more modern houses; and its entrance looks as if it would lead you simply into an old-fashioned court-yard. But passing up the paved road, you come suddenly into a bit of old world that carries you back two or three hundred years.

We were hurried back to this present very quickly though, by seeing a crowd of people assembled, for it was "Speech Day," and we were afraid we were late.

A small side door leads into what at first looks like a narrow passage, but at the left is a high opening, through which you pass into the old hall of the Commandery. It was already crammed, and we were taken round to the corresponding opening on the other side.

Great black and white carved arches supported the building, and some one had decorated them with green ferns and bright flowers. At the end of this hall was a raised platform, and facing this platform were rows of chairs, filled even to over-filling.

My chair happened to be the one next the organ. A fair-haired young man, of about seventeen or eighteen, sat on the organ seat, and a piece of music, which he could not see, lay open before him. Opposite me was an open door, and through it I could see a sloping lawn and big trees. Boys were swinging in them, some were playing ball, some walking in quiet couples. It seems hard to realize that on this peaceful spot the great battle of Worcester was fought just 231 years ago; yet even now bones, cannon-balls, and different relics of the battle are still found. The remembrance of it made me think of the perhaps harder battle that is now being fought, the battle with the sad absence of one of our greatest gifts, and the skilful training that these maimed young soldiers need for the great conflict of life. Who can tell what relics yet may be found, that shall in years to come be traced to the teaching given in this old moral and social battle field?

As I sat musing the boy at the organ moved a little, and through the hall came a low thrilling music.

"What are you playing?" I asked.

"Nothing. I shall never play it again."

"Why not?"

"It is only fooling, I have never played it before. It is to fill up till three o'clock. Will you mind telling me when it is three?"

And then he turned an intelligent sightless face round. He was of Danish origin, and had a curious sounding name. The organ was his greatest friend; he could creep inside it, pick it to pieces, clean it, and tune it, he knew the workmanship of it by heart.

The soft music ended, and suddenly a bright lively piece took its place, and rang through the hall. The boy's face brightened, and his hands flew along the keys. "Don't forget to tell me when it is time," he whispered again. He went on fooling for about seven or eight minutes, when presently a friend, who evidently had not seen him for some little while, came up and touched him on the shoulder. At the sound of her voice, his face lit up with pleasure; he held out his right hand and held hers fast, and talked to her eagerly and quickly, while at the same time his left hand talked to us in its many tones.

Still the people came pouring in, though there was hardly a chair to seat them. One dignitary of the church after another; clergymen of all denominations, from the most orthodox collar, to the limp untidy tie; dresses of all description, and bonnets beyond description, towered along; and still this music filled the hall.

A clock struck three. I was just going to tell the young musician, but his quick ears caught

the sound. His hands moved from the organ, and all was still. There was a slight stir in the hall, and the master of the college walked in with the bishop of the diocese.

"Now I am to begin, I suppose," my friend said, with a sigh of relief. "Are they all seated?"

His own voluntary was ended, a few chords were struck, and a concerto from Handel was begun.

Music is like the sun; it falls on the rich and the poor, the seeing and the sightless alike; the voice with its many sounds goes into all hearts, it lasts for all generations. Here, in this very hall of seeing and sightless people, the master's message rolled and fell; it was repeated again after many years, and it came with both old and new power; yet it came from the hands of a boy, who though he was himself feeling the intense harmony, could not tell how it was falling on his listeners.

When the concerto was ended, the curtain at the end of the hall was drawn back. A ring of young Greeks were seen picturesquely grouped on the platform, and in their centre were some little Grecian children. The play was the death of Alcestis from "Euripides." At first some recitations were given with great clearness and animation; and then with one accord the whole group broke into a wild chorus of lamentation and wailing, and their voices mingled in a sad and stately chant. No one of course beat time, no one voice led the other; as far as one could tell no signal was given; but with one accord the whole number of voices united, and the lamentation was perfect.

After this came a very good waltz from Beethoven on the piano; the time and the touch and the expression were excellent. Then followed a Latin recitation "Cicero against Catiline."

Then the boy at the organ left his seat and made his way through the crowded chairs to the piano, and played Mendelssohn's Andante and Rondo capriccioso; doing his part beautifully. He did not come back to his old place at the organ, but disappeared through a side door.

The master stood up next, and gave his account both of the educational and monetary proceedings of the past year. The first, we as spectators could say, had been most successful, and the next part we were glad to hear gave good promise.

Five scholarships had been granted them from the Gardner scholarship; and a scholarship of thirty pounds had been given from the Uppingham school. (And also, since this prize day, a musical scholarship of fifty pounds a year has been given, by a lady who was struck with the musical power in the college, and also with the method and careful training of the boys.) But the great need, the master said he felt, was, to have an annual fund, which should be accessible at any moment's notice, so that when any necessitous blind case arose (and such cases are perpetually arising), instead of turning them away, he might open the door and say, "Come, and you shall be educated too." Surely such a fund would be most helpful; and can there be more real charity than in an institution like this, where the blind are taught they need not be useless, and where every attempt is made to

break down the dark barrier that has hitherto shut them out from the working world? Some are brought up as lawyers, some as masters, some have even taken holy orders.

The master's speech was soon ended; if he had wanted a better plea than his own words, for teaching the blind, he could not have had a more striking one than the way his boys acted a scene from Molière. A burlesque followed, and the exhibition ended with a duet on two pianos.

Then the bishop stood up, and made a short speech of praise and encouragement, and said a few touching words on the great sympathy we should all feel with our fellow-creatures, who by some accident or hidden act of Almighty wisdom have been deprived of one of the greatest gifts God bestows upon us. After that he gave the prizes away, and only then, was there any sign that we were in a college for the blind. Each boy came up the steps quickly and unhesitatingly, and each boy knew exactly where to stop, but when the bishop held the prize out, almost all the hands I noticed went in a wrong direction, and instead of taking the prizes, they received them.

So ended my afternoon at the Commandery at Worcester, the college for education of blind boys of the middle and higher classes. I came back sadder perhaps, but gratified; wiser, but more humble.

Are the scales lifted yet from our eyes? Shall we live to find out the blind have seen more than we have? Have we had opportunities of gaining glimpses of heaven even here, and in our darkness have we passed them by? One day, when the great Light dawns, we shall all receive our sight; and as we have seen and acted here, so shall we be seen and judged hereafter.

Thy will be Done.

MY God, I do not fear
To yield myself to Thee;
However strange Thy will appear
It must be good for me.
O Father, kind and wise and strong,
Thy will can do no creature wrong.

The little babe at rest
Becomes my minister;
It lies upon its mother's breast,
And leaves itself to her.
Ah, foolish babe if it should dread
The heart that throbs beneath its head.

I do not fear to trust
My little all to Thee;
Thy every motion must be just
To all the world and me.
Will as Thou wilt—my joy be still
To kiss thy sweet and sacred will!

WADE ROBINSON.

Pages for the Young.

IN FATHER'S PLACE.

CHAPTER IV.—PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.



"ND now what are you all going to do?" asked Auntie one evening.

The Vancrofts had been in their new home little more than a week, and Will and Jack had found that the only way to make a flat durable is to take restless noisy children out of it as much as possible. Accordingly each day one or other of the brothers had acted as chaperon, and had carried the younger ones to see a number of the Edinburgh "Lions."

Miss Vancroft had said and done very little during the whole week, as far as the household affairs were concerned, but she had been taking observations in a quiet way, and now she spoke. "What are you all going to do, and what is going to be done with you all?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," said Mrs. Vancroft in her limp and helpless manner. "I have absolutely no means beyond what the Ministers' Widows' Fund gives, and that—as you know—is a mere pittance. Now, isn't it?"

"Not much among so many," Auntie answered shortly.

"Mr. Macrae has promised me a berth in the first of his ships which may want a 'likely young man,' so I am out of the reckoning already," said Jack.

Miss Vancroft's face softened visibly. Jack had never been a favourite with her, for his mischief-loving propensities had frequently caused her no little annoyance. She was fond of snubbing Jack—all the more because Jack hated to be snubbed. But if there was one virtue more than another that Miss Vancroft admired, that was an independent spirit, and she liked what Jack said, so nodded her quaint nod of approval, and remarked aside: "Fourteen his last birthday. Good! He'll do."

"I think I mentioned to you not long ago," said Mrs. Vancroft, "that Bailie Hunter promised to use his influence to have one or more of the children received into some of the Institutions or Hospitals as they call them; and I thought that would be a good plan for some of the bairns—at least my uncle George thought of it; and it seemed nice when he talked of it; but I do not know if it would really be suitable; or indeed what has to be done about it, or anything. I never could understand business, Martha."

"Did your uncle mention any particular Hospital?"

"Yes—a place called The Institution."

"I know it very well. It was founded for the benefit of professional men's children."

"You know about everything, Martha."

"Umph! Well, have you decided which of your children shall be nominated for this place?"

"Isa is required at home," Mrs. Vancroft replied quickly. "She is so helpful with Ella and baby."

"And Ben and Ella are too young, so it must be Madge—and good for her too—she requires discipline. Number two disposed of; who comes next?"

"I think I do, Auntie," said Will. "I think I ought to

have been sent adrift first, being such a big useless sort of bairn."

"Very well, let us hear how you think of taking yourself off your mother's income without leaving the family headless."

"A friend of father's has promised me a place in his office—"

"Promised! You are too hurried, Will, too hurried. Don't fix anything, and we will talk over your affairs another time. Now, Anna, I think we may suppose we have got three of them off your hands."

"Excuse me, Auntie," interrupted Will. Then to Mrs. Vancroft, "Mother dear, could not Madge be taught to mind baby? It does not seem exactly fair to decide upon sending a younger child from home when there is an older one who could go. I dare say if some one would teach her, Madge would learn to be as useful as Isa."

"Useful indeed! Mind baby! I should find him dropped in the fender, or choking on a spoon. I wonder at you, Will, thinking for one moment of sending Isa away—your favourite too."

"I believe Will is speaking from a sense of justice," said Miss Vancroft. "And he is quite right so far. It would be unfair if one were influenced in one's decision by partiality: but there are many points to be considered. Above all, we must think which child would derive most benefit from school discipline, and which one can be of most use at home."

"There can be no two opinions on those points," said Jack, smiling: but Will was very grave, and his aunt, noting the expression of his face, asked shortly—

"What is it, Will? State the difficulties as they appear to you."

"I was only thinking if dear father's opinion were asked what decision he would give."

"Your poor father always spoilt Madge, you know," sighed the mother.

"I believe," replied Will firmly, "that he petted her so much because he knew that she needed encouraging, and perhaps because somehow she rather went to the wall among us. We have not been fair to Madge, I fear. She can't help being awkward, and she might be less shy if we had been more patient with her."

Mrs. Vancroft was a little ashamed to own, even to herself, that the pretty face and gentle manners of one child had won for it a larger portion of maternal affection than had been bestowed upon the plain-featured contrary child, so listened meekly to what Will said, and he went on:

"Madge is striving to improve, only she had got an idea that she is not loved much by any of us, and I am just afraid we have given the poor child some cause to think so."

"A bad business," said auntie, "for a child when it takes up such a notion, whether right or wrong. Their father thought Madge the most clever of your children, did he not?"

"He thought all the world of her," replied Mrs. Vancroft.

"Very clever children require careful handling, for they generally have peculiar temperaments. However this is a serious matter that we have to decide, and feeling must be put aside from us all. How would it answer to ask the girls themselves to say which shall go? That would test their characters, at least."

"If that plan is adopted I know who is sure to go. Isa always makes it a point of conscience to yield to the others," Mrs. Vancroft replied, and Jack said:

"Toss up for it," a remark which made the others laugh in spite of their serious talk. Then auntie said:

"I should like to have things settled about you all before I leave, as I must next week. Will, you and I will have a quiet chat together in the morning."

CHAPTER V.—BEING PUT TO THE TEST.

The nature of auntie's "quiet chat" took Will very much by surprise. In her usual abrupt and concise manner she announced her ideas on the subject of his future career in life.

"Taking everything into consideration," she said, "I believe it will be best for you to go on with the university education so well begun. Nature gave you talents which should be cultivated."

"But it can't be done," replied Will regretfully.

"Stop a bit, Will! It was your father's hope that you might be qualified to follow in his steps. It is in my power to help your family to a certain extent, and after much careful thought, I have come to the conclusion that the best way to give efficient assistance will be by seeing you through your university course, free of all expense to your mother."

The Vancrofts had very vague ideas regarding auntie's income or savings, so Will could not know how much of daily comfort she would be denying herself by such generosity to him. Her small "savings," and a good slice of her limited income would have to be sacrificed, though it was none of her intention that he should know that.

But Will could be generous too, and begged his aunt to give her help for the girls instead, and so prevent the necessity of their being sent out in the world while they were young.

Miss Vancroft had considered that point, and soon showed Will very clearly how much less useful such assistance would be in the end. Then to settle the matter she declared that if Will refused to carry out the cherished scheme of all their hearts in the way indicated, her pecuniary aid should be withheld altogether from them all. After that announcement there was nothing left for Will to do but accept her offer with gratitude.

"Now about the girls," said Miss Vancroft, when she had settled Will's affairs to her satisfaction, "I confess that I very much wish to see how they will act if left to choose, and though we may, or may not, accept their decision, it is well to have their feelings sounded on the subject."

"It will have to be gradually and gently done," said the thoughtful brother.

A favourable opportunity arrived on the last evening of Auntie's stay. Jack had just received a good appointment in a ship which would sail in a few days. His father's friend had much admired the manly spirit in which Jack had declared his willingness to do any work, however humble, which would enable him to be independent, and Mr. Macroe had determined to give the boy a helping hand. Accordingly he paid (himself) a premium, and Jack was entered as gentleman-apprentice on board a fine vessel, so he did not begin so very low in the service as he had intended doing.

Jack's family had been thrown into considerable confusion in consequence of his sudden call to the business of life. He was the first of the young ones to leave home, and it was a serious event.

Isa and Madge sat in a corner, open-eyed at all which the older folks were saying about the ship, the voyage, outfit, messmates, etc.

More than once when the long absence from home was touched upon, Madge shivered and crept nearer to Isa. Jack had become exalted into a hero in Madge's estimation, for the boy or girl who could leave home and go alone among strangers, must be a marvel of courage and independence, she thought, judging all the world by herself. But very soon her attention was drawn to a remark made by Auntie.

"And who," Miss Vancroft was saying, "more of mother's bairns will be willing when the time comes, to go away for her sake?"

Auntie's eyes involuntarily travelled towards the corner where Isa and Madge were ensconced, and the flush that came to each face showed that they were taking home her hint.

Madge crept rather nearer the wall, and hung her head, and Isa, lifting her clear eyes to Auntie's, asked, "Could girls help in that way like boys?"

Will and Jack exchanged glances, and Mrs. Vancroft as usual subsided behind her handkerchief.

"I will tell you how girls can do it," Auntie replied. "There are places where children live and have all the comforts of home, and the advantages of school, and no one pays any money for having them there. The money was given long ago by good people who wished to help children whose poor fathers had not been able to save money for the same purpose. It is one of the ways by which God keeps His promise to be a father to the fatherless."

Here Auntie made a long pause, and everyone was quite silent. Then she added gently, "Mother will have to ask one of her girls to go there soon—"

"I can't go among strangers. I can't and I won't," burst from Madge. Some terrible instinct had warned her, at the beginning of Auntie's speech to them, that she was going to be sent from home, and every other thought was swallowed up by that dreadful conviction. A passionate rebellion had frequently averted some disagreeable duty from her before, therefore her first blind impulse was to protest violently. But she could say no more, and sat dumb after uttering those few words.

Isa sighed softly, and glanced at the beloved babies, but she spoke very steadily. "I will go if you all think that I should."

"Thank you, dear," said Auntie, "you are a good, unselfish child, but nothing is fixed upon; we shall see." She would have added a reproof to Madge, but a look at Will had stopped that.

Madge gazed around defiantly, but as her glance passed from face to face, reading disapprobation in all, it fell at last upon Will. There was no displeasure in his face—only regret and sorrow. Their eyes met. What was it in Will's eyes that reminded Madge of her father's oft-repeated and most tender counsels? She felt choking. Her breast heaved, and tears rose to her eyes, quenching their passionate fire at once. Madge forgot everyone in the room but Will, and rising from her corner she crept to his knee, where she was silently but affectionately greeted.

The conversation had reverted to Jack, and no one seemed to have noticed Madge, who sat speechless for a long time. A great struggle was going on in the little creature's heart; and Will, guessing that it was so, more than once passed his hand sympathetically over her hair. Finally he took her hot hands in one of his, and held them with gentle firmness.

"Bedtime, children" said Mrs. Vancroft hours after the usual hour for retiring, and the youngsters rose obediently at once. Then, to the surprise of all, Madge said, "Isa isn't going to leave home. Baby and Ella would cry so. And mamma. I'll go! That will be best. Besides no one needs me at home, and—and—and—Someone would have wished me to do as you think best."

Before anyone had recovered from the surprise, Madge was off to her room. She undressed in hot haste and dived under the bedclothes, trembling and stifling her sobs until Isa, who shared her bed, got in beside her.

"Was it very hard to say, dear?" Isa whispered softly.

"Nonsense," said Madge.

"What a queer child she is," Mrs. Vancroft had exclaimed when Madge disappeared; and Jack added, "Madgie is going to be a brick after all." Auntie made no remark, and Will only said "Poor little Madge."

The offer so suddenly made by Madge seemed to have

decided the point regarding the girls, for nothing further was said about Isa leaving; and when the time came for the necessary papers to be filled up, Madge's name was inserted as a matter of course.

She seemed quite reconciled to the plan, as far as anyone could judge, for she was very reticent of her opinions, though demonstrative enough in some things. Not one of all the family knew how naturally shy and timid she was. They only knew that Madge disliked taking the initiative or in any way acting deliberately on her own responsibility. "Madge's self-assertion lies in protesting," Jack was wont to say. Not even Isa guessed how deeply rooted was the poor child's antipathy to strangers and strange places. No one ever knew what fearful anticipations Madge had when all was finally arranged, and she was told that she would probably leave home soon. "It will kill me, I think," she often said to herself, but she never once gave utterance to a regret or expostulation; and Mrs. Vancroft congratulated herself upon having decided wisely in choosing Madge instead of Isa.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XI.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification; for even Christ pleased not himself" (Rom. xv. 2).

Read. Matt. iv. 12; Matt. xiv. 3-5; John iv. 4-6.

The subject of our reading to-day is the Lord's journey from Judea to Galilee through Samaria,—and we shall consider also the imprisonment of John the Baptist.

In our Lord's former journeys we have not been informed by which road He went of the three different roads to Galilee. But here we are told that He went through Samaria; if you will look at the map you will see that this is the straightest and shortest road, but the Jews had no dealings with the people of that country, so they often went round by the valley of the Jordan rather than go through that land. Samaria was a rich and beautiful country, much more fertile than Judea. The city of Samaria had been the capital of the kings of Israel, before the Israelites were punished for their sins by being carried away captive to Assyria. (Read 2 Kings xvii. 22-24.) The King of Assyria brought men from Babylon and other places, and placed them in Samaria. These men were strangers to the religion of the Jews, and were looked upon with great contempt by them. Perhaps it was just to show His disciples that it was wrong to despise these people, that the blessed Jesus "must needs go through Samaria."

The first remarkable place on the way from Jerusalem to Galilee is Bethel. *Can any of you tell me what happened at Bethel? Who was it that slept there and dreamed a wonderful dream?* Read Gen. xxviii. 10-22, and observe particularly the fourteenth verse, for in Jesus Christ the Lord that promise to Jacob was fulfilled, for He was the promised seed of Jacob in whom all the families of the earth were blessed. Next, on the right hand, at some distance from the road, are the ruins of the place that was for many centuries the resting-place of the ark of God where the sanctuary of Shiloh stood. Here the pious Israelites used to offer sacrifices. (Read 1 Sam. i. 3.) *What holy child heard the voice of the Lord, as he dwelt with the old high priest in Shiloh?* (1 Sam. iii. 4, 21.) Shiloh was all in ruins even in our Saviour's time. (See Jer. vii. 12.) *For what cause was it destroyed?*

After passing over a rocky and barren country, the traveller comes to a fine plain, where corn, and vines, figs and olives grow; this was part of the rich country that was given to the tribe of Ephraim. Beyond it rise two hills, the one is called Gerizim, the other is Ebal, between them

lies the pleasant valley of Shechem. (See Deut. xi. 29; and xxvii. 12, 13.) *For what were these mountains remarkable?* A short way down the valley at the foot of Mount Gerizim, is Jacob's well. And here, weary with His journey, our Lord sat down to rest, while His disciples went to the village. But tired and thirsty as He was, Jesus had a great work to do; "*even Christ pleased not himself!*" He spoke to the poor guilty ignorant woman so that she was convinced of her sin and believed on Him.

You read in Matthew of this journey to Galilee—*what is said there about John the Baptist?* In Matt. xiv. 3 we hear more fully of this. See also Luke iii. 19. *Why did Herod shut up John in prison?* We see in Herod the case of a man who goes on from one evil act to another, always increasing in wickedness. He was anxious to silence the faithful John, so he shut him up in a strong fortress called Machærus, on one of the rocky ridges among the hills beyond the Dead Sea. He thought perhaps that there would be no one now to trouble him in following his own evil ways, but his own conscience troubled him, "for Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy." (Mark vi. 20.) John was a happier man down in the dungeon, than wicked Herod was upon his throne. As he dwelt in his great and gloomy castle at Machærus, looking out upon the desolate shores and dreary waters of the Dead Sea, he might have envied his captive in the prison house below! Read a description of his state in Isaiah lvii. 20, 21, and never envy the prosperity of the wicked!

Sing,—"There is a path that leads to God."

(You have not had so many questions to answer in this lesson as you generally have, so that your book has not made much progress; I would suggest that you should here enrich its pages by putting into it at this place a little map of the Holy Land, drawn by yourself if possible, with all the most important places neatly marked by yourselves.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VI.

That which men are commanded to do for six days, and that which they are to do on the seventh, may be found in the initials and finals of the following words.

1. That for which the Israelites murmured at Rephidim?
2. How often in the year did the high priest go into the holiest place to make atonement?
3. What death did Balaam wish that he might die, though, living a bad life, his wish was not fulfilled?
4. What did Moses do with the priest of Midian's sheep?

—•—

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. V.—p. 112.—PRESERVE MY SOUL.—Psa. lxxvi. 2.

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. P-aul | Phil. i. 21. |
| 2. R-izpah | 2 Sam. xxi. 10. |
| 3. E-lihu | Job xxxii. 6. |
| 4. S-olomon | 1 Kings iv. 29. |
| 5. E-sau | Gen. xxvii. 36. |
| 6. R-aven | Gen. viii. 7. |
| 7. V-enison | Gen. xxvii. 9. |
| 8. E-liphaz | Job xvi. 1, 2. |
| 9. M-oases | Exod. ii. 1-10. |
| 10. Y-en | Matt. v. 37. |
| 11. S-hem | Gen. vii. 13. |
| 12. O-badiah | 1 Kings xviii. 13. |
| 13. U-zzah | 2 Sam. vi. 6, 7. |
| 14. L-yrias | Acts xxiii. 26-35. |

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—Herbert.

THE KING'S SCEPTRE.

HINTS OF THE WONDERFUL UNITY OF THE WAYS OF GOD IN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.



THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA.

III.—WHAT IS THE SCEPTRE?

I WAS asked the other day the question, "But what do you mean by the Sceptre of the King?" A sceptre, then, is not the sovereign, but it is the symbol and the emblem of sovereignty. The story of the world is full of episodes and instances illustrating the sway of the sceptre over the soul of man. How is it that men, whose rank and wealth render them independent of the world's opinion, tremble beneath the power of

invisible terrors? Few incidents of this kind have impressed my memory more than a visit I paid, when in Italy, to the Certosa of Pavia. This is an immense and substantial dream of architectural loveliness and majesty; it stands in the midst of a vast unpopulated plain; around it, in all the distance, I saw no indications of homesteads or farms; the church itself is a huge pile, and everywhere the eye is called to rest on

some rich or curious work of art from remote ages,—magnificent bronze gates, breathing marbles, glowing canvases;—but the church is only a small portion of the ancient monastic territory; the pilgrim wends his way along extensive corridors and cloisters, by long successions of cells, by stately lavatories, refectories, libraries, and chapels. All is silent and deserted now, save for the residence of two or three monks, of the Carthusian order, whose business it is to preserve, to guard, and to exhibit to the curious stranger, this immense and marvellous Tadmor of the Italian plains. And what gave existence to this, which seemed almost a medallion Escorial of Italy? Even now it is said to represent millions of pounds sterling; when it was erected its cost must have been enormous. It was raised by the incantation of conscience in the Middle Ages; a Count, the holder of all this vast property, had, in his earlier life, murdered his wife; he appears to have been jealous of her affection for her brother, whom he caused to be assassinated; he also, for the same reason, brought about the assassination of her father. After many years had rolled away he became very much frightened at what he had done; the King's Sceptre, the witness for God within him, shook his soul, and he became alarmed. Priestly superstitions have never been slow to avail themselves of such fears, and so these stately edifices arose as an expiation for enormous crimes. Such instances are by no means rare; what they illustrate is that conscience is the witness for God, it is the vicegerent in the soul of man; and this is not at all affected by the fact of the many and amazing perversions to which it has been subjected; that it is affected by education, by habit, even by race and climate. There are few places and few persons where this hidden inner witness does not make His power felt.

A great writer very truly speaks of conscience as a clock, and says: "We do not dispense with clocks because from time to time they go wrong, and tell untruly. A clock, organically considered, may be perfect, yet it may require regulating. Our conscience may be said to strike the hours, and will strike them wrongly unless it be duly regulated for the performance of its proper function. Still, it may be called the bell of the intellect, and that it strikes when it should not, is a proof that the clock is out of order, no proof that the bell will be untrustworthy and useless, when it comes to us adjusted and regulated from the hands of the clockmaker." May we not speak of the magnetic compass as the sceptre which sways the course of a vessel, and so truly a poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, has said:

"As the needle will forget its aim,
Jarred by the fury of the electric flame;
As the true current it will falsely feel,
Warped from its axis by a freight of steel;
So will thy conscience lose its balanced truth
If passion's lightning fall upon thy youth;
So the pure effluvia quit its sacred hold,
Girt round too deeply with magnetic gold."

The history of the world is the story of the development of conscience.

We spoke in the first paper of the order per-

ceivable in what may be called the natural history of society throughout all ages. Even among pagan peoples the same principle is manifest; moral causes have had most to do with the rise, and outraged morality and unrighteousness have brought about the decline and fall, of great States. There is a wonderful passage in Cicero, wonderful considering the man who wrote, and the time when he wrote it: "We neither exceeded," says he, speaking of his countrymen, "the Spaniards in number, nor did we excel the Gauls in strength of body, nor the Carthaginians in craft, nor the Greeks in arts or sciences, but we have indisputably surpassed all the nations in the universe in piety, and attachment to religion, and in the only point which can be called true wisdom, a thorough conviction that all things here below are directed and governed by Divino providence." He goes on to attribute to this the grandeur and greatness of his country, and he continues: "What man is there who is convinced of the existence of the gods, but must be convinced at the same time that our mighty empire owes its origin, its increase, and its preservation to the protecting care of their Divine providence." These ideas of this great man were held in much darkness. Ignorance, which the Apostle Paul tells us, "God overlooked," while, at the same time, all who were obedient to "the law of God written in their hearts," and "who did good and worked righteousness," "were accepted of Him." Then followed the time when the doctrines of Epicurus became the fashionable opinions of the Romans in Rome, and throughout all their great cities; Epicurus gilded the pill of atheism, and there can be no doubt that those doctrines were the real cause of the rapid depravity of Roman manners; for manners are never so effectually and speedily depraved as by the entire extinction of all religious principle. Epicurus swept away the sanction of a future state of rewards and punishments, he taught the doctrine of the annihilation of the human soul, and he got rid of the troublesome faith and doctrine of a Divine superintending providence. The historians of the Roman Empire supply the most graphic and terrible pictures of the state to which Roman society was reduced from its ancient condition of moderation, sobriety and reverence. It is true as the Roman conscience became debased and extinguished, the Christian conscience was born. The Roman society crumbled to ashes, was ground to powder, fell to pieces, not by the irruption of the immense barbarian hordes that poured upon it, and pressed round it—these had been always where they were, and always ready to attempt the conquest of Rome. Rome had been able to do far more than hold them in check, and keep them at bay; she had bowed them to her will, and held them in the reins of her sovereignty; but she fell by the inward weight of that unparalleled and almost incredible corruption which paralysed and loosened all the joints and rivets of her power,—a corruption of which we obtain a fearful but sufficient side-light from the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, which concisely gives a view of Roman manners such as contemporary historians and satirists only expand and confirm.

It was in the midst of this society that Christian morality appeared—the morality compared with which the noblest ideas of ancient Roman virtue faded, and became not only dim, but even repulsive, before its loftier conceptions of mercy, self-renunciation, and righteousness. That is an impressive anecdote told by one of the early Church historians; when Julian, on whom Gibbon has lavished so much space and eulogy, sought, in one brief passionate spasm of government, to extirpate Christianity, and to attempt to restore to Rome her almost exiled and outcast paganism, the worship of the gods, and the cultus of the old and fearful faith. He for some time appeared successful in his endeavours; Pagans in Rome were lifting up their heads with hope; Julian was on his way to rout the Persian army, and it was expected that he would confidently fall upon and scatter the Christians upon his return; when one Libanius, a sophist, said with a sneer to a Christian schoolmaster whom he met in Antioch, "What is your Master, the son of the carpenter, doing now?" and the grave schoolmaster somewhat grimly replied, "Perhaps the great Carpenter of the world is making a coffin!" And it was even so, for about the time when he spoke Julian was lying stretched out on the battle-field uttering his well-known dying words, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" It was the last spasmodic effort made to save paganism in that age, and the coffin in which Julian was borne to his grave enclosed not only his body, but the corrupt mass of Roman ideas, manners and customs. It was not long after the speech of the schoolmaster that the body of Julian was brought into Antioch. This anecdote has sometimes

seemed to us as if it might be instructive to many in our day who boast an ambition like that of Julian, and a sophistry, satire, and science like that of Epicurus or Libanius.

Into this frame of society, so depraved and impure, Christianity entered, and created a new and amazingly pure morality; and the proud boast, *Civis sum Romanus*, "I am a Roman citizen," was succeeded by the nobler boast *Sum Christianus*, "I am a Christian." There are many affecting anecdotes illustrating the lofty tone which Christianity imparted to character. An immodest woman came into a nursery garden belonging to one Serenus, at an unbecoming hour, professing that she wished to walk there; he reproached her for her boldness, and turned her out. She had a duped husband, to whom she complained of having been insulted, and he caused Serenus to be summoned before the magistrate. Serenus related what had happened in a simple manner, exposing the artifice of the wretched woman. She was silenced, and her indignant husband took her out of court. Then said the judge to Serenus, "Who are you? Who but a Christian would have such scruples?" "I am a Christian!" said Serenus. "How then have you escaped notice? Have you sacrificed to the gods, that you have escaped our pursuit?" "As long," said Serenus, "as it was the will of God, He kept me out of notice. I was like the stone which the builders rejected; now He is pleased to make use of me, and I am ready." And Serenus suffered death. What an astonishing revelation must this high-toned character have been in such a society as that to which we have referred!

It is the same story renewed and retold in all



CLOISTERS OF THE CERTOSA.

ages. In Egypt, in Carthage, in Greece, in any state, wherever and whenever unrighteousness preponderates over righteousness, impurity over purity, where the laws of morality and social obligations are disregarded, and lose their power and sanction in society, and become inoperative on human character, the nation is on the fatal proclivity to ruin. For societies are not held together by the evil that is in them, but by the good. This may be dim to the sense, and slight, imperfect, and inadequate to the ideas of a high civilisation, and still, to the extent to which it is regarded, the nation holds its place. Mere brute force, or that craft which scarcely seems to rise above the cunning of the brute, has never sufficed to hold a people long together; hence the shortlived despotisms of the ancient ages. With all the faults and crimes which human nature is sure to bear into any of its achievements, these civilisations have lasted longest which have held and attempted to work out the highest reverence for God, the noblest hopes for the future destiny of man, and the largest amount of justice and mercy between the various members of the human family. It seems impossible to see all this, and to know how much it is a matter of fact and of history, and not to feel that in all we have illustrations of the uniform sway of the sceptre of the King. An eminent writer of our country and our day, who seems very desirous to eliminate from the course of the world the sense of the personality of God, has proposed to substitute for this reverent and awful faith, that of a power in the world which makes for righteousness. But such unsatisfactory phraseology surely seems almost synonymous with the elder and more comfortable belief. The course of the world's affairs attests the existence of a power that "makes for righteousness." There is corresponding to this an instinct in the heart of man called conscience, that is, the knowledge which a man has of himself and his relation to a life of duty. As consciousness brings a man into acquaintance with the outer world, and makes him aware of all its manifold variegated furniture, the firmament with all its celestial lights, and the flooring of the earth with all its meadows, its forests, its cities, and its seas—so conscience brings him into acquaintance with himself, and makes him aware of the inner facts of his own nature, suggests to him the laws which regulate the government of life, lifts him above the caprice of impulse and of passion, and teaches him the wise limitation of inordinate desire.

Thus our relationship to God is the explanation and solution of conscience in man; when the apostle, standing in the midst of the Epicureans and Stoics in Athens, said, "We are the offspring of God," he made an inclusive and startling statement, it was a great revelation. "He hath made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the whole earth." Paul says again, that they all with their idolatries and darknesses are groping their way after God, if haply they may find their Father; and thus the apostle uses the fact of the universal idolatry of mankind as an argument for the existence of that subtle sense by which all men in their conscious-

ness of God confess their high relationship. The ethnologist, indeed, may entertain us, and entertain us truly, with dissertations upon, and descriptions of, the varieties of the human race, but beneath these first rays of the Gospel we feel our unity. The sable tribes of Negroland, recreating themselves by the sound of their barbarous music, while they weave their wild and savage dances; the bald and tawny Mongolian, roaming over the saline steppes, in colour differing little from the saffron hue of the flowers which brighten the plain; the Bushman in his solitary den, crouching in silence like a beast of prey; the Esquimaux burrowing in his cave of northern ice; the luxurious dweller in the Eastern harem; the delicate Hindoo, fearing to tread upon a worm; the colonist of the Cape lazily basking before his door; the Frankfort trader, the French peasant, the English artizan, the Brahmin worshipping in his temple, and offering rice to his idols; the German beneath the shadow of his vineyard; the Swiss in the steep places of the higher Alps, where the lone mountain resounds to the horn of the Ranz des Vaches; the superstitious Italian, telling his beads in the vast church, amidst its forest of pillars, echoing to the rolling organ or the vibrating chant; the New Englander in the Sabbath parlour, where the young child reads the chapter from the Bible, or recites the hymn to the aged grandfather—these are all God's offspring. Some have thought it must be impossible that the human race could have sprung from a single pair. Now, the tone has altered, and we are called upon to believe that the hunter and his dog, the angler and his worm, have alike sprung from some far-off and ancient atom, monad, molecule. Of course there seem to be grave difficulties in the way of the Divine origin of the human soul. What, it may be said, in the presence of those long ages of protracted darkness and idolatry—in the presence of the blood red smoke of the battle-field—in the presence of the weltering crowds in the black seas of misery in our great cities—in the presence of crimes which startle us by their horror, and vices and corruptions which disgust by their impurity! When we think of the enormities of the Colosseum in one age, and the atrocities of the Inquisition in another, the sack and the rapine of great cities, the subtle ingenuities and craft of trade and commerce, the selfishness which seems to pervade all spirits, and when Jesus Himself addressed some and said, "Ye are of your father the devil," we are tempted to ask, Is there any point of view to which we may climb, and whence we may, in spite of the passions which rage and rave along the senses, look over the whole race, and pityingly feel, with the apostle, they are all God's offspring? The only resting-place for faith is in the sovereignty, and in the love of God, who is from all this chaos of time evolving eternal order.

This force, which we call conscience, lies at the foundation of all society; it is the great element out of which our race rises, and the link, or rather the attractive force which binds all the parts of our race together, constituting it a family, with its motives for earth and its hopes for heaven. The Fatherhood of God, we have said, is the explanation and solution of the

conscience in man; wherever the moral nature finds life and being, there is the evidence of the Father of the soul. It has been very truly and suggestively said, our libraries are full of treatises on the origin of evil, but in all our libraries where do we find any treatise on the origin of good? It seems that there has been so deep an assurance in the mind of man that pure and infinite being must also be infinitely good, that the identity of good and essential being is admitted; hence we are perplexed to account for the origin of evil; but the existence of good excites in us no surprise: hence, wherever we find a moral nature, there we trace the movements of the Sceptre of the King. This is the origin of society; the measure to which this rule holds gives security to the workshop, righteousness to the market-place, and confidence to all. The moral nature in man constitutes humanity; this makes history possible, and is the foundation of what we mean by historic progress; it gives life to the enterprise which sails upon and circumnavigates the seas; it moves the industry which follows the plough, or tends the loom; it illuminates the forest of thought in the mind of the young thinker, and gives companionship wherever life, on behalf of noble aims, exists in self-denial, in labour, in weariness, in suffering, in grief, and in self-reproach. Even the errors and the violences of men do very often attest the existence of that same subtle, mysterious, and infinite power. What is it in man which makes an Alfred the Great more the subject of moral approbation than a good harvest, and a Philip II. more the subject of moral disapprobation than the plague? Where shall we find a reply but in the reasons which

meet us in that line of thought along which we have travelled?

Can we doubt what power it is which ultimately rules the world? Can we doubt the ultimate and lasting ascendancy of moral over physical force? There are indeed moments when we seem to stand perplexed and appalled, before the abysses of history. But glance, as we have already glanced in our last paper, at the foundation of the first American colonies. The simple fact is enough, without any of the periods or the colours of rhetoric; the vast and mighty legions of Rome have all passed away, and have left little but their dust behind; while a band of poor peasants, wrought upon by strong moral and spiritual instincts, determining rather than relinquish their cherished convictions to retire into the most dreary wilderness, have become, in a most real sense, the founders of a new world, because most eminently illustrating and fulfilling that law of Providence, that man should spread over the whole earth, make it fruitful and fill it with moral being. This was most eminently the case with the Pilgrims who anchored in that wild bay in New Plymouth Sound. The name of the first discoverer of America has often been remarked upon as singularly happy, Christopher Columbus; the Christ and the Dove, or the Christ bearing the Dove. Indeed, in the history of that first great explorer, his name seems to be but a wonderful contradiction, when we think of the men who followed in his train; but in the instance of those simple, highminded, and heroic men, there certainly appears to be realised those attributes which the name of the first discoverer pleasingly suggests to imagination and to hope.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY TO THE NORTH WEST LAND.

v.

FRIDAY.—Yesterday, after a comfortable night in our new abode, I found plenty to do in cooking the breakfast and dinner, with a very refractory stove, and setting everything tidy, but unfortunately it began to rain, and we found our roof, which was a new experiment in tin not quite waterproof. After an exciting time in putting pans and cans to catch the rain, and keeping the stove alight, which was always ready to go out on the slightest provocation, I put on my ulster and goloshes, and went up to speak to Mrs. W. Just as I was preparing to return to tea, E. appeared with my bag, and informed me I was not to return to the house that night. The rain was something quite unusual, tremendously hard with quite a hurricane blowing, but the inhabitants say it never lasts more than one day at this time of the year; it is generally fine for weeks together. In the night, a half-built house opposite, which a man had begun to build for himself (amateur fashion) came down with a crash, and lies there a perfect wreck this morning. The owner, after mournfully surveying the ruins, said to one and another who came to

look at them, "Well, are you sorry for me?" Of course they said "Yes," and then he said, "Well, if you are sorry, take a hammer and lend a hand," setting them to work at once by way of illustrating practical sympathy. It was beautifully fine this morning, so I went down to see what damage was done, and found less than I had feared. The things will soon dry, and the roof is to be mended.

Monday, Aug. 2nd.—On Friday I saw the excitement which always precedes the arrival of the weekly mail. Quite early in the day the wooden shanty which does duty as post-office, besides being dry goods and provision store, was surrounded by waggons, ox-carts and buggies, of various shapes and sizes, and horses picketed out on the prairie, whilst the owners crowded into the store and discussed the news, real or possible, with polite Mr. F. the postmaster. At last the mail cart arrived at 2 P.M., but the letters were not sorted till nearly five o'clock. As the box for outgoing letters was to be closed at seven o'clock every one was busy writing, or, at least, those who were the happy possessors of

letters from home. Ours have probably taken a journey on their own account, and will turn up next week. A letter posted on May 17 in London arrived here last week, having been to Victoria in Columbia, but such things are too common to cause any surprise. The clergyman here, has a great deal of walking to do, as he has all the Little Saskatchewan District under his care, and walks out to different stations to hold service, often many miles away. In consequence the service at Rapid City is rather irregular, as sometimes, when he is a long way off he is prevented by weather from returning in time. He has a large family, and lives in a small house, but it is most hospitably kept open to all the English who come here, and seems to be a refuge for the destitute, e.g. for any one sleeping in a tent who is drowned out in the night.

I must describe one of my working days here. We wake generally about six o'clock, and by the time I am dressed E. has lighted the fire and brought up some fresh water. Then I put on the kettle, and proceed to lay the breakfast and make the porridge, while E. attends to the horses. The first morning I spent a long time brightening his pots and pans, which had received little attention of late, and then attempted to cook the dinner, but the stove was a most objectionable one, burning coal oil, which seems to have only one property, that of blackening everything around it. So after two hours' trial I found the potatoes were no nearer being cooked than at the beginning, and gave it up in despair. Now we have a charming little German stove, and things go on cheerily—only, being fed with wood, it needs constant attention and care, to prevent all danger of a conflagration in our wooden building. After dinner follows a general tidying up, and then I am ready to go out, either with E. for a drive or alone to the village; or if it is too hot for walking I have plenty of occupation in needlework and arranging the books for the library. Sometimes a visitor comes in to inspect me, or the books, or to bring kind offers of help; or later in the afternoon I hear a little voice

saying, "May I run for your milk?" and I turn round and see my favourite little H. ready to scamper off with the jng and the cents across the prairie. In a few minutes she is back again, and saying, "Let me help you light your fire." "Won't they want you at home, H.?" "Oh, no; do let me stay!" she answers, so the fire is soon lighted and the table set, and presently little J. tramps in sturdily to look after his sister, and he is set upon a box, as our establishment only includes three chairs, and we are all very merry together over our tea.

Fresh meat is not always to be had. The butcher has a little shed at one end of the main street, which he opens when he has anything to sell. Questions: "Will he come?" "Will he open?" "Has he anything to sell?" and if so "Where did it come from?" etc., are fruitful subjects of conversation for days before his appearance.

On Saturday it struck me forcibly that, as Sunday was approaching, it would be the proper thing to have clean floors. The question was, How are they to be cleaned? E. proposed to employ a squaw, but I thought she might be difficult to manage, or she might bring her husband with her or a papoose, and what should I do with them? The husband might bring a gun, and the papoose, would be an undesirable occupant of my bed. In any case I should have to sit and watch her, and that would be dull work, so of the two evils I chose the known and avoided the unknown, and after preparing the dinner I got a pail of water and set to work. One room was done before dinner, and afterwards E. and I scrubbed valiantly at another, until the boards were beautifully white. E. said it was the best lesson he had ever had on scraping his boots at the door. I have since heard that squaws are employed for rough work by most of the settlers here who can afford to pay them, and are found to be on the whole honest and industrious. Servants are much needed here. One family once had a servant, but after about three weeks she married, and they have never had another. In the afternoon E. brought the buggy

out, and took me for a drive. We drove through very pretty country; up and down hill, with lovely views. It is wonderful how the horses go through thick and thin. They think nothing of dashing straight through underwood and bushes higher than their knees, and plunging down into a bog and up the other side. We were supposed to be on a road or track, but as it was slippery with the rain we drove straight along the prairie, through the grass and scrub. Presently we turned off through what appeared to me to be an impassable wilderness of shrubs. I asked where we were going, and E. said. "This is a road." I replied that I certainly should not have known it, and that I did not think any road in England would own it for a first cousin. Every now and



then we came to bars separating the different properties, or passed corner posts indicating the position of a homestead which has been surveyed but not yet fenced. After a while we reached K., the house of a cabinet-maker, who took up land, and having made his title to it has parted with it to E. It is a very pretty place, and is conveniently near the village. E. and S. have ploughed about forty-eight acres, and sown twelve acres of crop and some potatoes. There was a nice little loghouse already built, with a view which many an English landowner would prize, and some fencing done.

The land throughout all this district is a heavy black mud, with a subsoil of clay. The returns are very good. In Manitoba the average yield of wheat is stated at 29 bushels, oats about 57 $\frac{1}{4}$, barley 41 bushels, and potatoes 318 bushels per acre, the average weight of wheat being 60 pounds to the bushel. At Rapid City the yield is stated at "wheat about 30 bushels, oats 50 bushels, barley 40 bushels, and potatoes 350 bushels," but of course the yield varies very much on the different farms according to the nature of the land and the methods of cultivation pursued. We hear of vegetables of enormous size—turnips weighing 20 pounds, or even 30 pounds each, cabbages 45 inches round, onions 14 and 16 inches in circumference, and carrots 4 or 5 inches in diameter and 14 to 18 inches long. The climate is particularly favourable to agriculture, the seasons being clearly divided. The winter generally lasts about four months, but to the settler this is by no means an idle time, as the freighting of timber, etc., required for the summer's work is much more easily done when the snow is on the ground. In April the snow melts, and the farmer who has done his ploughing in the autumn is ready to put in his crop while the ground is still saturated with wet. A great deal of ploughing however is done in the spring, and the crop sown immediately after will still ripen and be ready for harvest in August or September. Sowing on the first breaking, i.e. when the soil has been only once turned over, is a question often discussed, and the opinions of the most experienced seem to be against it wherever it can be avoided, but at the same time experience proves that a settler taking up land in April or May may by adopting this plan secure a crop in the autumn sufficient to provide for his immediate wants. The want of rain in the summer months (for this is an exceptional season) would be felt if it were not for the heavy night dews which keep the ground moist and the air fresh and cool, in spite of the tremendous heat of the sun at midday. Water may generally be obtained by sinking wells from ten to twenty feet. On the uplands the air is remarkably dry, with no tendency to mould or rust, and is particularly healthy for those at all inclined to chest complaints, although the thermometer sinks at times to 50° below zero. It is often said, laughingly, that the last people who should emigrate to Rapid City are those of the medical faculty, as they will find it hard to make a living.

The North West is proved to be a good fruit-growing country by the quantity of wild-fruit which abounds—strawberries, raspberries, red and

black currants, plums, blueberries, etc., may be had in abundance for the picking, and in any house where there is a family of children one may be sure of finding a good stock of preserves for winter use. Cattle raising is not much attempted in this part of the country, the difficulty to young settlers of housing cattle for the winter is so great; but in lower Manitoba, and also further west towards the Rocky Mountains, it is largely and successfully carried on. Wherever the buffalo is bred cattle may be reared, and as these lords of the prairies die out on the old hunting-grounds, grazing farms will gradually take their place.

Saturday night turned out very wet, a tremendous thunder-storm lasting half the night, and our roof was not yet mended, so we were obliged to sleep under waterproofs. We were not worse off than many other people, for many of the houses leak, and some fresh arrivals from England, who were sleeping in tents, were completely drowned out and obliged to take refuge at 2 A.M. in the hospitable parsonage.

On Sunday morning, owing to the dampness of the grass, there was a very small attendance at the Sunday-school, which is held in the school-house, a tumble-down wooden room, built on the prairie, quite outside the village. At present this school-house does duty for the services of all denominations, but it cannot possibly be used another winter, and they are all hoping to build their own churches soon.*

At 11 A.M. a congregation of twenty-one (twenty males and one female) assembled at the Presbyterian service, and in the afternoon a rather larger congregation attended the church service in the same building. Between the services we dined with some friends in the best built and most English-like house in the village, and spent the rest of the day at the clergyman's house, and in singing hymns and having a little prayer-meeting with some of our neighbours in the village.

Not for the Dead.

NOT for the dead, O Lord, we weep,
Untroubled is their rest and deep:
For them why should we mourn or sigh?
'Neath quiet graves in peace they lie.
"Thou givest Thy Beloved sleep."

For tempted souls, for wand'ring sheep,
For those whose path is rough and steep,
For these we lift our voice on high,
Not for the dead.

For all who 'neath sore burdens creep,
Who sow the wind, the whirlwind reap,
Who lonely watch the days go by,—
For hearts that bleed while eyes are dry,
For such, O Lord, our tears we keep:
Not for the dead.

CANON BELL.

* This has since been accomplished.

GWENDOLINE.

CHAPTER XIX.—TO A POINT.

GWENDOLINE'S resolution was quickly taken. A plan of action flashed into her mind, and she unhesitatingly resolved to follow it out. With all her capabilities of passive endurance, there was much of force and spirit underlying, and she was now thoroughly aroused. No thought of self came into the question. Her solicitude was all for Lady Halcot.

"Will you please to come upstairs?" Miss Withers said, with somewhat less than her usual placid confidence.

Gwendoline came forward a step, colourless still, but thoroughly self-possessed.

"Miss Withers, I have been asking Mr. Fosbrook his real opinion of Lady Halcot, and I find matters to be very much worse than you have given me reason to suppose."

Miss Withers murmured something about "not liking to distress Miss Halcombe."

"Mr. Fosbrook has also given me leave to go in and out of the sick-room," continued Gwendoline calmly.

"Lady Halcot's wishes—" came in answer to this.

"I will find out for myself what Lady Halcot's wishes really are," said Gwendoline. "Mr.

third, for she followed Mr. Fosbrook, while Gwendoline preceded him. The little fair-haired woman's control of feature was curiously displayed at this moment. Neither fear nor annoyance showed in her face.

At the bedroom door Gwendoline paused. "I do not wish to startle Lady Halcot," she said in an undertone. "No, not you, Miss Withers. Mr. Fosbrook—"

Strange to say Miss Withers obeyed, drawing back, with a still unruffled mien. The doctor went in alone, greeting his invalid cheerfully. "How are you to-day, Lady Halcot? Not very bright, I am afraid! No—I thought so. Do you think it would do you harm to see somebody else by way of variety?" Miss Halcombe is anxious to pay you a visit."

Lady Halcot was on the wide sofa, in a nest of cushions and shawls, not dressed, but muffled up warmly, her shrunken wan face looking out from manifold wrappings. Excessive restlessness had driven her for an hour from her bed, but she had had to be lifted like a child, and summer heat brought no warmth to her chilled frame.

"Gwendoline!" she said in a thin low voice. "Yes, bring her in."

An instant's hesitation on Gwendoline's part, and the old lady would have withdrawn into her shell of icy reserve. Gwendoline did not hesitate. She came quietly in, answering the doctor's summons, knelt down beside the couch, and pressed her lips to one of the small withered hands.

"Gwendoline—my dear."

Lady Halcot was very much upset. Her voice shook painfully, and a tearless sob broke into the words.

"You will let me be with you now, will you not?" asked Gwendoline beseechingly. "Mr. Fosbrook says that I may. I have been so longing to see you all these weeks."

"She told me—you—"

Lady Halcot broke off, and her apprehensive glance round the room was not lost upon her companions. Miss Withers had become invisible. Mr. Fosbrook went to the door and closed it, not quite unconscious of a figure moving away on the other side.

"There has been some misunderstanding," he said, as he came back. "Miss Halcombe has not remained away by her own will."

"Ah, yes,—a misunderstanding," murmured Lady Halcot. "Only a misunderstanding. But you will not leave me again, my dear. I have wanted you so much. And I thought you were too busy to care to come—riding out and painting. A little misunderstanding."

Gwendoline had it on her lips to say,—"She told me you did not want me." But something seemed to restrain the utterance. The old lady



RECONCILIATION.

Fosbrook, would you please come upstairs with me? If you like to make a third, Miss Withers, pray come also."

Miss Withers seemingly did like to make a

looked so broken and shadowy, that Gwendoline shrank from putting her to pain.

"I am not well to-day," Lady Halcot said, as the doctor felt her pulse. "I am very weak."

"Yes, very," he answered. "Is there anything you could fancy in the way of food to-day, —anything fresh?"

"Ah, if only one did not need to eat! I have such a distaste for everything. But perhaps —perhaps with Gwendoline to sit by me——"

"I am going to be your nurse now," said Gwendoline softly.

"I should like that, my dear. And I think, perhaps,—a little nearer, Gwendoline; I don't want to be overheard. I think—if you could arrange it,—when you are not here—if Spurrell or Frith could take your place, so as not to leave me quite alone with Miss Withers——" the tones were eager as well as tremulous. "I have not strength to insist,—and indeed Miss Withers is a most excellent nurse,—I have no complaints to make. But still——"

"You shall never be without Spurrell or Frith or me in the room, for a single instant," said Gwendoline firmly.

"Don't tell Miss Withers that I wish it. I should be sorry to pain her, and indeed she means everything for the best,—but if you could arrange it——"

The mastery which Miss Withers had evidently obtained over the old lady in her weakness was strangely and pitifully shown. Gwendoline could hardly control her indignation, yet she only replied quietly,—"I will indeed."

"Then that will be all I could wish. Doctor, I think I will ask you to come again this evening. The sinking is worst then, and perhaps you could do something to relieve it. I want a few words with Gwendoline now, before I am too tired. I don't want you to find fault with Miss Withers, for she meant everything for the best, —but if you could just keep her a few minutes in conversation downstairs——"

The doctor said "Certainly," and took leave at once, fully comprehending. Gwendoline went outside the door with him, and said under her breath,—"Would it not be possible to forbid Miss Withers the room?"

"I hardly think so," he answered, equally low. "Lady Halcot could not stand the agitation. Do as she has asked you,—and meantime I will give Miss Withers a word of warning. It is probably only a question of a few days."

Gwendoline went back to her old position, holding again the withered hand between her own, and wondering sadly what might be the import of those words to the old lady herself. Only a few days! What lay beyond?

"That is what I wished," the sunken voice said. "Is the door shut, Gwendoline? I have something to say, and I do not wish to be overheard. My memory seems so weak now—but I think I can remember what it was."

"It will come back to you by-and-bye. Don't distress yourself with trying to recall it," Gwendoline said tenderly, as she might have spoken to a sick child. This poor little wasted feeble creature seemed utterly unlike the dignified Lady Halcot. "Another time will do as well."

"No, my dear. I cannot tell. The doctor does not say what is the matter with me, and I suppose it is only old age and tiredness,—but I shall never be well again. And sometimes everything seems going from me."

She looked steadily into vacancy, with a strained expression, as if seeking after wandering ideas.



TOO LATE.

"Something that you did—what was it, Gwendoline? Did you give me reason to be displeased with you, or was it—was it your mother? I have so much confusion, I cannot disentangle matters."

"Mother displeased you long ago, Lady Halcot, but you have forgiven her now, have you not?" asked Gwendoline gently. "And you were displeased with me, but I could not tell why. I think it may have been another misunderstanding—through Miss Withers."

"Yes—yes—I daresay it was that," said Lady Halcot feebly. "We need not go into the question now. You are a good girl, Gwendoline. I wish—I wish I had not been persuaded to alter my will."

Gwendoline heard this silently.

"I don't think I can alter it again. I am so tired—so very weak and weary," continued Lady Halcot, after a pause. "And I am not quite sure that it would be right. The money left for a hospital and almshouses—I don't think it would quite be right to take that back—now."

"No, I am sure it would not," said Gwendoline.

"You feel so too. That is a relief to my mind," said Lady Halcot, as if surprised. "I thought perhaps you would be angry. But you do not love riches as some do."

"I think I would rather not be very rich," said Gwendoline. "Riches bring danger with them."

"Ah,—that sermon!" and a shiver passed over her. "Yes, I remember. It comes back to me often. But, my dear, you will have something—only I cannot recall how much. And I have left

four thousand pounds to Miss Withers. It is a large sum. I think she has wanted me lately to make it eight thousand, but I could not feel that to be right. Still she has worked hard for me, and she means so well always,—and there are her nieces and nephew too. You will not grudge it to her, Gwendoline? I am too weak and tired to alter anything further."

"It will be all quite right," said Gwendoline softly. "Don't trouble yourself any more about such things."

"I have nearly done with them. But there is the responsibility——" said Lady Halcot. Then more faintly she added,—"I must rest now."

Sleep crept over her, and she lay with her head supported on Gwendoline's arm. Miss Withers presently came in, wearing precisely her usual air and expression. Gwendoline could not have told from her face whether or no she realized the changed aspect of affairs. Presently, however, a movement of Lady Halcot's released her arm, and Miss Withers then made signs of a desire to speak. The two moved noiselessly into the adjoining room.

"I merely wished, Miss Halcombe, to apologise for my unfortunate mistake. It must seem strange to you now, but I assure you Lady Halcot has never expressed the slightest desire for your presence."

"It does seem strange," said Gwendoline quietly.

"If I had understood—if I could have guessed—but at least you will give me credit for good motives."

Gwendoline thought it best not to enter upon a discussion of motives. "Lady Halcot wishes to look upon the whole as a misunderstanding," she said; "and I am willing to accept the same view of the matter. I can say no more, except that for your own sake I am very sorry for the way in which you have acted."

Miss Withers showed no resentment. "I can quite believe that my conduct may appear singular to you," she said meekly. "But on reflection I believe you will view it differently."

Gwendoline was silent, fearing to speak too strongly. She found patient hearing not easy.

"Of course, if it is Lady Halcot's wish that I should leave Riversmouth——" Miss Withers suggested, with a mournful intonation.

"No," Gwendoline answered. "Lady Halcot takes the most indulgent view possible of your conduct, and I am trying to do the same. Mr. Fosbrook forbids agitation for her, and there must be no explanations. We can make use of you in the sick-room still; only you must please to understand that arrangements are entirely in my hands."

"To be sure—undoubtedly, Miss Halcombe. I shall not forget," said Miss Withers.

be second as to be first. Truly she showed single-hearted devotion, though to no worthy aim. If the four thousand pounds might not be doubled, Miss Withers was at least determined to give no loophole of a further reason for the legacy being halved or altogether done away.

The motive was a powerful one with Miss Withers, and it acted powerfully on her conduct as such baser motives not seldom do. A more submissive and unobtrusive yet useful attendant could hardly have been found. Gwendoline in her inexperience found Miss Withers a valuable assistant. If Miss Withers felt resentment towards Gwendoline, it was completely veiled. A stranger would have counted her affectionate to the older and the younger lady alike.

Had Lady Halcot passed away, as the doctor with good reason expected, in the course of the next few days, Miss Withers would have gained the object for which she had so patiently striven.

But there came an unlooked for rally; not recovery, only a slow return to something more of life and warmth. The chill sinking and exhaustion lessened, and Lady Halcot became able to take an interest in things about her once more. There was no talk of dressing or of leaving her room, for she was far too feeble for any such exertions, yet there seemed to be an indefinite postponement of the end of her illness, once apparently so near. Mr. Fosbrook ascribed something of the rally to the old lady's pleasure in having Gwendoline with her again.

Days grew into weeks, weeks lengthened into months, and still she lingered on, sometimes better and sometimes worse. Illness had strangely broken the formerly stern and high spirit. Lady Halcot had become gently affectionate, patient under suffering, grateful for every attention. Could illness alone have worked such a change?

She was still, as ever, exceedingly reserved on religious topics. Gwendoline wondered often what might be going on below the surface, but she dared not attempt to penetrate the proof-armour. The day after her return to the sick-room Lady Halcot had said, with a touch of nervous shyness, "If it will not fatigue you, Gwendoline, I should wish you to read me the Lessons every morning, as my eyes are now so weak." Gwendoline had thankfully complied, throwing much earnest feeling into her low-voiced utterance of the sacred words. But no conversation had as yet become possible.

Towards the close of summer there was again a seeming advance, more marked than any proceeding, and for several days Lady Halcot was able to dress partially, and to be wheeled into an adjoining room. Gwendoline spoke of recovery in a hopeful tone, and Lady Halcot moved her head negatively. "No, my dear, it is only for a little while. But I feel stronger just now, and I am glad of it. There are one or two things to be done."

"Not things tiring to you, I hope," said Gwendoline.

"One must be tired sometimes," Lady Halcot said calmly. "My plan in life has always been to do what had to be done, and to let bodily consequences take care of themselves. But of late I have been unable to act,—there has been such a

CHAPTER XX.—THE END.

Nor did she. During many weeks following, the little slim lady neatly accommodated herself to her new position, appealed to Gwendoline on all occasions, came and went as she was bid, did as she was told, and seemed quite as well content to

lack of mental energy. I am more like myself this week. Gwendoline, I wish you to write to Mr. Selwyn this morning, and request him to come to me quickly,—to-morrow, if possible. Express yourself in urgent terms. I cannot tell how long my strength will last. I also wish you to post the letter yourself, and to say nothing to Miss Withers."

Gwendoline obeyed in all particulars, and Mr. Selwyn's appearance at the Leys next morning was entirely unexpected, so far as Miss Withers was concerned. She scrutinized the faces of all around, sharply and uneasily, but no opportunity was afforded her to put questions. Mr. Selwyn had a tête-à-tête talk with the old lady, and returned to London immediately; but a few days later he appeared again, and was a second time closeted with Lady Halcot. Moreover, the clergyman, Mr. Rossiter, who had of late been quietly re-admitted at the Leys, and had become a frequent caller on Lady Halcot, was present during part of the latter interview, evidently by previous arrangement. Miss Withers inquired, this time suspiciously, of Gwendoline,—“What has Mr. Selwyn come for?” Gwendoline was glad to be able to reply,—“I do not know, Miss Withers. Lady Halcot has told me nothing.” Possibly the truthful utterance was not quite believed; for double people are apt to suspect others of doubleness.

Next day was Sunday. Lady Halcot's brief improvement in health seemed to be rapidly on the wane. Early in the morning a change for the worse became apparent, and Mr. Fosbrook, called in hurriedly, did not think well of her state. “I have expected this for some time,” he said gravely to Gwendoline. It had been arranged that Mr. Rossiter should come in after breakfast to administer the Holy Communion, as he had done occasionally since she was entirely cut off from attending public worship. Lady Halcot would allow no change, but by the time the short service was at an end she was almost pulseless with exhaustion.

About five o'clock in the afternoon she revived somewhat, and seemed to enjoy a cup of tea. Gwendoline, who had not left her all day, was keeping watch beside the couch, Frith being within call.

“It is passing off now,” Lady Halcot said, “I thought this morning that the end was near.”

“Oh, not yet,” Gwendoline broke out sorrowfully. “Don't talk about leaving me yet.”

Lady Halcot's withered hand came softly on hers.

“Will you be a little grieved to lose me, Gwendoline?”

“A little!” Gwendoline's voice choked.

“Yes; you will feel it, I know. You have been very good to me, Gwendoline. But you will have your mother and all of them again. I am afraid the separation has been hard upon you. If I were living the last two years over again, I would arrange differently. Things that are done cannot be undone, when the time is past.”

“We owe so very much to you,” murmured Gwendoline.

“Not more than is right. I am thankful to have been able to make these last arrangements

—just in time. Now my mind is at rest. I believe your wish would be, Gwendoline, that your mother should be remembered in my will, rather than yourself. I have acted on that supposition; and it will all revert to you later.”

“O thank you! I would so much rather—” Gwendoline said earnestly.

“I felt convinced that it would be so. Also I wished that others should see your mother reinstated in her old position, so far as can be now. I do not feel that I can undo the gifts for the building of the hospital and the almshouses. I may be mistaken, but it does not appear to me right. Nor is it necessary. Mr. Selwyn finds the sum total at my disposal to be more than he imagined. Also I have esteemed it my duty to lessen the legacy to Miss Withers. My opinion of her has undergone a change of late. Still I do not wish to show vexation. It has been too much my way in the past. I wish to forgive at once any manner of wrong doing towards me. Miss Withers will not find herself entirely forgotten in my remembrances to friends.”

Gwendoline was conscious of a slight stir behind the large screen which stood between bed and door. She went to close the latter, and saw a figure passing swiftly down the passage. Gwendoline drew her own conclusions, yet she said nothing.

“Yes; you are right to shut the door. I am very cold to-day. We were speaking about your mother. I wish her to understand that I feel towards her as of old. All bitterness is at an end. Sometimes in the last week, I have thought whether to send for her—”

“If I only might,” said Gwendoline.

“I think not. I do not feel as if I could stand it. I am too weak. Give her my love, and tell her I regard her again as my dear niece Eleanor. I wish to keep my mind clear now for other matters.”

Gwendoline hardly knew whether she might say more. She ventured after a pause to suggest, “Mother is such a comfort in illness.”

“Yes, my dear. But it would be agitating,—would recall much that grieves me. I have but one need now, Gwendoline. I want only—Christ.”

Lady Halcot seemed striving to break through the chains of her life-long reserve. She continued with a manifest effort,—

“I think those lonely weeks were good for me. Strangely so. I never knew the feeling of loneliness before, but it came then, when I believed you did not care to come near me, and when all my old confidence was gone. The words of that sermon returned to me, and showed me what I was. And I used to think you could perhaps have helped me. But it was better so. For God Himself helped me.”

Another pause followed. Gwendoline asked gently,—“Was it that sermon that made you ill?”

“No; the illness was coming on before. I had felt the signs of it without recognising them. But the words of the sermon stayed by me afterwards, and I could not put them away.”

Gwendoline's face begged for more; she could not ask it in words.

“Some of those weeks were terribly hopeless,”

Lady Halcot said, in a weary voice, as if strength were failing. "But I am glad of them now, for I think they taught me much, and God has been teaching me ever since. Mr. Rossiter's visits have been a help, and your reading too. I cannot talk much on such matters, and I hope I do not deceive myself. Sometimes Christ seems so very near—so very loving. How can I help trusting Him? After all these years of forgetfulness,—so much more than I deserve. But I think I am too weak for doctrines and doubts—and perhaps it is better for me. I can only just give myself into His keeping, like a child."

The closing sentence was scarcely audible, and before Gwendoline could make any response, she added faintly,—“I have wished to say so much—to be your comfort. I am very tired now. Will you kiss me, my dear Gwendoline? And if—if you would like to send for your mother—yes—send—send—”

Those were almost the last words of Lady Halcot. She fell immediately into a state of unconsciousness, bordering on coma. The doctor was sent for; but he found her beyond reach of remedies. Mrs. Halcombe was telegraphed for; but Gwendoline knew she could not come in time.

Once only Lady Halcot partially awoke. A little before midnight Gwendoline tried to give her some medicine, and it was refused. “O do, please,” she said pleadingly. “Do, dear Lady Halcot. Mother will be here soon.” But Lady Halcot clasped slowly her faded hands, and murmured,—“No, no,—none but Christ—none but Christ now!”—and within an hour she passed away.

Gwendoline, numb and bewildered, could not shed tears then; neither could she sleep. By six o'clock she was up and dressed, unable any longer to lie still in her restlessness. How soon could “mother” come? The aching of her heart took refuge in this cry.

Mrs. Halcombe had responded to the telegram with the least possible delay. So early as half-past seven a sound of wheels on the carriage-drive became audible. Gwendoline listened intensely, and was aware of the front door being opened. She sped quickly downstairs, and with a muffled cry of “Mother!” was in Mrs. Halcombe’s arms.

“Hush, hush, my darling,—hush!” Mrs. Halcombe said tenderly, for Gwendoline was clinging to her in a paroxysm of sobs, which yet were by no means all sorrow. The joy of re-union had at least an equal share in her feelings. She was overstrained, however, by long watching and nursing, and nervous excitement was not to be at once kept under; and the very relief of finding herself once more a child under a parent’s care, made self-command for a while the more difficult. “O mother, it has been long, so sad,” she said, in her tears of pain and happiness. “I love Lady Halcot dearly now, and I do miss her,—but oh, mother, I have not known how to get on without you, and it is such rest to have you again!”

That sense of rest grew upon her through the days following, days necessarily mournful in many respects. There was much to tell and

much to hear on both sides. Mrs. Halcombe quietly took matters into her own hands, sparing her child in every way; and Gwendoline was temporarily unwell enough, from all she had gone through, to need being spared. Miss Withers shunned them both, and looked unhappy.

The funeral was conducted with heavy solemn grandeur, according to Riversmouth traditions. Then followed the reading of the will; a singular will, with its weighty addenda in the shape of long codicils undoing previous arrangements.

The Riversmouth estate, together with the title, descended to a nephew, present on the occasion. Most of the subsequent alterations were in respect of Lady Halcot’s disposable property, inherited from her mother.

The large sums lately set aside for hospital and almshouses, remained untouched; as also did legacies to the amount of nearly twenty thousand pounds, left to various friends. In place of four thousand pounds to Miss Withers, five hundred pounds were left to her, and five hundred to each of her two nieces and to Conrad. Mrs. Halcombe found herself the possessor of thirteen thousand pounds, in addition to the five hundred yearly already settled upon her!—both being held in trust for Gwendoline until after her own and her husband’s death; while to Gwendoline was left the bulk of Lady Halcot’s personal possessions, jewels, plate, books, pictures, and many valuable knick-knacks. “O mother, how good she has been to us! I am so glad it is not more,” Gwendoline said, with a sigh. But one pale-faced disappointed woman could not have echoed these words.

Miss Withers from that time dropped out of Gwendoline’s life. She went to reside elsewhere, bitter in spirit at her failure; and Lady Halcot’s legacies sowed dissension between herself and her nieces.

Gwendoline returned to be a child once more in her old home; though only to be there a little while, for a better and roomier home was speedily found, outside the noise and stir of London, and within reach of green fields. Gwendoline was more than ever the darling of all around her,—and not least of Honora Dewhurst, still at her old work. Some said Gwendoline was much changed, and by no means for the worse. It might have been so; for discipline seldom fails to leave its mark, one way or the other.

Months passed, and another change loomed in sight. Mrs. Halcombe was the first to see it coming, the first to read the meaning of Mortimer Selwyn’s growing intimacy with her home circle. He did not bring matters hastily to a point; but when at length he spoke, it was with the full concurrence of Mr. and Mrs. Halcombe, and with his own father’s hearty approval. Gwendoline found no difficulty in giving him an answer.

About a year after Lady Halcot’s death, Gwendoline Halcombe became Mrs. Mortimer Selwyn. Hers was thenceforward no idle life. Her husband was a man of ample means, and of countless schemes. It was Gwendoline’s delight to work hand in hand with him, serving the Master whom they loved.

Sabbath Thoughts.

OUR FATHER.

"After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven."—Matt. vi. 9.

IT was not given to even the most highly favoured of the men of God in Old Testament times to pray, "after this manner." Neither David, "the man after God's own heart," nor Abraham, who was called the friend of God; nor Moses, nor any other of the Prophets, were taught to draw so near to God in their prayers, as to cry, "Our father." The fatherly relationship of God was not indeed wholly unknown, but was chiefly referred to in a national sense: "Thus saith the Lord, Israel is my son, even my firstborn" (Ex. iv. 22). "Is not he thy Father that hath bought thee?" (Deut. xxxii. 6.) "Thou art our father, our redeemer" (Isa. lxiii. 16). Or it is employed to convict the people of their sin in rebelling against God? "If then I be a father, where is mine honour" (Mal. i. 6). "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me" (Isa. i. 2).

This was not like the teaching by which our Lord invites us all to come, for no man cometh unto the Father but by Him, and He came to make known the Father to man. What would David have given to have been allowed to pray to God in the language which every little child may now employ? Even the beautiful comparison which he employs as showing the character of God, in Psa. ciii. 13, shows that in his time it was not given to men to say, "Our Father," as it is now through Jesus Christ; "like a father" is not what a son says of him whom he knows to be indeed his father. The thought of God as our Father opens our way in prayer, and makes it very real for us. If there are doubts and difficulties in our minds, to whom should we take them but to our Father? If there are sorrows in our hearts, where should we go for comfort but to our Father? If there is some perplexing matter before us which our own wisdom cannot deal with, who shall counsel us but our Father? If we feel that we know little, and cannot answer those who oppose us or seek to shake our faith, who shall we ask to answer for us but Him who knows all things; perhaps He may make our prayers a means of blessing not to ourselves only but to those who are against us, till at last they may kneel with us as we did at a mother's knee in happy infancy, and may again, with a child-like heart, say Our Father!

Things New and Old.

CHRIESTIE'S OLD ORGAN AND THE RAILWAY MEN.—One evening last winter a somewhat novel and greatly successful use was made of Mrs. Walton's story, "Christie's Old Organ." A lady at Brighton thought that an illustrated reading of

this touching and charming tale would interest and benefit the men connected with the railway station. There is no reason why the lady's name should not be given, as everyone in that town knows of her unwearying efforts for the welfare of these men. She has long made this her special field of Christian work, and the afternoon services of Sundays, held all the year round, are highly appreciated by many who would have no opportunity for uniting in public worship on the Lord's Day. For one hour in the afternoons there are no trains to require the men to be on duty, and the interval is taken advantage of for a service conducted by Mrs. Gates herself, except when occasionally she gets some minister or friend to give an address. Well, the idea was to give a reading with pictures thrown on the screen by a magic lantern, interspersed with music and singing, after the manner of what is called "a service of song." Before eight o'clock the room of the literary institute at the station was densely filled by an eager and expectant crowd. There were above three hundred men, from the workshops and offices, as well as guards, porters, and railway employés of all classes. This is the same room where the Rev. Frederick Robertson used to delight and instruct his audiences, by lectures upon subjects which he was better qualified to teach than theology. In prospect of the meeting Mrs. Gates procured ten dozen copies of the penny edition of "Christie's Old Organ." Double the number were sold on the following day, proving that those who heard the story had liked it so much as to induce curiosity in others to share the pleasure. The copies were supplied at the usual trade discount, and one or two of the men undertook the distribution. Being sold at one penny each there was a considerable profit, and this the men handed over to Mrs. Gates, with the request that it might be sent to the Religious Tract Society, by whom the tale is published, and to be laid out in a supply of tracts and books that might be useful to the men or their families. The whole affair was a success, and is very gratifying to hear of. And we make it public through the pages of the "Sunday at Home," in hope that so good an example may be followed in other railway stations, or in workshops and factories, where there are large numbers of men. The officials of railways and managers of workshops have much in their power to interest the men under their charge, and provide for their wholesome entertainment. The wives of such officials may sometimes have more time and influence for this beneficent work. It is true that some masters care nothing for such matters. Yet even the most worldly-minded director cannot disapprove of what will tend to make those employed by them both better servants and better men.

THE BROTHERS RICHARD AND ROWLAND HILL.—The old baronet, Sir Richard Hill of Hawkestone, wished to induce his son Rowland to discontinue preaching as Richard had already done. For this purpose he despatched Richard to go in search of Rowland. On his arrival at Bristol he heard that Rowland had gone to Kingswood to preach to the colliers. He immediately followed, and found him surrounded by an immense multitude of those long neglected people, who were listening with the greatest interest to the solemn appeals he made to their consciences. Rowland saw his brother, and guessing his errand, only proceeded with increased earnestness; and such was the power of his address, that the black faces of the poor colliers soon exhibited channels of tears. Richard was much affected by this unusual scene, and Rowland, taking advantage of his emotion, announced at the conclusion of the service, "My brother, Richard Hill, Esq., will preach here at this time to-morrow." Instead of returning in triumph with the young renegade, Richard honoured this unexpected call to preach, and became his brother's coadjutor in the very work he was commissioned to persuade him to relinquish.

Pages for the Young.

IN FATHER'S PLACE.

CHAPTER VI.—LAUNCHING LIFE BABES.



ACK sailed away full of hope. Will became immersed in study. The time for Madge to leave drew near, and the nearer it came the more terrible grew her fears.

But there was a pleasant surprise in store for her.

Although Will's time and thoughts were very much engrossed by his studies, he did not forget the interests of his young brothers and sisters, and during the course of cross-questioning which he instituted regarding Madge's future home, he discovered that it was quite possible to have another child admitted at the same time.

Will immediately seized upon this important intelligence as a means of helping Madge, as well as of relieving the mother yet more.

Nothing was said to any of the children, for Isa's ready acquiescence could be counted upon. Her placid, not very sensitive, disposition could adapt itself readily to any change of circumstance; and it was only when she had to go through preliminary examinations, that Will informed her of the proposed change of plan. Then he dwelt upon the benefit her society would be to poor Madge, and how all important it was for both girls to get a good education. Isa's clear good sense accepted the necessity at once without any distressing demonstrations, so the whole matter was quietly arranged without Madge knowing anything about it.

When all was finally settled, Will took the two girls for a walk in the Queen's Park. They climbed to an unfrequented spot among the crags of Arthur's Seat, and when they were seated among the gorse, and conversation had drifted—by Will's design—back to the old home, and the good father whose influence was to stretch into a far future, the brother told Madge that Isa was to be her companion in exile.

Never till that moment had either Isa or Will guessed how deeply the child had suffered, or how much she had been prepared to sacrifice. Her whole face, usually so sad and self-contained, lit up with an exceeding gladness. For a moment her sight felt dim, and every sense seemed reeling. She clutched Will's hand frantically, and gasped, "Oh, Will ! Is it—can it be true ?"

"Yes, dear, quite true ! and I am very glad, for I could not bear the thought of you going alone ; and Isa, kind lassie that she is, is glad for your sake too."

"Yes, that I am indeed," said Isa heartily.

Then Madge flung herself upon Will's breast and sobbed, "Oh, Will ! Oh, Will ! I feel as if I had got a bit of heaven !"

"You have been very brave, my little Madgie," he said, "we did not know how hard it was upon you, for you have concealed your pain most unselfishly. Now I am going to tell you a dream which I had not long ago. I scarcely know how much of it was a vision in sleep or a day dream, but I want you to keep it in your hearts all the time you are at the Institution."

"It must be something very, very good to think about if we are to remember it so long," said Isa.

Will looked away to the sea, and across it to the blue hills of Fife. Then beyond those hills to the cloud-flecked sky, and for a few minutes his

"Thoughts were with his heart and that was far away."

Presently he spoke. "I dreamt that years had gone by, and the time for you to return home had arrived. I thought that Jack was back from a long voyage, and had grown such a big brown fellow with money in his pockets, and his own generous heart unchanged. I thought that wee Ben was doing what he could to be what father hoped for us all. And Ella and baby had grown of course, but were still the *good little 'uns!* Mother seemed stronger and like what she was when I was the baby and all you wild bairns had not come to take the life out of her. And my two lassies. They had returned to me all that my brightest dreams had pictured.

"And girls, I dreamed that we were all back in our old home—the manse, and that I was the minister in father's place."

"Oh, what a sweet dream !" whispered Isa. "I wonder could it ever come true ?"

"Wilder dreams have been realised before now. With God's blessing I do not see why it might not come true. I would not have repeated it if I had not felt within myself that He will help me to make it come true. Then Will went on to say how they would all look forward and hope and work, never love each other less, and never do anything that would vex the good father who had taught them in earliest infancy to 'look up and trust.' "

Isa responded to all he said with words of child-like faith, and Will—rather disappointed at Madge's continued silence—glanced often at her hoping for some expression of her thoughts. But not one word came until they were returning home, and Isa had loitered behind plucking flowers.

Then Madge gave Will one intense look of fervent love and gratitude,—a look that thrilled through his heart to be treasured there with like memorials of the little sister whose efforts to attain unto heavenly heights were swiftly crowned with success.

"Call me 'Childie,' please Will. I'd like to have you calling me that now, and when I am hearing papa call me 'Childie' again I shall like to know that one at home thinks of me by the same name."

Madge's words had a strange effect upon Will. They seemed to open her heart before him, and he could see into some of its depths at last—could comprehend in part some of the strangely blended feelings which she found so difficult to control, so impossible to express. He also learned from her words that he had gained a strong hold upon her affections, and that now she was willing enough to take him in father's place; but Will did not understand the full import of what she had said until years afterwards when her little speech, so strangely worded, came back upon his recollection with new significance.

The going away was robbed of half its terrors for Madge. She would have Isa with her to answer all questions and to come between herself and all difficulties. Alas ! poor Madge ! She had yet to learn that though others may do much to lighten our burden we cannot shift the responsibilities of life upon other shoulders than our own.

Madge had not been long in her new home when she began to learn that lesson, and it fell upon her spirit like a heavy cloud ; but he struggled bravely, and as time went past she learned to throw off, in a great measure, her natural timidity and to do her duties with composure of manner if not of heart.

Naturally fond of books, and the education to be derived

from them, she soon took a high position in her classes, and never failed to show the deepest interest in her studies. Yet underneath the routine of daily life flowed an under-current of hopes and wishes which had no goal below the clouds.

There was one gladness, however, which brightened everything else, and that was the weekly visit home. "Will on Saturday," was the hope which held Madge up during the week. Often when she and Isa reached the Institution gate on the morning of that day, Will was waiting to greet them. Then how merrily would the three proceed homewards! Saturday was to them what it is to most children, the golden day of all the week.

Whatever were Will's duties or pleasures he never permitted anything to prevent him from escorting his sisters back to the Institution on the Sunday afternoons. In the quiet of the Sabbath gloaming he walked and talked with them, encouraging the little creatures with many kind words. Isa was soon big enough to slip her arm through his, but Madge, though quite as tall, always continued to put her hand in Will's as a small confiding child does, and if at any time his grasp relaxed a gentle pressure would remind him that she needed his hand to lead her.

Days, weeks, months glided past. A year sped, and another, and another. Will took high honours at the University, and steadily worked his way upward, while men spoke of him as one who would make his mark in the world before long.

Jack gladdened the home-hearts by turning up unexpectedly at all times and seasons with the joyous spirit and fun-loving propensities of old. He was always the bearer of a wonderful collection of curiosities. These were of a useful description always, and brought from the far lands he visited. Every member of the family found that Jack had remembered his, or her peculiar tastes when choosing these miscellaneous articles. Yet the wonderful part of it was that though Jack always arrived from a voyage with countless presents, he never failed to have a little packet of money to drop into mother's hand for "Ella."

He had a cherished scheme of providing for all her future wants, and never spent a penny upon himself which he could avoid spending. Thus Jack's savings came to be put aside for wee Ella, who was known before long in the household as "Jack's girl." The young sailor's visits were indeed a great delight, and broke the monotony of the uneventful days, for he seemed to bring with him a portion of the changeable beauty and wonder of the ocean.

To Will especially was Jack welcome. To his brother, and to no one else, could Will speak confidentially of the many anxieties which lay in his path; and Jack could bring, in a manner peculiarly his own, the sunshine of a bright hopeful soul to bear upon Will's difficulties.

Then too Jack always affirmed that Will's counsel and sober sense were to a volatile sailor what ballast is to a ship; and thus the two contrasted characters served to sustain each other.

Sometimes Auntie would come and stay for a few weeks, but it is to be feared that only Will and old Janet fully appreciated such visits. Will because he was fully alive to her sterling worth, notwithstanding some little peculiarities. Janet because, "the bairns ha'e to behave themselves, and no' drive a' body daft with their noise when Miss Vancroft comes."

And so the years glided by. Will completed his university course, and immediately got an appointment as assistant to a city clergyman. His eloquence soon began to draw crowds to that church, and Will might have found his feet in perilous places but for the constant thought, that he did not only fill his own niche in the world's great Temple. He was in father's place too, and must walk humbly and warily before his God.

CHAPTER VII.—DREAMING OF HOME.

One Sunday afternoon when Will was taking Isa and Madge back to school he said, "Do you know, girls, that this is your last session from home?"

"Oh, yes! we know" replied Isa smiling, "we don't forget that, you may be sure."

"And my dream, is it also well remembered?"

"Of course, and it does seem as though it were coming true every bit. Now doesn't it?"

"Sometimes," Madge chimed in, with her slow, grave manner, "I think it would not be good for—for some of us if it were all to come true. And yet, oh, Will, if I could have a bit of the dream, though I know I haven't deserved it."

"You have deserved it, Childe, no other member of the family has had to fight so sore a fight as you. We are all easy-going creatures, made by Nature to take the world easily, but you have had to struggle with queer ways born with you (as Janet says), consequently we don't deserve so much credit as you do for being what we are."

"Then you think I have conquered some things?" How eagerly she asked the question, and Will, looking tenderly into her uplifted eyes, told her that she had indeed become all that brother and father had hoped. Then Isa added enthusiastically, "Madge is the favourite of everyone in the Institution. She is as good and unselfish and kind as can be. All we have left to wish for is that she were a little more lively. She does not join in our play much, or make fun at any time."

"Fun never was Childe's forte. She would not be our nice wee mouse if she were an ordinary fun-loving lass," and Will laughed and squeezed Madge's hand, but at the same time he looked a little anxiously at her, and by-and-by he asked :

"Why don't you like fun?"

"I try to like it," she answered wearily, "but somehow it feels as if I must cry when I am wanted to laugh. I like best to be still and dream."

"Beware of day-dreaming, Childe."

"I wonder, is it day-dreaming to fancy what heaven is like, and to wish one's self there?"

Will did not reply, and Madge did not seem to be seeking an answer to her words; but when they parted the "good-bye" between them was more than usually affectionate, and frequently afterwards Will found his thoughts reverting to what Madge had said on that occasion, and he wished the Christmas holidays would come so that he could have her beside him more.

But when December was drawing near a child in the Institution was laid up with scarlet fever, and the others were not allowed to go out lest they might carry infection with them. The disappointment to Isa and Madge was keen for a few days. Then Isa took ill, and all Madge's regrets about spending the holidays at school vanished before the greater grief which had come.

She was not allowed to see Isa—whose illness was very serious—but Madge haunted the corridors leading to the sick room, her eager eyes mutely asking the passers-by for news of her sister.

For a long time the pitying attendants could only shake their heads and hurry past, leaving poor Madge to suffer all the tortures of suspense; but after a time the reports from the sick room became more hopeful, and finally Isa was pronounced convalescent. During all the weeks of her illness Will presented himself at the Institution every morning, and his visits were the sole comfort which Madge had. She was allowed to stroll about the grounds with him, and during that time her thoughts, so heedfully concealed from others, flowed forth in beautiful language. It was a perfect revelation to Will, and he encouraged her to unburden her

heart to him. Every day seemed to open a new page of her character, and reveal some spiritual beauty which he had never dreamed lay hid behind those usually sealed lips.

When there came strong hopes of Isa's recovery, Will and Madge allowed themselves to talk again of the future, and of the hope they had of being together at home as of old.

Also it seemed that the wild bit of Will's dream was going to be realised, for his father's successor had been called to another parish, and it was certain if Will chose to present himself as a candidate, he would receive the living.

Will thought no position could be so enviable as that of minister in his native place, but he hesitated because people told him that he could do so much more for his family by remaining where he was.

"I can't make up my mind just yet," Will said to Madge, as they strolled round the Institution grounds. "I would not like to go, if by so doing I should deprive you all of a better home."

"A better home!" Madge looked long into the sky, then added: "There is only one home that could be better than the dear old manse."

"My Childe," Will exclaimed, with a sudden thrill of alarm, "I wish you would not speak like that. For months past you have been making remarks like that as if your mind were always dwelling upon —"

He stopped abruptly, choked by a thought which he had never put into words before, but which had obtruded itself in a vague way more than once.

"My mind does dwell very much upon thoughts of that other home," Madge answered quietly, "and often, dear Will, I think—and hope."

"Childe—Childe, don't say more!" Will whispered with tears.

"It will be nice to get back to the manse, Will," she went on. "Oh, very nice! You don't know how I dream of being there. I have so longed for my old home. I hope it was not wrong to do so, but indeed I could not help it. It was such a quiet, pretty, sweet home. Ah, yes, do go back to the manse, Will! It will be better than a big town house and a heap of money; for you will have time there to think, and rest and be happy."

Will at once made up his mind, and promised Madge that the whole of the dream should be realised, and that before long the family should be back in the old home, and he was fully rewarded by the gladness which overspread his sister's pensive features, as she thanked him again and again, adding: "Oh, that the time were come! What a happy time it will be."

But in one moment all those delightful anticipations were clouded over by Madge taking the fever as Isa had done.

As soon as the dire tidings reached Will, he hurried to the Institution full of forebodings which were only too soon realised. The doctor, he found, had pronounced the case to be a very serious one. The period of anxiety through which Madge had passed had greatly weakened her power of resisting the disease, which rapidly gained possession of her. Will was allowed to visit the sick room, but his presence could afford no pleasure to Madge, who was wandering in the wild regions of delirium.

How it wrung her brother's heart to hear her unconscious talk about the manse, the father she had mourned so deeply, the trees and birds and flowers among which her infancy had passed, and the home circle where she had often felt herself to be misunderstood, yet where her best affections were centred.

Will could only turn sorrowfully away, and commit her to the care of their Heavenly Father. There was nothing that he or anyone could do but wait the result in prayerful submission, for all that love and skill could do was being done for Madge. She was far more efficiently nursed in that sick ward than she could have been at home.

Mrs. Vancroft had cried and worried everybody around her while Isa was ill, and now she cried and worried again: but when Will suggested that someone from home should go and nurse Madge, his mother protested indignantly. She was not wanting in affection, poor woman, but her mind was small like her person, and her selfishness had been fostered through life. Of course Will was not permitted to constitute himself nurse, as he so much desired, and he was obliged to confess that such a proceeding could do no good, but harm, to himself and Madge.

Her illness was not lingering, as Isa's had been, but sharp and sudden, and the doctor said that a very few days would bring it to a crisis; so until that time, Will wandered racked with anxiety, yet striving to be patient.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VII.

The initials supply some comforting words which Christ at one time addressed to His disciples.

1. The Governor of Cesarea before whom Paul was brought.
2. The mother of John the Baptist.
3. The mountain upon which the ark rested.
4. A portion of the gospel armour.
5. The city to which Joseph took the young child and his mother after the death of Herod.
6. That which Elijah told the widow should not fail.
7. He who from a child knew the Holy Scriptures.
8. A place noted for its fine cedars.
9. The name that God said Jacob should be called, when He appeared unto him and blessed him.
10. The unbelieving disciple.
11. The mountain upon which Barak assembled his forces.
12. He whom Jesus restored to life after having been dead four days.
13. He upon whom the spirit of Elijah rested.
14. What Paul said he had kept.
15. He who when he saw the poor man lying wounded, passed by on the other side.
16. The name of the Mount of Ascension.
17. The centurion who was warned by an angel to send for Peter.
18. The sign by which Judas betrayed Christ.

SCRIPTURE ALPHABETICAL EXERCISES.

NO. I.

Find out the following names which all begin with the letter A and end with M.

1. The first man.
2. The father of the faithful.
3. The third named of three rebels against Moses.
4. A famous cave where David found refuge.
5. One of the wives of David.
6. The father of Moses and Aaron.
7. The father of Barak.
8. The place where St. Paul was met by friends from Rome.
9. The place where Joseph and his brethren made a great mourning for their deceased father.
10. The place to which the ship belonged in which St. Paul was shipwrecked.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WEEK WEIGHS DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



The Mother's Portrait.

OFT through a mist of tears
I see this pictured face; then, backward flown,
Swift thought restores to me those happy years
When I might call a mother's love my own.

Here is the smooth soft hair,
Whose sunny gloss had scarce begun to fade;
Here is the glance that spoke her kindly care,
The smile that first for me life's sunshine made.

Mother! I would not waste
My days in vain repining at God's will,
Nor let a selfish sorrow breed distaste
For duties He would have me yet fulfil.

Let me learn patient strength
Before thy semblance; out of parting's pain
Wring faith and mute submission; so, at length,
Mother and sorrowing child shall meet again.

S. E. O.

THE STORY OF MY BLUE DIAMOND.

BY CEONA TEMPLE.

IT is valuable, this ring of mine: oh, yes! but it is not only for its money-value that I prize it. It has a history, and that history I will tell to you now, if you care to listen to it.

Years ago it was given to my father, Sir Anthony Durnford, by the widow of one of his early friends. This friend, his name was Verschoyle, had been unfortunate in everything that he undertook. Perhaps his failures were his own fault. He was certainly unsteady and idle, and his friends turned a cold shoulder upon him in consequence. All excepting my father.

My dear father was good to everybody, I think. He was exceedingly good to Mr. Verschoyle; helping him again and again; and when he fell into confirmed ill-health he took care that comforts, and even luxuries, were not wanting to soothe, as far as might be, his last days.

It was in gratitude for this life-long kindness that the widow brought an old-fashioned diamond ring—this is the very same stone, but it has been reset—and a little agate seal, begging my father to accept them as a remembrance.

I was little more than a child then, but I can well recollect my father's telling me that in five years, "when I was a woman-grown," the ring should be mine.

I was the only daughter, and it seemed quite befitting that he should give the jewel to me: and in my girlish heart I much cherished the thought of my ring, and wished that five years were not so very long a time!

My father did not care in the least for personal ornaments of any sort, and he had locked the trinkets in a drawer in his cabinet, which was rarely opened. I had never beheld my ring although I thought so often of it. "The five years are not over yet," he would say when I coaxed him to show it to me. "Patience is a good lesson for girls to learn."

But when the five years were nearly over he promised to show it to me. "I will get it out to-morrow," said he, "if you remind me about it."

The next day when I entered his library he bade me look on the table, and bring me a little cardboard box which I should find there. "Your ring at last, you monkey, fairly worried out of me," added he.

But nowhere could I see any sort of cardboard box. He came to look for it himself. He had put it on the table, he declared, the last thing the night before; he had taken it from the drawer and laid it there ready for me. But neither he nor I could find it now.

He searched his cabinet; I lifted every bundle of papers, every pile of books in the room. Finally we rang for the servants, and questioned them.

But it was all in vain. The cardboard box and its contents had vanished utterly.

"It will turn up some day, dear," he said, attempting to comfort me. "I must have stuffed

it away in some safe place in one of my absent fits. And really it is not worth worrying about: the seal is a pretty thing, but the ring looked to me rather a brassy, trumpery affair. You shall have a far prettier one on your next birthday."

And so the matter ended, for the time at least. I often puzzled over it in private, but I was ashamed to talk of it; I was a woman now, I remembered, and must not think unduly of trifles. But to my mother's maid, Anne Necker, I confided my disappointment and my resolve to trace the trinkets, if traced they could be.

Soon after this my dear father fell ill, and in the trouble of those days the remembrance of my ring was thrust aside. The summer died out into autumn, the autumn faded and paled into the winter, and the first faint sunshine of the spring was awaking before our anxious watch ended by my father's open grave.

Then came months of turmoil and change. The house was shut up for awhile, and my mother and I went abroad. We took Anne Necker with us. We were glad to try if the clear mountain air of Switzerland would do the girl good, for she had been ailing lately, and had the hacking cough and hectic cheek which are often such sure signs of mischief to the lungs. We were very fond of Anne. I think it was the custom in my old home to be doubly kind to those who seemed to be suffering. Anne was not a good servant in any way, but we were fond of her, all the same.

We were abroad for a long while, but Anne got no good from our journeyings. On our return to England my mother sent her to the Brompton Hospital for Chest Diseases; there she would have the very best nursing, we knew, and we could see her as often as we wished, at least whenever we were in town.

The death of my father had altered our lives terribly. Everything seemed sad to me now, for I had not then learned to see how God's will works for His children's good, and how the rough wind is needed to scatter the flower-seeds over the world. My mother looked sad, even my brothers could not cheer her always. As for me, the days seemed inexpressibly dreary. In January we heard of poor Anne Necker's death. She had had everything done for her that could be done, that was one comfort, poor girl!

But even mourning days must pass, and the bitterest tears are dried by time. When the sweet spring came again, and light and life awoke beneath the sunshine, we found that we too could smile. The world held duties for us yet, and with duty done there is always some measure of joy.

Seven years after this, life's sunshine was so bright that I could scarcely bring myself to credit the fact that the clouds had ever been dark and rayless above us. I had a home of my own now; my husband and my baby were enough to make any woman's heart glad, and my new home was

so near to my old one that I could see my mother and my brothers often enough for all loving regard, and seldom enough to keep us from family jarrings!

One morning, when I was sitting with my mother, we were startled by being told that a policeman wished to speak to her. But I was more startled still when the man asked if Lady Durnford had ever lost a diamond ring.

My mother had forgotten all about it long ago; but the question brought back to me the whole mysterious story of my father's loss and my own disappointment.

A young woman named Mary Trask, so the policeman told us, had brought an old-fashioned ring to a pawnbroker, offering to sell it for ten shillings. The pawnbroker, seeing that the stone was a valuable one, asked her how she had obtained it: and she had told some rambling story about a friend of hers having given it to her to take care of, but that friend was dead now, so she considered the ring to be rightfully hers. She gave her friend's name, Anne Necker, once lady's-maid to Lady Durnford.

And so the policeman had come to ask if we knew anything about it. "The diamond is worth a great lump of money," the man said, "'tisn't reasonable to think a pair of servant-girls could have got hold of it honestly."

The difficulty was to identify it.

I had never seen the ring, and my brother, who had looked at it carelessly when it first came into my father's possession, declared that he did not know if it was set with one stone or three!

We went to the pawnbroker's shop, and he brought out upon the counter a pair of tawdry eardrops and a ring which, to my eyes, seemed to match them very well! I remembered that my father had told me that it was a shabby old thing: he had certainly spoken the truth. Could it really be valuable? That it was my ring I had no manner of doubt.

"The young woman had those eardrops made to match the ring, she said," remarked the shopman to my brother. "Match that diamond; she might have searched Bond Street from end to end and not done that."

It looked dull and worthless to me, and I said so.

"It is because it is grimed with dirt, badly cut, and worse set," the man answered. "If it is yours, ma'am, you are lucky. But it is strange that you cannot say whether you ever owned it, or no."

Yes, it was strange; and not worth explaining—to him at any rate. We left the shop, and went to find Mary Trask. She was a gentle-looking girl, a seamstress, she told us; since her father's death her sisters and she had been reduced to great poverty. I was happy enough when we knew poor Anne," she faltered, "but now I'd be glad to part with the jewelry, ma'am. Indeed they are mine, Anne Necker gave me the ring, and I had the earrings made in Brighton, and paid for them honestly, indeed I did."

She was very nervous, poor thing: the policemen had frightened her, and she wept bitterly while we were talking to her. It was hard to persuade her that she was safe from prison and

punishment. "Receiver of stolen goods," sounded terrible to those poor girls: her very sisters looked askance at her; but I thought I had never seen a more truthful, trustworthy face in my life than that of Mary Trask.

Could Anne Necker have stolen the ring? We had thought her truthful and trustworthy too. It was a wretched business altogether, and I was sorry the old loss should ever have been revived at all; except for the sake of those poor sewing-girls—I could befriend them at any rate.

As we could not identify the jewel, the things were given back to Mary. I thought of offering to buy the ring from her, but if it were really of such great value it would not be quite just to offer her a trifle, and as I was certain it was really my own it would be absurd to give her its full value. One day when I had been to see her about some needlework which she was doing for me, she had shown me a tiny seal. "Anne gave me this too, ma'am," she said, doubtfully. "Do you think this was not hers, rightfully hers, either?"

I started when I saw the pretty shining thing. Here was proof, surely! My father had received the seal and the ring together: they were lost together: and here they were in possession of Mary Trask, together still.

The proofs thickened, but still one, and the most important, was yet lacking; we could not identify the stone. And poor Anne Necker was beyond the reach of either inquiry or confession. Could it be possible to trace Mrs. Verschoyle, the widow who had given the trinkets to my father more than twelve long years ago?

My brother laughed at me: and so did my husband; but I had a feminine and obstinate belief in my own opinion! And as they were interested in spite of themselves in the issue of what they called my wild-goose chase, they let me search on; and even helped me. I need not tell you all the details of that search: of all the clues we tried to follow up: of all the widows we hunted out, only to find them to be anybody but Mrs. Verschoyle!

At length, in a poor little lodging, far away in Bermondsey, we found a person who did not call herself Mrs. Verschoyle, certainly, but who, we were almost sure, was the widow of my father's old friend. My husband said that I had better go to see her by myself, for the poor creature seemed to be hiding under an assumed name to escape the pressure of debts, or difficulties of some other kind.

I did go: quite alone, that she might not be alarmed. I knocked at the door of that poor lodging in Bermondsey. A lady opened to me—yes, she certainly was a lady in spite of her frayed and mended dress, her worn hands, and the dingy poverty, almost squalor, of her home. There was about her the nameless grace of birth and culture, and her voice, though low and sad, was such as told at once of refinement and gentle rearing.

She kept a little school, and her pupils—shock-headed children of the artisan class—were staring at me now from the forms which crossed the room. There was scarcely any furniture besides those forms. A picture hung upon the wall; a portrait of a man, cleverly done in fading water-colours; it caught my eye even as I stood upon

the threshold. The next instant I saw that at his watchchain hung the seal—the very agate seal which I had seen in Mary Trask's possession, together with my ring.

"I came to ask you a question which is useless now," I said, hurriedly, pointing to the picture as I spoke. "You are Mrs. Verschoyle."

"And if I am," she said with a gentle dignity, which made me ashamed of my abrupt speech and eager ways, "and if I am, to whom have I the honour of speaking?"

"You don't know me," I stammered. "I am a stranger, but yet not quite a stranger; I am the daughter of Sir Anthony Durnford."

I saw the colour flush into her face; with a woman's instinct she touched and smoothed the rusty lace which rested on her hair.

I can see her now standing before me in the depths of her poverty and her helplessness; and never in after years, when the dark days were past and gone, did Maud Verschoyle look nobler and fairer than she looked then.

I told her my story; none but she could help me; would she be kind enough to identify the jewels which she had given my father? would she come forward and aid me to regain the ring, which had evaded my grasp so long? "It is almost childish of me to desire it so much," I said. "When I was twelve years old, I thought about it and longed for it constantly; and I think the old feelings have come back to me, since I discovered it again, more strongly than ever."

"I am not likely to have forgotten it," she answered. "I will go with you at once, that is when my lessons are over."

And so the blue diamond was mine at last. Mrs. Verschoyle had brought that missing link of proof; and the clumsy ring and the shining seal came now to me, my father's gift, all these long years after his death.

Were they worth the trouble they had cost me? Were they worth the worry, the journeys to and fro? Worth the fees I had given to the police, and the reward which the pawnbroker expected? I doubted the fact when I entered the doors of the jeweller's shop where we had dealt for years; but he told me that my diamond was a gem of the first water, worth considerably over a hundred pounds. And I realised that when I saw it cleaned and reset, glittering in its limpid beauty just as it glitters now.

But it is not for its worth alone that I prize it, as I told you when I began my tale. Linked to it are the pleasantest memories that life can hold. If it is wounding to remember Anne Necker's deceit, I turn from that to thoughts of dear Maud Verschoyle. Yes, and Mary Trask is not forgotten.

The little school in Bermondsey did not long retain its teacher. Bit by bit I won from the widow's lips the story of her weary struggle against the debt that was crushing her down. That debt was not her own, but that of a man for whom her husband had stood security in one of his many heedless hours. "I can never, never pay it," the widow faltered, "I do all I can, but a woman is so helpless; and bread costs something, although they say it is so cheap."

It seemed a monstrous thing to me, this bearing of a dead man's debt.

"No, no," she said to me, "it is quite right, it may not be quite legal, but my husband gave his word. Yet it is so little I can save. That is why I have come here and taken another name. Don't pity me too much, please," she added with a smile. "I am not used to sympathy, and it rather upsets me now. Besides, I have never quite despaired. I can look through all these shadows to God's light beyond."

God's Light? The words haunted me. It must be a very glorious light to reach through the darkness of that life in a Bermondsey lodging. Could it be that Maud Verschoyle had a glimpse of a gladness which my beautiful home could not give to me. A light sweeter than my husband's love, holier than the laughter in my baby's eyes?

Again and again have I spoken to her of this light.

She is living with my mother now, free from the burden which had ground her to the earth so long. She looks a different creature—"a lady once more," as she playfully says. She talked at first of gratitude, but my mother and I knew the gratitude must be on our side. Where could I find such a brave true heart to supply my place at my mother's side? Lady Durnford's health is failing: I cannot be with her and in my own home too; but she has found another daughter, a better, nobler one than I can be, in dear Maud Verschoyle.

I think she has been God's gift to us both. It is not what she says, for her words are always brief and low, but it is her daily trust in her heavenly Friend which has won us also to seek His feet. The sorrow has never died from her face, but it does not hide the beauty of the peace which is resting there. And her years of toil have taught her how much of work can be done even by a woman's fragile hands: and she works still, shaming many from their idle ways of sloth and ease.

Mary Trask is a great friend of hers: she has found a hundred ways of helping the struggling sisters: they have a little shop for needlework now, and are doing fairly well.

"It was a fortunate day for me, ma'am," Mary said to me, "a fortunate day when I took your diamond to the pawnbroker to sell. I should never have known you but for that, nor Mrs. Verschoyle, nor—"

"Nor what, Mary?"

"I can't say it quite rightly, ma'am, but somehow things look different since Mrs. Verschoyle talks about them. Life doesn't trouble us as it used to do: it is like being at school with a good home to go to when lessons are over. Though that's not saying it very plainly, ma'am."

I thought her meaning was exceedingly plain. A good home to go to, up there in the light? So I am trying to learn life's lessons in the way the Master wills. Through the sunshine and the storm, in the weary battle against sin and sin's dominion, or in the glimmer of that "Light Beyond,"—watching and waiting still for the perfect life which is wrought out by Christ's righteousness.

And one of life's lessons came to me by the means of my Blue Diamond.



DRAWING-ROOM MEETINGS.

IN an interesting sketch of the late Mr. Samuel Gurney which appeared not long since in the pages of "The Welcome," the editor, who was his personal friend for thirty-two years, adds a remark which, though perfectly intelligible to the initiated, must have excited the curiosity of those not so well informed. He writes: "For thirty-two years it was our great privilege to enjoy the intimate friendship of dear Samuel Gurney. To know him was to love him. His happy visits to our home can never be forgotten. Oh, with what joy has he told us the details of the various philanthropic works in which he was engaged! To point out to him some new field of labour for the good of others always enlisted his attention and sympathy. Like his Divine Master he 'went about doing good.' On purchasing his town house in Prince's Gate, he wished us to see it. When on entering the large and beautiful drawing-room we said, 'It is a great responsibility having a room like this at the West-end of London; if you will dedicate this room to the Master's service, you may reap rich blessings by having meetings to help on various religious and philanthropic works.' With a happy smile he grasped our hand and said, 'Thank you for that thought; it is a good one, I will act on it.' The record of meetings subsequently held in that room, during several following years, would form an interesting volume. The influence for good resulting from some of those gatherings is worldwide."

As has been already said, to those who are in the habit of attending drawing-room meetings these words will need no explanation; but there are many (and a few years ago the writer of this paper, a London journalist, was among them) who, though they may feel quite at home in a drawing-room, and with the people usually assembling there, are perfectly at sea when they read or hear of "a drawing-room meeting." From time to time they see in the papers that such a gathering took place at the country seat of a noble Lord, or the town mansion of an Hon. Member of the House of Commons, who is well known for the interest he takes in the support of good objects in general, and, perhaps, of one or two in particular. They notice that there is not a word said about the dress of the guests present, although ladies of title were among them; that there was neither music nor dancing. They do see, perhaps, that a bishop attended, and that he and a returned missionary were the bright particular stars of the evening.

The writer well remembers the pleasure it gave him to receive one morning from the editor of a paper with which he was connected, a card of invitation to one of these drawing-room meetings. At last, then, the mystery would be solved, and it would be possible to see for oneself what was done on such occasions. Let it be said, in passing, that

the invitation card was perfect; in taste and style it must have met the requirements of the most exacting in such matters. The only surprising features in connection with the invitation were, first, the hour fixed for the assembly, and, next, the kind of entertainment promised. The meeting was announced to take place at five o'clock, and a quarter of an hour before that time tea and coffee would be served. After tea, it was stated that there would be addresses delivered with special reference to the object on behalf of which it was hoped the sympathy of those invited would be excited.

At first sight it seemed that the card only promised Exeter Hall or Mildmay Park on a small scale, although the hostess was a lady in her own right, and the guests were probably of the better classes, as the hour was given at which carriages might be ordered. And if it promised no more than that, would it not be a most noteworthy sign of the times that, in the height of the London season, when all kinds of gaieties are in progress, a lady should have the courage to invite to her house, with even punctilious respect to etiquette, a number of friends in her own circle, in order that their practical sympathy may be secured on behalf of a good object? It says something, if not a great deal, for the advance of true religion among us that such meetings can be and are of frequent occurrence at all seasons of the year, but more especially during the summer months.

Who it was that was bold enough to hold the first drawing-room meeting, and thereby to give the influence of social position to the support of religious or philanthropic objects, cannot be exactly stated. In remote country districts, it is well known, where good people have lived at a great distance from the public means of grace, meetings for Bible reading, or for devotional purposes, have long been held, but these are of an entirely different character. Whoever was the founder of the modern drawing-room meeting deserves a monument to be erected in his honour, for there is no doubt that its influence for good can hardly be measured.

The plan of procedure in cases that have come under the writer's notice is somewhat as follows. The early part of the London season, when Parliament is sitting, and town full, is deemed the best time for such a gathering. What is generally known as the "May meeting" season proper will be avoided, for at that time many whom a good hostess would like to see will be engaged. From about the end of May, however, to the middle of July, is deemed as suitable a time as any that could be selected. There is no advertisement in the papers. Lady So-and-so, or Mrs. So-and-so, personally invite every guest, the pleasure of whose company is requested, to meet such and such gentlemen whose names

are given. A reply is expected, and comes as a matter of course in compliance with R.S.V.P. Generally speaking the kind hostess is so well thought of by those in her own set that anything she does must be right, and "acceptances" pour in by every post. In the great majority of cases friends come because she has asked them, and not on account of any very deep interest in the society whose claims are to be represented. So much the better, for the object is to gain new friends for the cause among those who would not attend a public meeting. Before such audiences we have heard Dr. Guthrie plead for the Vaudois churches, Baptist Noel for friendless strangers in our great cities, George Williams for the London City mission, Captain Kearney White for the Irish Scripture-readers, Miss Leigh for poor Englishwomen in Paris, Miss de Broen for the Belleville medical mission, Miss Weston for the blue-jackets, and many other voices, some now silent, for good objects in which they sought to gain the support of those among the wealthy and influential, who have hearts to help in Christian or beneficent work.

Following the usual rule the guests first repair to the tea-room, but as the entire meeting is not expected to last more than two hours at the outside, the drawing-room is soon entered. Here chairs, rout seats, and lounges are as closely packed together as may be, but happily not too closely for the large number who have attended. In a convenient corner a harmonium or a piano will be open, and a young lady, usually a member of the family, has taken her seat before it, ready for "the first hymn." The good host, although he has welcomed the guests on entering, will express the cordial pleasure it affords him to see so many friends present; and he is quite sure they will be all richly repaid by the interesting addresses which will be delivered in their hearing. He requests his distinguished friend to preside; and is very glad to leave the meeting entirely in his hands. A hymn, copies of which have been distributed, will then be sung. Prayer will then be offered, and this will be followed by "a few remarks," from the chairman—very few as the rule, because he, like his host, is anxious that those who are most competent to deal with the subject to be brought before them, should have all the time at their disposal.

There will always be a "Mercurius," or "chief speaker," on whom the responsibility of the meeting must rest, for without claiming anything beyond his right, he may be fairly presumed to know more than anyone else of the matter in hand. If it is to urge the claims of a society, probably its secretary will be the spokesman. He will say what is necessary to be said in the way of information, and in the tone and manner which always befits the gentleman when conversing in a company the majority of whom are ladies. There really must be no attempts at "eloquence," popularly so called. If for one moment led away by association, or what not, our Mercurius permits himself to forget where he is, to whom he is speaking, and in imagination wings his flight to Exeter Hall or the Metropolitan Tabernacle, he will commit a social and aesthetic blunder. He must remember that he

is in a drawing-room, speaking to ladies in the tone in which the human voice usually falls on the listening ear there; that he is in Mayfair, and not on Mars' Hill.

The most successful speakers for this kind of work are those who can converse well. The late William Pennefather and the late Samuel Manning in their mental characteristics were the exact opposites of each other, but in the conduct of a meeting such as is now being described, they were simply perfect, through their complete forgetfulness of self, and their one desire to interest others. Because they knew well what they had to say, they could tell it in a style which was as pleasing to a child as to the strong man. Given the speaker who can talk for twenty minutes, or even half an hour, without once losing the conversational tone which almost invites those present audibly to respond, and you have the successful drawing-room meeting speaker. Rhapsodic rhetoric is quite out of place here, for none of the addresses are expected to be followed by that "loud applause," or "cheering," with which we are all familiar elsewhere.

When Mercurius has said his say, he will be followed briefly by two or three other speakers, and then some readers will suppose that the "plate" goes round as a matter of course. This plan, however, is by no means general, for the host might feel himself perhaps a little compromised by such a procedure, and yet in his heart he is most desirous that the cause whose objects have been so well advocated shall be the gainer by such a meeting. So in lieu of the plate going round, the large silver or gold-faced salver is conveniently placed in the hall, and it will be rare indeed if those leaving the meeting will not make the society the richer for their attendance to-day. But even if there were no offertory, the indirect benefit of such meetings is great. The real value of such a meeting, like the bread cast upon the waters, will be found after many days. The addresses will be talked of in various circles, and in due time some who were present will signify their willingness either to send a special donation or to become annual subscribers, and so the society's funds will be considerably increased.*

Sometimes, in fine summer weather, the meeting will not be held in the drawing-room, but on the lawn, and then it is doubly pleasant. During last summer such a gathering took place in a house in the north-west of London, which has become pleasantly celebrated for the generous help afforded by this plan to many valuable societies. With its noble rooms, finely kept lawns, and delicious shade on the hottest day in summer, it is just the mansion, either for a drawing-room meeting or a garden party. After several meetings in the course of the season it occurred to the good friends residing here, that it would be a kindly thing to invite a large party of those who

* Why should not the same plan be tried, with some modifications, in humbler circles? A great stimulus might be given to Christian activities by such friendly gatherings, in which persons conversant with different forms of work might give some clear account of them, and this without the stiffness and formality of a regular meeting.—ED. S. H.

so seldom see a green field, and whose days, for the most part, are spent in the workroom, "plying the needle and thread." They, therefore, arranged to give a garden party to some hundreds of the members of the Central Institute of the London Young Women's Christian Association, and to invite a large party of ladies and gentlemen to meet them. Some greatly wondered at the boldness of the notion, and in secret gravely shook their heads, fearing that a mistake had been committed *this time*. But if eventually they rose superior to their fears, and accepted the invitation of the kind hostess who had set her heart upon showing a little Christian kindness to a most deserving class of the community, they would have been the first candidly to confess that the mistake was their own; for of all the successful gatherings which had been held here, this decidedly was the most successful.

It was on a Saturday afternoon when this large party assembled, and, happily, the weather was exceptionally fine. The good host and hostess had a cheery smile and a kind word for every one of them, and bade them all a cordial welcome. It was early in the afternoon, and wanted some hours to sun-down. The garden with its velvet lawns, winding walks, and choice conservatories, the garden with its croquet boxes, battledores, and all kinds of amusements, was to be their own; they were to make themselves at home, and not to think once of the shop or the workroom until Monday morning dawned. What eyes would not brighten with such a welcome! It seemed as if more than special thought and care had been expended on this party, as if it had been intended

to make it the meeting of the season. The tea-tables may be said to have "groaned" under the weight of the delicacies with which they were loaded, on a scale and in a variety far beyond an ordinary "afternoon tea."

Verily this was a Drawing-room Meeting that would have pleasant memories lingering round it for the days and weeks to come, and would be a little piece of poetry in the midst of all their hard work. Looking at the scene one could not fail to be reminded of the Master's words, "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed: for they cannot recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

If a journalist's experience of drawing-room assemblies is worth anything, he has no hesitation in saying that, so far as usefulness, intellectual and spiritual profit, comfort and enjoyment of the greatest number, and other things prized by sensible, not to say religious, people are concerned, the Drawing-room Meeting will any day most favourably compare with the most brilliant company that ever assembled for mere personal pleasure and vain ostentation. There is the joy and the satisfaction ever inseparable from doing good, and from the reflection that wealth and social position have been used as good gifts of God for the advancement of His glory and the good of others.

THE FISHERMEN OF THE NORTH SEA.

ONE of the ablest and most experienced nautical writers speaks thus of a voyage in a smack to the North Sea:

"One such journey is enough for a lifetime, and the recollection of it makes me declare—and I am sure there is not a sailor living who will contradict me—that of all the several forms of seafaring life there is absolutely none comparable in severity, exposure, hardship, and stern peril to that of the smacksman. His vessel is a small one; his cabin a darksome hole; his working hours are full of harsh toil; he has to give battle to the wildest weather, to struggle on for bread through storm and snow and frost, through the long blackness of the howling winter's night, through the grey wilderness of a foaming ocean swept by winds as pitiless as the hand of death. No legislation can alter these conditions of his life. Philanthropy will have its cod and sole and turbot. The fish must be caught, but caught in such a manner that those who shoot their trawls for them catch other things besides—a wild roughness of bearing, a defiance of civilized instincts, a sense of outlawed and neglected life that brings with it a fixed conviction of social immunity."

This statement appeared in print at a time when I had been for many months interested—and seeking to interest others—in the North Sea Smacks-men, a class long uncared-for, and their needs unknown. Profound ignorance exists in the minds of the general public as to the source of our great fish supply, very few persons being aware that from year's end to year's end upwards of 11,000 men and lads are tossed about in the North Sea between 54° and 56° N. latitude, too far from land to run for shelter, and compelled to ride out the heaviest gales—or founder.

It is commonly believed that fishermen put off every evening—weather permitting—in small boats, and are welcomed home in the early morn by watchful wife and bairns. Doubtless thousands all round our coasts earn a livelihood after this manner, but the deep-sea trawler spends only a few days ashore between those eight weeks' voyages which succeed each other through all seasons, and year after year, from the time he first ships as a boy until premature old age incapacitates him for further labour, or—as is, alas! too often the case—he falls a prey to the furious winter storms which rage in the German Ocean.

My first run to the Dogger Bank was made in one of Meessrs. Hewett and Co.'s Steam Fish Carriers, nine of which ply between the Fleets and Billingsgate. When Barking was the sole dépôt, the agents of the Thames Church Mission constantly visited the smacks-men, but the introduction of steam drove them to Gorleston on the Norfolk coast, and for twenty years little more had been done for their benefit than the occasional despatch of parcels of tracts, books, and illustrated papers from Billingsgate. Armed with 1,000 portions of the New Testament freely granted by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and more than that number of illustrated periodicals given by the Religious Tract Society, I visited the Short Blue Fleet in the summer of 1881, with a view to organizing permanent missionary effort. The captain of the steamer and several of his crew being Christian men, were heartily in sympathy, and some happy little meetings for prayer and Bible-reading were held during the trip out and home. We came up with the fleet about 300 miles from the Thames, and though I had frequently passed through numbers of herring, mackerel, and pilchard fishing craft, I was not prepared for the imposing sight of 200 fine smacks of from fifty to eighty tons burden, their tanned sails reflecting the most brilliant scarlet in the rays of the setting sun, and extending for several miles east and west of the admiral's vessel.

Our arrival was the signal for a wild scramble for the empty fish-boxes we had taken out. Boats manned by fellows as rough, unkempt, and boisterous in manners as appearance, put off from all the smacks, and our deck soon swarmed with some 400 of the wildest men I had ever encountered. Amongst the 1500 hands in the fleet there were perhaps 50 or 60 professing Christians, but the great majority were utterly careless and godless, and on that afternoon appeared to indulge in language more coarse, profane, and disgusting than usual. When all the boxes were out then came the delivery of the fish, and with it an opportunity for dispensing the store of books. These were thankfully—even greedily—accepted, and the few words spoken for the Master were in most cases respectfully listened to. Night closing, some of those whose hearts God had touched met together for prayer and thanksgiving, and very solemn was the hour thus spent at the throne of grace. With the first streak of dawn up went our rockets, and all were busy again; the fish caught during the night was ferried to the cutter, and by nine o'clock we were running for market with more than 3000 trunks on board—a very full cargo. And my heart was also very full—filled with distress by reason of the sin and blasphemy I had witnessed, and the tales of suffering, privation, and peril related to me—filled with thankfulness for having been permitted to tell the story of a Saviour's love to men who possibly had never heard it before, or heard but to scoff at and despise it—thankfulness for the testimony maintained by a faithful few in spite of constant opposition, and for the warm welcome they had given to one going out in the Master's name—and filled, too, with faith and hope that God would in His infinite mercy

provide "some better thing" for these poor men who were entirely cut off from the precious opportunities which are the common privilege of landsmen.

Since then I have had constant intercourse with the smacks-men, and can more than confirm all that is quoted at the head of this paper. Often when "the long blackness of the howling winter's night" is succeeded by the scarce less dreary dawn, flag after flag may be counted flying half-mast, sad token that men have been swept overboard and lost in the darkness! or, more terrible still, smacks have themselves disappeared, and all hands perished beneath that "grey wilderness of a foaming ocean." On one occasion twenty-seven vessels thus foundered, carrying one hundred and eighty souls into eternity.

It is true indeed that the fisherman's "working hours are full of harsh toil," but there are hours of leisure, and how are they filled? Too often by gambling and drunken revellings, ending not unfrequently in loss of life, either by accident or suicide.

An aged Christian lady recently exclaimed, "Well, we may be thankful that, whatever other evils these poor fishermen are exposed to, at all events they have no Public House at sea." Haven't they? "What is that Dutch yawl doing here?" I inquired from a man at my side on the steamer. "Oh, sir, that's the grog shop, she's the curse of the fleet." And the man was right, for on board the Dutchman, spirits may be purchased at one-fourth the price paid on shore, and with results disastrous to body and soul.

Two instances must suffice. The master of a smack ordered one of his crew to row to the Coper and barter some fish for drink. The man, being a Christian, refused, so the master invited three friends to go and drink with him. In the midst of their revel he fell overboard and was lost. Another poor fellow, whose life was one continued dissipation, had been drinking all day with some boon companions, and his last drunken whim was to steer the vessel. His friends tried hard to dissuade him, but with a string of oaths he shook them off, declaring he could steer the vessel better than any of them, and "would steer her to hell!" At that moment the tiller fell to leeward, and with those words on his lips, the wretched man dropped over the rail and sank like a stone.

It was the sight of that Dutchman that gave definite shape to my crude plans for the spiritual benefit of the smacks-men. Without doubt the occasional visit of a missionary would be a blessing—and four of them (all quondam sailors) were despatched for a fortnight each after my return—but if the devil had his mission ship, whose crew are not afraid to face the winter's gales if they can but dispose of their hateful cargo to the fishermen, should the servants of the Lord be less in earnest than they? Shall the blessed gospel only reach the fleets when fair-weather Christians feel disposed for a summer trip to the North Sea? Shall not these awful storms, instead of deterring, prove rather an incentive to missionary enterprise? If "the fish must be caught," and each recurring gale must claim its quota of precious lives—lives of husbands

and fathers, of brothers and sons—has not the Master Himself said, “this gospel of the kingdom must be preached?” Why should there not be then a vessel stationed in these wild waters, whose flag, hoisted in summer and winter, may proclaim her a constant witness for our God and His Christ?

This became an absorbing thought and the subject of constant prayer, but as the months rolled by and no answer came, some friends began to say, “Oh give up the idea.” To such I replied, “Never! It is no mere personal idea. One of the skippers told me that he and others had been praying for thirty years that God would send a gospel ship into the North Sea.”

The events of the next few days cannot here be mentioned in detail, suffice it to say a special meeting for intercession was held on the 12th of June, by three who were deeply interested in the smacksmen, and each rose from his knees in the hope that God’s “set time” was come. Within three days a friend had—unsolicited—provided £1,000 to purchase a suitable vessel; and within three weeks the *Ensign* was fully equipped, placed under the command of a godly captain, and had joined the Lower Short Blue fleet, then fishing off the German coast. She has since then supported herself by fishing, but for mission purposes is placed entirely and gratuitously at the service of the Thames Church Mission.

“I’m a fisherman myself, sir,” a man once said to me; “and I’ll allow that there are many well-mannered, sober, steady men among us; but, taking us all round, you’ll not find a coarser set of human beings in the world; and, if you want to know the reason, you’ve only got to look at yonder smack, heading away into the North Sea, where, maybe, she’ll be heaving and tossing about for weeks, with ne’er a proper influence in the shape of books or company for the men to come at.”

Here then was a *raison d'être* for the Mission vessel—to be not merely a rendezvous for Christian sailors, but a help in all ways to the whole fleet.

Eight months have now elapsed since the day when, with a Thames Church Mission flag at the main, she sailed in amongst the smacks, amid the boisterous greetings of the crews. Mr. Herbert Johnson, in the accompanying sketch faithfully depicts the scene of which he was an eye-witness on the Lord’s day, when a party of five arrived out from London by the steam-cutter *Frost* to celebrate the *Ensign’s* advent. The great twenty-feet flag was for that occasion transferred to the steamer, where, by the Captain’s kindness, both morning and afternoon services were held. The weather was very unsettled, with a threatening of more wind, so many were prevented coming in the morning; but, spite of all difficulties, a large company responded at three o’clock to the call of the steamer’s whistle sounded from the bridge, and listened attentively to an address by a Christian brother. Very touching were the petitions afterwards offered by several smacksmen, very fervent their thanksgiving, and all their visitors were deeply moved by the triumphant closing hymn, so appropriate to the circumstances of these brave fellows. The “bright, beautiful home” was the burden of their song:—

“Soon shall I join that anthem,
Far beyond the sky;
Christ is my salvation,
Why should I fear to die?
Soon my eyes shall behold Him
Seated upon the bright throne;
Then, O then shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful home!”

It was a glad avowal of simple faith in Christ, from the lips of men accustomed to facing death, and it was sung too in the presence of others who had not yet decided, and who keenly criticised the profession of their mates. Often had the Christian smacksmen sung the same words together on the eve of a gale which conveyed one or more of their company to the *home* and the *Christ*.

One dear fellow bound home for Christmas left the fleet on the morrow after such a service. But his vessel was caught in a gale, and went to pieces on the Crossands, within seven miles of Gorleston. His Bethel flag, hymn-book, and comforter, washed ashore almost opposite his house, told the sad story to the sorrowing widow and orphans.

Another skipper—wild and careless before conversion—was afterwards known by the sobriquet of “Singing Peter.” His beaming face and wholly changed life bore testimony to what God’s grace had wrought within. His Christian brethren loved and valued him dearly, and often remarked to one another Peter’s rapid growth in divine things. Even those who were opposed to religion respected his consistent life. One afternoon at a Bethel service this dear man’s spirits appeared to rise in proportion to the falling barometer. He was especially joyous in singing a verse of which he was very fond, about the welcome in store “at home” for those who walked with Christ on earth. The threatened gale came, and when morning broke it was found that “Singing Peter” had experienced the welcome of which he had sung the previous day. No trace of his vessel or her crew remained, their bodies lay beneath the wave, but “Singing Peter” was “for ever with the Lord.”

But to return to the *Frost*. When the congregation broke up, numbers came forward and expressed gratitude for the boon conferred upon them by the presence of the *Ensign*. This was very gratifying—and undoubtedly sincere—but what is the verdict now? Simply enthusiastic appreciation on all hands. Formerly a pack of cards was considered part of a vessel’s outfit, and many pounds were squandered in gambling and drink. Nothing else was thought of. Now, when the fish is delivered and breakfast over,* men will pull off to the mission vessel for a library book or some magazines (the gift of friends ashore). Once there was no medicine chest in the fleet, and men suffering from illness or accident were either treated in a rough and ready fashion most dangerous to the patient, or were shipped off to London by the steam-cutter—probably enduring

* In bad weather it is not uncommon for the whole crew to be straining at the capstan for three hours before the trawl comes aboard, then the fish must be cleaned, packed, and ferried to the steamer, so that it may be twelve or one o’clock before breakfast is tasted.

two or three days' torture before reaching the hospital. Now, on the first alarm, there is recourse to the *Ensign*, where medicines, splints, bandages, plaster and every other requisite are provided free of charge. At times the deck of the *Ensign* reminds one of the waiting-room at a dispensary, and this is a "medical mission" indeed, for none are allowed to leave without hearing of the great Physician and His wondrous love.

Sou-wester, sea-boots, and oilskin coat (or "oiled frock" as they term it), are the normal apparel of these hardy fishers, but human skin is more tender than oilskin, and the constant chafing of a sleeve scarifies the wearer's wrist, the salt water reaches the wound, then follows what is known as a "sea-blister," attended by excruciating pain. Now, ladies in various parts of the country are hard at work making woollen cuffs, mufflers, and caps, and great is the jubilation when a consignment of these arrives out at the fleet, for sea-blisters are an impossibility when cuffs are worn, and the mufflers and caps are a comfort in wet and stormy weather.*

The captain of one of the steam-cutters reports: "Tho last time I was out with the fleet, while standing on the bridge with a crowd of smacks-men below me, I heard shouts of, 'Here she comes!' 'Isn't she a beauty!' 'God bless her!' and looking round saw the *Ensign* coming up with her big flag flying; and her captain was soon aboard with books, tracts, and bundles of cuffs, and many a man for the sake of the cuffs took—and read too—the tract or text that was slipped inside them. But if you want a testimony as to the vessel's value, go to the smacks-men's houses and hear what the wives have to say."

"At one time," said a fisherman's wife, "I knew if my man was wanted I should be sure to find him at the public, now he's either reading a book or gone to church or chapel; and the children find the difference too, for their daddy plays with them when he's at home, and they used to be afear'd to go nigh him."

Thus has God prospered and blessed the work, and its influence has extended beyond the limits of the fleet to which the vessel is attached. But the *Ensign* reaches only 2,000 men; shall the other 9,000 be neglected?

We have heard a great deal lately about "the price of fish." It would be well if those ashore realised how enormous is the cost of the delicacy with which their table is daily supplied! On the 24th of October, the wind blew a hurricane, and the master afterwards wrote to me, "For three hours we never saw the lee side of the vessel, and she carried away part of her bulwarks, but thank God we lost no lives." Not far off, however, three smacks went down with all hands, and thirty-one men were washed overboard from other vessels. The loss of men while delivering fish is of almost daily occurrence.

May God so stir up the hearts and awaken the warm sympathies of His people to pray for and to help these poor men who "do business in

great waters" that every fleet may have its floating sanctuary, and every smacks-man be privileged to hear, in the intervals of his toil, the glad tidings of love, mercy, and salvation!

NOT SEEN, BUT NEAR.

"But their eyes were holden that they should not know him."—*Luke xxiv. 16.*

THREE is a quaint woodcut in a curious old edition of "Quarles's Emblems," which suggests a good deal. It is a picture of the Bridegroom Christ with a very ugly mask over his face appearing to the Bride, the Soul. Both are meeting in a garden, or on the highway, it is difficult to say which. By the arrangement of the figures, you yourself can see the true face of the Bridegroom behind the mask, but the bride cannot, and she is exceedingly frightened, and does not know which way to run for escape. You who are let into the secret discern a face as loving and tender as the primitive limner could picture it, but the Bride sees only the mask, and she is terrified accordingly.

Now the lesson here suggested finds a commentary, I think, in some sort in the narrative of Christ appearing to the two disciples on the road to Emmaus, recorded in the last chapter of St. Luke. Let us look a little into the matter.

We should naturally have thought when our Lord met these two disciples on that Sunday afternoon's walk along a country path, then blossoming out into all the resurrection glories of a soft Judean spring-tide, that He would have been perfectly open with them. But no. It was pleasant to Him for some reason to appear to them in disguise; to love them, to note their embarrassment, to reprove their unbelief in disguise; to comfort hearts that were lonely and sad, and then, still unknown, to follow along with them for their good; until at the end of the day's journey He deemed it fit to reveal Himself in His true form and then vanish out of their sight. And one cannot help seeing that something analogous to this is found in many of the events and providences which befall us in our daily life. We seem to see a hidden element in them, not at the time understood, but which afterwards turns out to have been the presence of Love, the presence of God.

Why did these men not recognize Christ? The reason seems to have been twofold. St. Luke says, "Their eyes were holden;" St. Mark says, "He appeared to them in another form." Here there are two explanations: (1) a hindrance in the men themselves; (2) something in Christ that hindered them.

I. A hindrance in themselves: their eyes were holden. Holden by what? Holden by sorrow: they failed to recognize their Lord because their hearts were low and desponding and sad. They had almost given way to despair. Christ was really walking by their side. He was really present with them in companionship. His eye was upon them, but they thought He was dead

* As I write, a parcel has come in containing fifty-six mufflers and four hundred pairs of cuffs, from a lady who is interested in this mission.

and buried. And so it is often with Christians when they are in sorrow and despondency. Christ, so far as their feelings go, seems to be dead and buried. Everything about them looks as dark and dreary as if there had been no resurrection. And yet, perhaps, if they did but know it, Christ is even now walking by their side and saying, "Why are ye so sad?"

Again, their eyes were holden through unbelief and prejudice. The traveller in disguise rebuked these men: "Oh fools," he said, "and slow of heart to believe." They had got a notion into their heads that the Messiah must be just such a person as their prejudiced minds had pictured Him, or if not, that He was no Messiah at all.

Instead of reading their Scriptures fairly and finding out the truth they put their preconceived notions into the Scriptures. They would have believed a Christ who had come in pomp and power, but a Christ crucified was as yet outside their circle of faith. Thus the traveller in disguise had to disabuse their minds of this prejudice, had to explain the true meaning of what was written concerning Himself. It is often more difficult to unlearn than to learn.

And so with Christ's chosen ones; their minds are often warped and prejudiced; they have a notion of their own of what they think Christ ought to be and do, and of the way He ought to reveal Himself to them. And if Christ does really come in any other way, why, they fail to recognize that it is Christ at all. Jesus knocks at their door, and they do not recognize the knock because they expected it to sound differently from what it does. So they keep the loving Presence waiting, because they will not get up and see who it is that demands entrance. Thus their eyes were holden.

II. But there was also a hindrance in the Master Himself. "He appeared to them in another form." Jesus is pleased sometimes, so to speak, to put on a mask. For some purpose of love and mercy, or to try their faith, He comes to his people in disguise. And this disguise often takes the form and shape of something that our nature shrinks from. Christ comes in the guise of sickness, of poverty, of loss of friends, of disappointed hopes, and, like the bride in the picture, we are so frightened that we fail to see who it is behind the mask.

You expect to see Christ as the Gentle Shepherd, but the mountain mist distorts His form, and you hear His voice sounding harsh and stern, calling you to follow through the mist, follow close, come rough, come smooth. Yet He is the same Christ, only you have not before seen Him in that form.

The Christ who was once so tender and loving to Martha and Mary is on occasion deaf to the sisters' pleading call. He stays away in their trial, He lingers and comes not, and Lazarus dies. Yet He is the same Christ, only they had not before seen Him in that form. And so also with the Syrophenician woman, "He appeared to her in another form."

Now what shall we learn from all this? One thing is clear. We ought to look out for the presence of Christ in all of what we call the adverse providences of life. There are no such things as accidents in God's world. To the believer these things are merely strange manifes-

tations of Christ, Christ in an unfamiliar form. Sorrows have Christ in them; sicknesses have Christ in them.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face!"

We should also learn to look out for Christ as a companion in our daily walks and work, try to get into a sacred conversation with Him, as these men did, and then, likely enough, at eventide we should say, "Did not our hearts burn within us by reason of His presence in the way?"

We lose a great deal of Christ's society, and of the peace and joy which that presence would bring, by not recognizing Christ under strange forms and disguises. And if we were always in the attitude of looking out for Him He would more often reveal Himself to us in His true form. He loves to show Himself to those that wait for Him. Mary Magdalene waited and wept. They say the eyes see clearer that have looked through tears. At any rate, she saw Him, and to her alone the Risen Saviour first revealed Himself. And so with these two men at the village inn. They would not part with their traveller-guest, but constrained Him to tarry. And then they knew that it was Jesus, for He then revealed Himself in His true nature as love.

The disguises of Christ are many, but His own proper form is one, and only one, and that is Love.

And as it was with these men, so it will be with us. If we are really in earnest to have his companionship, if we go out on our day's journey with that definite end in view, why in one way or another Jesus will be sure to make Himself known, and then our hearts will be glad.

And as these men constrained Him to tarry, saying, "Abide with us, for the day is far spent," so we must also constrain Him and not let Him depart. If we have Jesus with us all will be well. We need not fear to walk with Him through the twilight shadows of life, nor dread hand in hand with Jesus to venture out into the dark night of Death.

Cibrian.

WHILE yet the lingering twilight hides the land,
And chilly flows of air spread towards the shore,
The fishers run their keel up on the sand
In weary silence, for their hearts are sore.
Missing the well-loved tones and cheering words,
With wistful eyes they see the light increase:
When, lo! the brighter glow reveals the Lord,
And all their gloom and void and yearning cease.
The Lord receives His friends with warmth
and food:

And, while they scarce regard the heaven-sent
meal,
With gracious words He cheers their downcast
mood,
And by His kindness makes His presence real.
So, Lord, dawn on us with each morning's
light,
Warm our cold hearts and clear our clouded
sight.

E. K.

Pages for the Young.

IN FATHER'S PLACE

CHAPTER VIII.—THE DESIRED HAVEN.

WHILE the dark shadow thus hung over the Vancrofts' home a gleam of light pierced the dark cloud.

On New Year's Eve, Jack returned from a long voyage. He was brown and stalwart, and in spite of the terrible anxiety regarding Madge, the family could not but rejoice and be glad over the welcome arrival. Moreover, Jack contrived to raise their hopes about the invalid, he always took a sanguine view of things, and he had not known, as Will did, the change which had come over Madge; nor had he heard her speak one word such as those which had led his elder brother to dread the worst for her.

"I was determined," said Jack, "that I would be home for New Year's Day, so that we might welcome in the season with gladness; and though I have come to find you all very sad, I think we must not forget to be thankful. Things might have been much worse."

"Yes," replied his mother, "Isa's illness was very tedious and alarming, and I was so afraid that Will would take fever, for he has gone to inquire after her I don't know how often every day."

"Will has always been extra tender over his lassies," said Jack.

"I must say," answered Mrs. Vancroft, taking no notice of Jack's words, "that it was thoughtful of Auntie to offer to take Isa away to recruit. You can't think how Isa has grown, and she is as amiable and useful as ever."

"And poor Madge?" asked Jack, who had not been home for two years, and was curious to know what changes had occurred during his absence. "And Madge, is she growing into a domestic and conventional young woman?"

"She is growing into an angel, I think," said Will, rising suddenly and leaving the room. Jack turned to his mother in much alarm. "Is not Will over anxious?" he asked; "why should he be fearing about Madge? she has not been ill many days."

"Will has taken some queer fancy about her lately. He showed me a little poem she wrote for him not long ago—really a clever poem for so young a girl to compose—and he said he believed his Childie was ripening for eternity. These were his very words."

"Now is it not foolish of him to take up such a notion, and thoughtless, too, to frighten me about the child? You know, Jack, Madge always did have queer fancies and ways, and lately I think she has been speaking a great deal to Will, and perhaps infected him with a little of her own oddness. He has made so much of her since your poor father died."

"Will is not easily influenced by fancy, mother," Jack replied thoughtfully. Then finding the hour to be late, he followed Will's example, and retired for the night.

Will sat in his room alone, waiting to see in the New Year. The passing away of the old year was always a solemn time to Will, and he preferred to spend those minutes alone with

Him who holds our times in His Hand. Quietly he went over his past life, reading himself with a faithful conscience, and drawing support from that source which never fails. He was very self-absorbed, yet, curiously entwined with even his inmost thoughts about his own spiritual life, were mingled thoughts of Madge. He strove not to dwell upon that theme, but to confide her in all trust to the Lord, but in spite of all his efforts, pictures of his young sister would obtrude themselves before his mind's eye.

At last it suddenly seemed to him as though he were being called—urgently called—to go to Madge at once. In vain Will tried to dismiss the fancy. In vain he battled manfully with it, believing it to be the dream of a heated imagination. Back upon his heart and brain it came, more and more forcibly, until every effort to resist it was overcome.

Guided by that strange impulse, he stole out of the house when all its other inmates were asleep, and hurrying, as though dreamled, Will reached the Institution gates.

He never had thought upon the lateness of the hour, of the certainty of finding the gates closed, or the probability that he would not be admitted. He had forgotten the rule which was followed of sending for the relatives of any child as soon as it was known that the illness would prove fatal. All these things were forgotten, or held in abeyance by the subtle power which was leading Will where it would. But when he reached the gates, he found them open, and a doctor's brougham just coming down the drive. Will sprang to the carriage window, and the doctor, recognising him, leant out. "I am glad you have come, Vancroft, I was just going to your house, for—there has been a very sudden change. You can go up and see the poor lassie. The sooner the better, my dear fellow."

As if still dreamled, Will walked on, rang the bell, and was admitted at once. The servant, surprised to see him there, asked, "Have you had a message, sir? Do you know?"

"I have spoken with the doctor. Take me to her," and the kind-hearted woman, wiping the tears from her face, silently led him to Madge's sick room.

There was a deep silence throughout the spacious building, for all its young inmates had long since gone to sleep, not knowing that the Dark Angel had come to one of their number.

In the sick room a motherly nurse, with the matron of the Institution, sat watching the sleep of Madge—a sleep so like death that when Will's eyes first fell upon her he thought she was indeed dead.

But the nurse's uplifted finger told him that a "trembling of life" was yet left, and he paused at the foot of the bed.

The fever flush had left Madge's face, which now wore the grand exalted look with which Death glorifies whoever he touches; but through the solemnity of that expression there stole a child-like smile—Madge's own rare and beautiful smile. Her brother gazed upon the child in speechless anguish. All her quaint and curious speeches came back to his recollection then, pointing to this. To death? That was what she had meant. All his plans for her future were to go down to a grave. All her longings for home were to be satisfied in eternity. As he watched, the faint yet lovely smiles flicker through the shadows that had gathered on her face, Will's longing to know what her thoughts were, and his dread that she would go without one parting word, overcame every other consideration.

"Speak to me one word before you leave us, Childie," he murmured piteously. Without a movement beyond the lifting of her eyelids, she looked up and saw Will. The smile broke again over her features, and she spoke in a low tone—

"Papa, dear! I had such a strange dream. I dreamt that you were dead—and we had all left the manse, every-

thing was different and sad—and it weighed upon my heart. I am so glad it was only a dream, one of your Childie's foolish dreams, papa."

"Madge, darling. Do you not know me?" said Will, and, if he might, he would have drawn her head to his heart as he had done when, years before, he found her prostrate on their father's grave. "Oh, my little Madge, don't you know it's Will?"

She gazed at him with a startled, wide-eyed astonishment, then a glad light flashed from her eyes, and she exclaimed, "Oh, Will! Dear dear Will! I did so long for you and home. Oh, I thought I was wandering in a dark lonely place by myself and had lost my way. But you have found me, Will,—and I am safe. And you will take me home now, won't you? home to the manse. Papa will be wondering where his Childie has gone. Oh, I am so tired! Take me home, Will," and she turned her head wearily to his breast again.

He did not speak, he could not, but softly kissed her, and she again fell into the sleep of sinking nature.

"Will she not wake once more?" he asked the nurse, who had drawn near and was tenderly folding the girl's hands upon her bosom. "I think not," the woman said. But at that moment Madge opened her eyes again, and looked into Will's face.

"And so you've come to take me home, papa? I am so glad. It was nice to be returning to the manse, and Will was very good to me in your place. But I'm tired . . . The manse . . . and Will . . . were dear, but . . . heaven and you, papa, are better still. Hold your Childie close . . . and fast . . . dear papa."

She spoke like one in a dream, but a smile lighted up her face, and in another moment she was gone to the Father whose love our mortal relationships but dimly shadow.

It was a glad New Year's morning to Madge, though she left a darkened home behind her. In her hours of quiet thoughtfulness she had been gradually prepared for the change that awaited her.

Her brothers carried her to rest beside her father; and when the time came that Will was elected minister of his native parish the whole family returned to the manse.

Ah! the going back can never be like the past time. It was with subdued gladness indeed that the Vancrofts took possession of their old home. The one who had suffered most upon leaving it, who had longed more than all to return, who had fought a harder battle than any of the others, who had conquered most. That one was not, and it was a long time before Will could learn to think resignedly of Madge's swift voyage to the desired haven.

She was not forgotten. Isa strove to make a companion of Ella instead, but no sister could take the place of the one who had shared her childhood's joys and sorrows.

Jack, and even Ben, discovered when she was gone, what a centre of interest Madge had been. Her little vagaries were all forgotten, but the keen wit she had shown, the help she had given, the work and play in which she had so generously joined, before the dark days came, were remembered.

To Will she had become the very dearest object in life, and he could never speak of her without faltering. His mother and aunt were often surprised to find how much a wish which Madge had expressed, or some sentiment she had bashfully uttered, continued to influence Will's conduct.

All the brothers and sisters grew up and made homes for themselves, and ceased to require Will's guidance, though they never forgot that he had stood to them in father's place.

But the little grave beside that of the minister always remained to remind Will of "the bairns."

And when, years afterwards, a little daughter not unlike

Madge, and named after her, looked up into his face as his young sister had done, Will's heart thrilled with ever wakeful memories of her who was his "childie" for ever more.

JESUS M. E. SAXBY.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XII.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely" (Rev. xxi. 6). Read John iv. 6–42. Who is it that makes this offer? It is Jesus, "the same yesterday, to-day and for ever!"

Let us picture to ourselves the Saviour weary and athirst, sitting in the shadow of the little building that covered the mouth of the well. How simple and natural was His request to the woman! What did He ask? And what was her answer? Common civility might have led her to give Him what He asked, but without taking notice of her unkindness, Jesus told her what she might have asked, and what He would have given her. What was that? "Living water!" Water is precious everywhere, but especially in that burnt-up Eastern land, where the common name for it is "the gift of God." Most of all precious is "living water," not the water stored in pits and cisterns, but fresh and pure, "fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." The woman did not know what this meant,—dear children, do you know? You may read the answer in John vii. 39, where Jesus' promise of "rivers of living water" is explained,—"this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive." Read also Isaiah xliv. 3.

The woman wanted to change the subject, and now spoke of Jacob, who gave this well. But Jesus explained that it was not of such water as that He was speaking: that water could not give lasting relief; those who drank of it would thirst again. But those who drink of the living water that Christ gives shall never thirst. Their souls will be satisfied! Jesus knows how soon we will thirst again after tasting of earthly pleasures. What does He offer? To whom is this offer made? Mark how He says "Whosoever!" Read Isaiah iv. 1. The woman did not know how great a gift she asked when she said, "Sir, give me this water." But the woman of Samaria was far from having any right understanding of what the Lord meant. She was a very sinful woman, and Jesus knew it all, knew all her life, and astonished her by showing that her sins were all known to Him, a stranger whom she had never seen before. Then she said, "I perceive that thou art a prophet!" But she did not want to confess her sins or to ask pardon; she looked up to the great rocky top of Mount Gerizim before her, and tried to get Jesus to say something as to whether it was best to worship there or at Jerusalem. It was not such a question as that that He came to answer. The Lord had a great truth to teach, not about the place of worship, but about God Himself, the object of worship, of whom she knew nothing. Read the 24th verse. It would be well to write it in your books. What is God? How must men worship Him? These are most important questions, and He who declared them to this woman was the only One who had power to do so,—the Messiah, the Christ! "Then Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am He!"

Here the conversation was broken off. How was it interrupted? What did the woman do? What did she call on the men of the city to do? What did she say of the Lord? How did she know Him to be the Christ? Did those who heard her pay attention? How did they show this?

Sing,—"I heard the voice of Jesus say."

Monthly Religious Record.

THE memory of Archbishop Tait is to be perpetuated by a national memorial. The meeting summoned to consider this proposal was in itself a remarkable testimony to the respect with which his name is regarded. Never before was archbishop so spontaneously honoured. The Mansion House has rarely received a more representative company. The Duke of Albany presided, and spoke in a strain which vividly recalled the speeches of the still lamented Prince Consort. He said the late Primate "deserved to be thus widely honoured, for never, surely, was a high ecclesiastical position filled in a spirit freer from dogmatism or arrogance; never was a great dignitary more careful to give no just offence, to wound no legitimate susceptibilities. It was truly his effort to remain among conflicting schools of thought as the central exponent of the spiritual side of our national life, to represent, not any passing phase of opinion, but that tolerant and manly seriousness which lies at the root of our national greatness. We may be thankful that in England, amidst all our speculative differences of opinion, we have so little of that fierce antagonism which rages in some other countries—that false opposition between reason and reverence—as though in this world of awful mysteries a spirit of arrogant irreverence were not the very maddest unreason. That we are spared such conflicts is largely due to such leaders as our late Primate." The Archbishop of York moved, and the Lord Mayor seconded the first resolution, proposing that a memorial be raised by a general subscription from all classes. Mr. Goechen, in supporting it, remarked that it might be truly said of the Archbishop, "He had energy without passion, earnestness without bigotry, and authority without impiousness." The next resolution, moved by Earl Stanhope, dealt with the form of the memorial. In the first place it is proposed that there should be a recumbent statue of the late Archbishop in Canterbury Cathedral, then that there should be a memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral, and also one at Westminster Abbey. Next it is proposed to complete the restoration of Lambeth Palace Chapel, as an object which would have especially commended itself to Archbishop Tait, who wished and laboured for it, in loving remembrance of a lost wife and a lost son. This resolution was seconded by Mr. Samuel Morley, as a Nonconformist. He said he was not disposed to underrate the differences which existed between Churchmen and Nonconformists; but the late Archbishop seemed to him to recognise the fact that the points of agreement between himself and Dissenters were more numerous and infinitely more important than the points of difference. (Hear, hear.) He commended the resolution to their acceptance, being more anxious that they should have some abiding memorial of such a man than as to the precise form it should take. The Earl of Shaftesbury proposed that a fund be also raised to be placed in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury of the time being, to be used at his discretion for Home Mission work in London and elsewhere. He heartily endorsed all that had been said in reference to the late Archbishop. He had been rightly called a great man, and a good man, but he was never more great or good than when as Primate of England he stood in the open air on the steps of the Royal Exchange and proclaimed the Everlasting Gospel to masses of the people. He hoped that in that respect the late Primate's example would be followed. Christianity must be aggressive, even in the persons of those who filled the highest positions in the Church. Canon Farrar seconded, and Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., supported this resolution. The Bishop of London, Canon Barry, and others also spoke; and unanimous approval was given to the objects thus defined.

THE new Bishop of Truro is to be the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, the Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, who was Examining Chaplain to Dr. Benson. The new Bishop of Llandaff is to be the Venerable Archdeacon Lewis, Archdeacon of St. David's.

The questions raised by the action of the late Primate in the Mackonochie case continue to be discussed with anxious

interest. A memorial from the clergy, signed by many well-known names, has been presented to the Bishop of London, protesting against the institution of the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie to the living of St. Peter's, London Docks.

THE Bishop of Manchester has been served with a writ of *quare impedit* from the Queen's Bench Division at the instance of Sir Percival Heywood, the patron, for his refusal to institute the Rev. H. Cowgill to the benefice of St. John's, Miles Platting. The Dean and five other Manchester clergy have addressed a letter to their Bishop, asking him to consider "the desirableness of peace." Bishop Fraser has replied, in justification of his action. He urges that the reconstitution of the courts, "a result by no means certain," cannot be achieved within ten years; and that this reconstruction, if achieved, will not of itself either reverse or modify a single decision of the existing Court of Final appeal. He asks whether in the interim, "neither law nor judge in matters ecclesiastical is to be recognised in the land." As regards the wider aspects of the subject he says: "There is much in the teaching of the extreme party among us, about the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, about the Invocation of the Blessed Virgin and of the Saints, about the power of the priest in Absolution, that I, for one, cannot distinguish from the teaching of the Church of Rome. I cannot bid this teaching welcome on the platform of the Church of England. Such doctrines were—at any rate, comparatively—unknown among us forty years ago; and if they are widely spread now, it is because they have crept on stealthily step by step. . . till we are amazed to find the dimensions which they have attained. Unless men will come back within the lines of the Prayer Book, as these were understood and accepted till recent innovations blurred them, I can discern nothing for the Church but continued disquiet in the present, and disaster—possibly destruction—in the future only too threatening and imminent." Canon Blakeney, and many clergymen, have strongly expressed their sympathy with the action of the Bishop.

AN unusual incident is reported from Paris. The Federation of Free Thinkers invited a number of representatives of various opinions to a public discussion. The place of meeting was a people's hall: the day fixed was a Sunday. The room was crowded by the working classes. Red rosettes were worn; and the bust of the Republic was draped with a red flag. Protestantism was represented by M. de Pressensé and M. Hollard, who accepted the invitation rather than seem to shrink from unfurling their colours. They obtained a fair hearing. M. de Pressensé spoke of the moral proof furnished by the conscience of the existence of a holy God. At this point he was interrupted, and asked if he had seen God. "I have not seen Him," he replied, "for He is invisible, but I have felt and heard Him whenever the voice of conscience has reproached me in His name for any wrong I have done. I pity those who do not hear this voice, but you will all hear it one day." There was deep silence as these words were spoken. He concluded by showing what would become of the Republic and of liberty, if all faith were lost in the God of conscience, who is also the God of the Gospel; and he quoted the words of Mazzini, "a red revolutionist," he added, "whose political ideas I should be far from endorsing," but who, speaking to the working men of Italy, said: "Apart from God, whence will you derive the idea of right? Without God, whatever the system on which you lean, you will be compelled to admit that there is no power but brute force." The apostles of atheism and anarchy had, however, their speeches also, and were enthusiastically applauded in their wildly subversive utterances. The bourgeoisie was denounced in unsparing language. If these men represent the future, what of today? Some statistics of suicide recently published afford an appalling glimpse into the social condition of France at the present time. Official returns leave no doubt as to the fact, that in the four years between 1876 and 1880 no less than 338 children under fifteen years of age put an end to their lives, 198 of the number being boys, and forty girls.

THE advent of the Salvation Army in Switzerland has been followed by serious disturbances. The services at Geneva have been interrupted by organized bands of roughs. At Neuchâtel there have been serious riots from the same cause, and Englishmen suspected of belonging to the Army have been hunted through the streets by excited mobs.

EARL CAIRNS, speaking recently at Bournemouth, on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, said that never in the whole history of missionary societies had there been a time like the present as regarded the success of missions. There were times which some of those present could remember, when nearly three-quarters of the globe was blocked to missionaries. There were times when missionaries had to endure and to labour for years and years without any visible fruits; but what was the state of things now? The whole world was open to missionaries. Missionaries were claimed by the Governments of our colonies and dependencies as their best friends. There was not a part of the world where people were not stretching out their hands and asking for more missionaries; there was not a country in the world where the greatest anxiety was not shown by thousands and tens of thousands of the people to hear the message of the Gospel. He knew no class of men who deserved or required our sympathies so much as the missionaries.

THE REV. DR. LANSDELL has just returned from another of his distant and adventurous journeys, after having travelled 11,000 miles. Five thousand of these were accomplished by rail, three thousand by water, and the remainder on camel or horseback. The British and Foreign Bible Society provided him with abundant stores of Scriptures, and other publications in the languages required were placed at his disposal by the Religious Tract Society. In this way more than 10,000 books and tracts have reached remote places, where hitherto perhaps the story of the Cross has never been told. Dr. Lansdell was so well provided with letters and papers from the Russian authorities, that only in one place did he meet with any hindrance, occasioned by a report that Nihilistic tracts were found within the leaves of some of the books he had distributed in the train. He was sent back fifty or sixty miles, but after an examination of his papers, the traveller was sent forward again with almost an apostolic blessing.

Dr. Lansdell's course, after visiting the centres of tract work, carried on with much Christian zeal in Russia, lay through Tiumen, and thence to Tobolsk. Here he found that a faithful circulation had been given to the books, etc., left on his former journey, and that the exiles to Siberia were being regularly supplied. Pushing southward to Omak, the natural difficulties of travel met him in full force, and deficient fodder and defective posting rendered the journey trying. The officials of the place, however, accompanied him on his journey, for the distance of one-hundred miles. Coming still farther south through the Kirghese Steppes, and keeping west of Lake Balkhash, he arrived at Taskeud, having supplied the hospitals and prisons of the district with publications. Dr. Lansdell made his entry into Bokhara, dressed in clerical costume, with Doctor's hood, cassock, gold embroidered vest (purchased on the journey), a broad blue collar, a college cap, and lastly a large Persian Bible under his arm. He visited the palace of the Ameer, where he was graciously received, and left as a present the Persian Bible, and an Arabic New Testament.

The next stage of the journey was down the river Amoo Daria (ancient Oxus) as far as Khiva, where he was received by the Khan, who also accepted copies of the Scriptures. The most dangerous and unpleasant part of the journey was yet to come. With a caravan of six camels, four horses, and two men, in addition to his interpreter, he crossed the wild and dreary Khivan desert, destitute of inhabited house, or human being, to Krasnovodsk on the Caspian Sea. Passing on to Baku, and through Tiflis, he reached home in the early days of the year. Dr. Lansdell urges the Committee of the Religious Tract Society to begin publication work in the Tarantchi and Kirghese, Uzbeg and Tadjik languages, for the inhabitants in these remote regions.

ON a recent occasion the Antarctic Expedition, commanded by Lieutenant Bove of the Italian army, was wrecked in Sloggett Bay, off the coast of Tierra del Fuego. The officers and crew were not drowned, neither were they

robbed and cruelly massacred by the natives as the crew of the *Roseneath* were on the West Coast a few months ago. They were happily rescued by the efforts of Captain Willis and the crew of the *Allen Gardner* and mission yawl, and by the Rev. Thomas Bridges and his Christian native. Lieutenant Bove, in a recently published narrative, says: "The presence of English missionaries in Tierra del Fuego has undoubtedly modified the character of a great part of the inhabitants of the Beagle Channel. So rapid is the improvement, so great are the sacrifices which the good missionaries impose on themselves, that I believe we shall in a few years be able to say of all the Fuegians what is now said of Palalaia; he was one of the most quarrelsome, the most dishonest, the most superstitious of the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego, and now he lives under the shadow of the Cross, a model of virtue, and a pattern of industry." The Italian Government have decided to present to the South American Missionary Society a gold medal and an official letter of special thanks. The medal will contain a likeness of the King and a record of the occasion.

AN experiment is being made in Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, which, if widely followed, might have very important results. Mr. R. W. Dale has long urged upon his congregation the propriety of attracting those who neglect public worship by freely throwing open to them the sittings in that place of worship, whatever the personal inconvenience incurred. With the concurrence of a large majority of the seatholders, it has now been determined to follow this course every Sunday evening. A similar plan has been tried with success in some other chapels, where the pews have been thrown open once a month. Mr. Spurgeon, whose position is exceptional, invites specially the attendance of strangers once a quarter, and the tickets of the regular seat-holders at the Tabernacle are labelled as "not available" on that night.

AN old historic landmark will disappear with the demolition of the Oldham Street, Wesleyan Chapel, Manchester. This chapel, which was the first of the denomination built in Manchester, was opened on the 20th of March, 1781, the preacher on that occasion being John Wesley himself, who for several successive years visited Manchester or the neighbourhood at Eastertide on the occasion of his northern tour, and repeatedly occupied the pulpit there. Among the eminent Wesleyan divines who have been stationed at Oldham Street Chapel were Dr. Adam Clarke, the Biblical commentator, and Joseph Benson, twice President of the Conference. Several inscriptions written with a diamond by Dr. Clarke upon panes of glass in the chapel-house still remain. A new central hall is to be erected on the site of the old building, at a cost of nearly 20,000*l.*

IN London, the Weigh-House Chapel, of still more venerable association, is doomed, the site being soon to be appropriated to railway purposes. A Nonconformist church has existed there for two hundred and twenty years. The place, however, was most widely known in connection with the ministry of the late Thomas Binney.

A CHRISTIAN Convention, held at the Friends' Meeting House, in Bishopsgate, London, to consider questions arising from "the state regulation of vice," was very largely attended. It was agreed to take energetic measures to secure the repeal of existing laws, and to invite earnest attention to the best means of checking the evils out of which they spring.

THE official statistics of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, for 1882, show that in Great Britain and Ireland the total number of members is 17,977. In addition to these there are 5,790 regular attenders of the Friends' meetings who are not in full membership. About 25,000 scholars, adult and junior, are regularly under instruction by the Friends in their Sabbath schools. The "Times" notes that the Society is represented in Parliament by ten members, and includes also within its fold one baronet, and one knight. Many of the principal members of large municipalities are Friends. The annual obituary of the Society, concurrently with the growing prosperity of the Friends' Provident Institution, brings out the curious fact of the constantly lengthening average of life among the Friends. The average life of the Friends dying in the recent successive triennial periods was as follows:—In the three years ending 1850 it was 52 years; in 1860 it was 53 years; 1870, 52 years; 1875, 54 years; 1879, 55 years; and in 1882, 58 years.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—Herbert.



THE QUEEN'S GIFT TO NETLEY HOSPITAL.

THERE was delivered a certain large package recently to the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, addressed by Her Majesty the Queen to the Lady Superintendent of Nurses there. It contained five large Berlin-wool quilts for the use of the wounded soldiers who were recovering in that institution from hurts received in the Egyptian campaign. One of the quilts had been entirely worked by the Queen herself, and a second by the Princess Beatrice. The former bears in one corner Her Majesty's cipher of a crown, V.R.I., and the date 1882; the latter the initial letter of "Beatrice." The other quilts were worked by ladies of the Court, but the Queen added

a border to each. The quilts are described as being made of the softest wool, of rich though plain patterns and colours, and perfect in all respects as warm bed coverings. This personal gift was sent as a proof of the Queen's solicitude for the welfare and comfort of the sick and wounded soldiers who had recently returned from Egypt. The remark was attributed to Her Majesty, "They have done much for me, and I must do something for them." The Queen left the distribution of the quilts to the Superintendent of the Nurses, and they were issued to the patients to whom they were likely to be of most service.

"SOMETHING TO BEGIN WITH."



LEASE, sir, your tea's quite ready!"

"Oh, all right—thanks, Polly."

The answer was given absently, and Polly, dissatisfied, lingered near the speaker's chair. He glanced up from his papers, finding the shadow of his persistent attendant thrown across the page.

"Well, what's wrong, Polly, now?"

The stunted little "general" clasped her hands together nervously, as if praying at the shrine of a patron saint.

"I didn't mean to disturb you, sir, but the toast's done to a turn, and the eggs will go as hard as hard!"

David Conway laughed in his pleasant way, and wheeled round from the writing-desk at which he was at work.

"There, will that content you? When you come back in half-an-hour you will find nothing left on the table at all. Keep a sharp look-out for the post to-night, as I am expecting an important letter."

Polly's face beamed with a grin that seemed to include every one of her unattractive features. Just then her name was called out, and at the sound of the harsh, high-pitched voice she fled; but no amount of Saturday-evening work could steal from her the proud remembrance of Mr. Conway's commission. Meanwhile, the young curate divided his attention between tea and his newspaper, with a degree of feverish interest in the latter that considerably overbalanced the former's claims.

It was an uncomfortable little room where David Conway had his meals and wrote his sermons from one week's end to another. There was that terrible lack of woman's influence about it all which refuses to be defined and yet can always be felt. The ornaments on the mantel-shelf were too straight, and books and papers too crooked. Not a flower to be seen anywhere, and no feminine taste, however deferential to land-lady feelings, could have tolerated such ghastly colour-effects as were on view in No. 3 Poplar Lane. But these trifles did not disturb David's mind. He was there for work, not for play. And hard work it proved indeed to any one who interfered with the devil's rights in such a place as Fenn's Court. David's own heart had sickened over it many a time, but he always found waiting in weak moments the little water-cruso that would give him strength for another step of the

way. Nothing but the most entire and blind faith that God was on the side of right, "and right some day must win," could compel any one to go on with the battle; could strengthen such a man as David Conway, and yet keep his heart tender.

There is no need to give the exact latitude. Plenty of places such as Fenn's Court can be found in our Christian London. And not a few workers who like David can go on and not lose courage.

He had only made its acquaintance a year and a half ago, when having been admitted into full orders and seen something of clerical life, he looked about for really hard work, and Fenn's Court was given into his charge. At first he was half-disappointed with the commission, but soon found this network corner of streets more than enough to fill his hands. There was no church of any kind, no organized meetings or societies to give him a friendly crutch. David was shown a room at the end of the court where he might hold a short service every Sunday evening; and there was a Bible-woman who would look after the sick folk. But these two helps were enough. David's meetings became popular; perhaps because they were short, and then there was always the chance of getting a comfortable seat and feeling warm. By-and-by his congregation came for other reasons. They outgrew the small room, and David was obliged to beg for funds from headquarters, so that by knocking down the wall of partition they might have two rooms in one. History repeated itself again. Chairs were taken at an early hour, and loiterers had to stand or sit upon the floor. Even the little passage was blocked, till in desperation David carried on his service under the wide sky. That was all well enough so long as the summer lasted, but now autumn was waning, and already some of the faithful complained of rheumatics and threatening "bronkittis." Then the young curate took heart of grace, and wrote a further request for funds sufficient to supply him with an iron church. And it is the answer to his appeal which he so anxiously expects this evening.

Polly was to David Conway very much what Friday must have been to Robinson Crusoe. She was his first convert, to begin with, and though still a diamond in the rough, the gem sparkled with a genuine lustre. And the girl, born and reared in the workhouse, knowing neither kith nor kin, hard-worked and half-fed in Mrs. Britton's service, woke up to a new existence, when for the first time in her fourteen years'

experience, a "real gentleman" spoke kind words for her own personal appropriation.

At the end of these eighteen months Polly was transformed from her original self. Before David came she was a machine, with the doubtful advantage of feeling tired at the end of a long day's work. Now she was a being with a soul. Her faith in David forbade her to question any truth he tried to instil; and since he took the trouble to think of the likes of her, she could but believe in God as a loving Father instead of an inexorable judge. Every Wednesday evening Mr. Conway gave her a Bible-lesson; every other Sunday Mrs. Britton relaxed her rule so far as to allow her to attend his service; and never did pupil carry more faithfully the lessons she was taught into practical use.

Master and scholar made a strange picture as they bent over their Bibles. David with his broad forehead and refined features, chastened already from the first fires of youthful ambition and self-seeking. Polly with her rough fair hair, plastered down by water into a frantic attempt at order, her freckled face shining from a recent soap-application, and her earnest grey eyes now beaming with intelligence, now clouded over, as they confronted or conquered a new difficulty.

Mrs. Britton did not interfere with these arrangements, though privately she harboured some doubts of her lodger's entire sanity. But as he was a reliable tenant, and not too observant of mysterious disappearances in the way of cold meat or coals, she tolerated his philanthropic whims; especially as Polly did not neglect her work, was less inclined to "answer," and could keep the children quiet in fractious moments with stories culled from Mr. Conway's addresses.

"Rat-tat!" The sharp double-knock reached Polly's ears at once, though she was standing with bare arms in the back-kitchen before a pile of unwashed plates and dishes. Up the stairs she flew, drying her hands on her apron, and finding two letters and a newspaper addressed to Mr. Conway, lost no time in carrying the plunder to his room.

"Your letters, sir!" she said, breathing hard after her hurried flight upstairs, and feeling rewarded by the smile that acknowledged her service. The curate was back again by that time before his desk, and Polly left him undisturbed by another word till an hour later when she brought up the tray bearing his frugal supper. Intuitively she knew something was amiss. The scattered papers lay unheeded on the table. David sat with his head in his hands poring over a ponderous account-book. He started violently when she opened the door with the sudden jerk all her consideration for his comfort had not yet taught her to control.

"Do try to turn the handle quietly!" he said, with a suspicion of irritability in his voice. Polly looked as if he had struck her. David turned again to his accounts, but felt conscience-pricked when he caught the sound of a stifled sob. He shared in the weakness common to some good men, and could never bear the sight of tears.

"You should not cry for a trifle like this," he said kindly. "I am not angry with you, only you must try and be more gentle."

Polly quenched any further outbreak.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure!" she answered, "mopping up" with a discoloured handkerchief. "But I was born awkward, and missus says I shall die so."

"Well, you needn't think about that yet!" David said, smiling in spite of his depression. Something in the girl's devotion touched him. His was an intensely sympathetic nature, and during the last hour he had unconsciously rebelled against the isolation that forced him to brood alone over his disappointment.

"I wish I could cry like you, Polly!" he said half lightly. "I am sure I should feel better for it. I have thought so ever since you brought up the Bishop's letter."

Polly stared in amazement.

"It wasn't bad news, sir?" she asked, taking in part of his meaning.

"No, not that exactly, and yet—well, the fact is, my child, you know how anxious I feel to have a church for my poor people in the court. And unfortunately so many other churches are needed in this great city that we must wait our turn—till more money comes in."

Polly's face was now full of sympathetic comprehension. Mr. Conway had often intermingled this hope with their Bible-readings, and want of money was a grief she could readily understand.

"Oh, sir, I am sorry!" she faltered. "I wouldn't have been so quick to bring up that letter if I had known—there!"

"Well, we must try and see if the funds can't be raised somehow," the curate answered. "Only remember you must not chatter about this downstairs."

He turned again to the columns in which were duly recorded household and personal expenses. Surely there must be many superfluities here he could easily do without. And Polly went downstairs so full of the subject, that once or twice she checked herself only just in time from making the most absent-minded mistakes.

Several days passed; Mr. Conway did not refer again to the topic that was so near his heart, and Polly's tact was sufficiently wide-awake to keep silence till he should break it. But during the weekly lesson, she stopped abruptly in her slow monotonous reading, and with her finger upon the half-finished verse, asked, "That seems to make it more comfortable, doesn't it, sir?"

David whose thoughts had been wandering, bent to look at the words.—

"He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, with a dim sense that perhaps the position of teacher and scholar were to be for a moment changed.

"It's only what you have taught me yourself, sir!" Polly answered, looking rather surprised at his question. "You told me to ask Our Father for what I wanted, and He would be sure to give me what I ought to have. And if a gentleman like you was to ask, and for a church too, which seems by rights to belong to Him, don't you think He must give it soon?"

David did not stop to correct the weak

points in her theology. His faith had been clouded by over-work and worry, and perhaps Polly's crude repetition of his own teaching saved him from another sleepless night. The wants, physical and mental, of his people grew on him, day by day, and his own private affairs were weighing heavily on an already over-burdened mind. Far away from these nightmare sights and sounds, shielded by an easy prosperous life from every discomfort, were his father and mother and only sister. David had exiled himself from his pleasant Staffordshire home by the profession he had chosen. Old Mr. Conway, whose one belief was in his own hard-worked-for wealth, would have nothing to say to the son who was fool enough to throw himself away on London pick-pockets. If he must join the ranks of clerical humbugs, why not try for a fat country living, especially as there was interest ready to procure him one close at hand?

All David's young enthusiasm rose up in arms against the bare idea of settling down amongst phlegmatic farmers and wealthy squires. After many arguments, fettered by the old man's dogmatic assertions and the young man's impatient zeal, a clear understanding was at last reached. David must not expect a welcome home till he should come to reason, and abandon his senseless, high-falutin' ideas.

The mother and sister of course fretted in secret. Frances would fain have begun a clandestine correspondence with her brother, but this David would not allow. She was only nineteen, too young to be brought into the controversy. As for the mother, she had never even ventured to thwart Mr. Conway's will when he proposed to marry her, and so was not likely to begin now.

David suffered; his was just the nature to feel such wounds. But he did not falter in the path he believed to be right, even though it involved separation from one who was dearer than sister or mother. What was the use of suggesting marriage, with his small income, and when the only home he could offer would be Mrs. Britton's apartments, for he was too proud to accept any addition from his father's hands after all that had passed.

It was strange what deep root this wish of his had taken in Polly's heart. Yet not strange when we recall the power of kindness, and the strength of gratitude's golden chain.

One evening, late in the year, David found a mysterious little packet laid beside his bread and cheese. Inside the paper wrappings, suggestive of brown sugar, were two half-crowns. Polly had vanished, and when she reappeared to remove the supper-tray, it was with such a heightened colour and guilty air that David was afraid something had gone wrong.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked, touching the money beside him.

The girl started as if she had been accused of dishonesty.

"Please, sir, don't be angry."

"I assure you I am not in the least inclined to be so!" David answered soothingly, trying to get at the truth. "But you must tell me why this money is here. It does not belong to me."

"Yes, sir, it does! I mean—oh please don't make me take it back—I brought it for the new church—it's from my wages missus paid me today!" Polly struck one of her beseeching attitudes and nearly dropped the tray.

"But, my child, you cannot afford to give away so much as this!" the curate replied thoughtfully.

"Next quarter I hope to bring more, sir. Missus will make me buy a warm dress now winter's setting in. But I thought this would be something to begin with."

She backed awkwardly out of the room, and a few moments after David heard Mrs. Britton scolding her in high-pitched tones for some misdemeanour. He sat for some time looking at the two pieces of silver, and then laying them back in their coarse wrappings, dated the little packet, and locked it carefully away in his desk.

The year was fast drawing to a close. Christmas came and found David still working faithfully in Fenn's Court. No olive-branch had been sent from home, and he made up his mind to spend Christmas Day in trying to brighten some of the wretched homes near him.

It had been a mild winter, bringing with it many weakening disorders into Fenn's Court. Such an ocean of misery! Such a tiny ray to throw across the darkness! What wonder if at times David's heart sank very low within him? Polly's sympathy was like a cup of cold water held to the curate's lips in these feverish moments. She had brightened so wonderfully, and he often found her quaint, half-formed sayings suggestive and refreshing. But he could not help wishing when he came home on Christmas Eve after a long day's visitation, that she had omitted decorating his tea-pot with a spray of twisted holly. It had been raining heavily since noon, and when he had swallowed some tea he threw himself just as he was on the hard little sofa, and dropped into a heavy sleep.

There Polly found him when she came in an hour or so later, wondering why his bell had not rung. He looked very worn and tired she thought, and loath to wake him the girl crept softly from the room.

The next morning a report rang through one end of Fenn's Court to the other that the minister was ill, and too bad to recognise or speak to any one. No. 3 Poplar Lane was besieged with anxious inquirers, till Mrs. Britton in self-defence tied a bulletin to the green-painted knocker. Nurses offered themselves without number; coarse-faced, red-handed women, and not a few men, begged with tears to be allowed the privilege of sharing the watch. But the landlady irately refused all these services of love. She wasn't going to have no "daylight robbers" about her house, which was always kept respectable. At the same time she did not accept the suggestions of worldly wisdom, when on the third day after David's reckless sleep the doctor pronounced his illness to be diphtheria. No, Mr. Conway should stay where he was: she wouldn't have him sent to be cut up at the hospital. The children were packed off to a forbearing widow sister who kept a small newspaper shop on the other side of the water, and

Mrs. Britton and her little "general" devoted themselves to the task of bringing back their minister to health.

Polly's zeal knew no limits. Nothing was impossible to her willing service. Mrs. Britton felt amazed at the extraordinary capacity for nursing the girl suddenly developed. At first she was inclined to be jealous; then common sense got the upper hand, and Polly was frequently left in sole charge of the sick-room. She seemed to anticipate the patient's wishes by instinct, and though able to sit as mute as a mouse for hours together, was always ready and alert at the right moment.

David was about as ill as he could be. In his delirium, he let slip the secrets of his life, and Polly's quickened senses ached with sympathy as she heard the well-beloved names moaned out again and again from the feverish lips.

One evening she was seized by an inspiration. Letters had come in just as regularly as if their recipient were able to open them, and this evening had brought an envelope bearing the Blackwater post-mark.

Polly knew Blackwater was David's birth-place; she had gathered, too, from her patient's wanderings that in all probability it was a quiet country town where his name would be well known. After some hours' thought and planning she managed to write the following epistle:—

To Mrs. Conway.

"MADAM.

"Please forgive the liberty I am now taking. Our minister is took bad here, 3. Poplar Row. He sometimes calls your name, and other names in his sleep, but he cannot write. The Doctor thinks he may or may not get Better. It was all through his sleeping without a dry thread on him last Christmas eve.

"your obedient servant,
" MARY BROWN."

This literary effort, which *minus* the blots and mis-spelling has lost its chief characteristics, was posted the next morning by an obliging milkman, and Polly awaited the reply with many quakings of heart. She dared not confess her forwardness to her mistress, and only hoped she had done nothing actionable.

Three days afterwards the answer came.

A cab rattled up to No. 3, and two ladies alighted. One was young, slim, and fair; the other, evidently her mother, was richly dressed, and wore a thick veil to hide traces of tears. The younger lady was quite calm, and deciphered the card hanging on the door as she gave a cautious ring at the bell.

"Better!" she exclaimed. "There, mother, did I not tell you I felt sure the worst was over?"

Her mother broke into fresh weeping which lasted till the door was opened by a thin pale-looking girl, who flushed with sudden joy as she heard the visitor's name.

"Mrs. Conway. Please come in, ma'am, the

doctor's just been, and says he is out of danger, and going on nicely."

No need to ask who *he* was. Mrs. Conway collapsed altogether, sitting down on the staircase and sobbing helplessly, till roused by her daughter's touch.

"Dear mother, do try and control yourself, or you will never be able to nurse David properly."

The cabman was waiting to be paid, and by the time Frances had satisfied his covetous soul, Mrs. Conway had put away her tears with her handkerchief.

"Which is his room?" she asked, and Polly silently led the way.

Mrs. Britton was keeping watch, and rose from a half-nodding position by the darkened window. Polly just heard a few whispered words, saw the mother go quietly up to the bedside, and then closing the door went downstairs into her lonely kitchen and cried as if her heart would break.

David was at first too occupied with getting well and looking at his mother and sister, to remember much about his devoted little nurse. After two or three days he missed her, and inquired where she was.

"Are you not content with us, darling?" Frances asked, smoothing his hot forehead with her cool soft fingers.

"That is not the question," he answered, with something of his old firmness. "You say Polly wrote the letter which brought you both to me, and is it not natural I should want to thank her?"

"I will take any message you like," Frances persisted gently, and in sheer weakness he yielded the point.

Fortunately David was blessed with a splendid constitution, and as the days went by, he recovered strength rapidly. He was soon able to enjoy long chats with his sister, hearing all about the old home-life and other scraps of news as well. A conciliatory letter came too from his father, who had been detained in his room by a sharp attack of gout, and when a week or so had passed Mrs. Conway declared she must go back to nurse him, leaving David in charge of Frances until he should be well enough to bear the journey home.

"Could you spare half-an-hour to Polly this evening?" David asked his sister the afternoon Mrs. Conway departed. "Poor child, she must miss her weekly lessons, and I really feel quite strong enough to see her for a few minutes before you begin."

Frances flushed uneasily and was silent.

"What does all this mystery mean?" David asked impatiently. "You are hiding something from me, Frances, I insist upon knowing!"

Seeing that prolonged ignorance was now out of the question, Frances thought it best to enlighten him.

"Polly is not here, she has gone away," she answered.

"Gone away? Why the child has no home! What has Mrs. Britton dismissed her for?"

"Well, the truth is, David, the very day we came she fell ill, and begged so earnestly to be taken to a hospital that Mrs. Britton consented."

"And now?" David controlled his quivering tones so that he might learn, if needs-be, the worst.

"I am afraid to tell you," Frances answered, suddenly rising, and bursting into tears.

"Poor little girl! and they say she would hardly leave your room all these weeks. She has no strength at all, and the doctors are afraid she cannot get over it."

There was a long silence. David lay back with closed eyes, going over the countless little services the workhouse waif had rendered him so cheerfully. He must try and get well in time to thank her for all she had done.

With the very best intentions, David was not allowed to carry out his plan of visiting the hospital for nearly another fortnight. Even then it was under pressure, and with a wrung-out consent from the little doctor, that he found himself driven towards the hospital, Frances by his side armed with stimulants and smelling-salts. He would not let her come further than the entrance for fear of infection, though she argued with some justice that she must now have faced all possible chance of risk.

How cold, and bare, and white, the long wards looked! The fleeting sunshine of the February afternoon shone into the room where Polly lay, the screened bed forming a point of interest to all the other patients.

"You have come only just in time," the nurse said, gazing with professional compassion at David's white face. "I don't think she will last many hours."

"Is she conscious?" the visitor asked.

"Off and on. She must be a good little soul, for she's always talking about a church and a minister, you, sir, I suppose?"

David bowed in acquiescence, and then went round to the other side of the screen.

Polly lay with her face pressed against the pillow; such a refined likeness of her former self,

that David was startled in the first moment of recognition. She opened her dark eyes languidly, and fixed them with a loving expression on her friend's face.

"I knew you would come!" she said.

They would not let him stay there long; and Polly in feeble words made known to him that this was her desire also.

"Might I speak about the church when I get There?" she asked, and David for answer reverently took the hand that had grown so white, and pressed it to his lips.

She fell asleep when he left at last, and so the night passed away.

"She had another morn than ours."

David's desires met with their fulfilment before many months were over. Old Mr. Conway sealed the contract of peace by building a church just at the entrance of Fenn's Court, and now David is no longer obliged to work alone in that Christianized district.

Polly has not been forgotten in the church she would have loved to see. Against the chancel-wall there glimmers a small tablet of pure marble in memory of the childlike heart now passed into the Temple "not made with hands."

"Something to begin with!"

We would do great things for God, but somehow miss taking the first step. "What are these among so many?" we question sceptically, counting over our small supplies so inadequate to meet the wants around us. Now, as then, the answer comes, "Make the men sit down!"

At all hazards do something; speculation will only paralyse our energies; begin, and as in the story of old we shall find our stores multiply under our hands, till they flow "over and above" the day's actual needs.

HELEN C. GARLAND.

AMONG THE MONGOLS.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A.

III.—URGA.

URGA is the great religious centre of north Mongolia and a place of considerable trading importance. It is about six hundred miles from the north frontier of China at Kalgan, and about two hundred miles from the south frontier of Russia at Kiachta. It is situated on the north bank of the river Tola, and is called by the Mongols "Hure," "Hure" meaning "enclosure" or "encampment," the full Mongol name of the place being "Bogdt Lama en Hure," the enclosure or encampment of the supreme lama. The Chinese call it "The Great Encampment," and the Russians call it "Urga,"

which is possibly a corruption of the Mongol Hure.

On approaching it from the south, one of the most prominent objects is the "Green House," as the Russian consulate is called, which stands on elevated ground, and is visible from afar. Perhaps the finest view of the neighbourhood is to be had from a stony hill, which rises behind the consulate. Standing on this hill the consulate is immediately below in front. The Chinese trading town lies some distance to the left or east, the Mongolian settlement and temples to the right or west. The view is closed on all sides by moun-

tains, some of which are high, and one, the large one right in front on the side of the valley, opposite to the consulate, is heavily wooded. The wood does not come to the base of the mountain, and seems darker at the top than lower down, owing probably to a different kind of tree preferring the greater altitude. This wood-clothed hill seems very beautiful, and its beauty is sometimes enhanced by great clouds which rest on it, hiding the top and coming some distance down its side, then clear away, leaving the submerged part of the forest white with the vapour frozen on the trees, the line marking the cloud limit being almost as level and distinct as the high-water mark on the sea-shore.

The sombre monotony of the valley is relieved by the gleaming waters of the Tola, which emerge from between mountains on the east, and flowing past disappears into a broad plain partly visible through a wide gap in the belt of hills which closes the view on the west.

Urga is a great place for wind, which during most of the months of the year is so cold as to make a spectator on the stony hill behind the consulate glad to descend to some less exposed position. The Chinese trading town on the east is well worthy of a visit. The population may be about five thousand, and there seem to be some wealthy firms doing a large business. Almost every courtyard is bounded by a high fence of the stems of young trees placed close together, and often plastered over with mud, and in nearly every establishment is visible from the street the brazen sheen of the brightly polished Russian samovar. The streets are moderately busy, with Chinese going hither and thither, and with Mongols bent on shopping expeditions. It is said that recently Chinese brass cash has been introduced as the circulating medium for the retail trade, but till, within a few years ago, buyers in the market used to be conspicuous from the clumsy bricks of tea which they carried in their arms or lashed to their saddles. The whole of the Chinese employed in trade at Urga live a life of self-imposed banishment, being prevented by law from bringing their wives and families, and for the most part revisit their native land at intervals of from five to ten years. Some of them return oftener, some of them stay away longer, but very few settle permanently, and thus the law forbidding the taking of their families is successful in its evident intention, namely, in keeping the traders attached to China and Chinese interests. The Mongol settlement is to the westward, and distant some two or three miles, the Russian consulate being situated between the two centres.

The most conspicuous objects in the Mongol town are the temples, which from afar look lofty and grand, but lose much of their imposing effect when approached and examined closely. In these temple premises, and at many street corners and busy places, are erected numerous praying wheels, supposed to be filled inside, many of them decorated outside, and some of them almost literally covered all round, with prayers, the idea being that any devout believer who turns the wheel, by so doing acquires as much merit as if he or she had repeated all the

prayers thus set in motion. These praying cylinders seem to be seldom left long at rest. In the quiet deserted-looking precincts of the temple may be heard the creaking of the rusty spindle, as it is turned in its unoiled socket by worshippers, who most likely have come from the country to perform their devotions at this great religious centre. Many, both lamas and laymen, male and female, as they pass along the streets, lay hold of the inviting handle and give a turn to such praying machines as they find standing in their path.

In front of temples may be seen sloping wooden platforms, at which men or women are busy making rapid prostrations towards these holy places; and all about the stony environs of this great stronghold of Buddhist faith may be met devotees painfully and slowly travelling round great circuits, measuring their way by "falling worship;" that is, lying down flat on their faces, and marking the place of their next prostration by their forehead, or by a piece of wood held in their hand. This falling worship is very exhausting, and soon wears out the clothes and the hands; and those who perform long journeys in this way usually fit wooden sandals to the hands and sheepskins to the knees.

Ask the Mongols what is the supposed benefit of this bodily worship, and they have a very plausible answer at hand. They divide the sins which men commit into three classes, those of the body, the tongue, and the mind, and, say they, since the sins are committed by the body, the tongue, and the mind, it is only fair that these three should bear each their proper share in expiating the sins, so while they prostrate themselves they keep repeating prayers with their tongue and endeavour to fix their minds on sacred objects.

It is common in some quarters to bestow high praise on Buddhism, and there are not wanting men who, as far as they are anything, are Christians, and yet profess to doubt the necessity for attempting to supersede human religions by the divine teachings of Christianity. But though full credit be allowed to all such doctrines of Buddhism as are good, the most indifferent and unenthusiastic Christian could not walk about the environs of Urga without wishing that these deluded people were taught a more excellent way of salvation.

The great Chinese trade is in the Chinese town, but there is a brisk retail trade in the Mongol town in shops both Russian and Chinese, and in the market which is held daily in the great open square, where provisions and necessities of all sorts are sold. Over the outskirts small eagles soar about whistling and wheeling, watching for an opportunity to swoop down and seize the few ounces of mutton or beef carried in the one hand of a returning purchaser whose other hand is employed with the rosary, and whose gaze is for the moment directed to some passing object of interest.

These market eagles are adepts at their trade, and are great proofs of how the Mongols carry out the teachings of Buddhism with regard to the sacredness of life. In most countries these birds would soon have to give up their business

or shift their locality, but the Mongols take them as a matter of course, and, quickly recovering from the momentary fright caused by the rush of the wings, pick up the meat, which is more frequently merely knocked out of the hand than actually carried off, apply to the retreating bird the epithet "Patricide," and quietly go on their way counting their beads and looking about them as if nothing had happened.

On the extreme west of Urga, and on a higher level than the other parts, stands a town, consisting of a temple and a cluster of houses, which is regarded as peculiarly holy. It is said that no layman and no woman is allowed to live there, and this forms perhaps the most sacred part of Urga.

As to the population of Urga, one who has seen it for only a day or two is hardly in a position to hazard a guess, as temple buildings and lama residences are very misleading when relied on as affording indications as to the number of inhabitants. We may reckon the Chinese traders as numbering probably about five thousand, and the Mongols may exceed them by a thousand or two, but it should be remembered that Urga being a sacerdotal town, the number of inhabitants fluctuates with circumstances. When I was there the residents of the place may have been fewer than usual, owing to the fact that the Supreme Lama had sometime before died, and had not yet been recovered in his "transmigrated" form.

The main exports of Urga are hides from the wide districts of surrounding country, and timber from its great hill forests. Its chief imports are tea and materials for clothing, which are distributed from here as a centre, but it depends for no small part of its importance on the fact that it is a great stage in the tea-carrying trade between China and Russia. It is true that some of the tea which goes north from Kalgan is contracted for by Mongols, who undertake to convey it right across the desert and deliver it in Kiachta, but the greater part is contracted for only as far as Urga, where new carriers have to be found to forward it over the remaining two hundred miles of desert. And it is not at all surprising that this should be so. In addition to the great distance from China, six hundred miles, which most carriers doubtless suppose a sufficiently long stage, the country north of Urga is so different from that to the south, it is not strange that one set of men should accustom themselves to the exigencies of travelling on the great plains of south Mongolia and Gobi, while another set of men should accustom themselves to the ascents and descents of the hills and valleys that lie between Urga and Kiachta. The Russian establishments at Urga seem to be mostly those of agents whose duty it is to receive consignments of tea from the south, examine into its condition, to see whether it has been allowed to get wet or been broken into during its transport, settle with the carriers, and arrange for its further transport to Kiachta. The presence of a consul is required to preside over this trade, and thus it comes that the Russians have a settlement at Urga. For the most part the number of Russians at Urga is small, but when the unsettled state of the

country demands it, armed force is sent sufficient to protect the consulate. In 1871 quite a formidable little detachment was moved from Kiachta and took up its position beside the "Green House." It would appear, however, that when the danger passed these troops were withdrawn and Urga relapsed into its normal condition.

Urga is in many respects a remarkable place, and there are some grand and many strange sights to be seen in it, but in all probability the deepest impression will not be made by the grandly-wooded hill, the gleaming Tola, or the gilded temples; most likely the mind of the visitor will be haunted for years after by the sight of the beggars in the market-place. Urga swarms with beggars, both in the market-place and everywhere, but the ordinary beggar seen there is not much out of the usual run of mendicants, and does not elicit more than usual compassion.

There is a class of beggars to be seen in Urga, however, whom having once seen it is not easy to forget, and that is those who are too far gone and too helpless to beg more, and take up their abode out on the open, stony, cold market-place, live on what is offered them, and die when their time comes. It is a bleak cold place, seemingly seldom free from wind, and though the able-bodied among the beggars manage to put up something behind which they lie down partly-sheltered, the helpless ones lie exposed to all the blasts that blow. They are usually covered with an accumulation of pieces of old felt and skin-coat rags, and there they lie in all weathers, regarded with seemingly perfect indifference by those who pass, eating such things as charity may put into their cup, till some morning their lair is found empty, and any of the rags that are worth having become the property of such of the survivors as may be able to appropriate them. Considering the seemingly perfect indifference with which these dying creatures are regarded, it is a relief and almost a surprise to find that they are removed when dead. They are not carried far however. A very short distance from the Russian consulate numerous skulls, many of them fresh, may be found lying about in the water-worn ravines, where they have been left after being picked as clean as canine teeth and perseverance can make them.

The visitor on first walking about Urga, will be exceptionally indifferent if he has not his spirit stirred within him at the superstitious practices and devices that meet his eye. Should he happen to know the language and remain, especially in native lodgings, for a day or two, he will have his spirit much more deeply moved by the wickedness that comes under his notice. Urga is the headquarters of the Buddhism of North Mongolia, it is also a stronghold of unblushing sin. Its wickedness does not spring from any one source, but the full tide of the stream of iniquity that rolls through it is fed by several tributaries, which uniting, make up the dark flood of its evil. Thus it happens that the encampment of the Supreme Lama of Mongolia is reputed to be the most supremely wicked place in the whole of that wide country.



[From a Photograph.]

GETHSEMANE AS IT IS.

"While at Jerusalem we have occasionally passed, and one day deliberately set ourselves to visit, the place which claims to be the 'Garden of Gethsemane.' They say that in this case tradition is probably right. The garden is situated at the foot of the Mount of Olives, and is inclosed within a white wall of stone and plaster. We entered, to find its interior laid out in prim squares, surrounded by a 'neat' railing, and ornamented with importunate rows of the most common-place flower-pots, while gaudy little wall-pictures professed to set forth the successive incidents of that awful night. We went a few paces within this inclosure, and stopped. A grinning gardener laid down his hoe at the prospect of a fee. We turned and walked out in silence. And yet this may have been the 'Garden of Gethsemane.'"—*Past and Present in the East. By the Rev. Harry Jones.*

THE PSALMS IN ENGLISH VERSE.

IT has been a problem with the English churches for many generations how best to adapt the "Psalms of David" to utterance in song. The question is, at length, very generally solved by the introduction of the chant, which, with proper management, is found almost as suitable to the humblest village congregation as to the cathedral choir; and which gives to worshippers the inestimable advantage of as close an adherence as literal translation permits to the holiest and sublimest words of worship that the world contains. What more can be needed? Yet there are some who still find it easiest to sing these songs of Zion in modern lyrical forms, with the aids of metre and of rhyme. Then, apart from such aids it is not always clearly understood even that the Psalms are poetry. As prose, they appear in our ordinary Bibles, and as prose they are read out in many a Christian assembly; though here again the arrangement in parallelisms adopted in most Paragraph Bibles is an inestimable advantage. Any expedient which makes it clear that these Divine compositions are poetic in form as well as in spirit must aid in their intelligent comprehension; and all good metrical versions of the Psalms have, therefore, a distinct literary and exegetical value. In the simple Hebrew speech lie felicities concealed until the touch of the poet's master hand wakens them to life. A notable instance of this is in Addison's well-known paraphrase of the words in the Nineteenth Psalm, "There is no speech nor language (where) their voice is not heard," the word *where* being an interpolation that turns all to prose: the scholar and poet seizes the Psalmist's thought and turns it into music; as, not to quote words so familiar as Addison's, Mr. Digby Seymour has also done in the volume before us.*

"No voice the silence breaking,
In solemn pomp they roll;
No sound—yet they are speaking
A language to the soul!

Their strain mysterious reaches
As far as earth extends,
And one deep lesson teaches
The world's remotest ends."

In the second of these stanzas, the word "strain," for the "line" which we have in our Bibles, is both a scholarly and a poetic touch.

Four signal efforts were made in past generations to present the Hebrew Psalter in an English lyrical form; the first belonging to the era of the Reformation, the second to the Commonwealth, the third to the Restoration, and the fourth to the early days of the great evangelical revival. These versions have each had a characteristic place in the religious history of Britain. With the first the name of Thomas Sternhold,

Groom of the Stole to Henry VIII., is chiefly associated. "Being a most zealous Reformer," writes Wood in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, "and a most strict liver, Sternhold became so scandalized at the amorous and obscene songs used in the Court, that he turned into English metre fifty-one of David's Psalms, and caused unusual notes to be set to them; thinking thereby that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets; but," adds the chronicler, with innocent surprise, "they did not, some few excepted." Sternhold died in 1549: his friend John Hopkins, with William Kethe,* and others, took up the work, and published the whole Psalter in 1551. Of these worthies, Thomas Fuller writes, "their piety was better than their poetry, and they had drank more of Jordan than of Helicon." Yet the version of "Sternhold and Hopkins" must always have a distinct value for the student, as having been made directly from the Hebrew, and independent, therefore, of the then current translation, that of the "Great Bible," 1540, still preserved in the Church of England Prayer-book. It was, of course, made long before the present, or "King James's" translation; and to compare the three is often a great help to the interpreter.

The next version is that which was selected by a Committee of the Westminster Assembly of Divines (1649) on the recommendation of the House of Commons! The author thus approved was Francis Rouse, Provost of Eton in the time of the Commonwealth, and M.P. for Cornwall. This version with certain emendations, was afterwards accepted by the Presbyterian Church of Scotland; and the work of an Englishman has thus become the "Scottish Psalter," as universally known and loved in congregations, schools, and homes, as though it had not, in the first instance, come across the border. It is not a little singular that the one book which, more than any other, has impressed itself on the religious life of Scotland should be almost wholly of English origin.

The production of Nahum Tate, Poet Laureate to William III., and of his coadjutor, the Rev. Nicholas Brady (1696), has appeared down to recent times in the English Prayer-book as the "New Version." When it appeared, a taste for paraphrase had set in, and writers sought above all things "elegance" in composition. Hence the dull, verbose and tame result,† with here and there a passage of redeeming excellence, as in Psalm xxxiv.—

"Through all the changing scenes of life."

"It may not be generally known," we read the other day in a leading London newspaper, "that

* "The Hebrew Psalter," or "Book of Praises," commonly called "The Psalms of David," a new metrical translation. By William Digby Seymour, Q.C., LL.D., Recorder of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. London, 1882.

† Driving into London one day with Lady Burdett Coutts, Bishop Wilberforce was asked if he knew what was meant by a "Drysalter." "Oh yes," was the ready answer, "I do. Tate and Brady."—*Life*, by his Son, vol. iii.

Dr. Isaac Watts, in addition to his other poems, wrote a metrical version of the Psalms." Such is fame! It cannot be thirty years since Watts's Psalms were sung in every orthodox Nonconformist place of worship in the land. Have they now so utterly vanished? If so, they have met with less than their desert. For although greatly inferior, as regards literal exactness, to Sternhold or to Rouse, Dr. Watts succeeded at least in associating the faith and love of the Christian believer with the poetry of the Hebrew Psalmists in a way hitherto unprecedented. Such indeed was his avowed aim—to "imitate," as his own title-page shows, "the Psalms of David in the language of the New Testament." The work of Dr. Watts might more precisely be called a Hymn-book based upon the Psalter; and if judged from this point of view, he must be admitted to have achieved a great success. For considerably more than a century he has aided the devotions of myriads by such strains as—

"Our God, our help in ages past."
 "Sweet is the work, my God my King."
 "Great God, indulge my humble claim."
 "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun."
 "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;"

and many more, which, if not precisely Psalms of David, are noble hymns of praise to God and to His Christ, of which the inspiration was derived from the Old Testament Psalter.

Passing by many notable renderings of individual Psalms, from Sandys and Milton down to our own day, including versions by Mr. Josiah Conder, Miss Harriet Auber (author of the Hymn "Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed"), Sir Robert Grant, Mr. G. Rawson and others, as well as the more or less successful attempts to versify the whole Psalter by Bishop Mant, the Rev. H. F. Lyte,* Archdeacon Churton, and the Marquis of Lorne, we must stop to notice one version of surpassing merit, yet strangely little known. It bears no author's name, it is simply called "the Oxford Psalter" (1839), but is now recognised as the work of the late Rev. J. Keble, and is included in his collected writings. Like Sternhold, Mr. Keble rendered the Psalms anew from the original Hebrew, and his translations are remarkable for literality and force, with a ruggedness of diction that seems often deliberate; the main defect of the work lying in the effort to be at once literal and picturesque. Lucidity is sometimes sacrificed, and painful inversions of language are a discouragement to the reader. Yet on the whole there is no rhythmical version equal to it as a transcript of the original; as slightly affected, perhaps, as it is ever possible to be by the restraints of English versification.

The recently-published version by Mr. Digby Seymour, to which allusion has already been made, is also distinguished by fidelity to the Hebrew, and is less constrained in phrase and metre. The result is a series of translations too close to be called paraphrases, and at the same time marked by more ease and variety of expression

than literal renderings have often attained. They are English lyrics, yet everywhere pervaded by the true spirit of the Psalms. Let the reader compare the following with the familiar Hundredth Psalm of the Old Version: "All people that on earth do dwell," or of the New: "With one consent let all the earth," or of Dr. Watts: "Before Jehovah's awful throne."

"Loud let your shouts to God ascend!
 All earth the strain prolong;
 Let gladness with His service blend;
 Before Him come with song!"

Know ye that He who made our frames,
 The Lord, is God indeed;
 And His are we,* the flock He claims,
 The sheep His pastures feed.

Oh, enter then, with thanks, His gates,
 His courts approach with praise;
 To His dread Name, where mercy waits,
 Your grateful anthems raise.

For God our Lord alone is good,
 His love alone is sure;
 His truth, that hath for ages stood,
 For ages shall endure!"

One great characteristic of this book is its variety of measure. Mr. Seymour has adapted almost every familiar English metre to the several Psalms, often with much appropriateness. If anything, perhaps, he is too fond of anapaestic forms, as—to take a random instance—

"Let their souls be perplexed till they know and avow
 That alone, self-existent, Jehovah art Thou!"

—Ps. lxxxiii.

Or this again—

"Such a happy career when the wicked survey,
 They shall gnash with their teeth in despair,
 When they think how the pleasures of sin pass away
 As a phantom that melts in the air."—Ps. cxii.

But the following is equally appropriate and poetical—

"And blest are they, the pilgrim band,
 Who come to worship here,
 And mark each spot upon the road
 To pious travellers dear,
 Who tread with joy the sandy vale
 Where weeping balms their scent exhale!

To them the hot and arid waste
 Becomes a place of springs,
 Enriched with all the verdure fresh
 The rain of autumn brings.
 From strength to strength they journey, till
 They meet their God on Zion's hill.

Jehovah! God of Hosts! my prayer
 Oh let Thy mercy hear,
 And Thou, O God of Jacob, lend
 To me Thy listening ear.
 O God, our Strength, upon the face
 Of Thine anointed look with grace!"

—Ps. lxxxiv.

* Mr. Lyte's version (as also Miss Auber's) attempts only to give "the spirit of the Psalms," and can hardly be classed, admirable as it often is, among literal renderings.

* Mr. Seymour here follows the true Hebrew original, "He hath made us, and we are His." The rendering, "And not we ourselves" is undoubtedly from a mistaken reading.

The following, too, is not unworthy to be compared with other renderings of the Ninetieth Psalm, numerous as these have been.

"Thou, Lord, hast been our dwelling place,
From age to age, from race to race.
Before the mountains saw the morn,
Before the teeming earth was born,
The same to-day as in the past,
Yea, Thou art God from first to last!"

Thou turnest man to dust, and then
Thou say'st 'Return to life again;'
For in Thine eyes a thousand years
Are but as yesterday appears,
When it hath passed in time's swift flight,
Or watch unchronicled of night.

Thou sweepest them as torrent stream,
As broken sleep, as vanished dream,
As grass that, gemmed with morning's dew,
Springs up again with verdure new,
But when the heat its moisture dries,
Fades of itself and droops and dies."

Had we space, we should have liked to quote Mr. Digby Seymour's finely turned renderings of one or two of the responsive Psalms, especially of the Twenty-fourth, with its "antiphonal measure, voice answering to voice, and chorus to chorus," as the Ark is carried into the city of David. The application of this Psalm to the Ascension of our Lord, as in Handel's *Messiah* and Charles Wesley's Hymn, has somewhat obscured its meaning to ordinary readers. As a rule, the literal interpretation should take precedence of the mystical, the secondary, or the allegorical, however legitimate and beautiful these last may be. For his adherence to this principle, Mr. Digby Seymour deserves our thanks, and the fruits of his learned leisure may profitably occupy the studious or musing hours of Christian readers; while some of his renderings may take their place beside those of Watts and Wesley, Lyte and Koble, in the public worship of the churches.

Sabbath Thoughts.

THE FATHER IN HEAVEN.

"Our Father, which art in heaven."—Matt. vi. 9.

"WHICH art in heaven;" it is thus that we are to think of God; it is thus that He is revealed to us by the Son who says, "I came down from heaven." We must think of Him to whom we say, "Our Father," as the real, personal, living and true God, dwelling in the High and Holy place; no abstraction, like the "God everywhere" of the Pantheist, no "unknown God," like the imagined God of the altar Paul saw in Athens; our God has been revealed to us as in heaven, and as our Father, so that the humblest and weakest of us may take courage when we call upon Him after the manner which Jesus taught.

"In heaven!" Where is heaven? In all our ignorance it is something to be able to say Our

Father is there! His presence makes heaven what it is.

Observe that throughout the teaching of our Lord in this wonderful sermon on the Mount, He keeps prominently before His hearers this thought of God, in all the varied connections in which He speaks of Him. Matt. v. 16: "That they may glorify your Father which is in heaven;" v. 45: "That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven;" ver. 48: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Ch. vi. 1: "Ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven;" ver. 14: "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you;" ver. 26: "Behold the fowls of the air, your heavenly Father feedeth them;" ver. 32: "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Ch. vii. 11: "How much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" ver. 21: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven: but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." All these expressions in that one discourse must have brought the thought of the Father very prominently before the hearers of our Lord, as being in heaven, preparing them to begin their prayer by so addressing God. Jesus was training His disciples to think thus of Him to whom they prayed, and some of them knew and felt that when He spoke of heaven He spoke of His own blessed home, and could not help diffusing around Him some of the radiance of His Father's house from which He had so lately come down to dwell on earth, "for us men and for our salvation." O may He so reveal to us the Father that we may dwell with Him in heaven for evermore!

THE HALLOWED NAME.

"Hallowed be Thy name."—Matt. vi. 9.

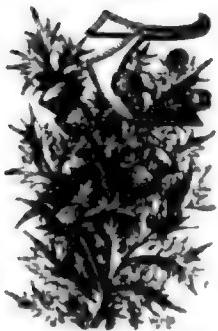
WE must know something of God if we would know His Name, for that word means all that we can understand of His being and His character as revealed to men. Could we gain such a glimpse of the worship of the sanctuary as Isaiah saw in wondrous vision when he "saw His glory and spake of Him,"—could we see the seraphim veiling their faces, and hear them crying "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts,"—how poor would our best earthly worship appear! how wonderful would it be to us that the High and Holy One whom these exalted beings so humbly adore, should ever deign to accept the praises and listen to the prayers of sinful man on earth!

Let us not, however, for this cause deem our prayers to be in vain. There is One before the Throne who casts the incense of His intercession upon every offering made by those whom He has redeemed by His blood. This makes prayer from earth a worthy offering in the sight of the Highest, but let us see that we present not mere words but the true desires of our hearts in that high Presence, lest we should be found mocking God and despising His ordinance even in the act of saying, "Hallowed be Thy name."

Pages for the Young.

THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

I.



THE shades of evening were falling over the old town of Aix, in Provence. It was striking seven in the venerable clock-tower, and the last vibrations beat in harmony with the strokes of the hammer of the farrier, Anselm Duroc. Forthwith, and as if by enchantment, the shops were closed, the workmen left the factories, and were regaining their homes. In the suburbs quiet was everywhere succeeding the activity of the day. Only the indefatigable blacksmith was continuing the work which he had commenced. We might say that the lateness of the hour was for him another spur for his work. His vigorous arm was striking with hard blows the anvil on which curled a bar of iron, like a ribbon of fire-like redness.

Amidst this noise a gentle voice was heard on the landing-place of the stairs, which was almost lost in the darkness of the forge beneath: "Father! are you not coming? The soup will become cold, if you stay longer. Mother is calling you. You must be hungry, and it is time to leave off work."

"I am coming, my dear, but you know the proverb: 'We must strike the iron whilst it is hot.' However, in the meanwhile, get ready my jacket and waistcoat; I must dress before supper."

The thick mist which hovered over the town during this autumnal evening required some precautions. Anselm had very good health, but care was necessary for him: for besides the work at the forge, at which he laboured hard, for the last five years he had also to attend to the feeble condition of his wife. Poor Martha had exhausted her strength in nursing her youngest child. How often she said, with a smile mixed with sorrow, "This fine and chubby boy has taken away my fresh colour; look at his cheeks! They are like roses, and mine are pale!"

On this occasion, when hearing such words, the considerate Anselm knew that he must make some excuse for his slow coming, and therefore he hastened to join Martha, and, with fond kindness, pressed his cheeks against hers, at the same time saying to her, "Your little Paul will bring you back again your good colour, I assure you; . . . yes, you will see; you will be prettier than ever." . . . And after a moment of tender endearment, he went on to say, "Is not his mother more rosy than I am now?"

This remark made all the family laugh. The elder of the children, Daniel, had well passed his eight years of age; he was tall, but very delicate, and had less vivacity than his brother. His temper resembled that of his mother, and he was inclined to quiet ways.

The eldest of the three, a tall and handsome girl, was entering into her thirteenth year. Sophia had not only an exterior which attracts attention, she was endowed with a large share of that spirit at once sympathetic and attractive of which some natures alone enjoy the gift. Her countenance was frank and open, her eye bright, making apparent a person of warm and brave heart. She was already helpful to her mother in the concerns of the house,

and Martha knew that she could depend on the assistance of this child, whose judgment made up for her tender age.

A perfect integrity, feelings of extreme delicacy, and especially the duty of devotedness, formed together a number of qualities that rendered Sophia singularly amiable.

Anselm had a father's tenderest fondness for his daughter; he thought that he saw in her the reflection of his own energy. Did she happen to be absent a minute, some one must instantly search for her. Did she make mention of any circumstance, her brothers were captivated by the originality of her mind, the correctness of her observations, and by her inexhaustible kindness. What especially surprised them was the moral with which Sophia terminated her infantine stories.

"How do you know all that?" murmured sometimes her mother, whose duller mind could not understand the precocious intelligence of her daughter.

"Really!" said she, one evening to her husband, "really she astonishes me. . . . Is it natural for the child of an artisan to have such a taste? Instead of playing with children of the neighbourhood, she is taken up with books, especially those that she brings from the Sunday-school. Then she arranges the stories as well as she can, makes them suitable for the youngest children, who listen to her as to an oracle; it is wonderful!"

"This is a strange affair certainly," replied Anselm, raising his shoulders. "You see, my dear, these books and stories do not occupy all her time: I see her busy at sewing, at house-work. . . . Well then! what is to be said about it? Where is the harm of her having also these tastes? She will be a fine woman some day. . . . She has a brave heart for work; she has good address; and the fingers of a fairy withal: and then how goodnatured and kind she is! Why should she not learn, if that pleases her?"

"In truth, I think you are right," said Martha, quite of his opinion. . . . "Have you not observed in the evening how she remains in thought near the forge? We might say that she dreams while she is quite awake."

"Oh! how you talk; you would make me believe I don't know what! you just trust her; she has a good head, I can tell you. If she dreams, let her dream. For my part, I think it is a good sign when people like to see the forge; besides, she is not the only one that does so: our neighbours like to look on."

Thus answered Anselm; and indeed Sophia had this habit of coming in the dusk of the evening, across the road to be near the forge. There, squatted at the foot of a tree in the middle of the dry leaves which carpeted the ground, she often remained in a silent reverie. The hoarse sound of the forge's bellows soothed her much, whilst the blaze of the hearth now brightened or now became more dim. She found a secret pleasure in gazing at the sparks which shot forth under the repeated strokes of the hammers. The sight of the rough workers moving to and fro, sometimes towards the bright light of their place of work, and at other times disappearing in the darkness like Chinese shadows, amused her in the highest degree. Her young fancy appeared to search for and find something poetical in these weird scenes which she peopled with imaginary personages, and an innate taste predisposed her to take the artistic view of this strange and busy scene.

II.

The blacksmith took his accustomed place at the table, and his children in their turns came to give him an affectionate kiss, for they all dearly loved their father. After his eyes had rested on his family with silent affection, he raised them to heaven when uttering a few words of thanksgiving, and then distributed to his dear ones the steaming

soup that had been placed before him. A frank and joyous humour was seen in their faces, but they did not think of talking, each hungry mouth being better employed. Silence is always a good sign when it thus reigns at the commencement of the meal; a true sign of good appetite. Whilst the family is thus engaged, let us cast a glance on the furniture and the aspect of their humble abode.

You have no doubt, dear reader, visited a museum. Among the magnificent works of art, and amidst the galleries of paintings, has not your attention been attracted by one of the pictures, the simple style of which captivated at first sight? I would remind you of those Flemish interiors, so clean and so bright, in which everything is in its place, and in which the calm of family life responds to the orderly neatness of the house. Martha's kitchen recalls one of such scenes.

It is a spacious room, with paving of red brick, scrupulously clean, and of a tint pleasing to the eye. The blaze of the hearth is reflected on the clean glass of a large window, which during the morning allows the warm rays of the sun of Provence to penetrate in streams. There is a cupboard of antique style, with steel bindings, and surmounted by a shelf on which hang many pieces of ancient Delft ware. On the shelf of the large chimney-piece copper candlesticks are mingled amidst coffee-pots, and earthenware of all sizes, to be used at the early breakfast. In fine, here and there, are hung on the wall various implements for work: and these diverse articles have an aspect useful more than ornamental. Near the chimney-piece is a door almost open, and there is seen on the other side a closet with curtains of yellow and red striped serge. This is the apartment of Martha and her two boys. On the right, a narrow partition forms a small recess occupied by Sophia's couch, her little table, and her two stools. The girl's modest furniture is completed by a library in miniature, consisting of a few books carefully dusted and attended to. Among the books is a New Testament, in which many markers show the devotional readings of the girl. It is here especially that she likes to read over again the lesson given at the Sunday-school. Never, yes never, has she thought of neglecting this duty; for nothing in the world would she give herself up to frivolous amusement. The love of duty is carried by her to scrupulous exactness.

Let us return to the kitchen, where the children's talk had become more audible.

"Father, some more potatoes, if you please?"

"What! Paul, you have eaten all yours already?"

"Yes, I have eaten them, and my bread too; see how much is left!"

"What an appetite, my darling! hand your plate then . . . And you, Daniel, do you want some?"

"Thank you, father, I have done, but I am thirsty."

"Drink then, my boy—hold . . . You never eat so much as your brother . . . You are like mother: you have always something sticking in your throat."

"Oh! He is not so old as I am," said Martha. "By-and-by his digestion will become stronger."

"Well! Sophia, what are you waiting for? to finish your soup? You are behindhand."

"Yes, mother," said the little girl hesitatingly, "but I was thinking."

"About what? Let us see! You are always thinking about something, you are."

Turning towards her mother, Sophia muttered some words in a low tone of voice.

"Ah! I know," said her mother; "you want to divide your soup with the little girls of the washerwoman, our neighbour."

"Ah! mother, you know it very well. Little Susan is at work all day, and never at home; she cannot get ready anything for the evening: and Rose too has very seldom

such a good soup as this: I should like so much to let them taste it!"

"It is your kind heart that says so," said the father; "you are right, my child; we must help one another in this world. But why make any stint for yourself; the soup-dish is not empty, thank God, and we are all served. When you have finished your dinner, you will go up to Rose's house, and take her what you like. Ah! life is hard for some people, and to have what is needful in the house is not always so easy."

"Yes," replied Martha earnestly, "such a father as you, my dear Anselm, working from daylight continually as you do, is a real treasure! So, take great care of yourself; we have great need of you: what would become of us, if you were to leave us? Sophia, bring to your father the stew that is simmering in the saucepan; he will take some, will you not, Anselm?"

"To be sure; the soup is already down to my heels. That heavy hammer hurts one; it pulls all the muscles; and the length of the time must be considered: we have been at work from the beginning of the morning: so the week's work is a great deal forwarded; and it ought to be, for they have promised to have it ready on Saturday."

"What toil! I tremble sometimes when I think I may see you failing ill."

"Bah! bah! work makes lazy people afraid, but it does not kill anybody," said the blacksmith, smiling; "and then one has a little chat now and then between spells of work, you know."

"And yet, so it is that the farrier on the high street does his work in good time! He is one who seems to take things easily!"

"If it is so with Girard that is his concern: everybody has his way of working. It is enough to know that the customers are satisfied. Do you remember that farmer living at Mas des Iles, and the plough shares that he brought to the forge? He had them fetched away only through our man's carelessness: I seem to hear him storming now. There is no fear of his coming back! Ah! but to lose the confidence of your customers is no trifle."

"For a good-hearted man such as you, it is hard of course: but see, people make no difference, and for proof of it, all the heavy work falls on you. And then there is that clumsy apprentice you have now; I am sure he must be discharged."

"To be sure he is very awkward, poor James," said Anselm, rising from the table, "but a good workman is rare, very rare! To get one you must inquire right and left about the country, and try perhaps ten of them. This one is well known; we know what he can do, he is a good fellow. . . . Bah! why take so much trouble? The forge is always busy, that is enough."

Skilful as well as industrious, particularly scrupulous in keeping his promise, and moderate in his charges, Anselm had well managed his workshop. The good arrangement and economy of Martha aiding him, the prosperity of the concern increased every year. At the period when our story commences, the honest farrier and his family were very justly considered to be enjoying in no small measure the well-to-do state of life.

III.

"You are come back alone! and your brother?" said Martha to Daniel, one afternoon, at the time when the child, having returned from school, was entering the kitchen.

"Paul! He is staying at the forge."

"That is just what I do not wish. You know very well that you and he must not play near the furnace; an accident may happen at any time. Sophia, my child, go and

look for Paul, and bring him to me immediately. I am not easy when he is down there."

As she was finishing these words, a noise like that of the fall of a body which strikes the ground heavily, arose suddenly from the forge. Martha made a bound to the workshop. The misfortune of which she had a presentiment surpassed, alas! all her fears. What did she behold? Her husband stretched on the ground with his two hands over his eyes, and uttering heart-rending cries, whilst Paul was crying aloud at his side. Motionless, and with his mouth gaping, the apprentice still held in his left hand a piece of red-hot iron, and the right hand had just dropped his heavy hammer. Here is what had happened.

At the moment when Anselm was drawing out a piece of sheet-iron intended for the panel of a gate, the two little boys had entered running into the workshop. Attracted by the strange figures with which the piece was ornamented, Paul went forward to hold his hand over the iron, still very hot. The imminence of the danger being evident, Anselm had rushed forward, stooping towards his son, and had roughly drawn him back. By this instinctive movement the farrier was for a moment placed on a level with the anvil, and chance would have it so that, not letting his attention be drawn aside by the circumstances of the time, the apprentice continued to beat the red-hot iron. Just at this time a flood of fire enveloped the head of Anselm; his face was incinerated by numerous sparks, and some of the particles penetrated into his eyes. In excruciating pain he fell to the ground.

It was in this state that he appeared to Martha and to Sophia, and both agitated by the same feelings of grief began to utter lamentable cries: "Help! Help! merciful God, help!" said they.

At these reiterated cries, neighbours and passers-by eagerly entered the forge. To carry away the injured man, and to convey him to his bed-room in order to bestow on him the best of attentions, was the work of a few moments.

Applications of wet bandages served to ease for a time the pain on the face already swollen: but the slightest touch on his closed eye-lids drew from him dreadful groaning.

"Oh! how I am suffering! my friends, how I am suffering!" murmured the poor man. "These eyes, oh! these eyes, the pain is all there. What pain!"

"Have courage! father, have courage!" kept on repeating the desponding girl amongst her tears. "It will be nothing. The severe pain will go away. They are going to try a new remedy which they call a sovereign one. Oh! I wish at any rate I could relieve you now!"

While Sophia bathed with the greatest care her father's head, Martha, as if frantic, rushed about in wild agitation. The two little boys, taken care of by the obliging neighbours, were removed in order to diminish all possible disturbance. Some kind women prepared old linen, and other things necessary on such an occasion: some were eager to make a mixture of oil and solewort, such as they had lately seen applied for burns; and from this mixture, a recent and highly commended remedy, they expected the best results.

This treatment was succeeded by a kind of calm amongst the good people. As it commonly happens after accidents of this sort, when curiosity was satisfied, and the first excitement was over, every one took the road home, each truly concerned about the frightful misfortune. Little Susan alone remained behind.

The laundress had found out that her presence was necessary. Martha, unable to give sufficient attention to her husband, and weakened by the excitement, exhausted in body and mind, ended by sinking into a lethargic state. She had small reserve of moral power and could not bear up against physical suffering: misfortune bore her down

like a slender reed beaten down by the tempest. Fortunately Sophia exhibited a wonderful presence of mind, but alone the poor girl could not have been sufficient for the task: the assistance of Susan was therefore most valuable. Thanks to her, nothing was wanting during the long and dreary night.

On the morrow Anselm appeared to be less disquieted, and he could sleep some hours. Sophia never quitted the bedside of her father. Silent and collected she prayed, but the hour of deliverance was not come.

IV.

What an awaking for the unfortunate Anselm! One night had scarcely passed since his sad accident, and already an age seemed to separate him from life, from strength, and from health! He had been seen in the evening fresh and active, having continued at work blithely from the early morning at the forge. What a change since that time! A general state of suffering now took possession of his limbs, and his head could not rest on the pillow. Weighed down by pain, his eyelids remained closed, and his mind was assailed by the most poignant reflections.

Ever attentive, Sophia had rightly guessed her father's waking time. She knew the nature of his thoughts, and in her filial solicitude she contrived to withdraw him from anxiety and to raise his depressed spirits.

"Well, father," said she, pressing her hands on him, "rest has eased your sufferings, has it not? You are better this morning."

"Better! I do not know. It is impossible for me to open my eyes. What has taken place appears to me like a dream, and yet there is frightful reality in it... It is sad, my child, it cannot be more so; and what will come of it? Alas!"

"Do not let us despair, dear father: perhaps, it will be long: but let us hope for the best. Our Lord restored sight to the blind: cannot He cure your eyes? You see I have hope."

"Dear child, you want to comfort me... you are right... we must leave all to the will of God... Tell me now, for I want to take something, and my weakness increases, what have you to give me?"

"An excellent broth of Susan's making. Ah! if you only knew the attention of this good woman!" continued Sophia, "she has not left me an instant in the night. At the beginning of the day, as you were sleeping, I was obliged to entreat her earnestly to consent to return home to her little Rose."

"That was very good of her, my girl; Susan has a grateful heart; she remembers all that you have so many times done for her child. And your mother—where is she now?"

"Mother is taking a little rest, and really it was necessary for her, you know. She has had all the evening a nervous trembling, and at times severe agitation: and then she was so pale, so very pale."

"Ah! your mother sees the extent of our misfortune: she believes that my sight is greatly injured... It is a sad thing for us, and most of all for her. Poor Martha! What a blow! And you, Sophia, are you not very tired? You are a good creature; ah! it is a blessing to have such a child."

Whilst thus speaking, Anselm drew his hand gently over the hair of his daughter, who bent downwards, sometimes to raise the pillow on which lay heavily her father's head; at other times to present to his lips a cup of steaming broth.

It was known that Anselm's constitution was strong, and therefore he soon recovered his usual state of bodily health; but the condition of his eyes remained the same. Some

weeks passed by without bringing about any change. In vain they fostered illusions, or tried to deny what was evident. Anselm's blindness was complete.

Sophia was now her father's guide and comforter. Her cheery words, abounding in pious resignation, alone could succeed in withdrawing the blind man from his gloomy thoughts.

Already autumn, with its fine days, was passing away, and the signs of an unusually severe winter were beginning to appear in this southern region.

Somewhat recovered from the shock, but still depressed in spirit, Martha had again applied herself to her customary work. The infirmity of her husband, incapable henceforth of administering to the wants of the house, was for her a subject of sore trouble and anxiety.

However, the forge was at work; it went on generally well; an account of each day's labour was given in at the end of the evening. Anselm tried to direct the inexperience of the apprentice: but not always successfully. Some customers had at once deserted the shop; the example was soon followed by others, and at the end of some months, orders had almost completely ceased.

What was to be done? and what was to become of all concerned in it? The forge no longer paid its expenses; it must be shut up; and from this period they must spend the savings laid up in times of prosperity. Of course the most stringent economy was exacted in the expenses; but to support the family and to clothe it for the winter were necessities not less essential than the treatment and the nourishment of the blind father. What anxiety! what unavailing efforts! Wearyed by striving in vain, Martha succumbed under the weight of her trouble.

"What is the use of all this?" said she; "nothing comes of it; our misery is increasing. When working men are laid up, it is all over with us! Money goes away like water, and does not come back any more. When all is spent we must borrow . . . then sell our things and our furniture! We shall see: all will go away, and then——"

"Afterwards, God will provide, dear mother," replied Sophia, always courageous in spite of adversity. "Why be disturbed beforehand? 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'

While speaking thus she redoubled her efforts, and her eagerness to avoid all unnecessary expenses. However, in vain they passed long hours in sewing, in mending the linen and the garments; their resources became exhausted, their wants increased. Where were those happy days; what had become of those joyful hours, when she was accustomed to look at the forge in full activity? With health and her father at work, these were days of happiness! Had she appreciated these blessings as she ought? In the times of prosperity, when all things go on well, we too often neglect to attribute to the great Giver the good things we enjoy. It concerned Sophia particularly, whose young heart knew how to find fresh causes for thankfulness and bravely to endure trial. Although stricken with grief the child sought with pious anxiety the means of coming to the aid of her parents.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XIII.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." (Psa. l. 15.) Read John iv. 31, 54.

Now that our Lord was left with His disciples, His mind was so occupied with high thoughts that He could not eat the food they had brought. *What did He say was His meat?*

Then He looked on the rich fields covered with young and green corn, and He thought of another harvest, the harvest of souls ready to be reaped and brought into God, for the fields of the world were already white unto this harvest, and He was even now beginning to reap. *What is said of the Samaritans? Why did they believe? They believed because they had gone to Jesus and heard Him speak themselves. It is just so with us, we must go for ourselves to Jesus, then we shall know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world, ready to fulfil all His promises to every one who goes to Him.*

After spending two days in Samaria, *where did Jesus go? In what direction does Galilee lie with regard to Samaria? I will name some of the remarkable places which the Lord must have passed in this journey. First, in Shechem, the tomb of Joseph. (See Josh. xxiv. 32.) There it is still to be seen, a little square enclosure with a white wall round it. Then He passed Samaria itself, the city of the wicked Ahab and Jezebel. Do you remember that two great prophets lived in their time and did many wonderful works? Not far from Samaria lay Tirzah. Here Jeroboam lived, the first King of Israel after it was separated from Judah; and here his little son Abijah died. (1 Kings xiv. 17.) Next comes Dothan. Here Joseph's cruel brethren conspired against him and cast him into a pit. (Gen. xxxvii. 17, 24.) Then the road passes through rocky glens and olive groves till we reach, on the right hand, Mount Gilboa. What king and his three sons were killed there, in battle with the Philistines? (1 Sam. xxxi. 1.) The great and rich plain of Esdraelon, and the valley of Megiddo are next reached, the scene of Barak's great victory (Judges v. 19); and of many other battles. Jezreel stands near it. Here Ahab coveted the vineyard of Naboth, and Jezebel caused Naboth to be put to death. (1 Kings xxi. 1.) Then we come to Shunem. Do you remember the story of the Shunamite woman and her little son? What prophet was it who raised him up to life? (2 Kings iv. 36.) If you and I were travelling there, the next place would interest us still more; it is Nain, the place where our Lord at a later time wrought a still greater work, for behold a greater than Elias was there! Thus in every part of Palestine, as we trace the journeys of our blessed Lord, we meet with places where wonderful deeds were wrought in ancient times as recorded in the Word of God. Let us now consider His doings in Galilee. What did Jesus Himself say about the way in which a prophet was treated in his own country? (v. 41.) We shall see how this was fulfilled, in our next lesson, but here we find that to some extent the men of Galilee at first received Him. To what town did Jesus come? For what was it remarkable? Who came to Him there? What did this nobleman ask? Where was his son? What did the Lord say? These words might have made the father draw back, but he had too much faith in the power of Jesus, and he was too much troubled about his son to be repelled. He persisted in asking, "Sir, come down ere my child die!" He did not know how great was the power of the Healer. He did not think He could cure the boy unless He came and saw him, but Jesus gave him a lesson, and, observe, it is a lesson for us all; Jesus did not go down; He did not see the child, but His word was enough: "Go thy way, thy son liveth!" Thus He would teach us all to trust in His power though we cannot see Him with our bodily eyes. Now see how it was with the child; "at the seventh hour the fever left him" (v. 52), at the very hour when Jesus spoke the word. And the father, as he went home, was met by his servants with this good news. Then "he believed, and his whole house." How could he help believing! He had called upon the Lord in his day of trouble, the Lord had delivered him, and now he could glorify Him!*

Sing.—"Jesus, I will trust thee."

anticipated that there would be many instances of the heroic virtues among these. Not only was the great motive of all true heroism unknown to them, as it was also to their male compatriots, but they were in the ancient world so entirely excluded from public life, that those springs of action, which in some measure supplied the place of Christian principle to the Greek and Roman—patriotism, and the love of freedom—could hardly, one would think, largely affect them. The devotion of Codrus or Decius who died for the deliverance of their country, or of Aristomenes, Cato, and Epaminondas, who devoted their whole lives to it, can be readily understood. But women had little or no opportunity of imitating such examples.

Yet such examples are to be found. At the very outset of Athenian history, as we learn from Pausanias and others, when the city was attacked by Eumolpus the Thracian, an oracle declared that the country could only be saved by the immolation of the three daughters of the Athenian king, Erechtheus. This had no sooner been made known than the three princesses came forward and offered themselves to their father for the sacrifice; who accordingly slew them with his own hand, and then went forth to the battle, in which he proved victorious. According to another version of the story only one victim was required; but none of the three would consent to escape at the expense of a sister's life, so all three fell together. Doubtless the story is little better than a legend, though the fact that divine honours were long afterwards paid in Athens to Erechtheus and his daughters, shows that there must have been some foundation for the tale. But it proves at least that the nobility of sacrifice for the sake of others was acknowledged, even in those dark and cruel times.

So, again, the Spartan women are related to have regarded devotion to their country as the greatest of all human duties, and to have sacrificed to it not only every thought of self, but every natural affection. Xenophon and Plutarch tell us that after the disastrous field of Leuctra, those of the Spartan matrons whose husbands and sons had fallen in the battle, preserved a cheerful and even triumphant demeanour, while the relatives of the survivors were deeply ashamed and distressed. Plutarch has preserved a long list of sayings attributed to the Lacedæmonian women whose best-beloved had fallen in battle for their country.

Nor was this devotion confined to Sparta. When the last cruel order had been given by the Roman delegates to the unhappy Carthaginians, after their surrender of all their weapons and military stores, requiring them to depart from Carthage, which was to be entirely destroyed, none were so zealous in the desperate and forlorn effort that was made to save their city, as the women. It has been said that when there was a deficiency of tow to make the ropes which were required for carrying on the defence, they cut off their hair and gave it for the purpose.

So with some noble Roman matrons. When Coriolanus was advancing with the Volscian army, which the Romans had no hope of resisting, his mother, Veturia, did not hesitate to urge her son, with all the weight of her maternal

authority, to spare his countrymen, though she well knew it would involve the ruin, if not the death, of her beloved son. Tacitus relates of Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, that a report having reached the camp at Xanten, the Roman head-quarters on the Rhine, of the defeat and slaughter of some Roman legions in the fatal forest Teutoberger,* a panic of terror took possession of the soldiers. They demanded that the bridge should instantly be broken down, lest the victorious Germans should follow on the rear of the flying Romans, and slay all they encountered. Germanicus himself was absent, and those left in command either shared the alarm, or were unable to allay it. But Agrippina supplied their place. Taking her little son Caligula, who was the pet and darling of the soldiery, in her arms, she went unattended to the German end of the bridge, and forbade any one to lay a finger on it until the Roman legions came up. Awed by her determined demeanour, the soldiers obeyed; and presently four legions appeared, not flying before the foe as had been reported, but marching in unbroken order. This brave woman suffered the penalty in those evil times of her private and public virtues, in the persecutions to which the hate and jealousy of Tiberius exposed her. Her noble husband was murdered, her children were taken from her, and after awhile they too were put to death. She was banished to the island where her mother had died an exile before her, and she was assailed with the vilest and most malicious charges. But nothing could break her spirit, and she died after three years' banishment, by starvation. Whether her death was the consequence of Tiberius's orders, or her own voluntary act, is uncertain.

But the heroism of women in the heathen times was most generally displayed in the dangers and sufferings they underwent for the sake of domestic affections. The sacrifice of Antigone in behalf of her brothers, is one of the noblest tales in all history. Polynices and Eteocles, the two princes of Thebes, had quarrelled; and the former, having been driven into exile, returned with an army and attacked the city. The two brothers met in unnatural combat, and slew one another. Creon, the former king of Thebes, who now resumed the crown, issued an edict forbidding the burial of the fratricides on pain of death. But Antigone, their sister, would not obey the order. She went out and buried the body of Polynices, and suffered the penalty of her devoted love. Euphrasia, a Greek lady, during the reign of the younger Dionysius in Sicily, is said to have preserved her father from death, at the imminent risk of her own life. He had been condemned to be starved to death in a dungeon. She obtained permission to visit him; but her garments were carefully examined, to make sure that no particle of food was contained in them. But the old man still continued to survive; and it was at length discovered that she had nourished him at her own breast. A like tale is to be found in Roman history, where it was not the father but the

* Where Varus and his legions had been slaughtered, B.C. 9, twenty-four years before.

mother, who was in this way kept alive by her daughter, and so great a feeling of compassion, we are told, was aroused by the fact, when it came to be known, that the mother's sentence was remitted. Leæna, an Athenian woman, is related by Athenæus to have displayed even greater fortitude. Hipparchus, the Athenian tyrant, having been slain by some conspirators, one of the leaders of which was her lover Harmodius, she was seized by the partisans of Hippias and questioned as to the circumstances of the conspiracy. She refused to answer, and was put to the torture. But she endured, without flinching, the most terrible agonies, and at last expired without having made any disclosure. The Athenians honoured her memory by erecting to it a bronze statue of a lioness without a tongue. One version of the story says that Leæna, fearing lest in the paroxysm of her agony she might be tempted to reveal what she knew, bit off her own tongue and spat it out. But the earliest accounts do not state this fact, and it is likely that the incident was added, in consequence of the statue of the lioness having no tongue; which circumstance was designed by the sculptor as expressive of her refusal to confess.

There were many noble instances of heroic mothers, such as was Agesistrata, the mother of Agis IV., one of the last of the truly great men of Greece. In the grand designs which he formed for the recovery of the ancient glory of Sparta, his mother lent him great and valuable assistance; and when these were foiled through the treachery of friends and the violence of enemies, she still stood by him to the last. Hearing that Agis had been dragged to prison by his enemies, whose virulence against him was known to have no bounds, Agesistrata, accompanied by her aged mother Archidamia, came to the prison door and demanded admission. Entrance was not refused to the ladies. Archidamia was introduced first, and then Agesistrata. When the latter entered she saw the corpse of her son lying on the ground and that of her mother suspended by the neck. She calmly assisted the guard to take down the body and lay it by that of her son. Kissing the latter she then said, "My son, thy moderation and mercy hath ruined thyself and us." Incensed at these words, the assassins of her son clamoured for her execution also. She made no resistance, but quietly offered her neck to the cord, only saying, "May it be for the good of Sparta."

Among heroic mothers Cornelia also occupies a high place. She was left a widow with twelve children, and refused to share the crown, which King Ptolemy offered her, in order that she might devote herself to them. She was the adviser of her son Tiberius, in his schemes for the welfare of his countrymen, and the sharer of his dangers. When bereaved of both her children, she bore their loss with firmness, and said of the places in which they had been slain, that they were sepulchres worthy of her sons.* The Roman people erected a statue to her with the inscription, "Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi."

But after all, no heroism displayed by heathen women was so great as that which is related of them as wives. Of these some wonderful tales are recorded. There is in the very dawn of history the beautiful legend of Alcestis, of which Euripides has made such noble use. She is said by Homer to have been one of the daughters of Pelias, and the most beautiful among them. She was given in marriage to Admetus, who had obtained from Apollo a promise that he should never die, if at the hour of his death, his father, mother, or wife would consent to die for him. Admetus having been seized by a mortal disease, and his parents refusing to accept death in his place, Alcestis fulfilled the condition made by Apollo and yielded up her life for him. The fable further says that Hercules, when he descended into the region of the dead, brought her back to life with him. This tale, like that of the daughters of Erechtheus, can be regarded as little more than a myth. But it proves, equally with the other legend, that the Divine light which man had possessed before his fall was never wholly extinguished through the long night of heathenism. The same may be said of the fidelity of Penelope to her husband during the twenty years of his absence from home. According to the Homeric narrative, she had scarcely been a bride for a twelvemonth when her husband sailed on the expedition to Troy. During his long absence she was beset by numerous and importunate suitors, whom she could only put off by the famous stratagem to which she resorted. She undertook to weave the shroud of her father-in-law Laertes, which she declared she must complete before she could attend to any other subject. During the entire day she employed herself on this work, giving the suitors no ground for complaint of her want of diligence; but in the course of the night, she picked out all that she had completed by day. In this manner she contrived to defer any consideration of her marriage for a great length of time. She was betrayed at last by her servants, and was driven to her wit's end for some pretext for further delay, when the return of her husband relieved her from her difficulty. There is, no doubt, a later, and therefore less authentic, version of the story which places Penelope's character in a very different light. But in any case the earlier tradition proves how highly conjugal fidelity was honoured.

The same is proved by the story of Laodamia, the wife of Protesilaus. When she heard of his death before Troy she is said to have entreated the gods that he might be restored to her for the space of three hours only, that she might take her final farewell of him. This touching request was granted. Mercury brought him back to the upper world; and at the close of a three hours' interview, when he repassed the gates of the grave, she too passed them with him.

But there are other, not legendary tales, but matters of true history. Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus, could not endure the dishonour to which she had been subjected, but slew herself, rather than be a reproach to her husband. Artemisia the wife of Mausolus, the Carian, could not endure life after the death of her husband.

* Tiberius was slain in the Temple of Fides, Caius in the sacred grove of the Eumenides.

She is said to have mixed his ashes with her daily drink, until she had absorbed them all, and then to have gradually pined away until she died two years after his decease. Previously to this she built at Halicarnassus the celebrated monument called the Mausoleum, which was regarded by the ancients as one of the marvels of the world, and has given its name to all similar monuments. Sophonisba, the wife of Syphax, displayed something of the same greatness of soul as those above recorded; though in her case it was not so much affection for her husband, as grief for the ruin of her country and hatred of its bitter enemy, Rome, that caused her to set death at defiance. When after the victory gained over her husband by Scipio and Masinissa, she fell into the hands of the latter, she earnestly entreated him that under no circumstances would he surrender her into the power of the Romans. Struck with her beauty and majestic bearing Masinissa resolved to save her by making her his own wife. But Scipio, when he was informed of what had occurred, admonished Masinissa that he could not be permitted to retain in his own hands a political prisoner of Sophonisba's importance. She must be surrendered and sent to Rome. Masinissa was compelled to yield, but sent a trusty slave to Sophonisba, informing her of his inability to keep his promise, and presenting her with a cup of poison as the only mode of escape open to her. Sophonisba received the message with composure, and instantly drank the poison.

But the Greek and Roman wives may truly be said to have outdone in heroic virtue any of those above mentioned. Among the Queens of Sparta in particular, there were several noble instances of devotion even unto death. Chelonis, daughter of Leonidas II., who had married Cleombrotus, when troubles broke out between her husband and her father, and the latter had been driven from his throne and kingdom, left her home to share his poverty and exile. But when he returned to Sparta, and in his turn dethroned and imprisoned Cleombrotus, Chelonis left her victorious father and sought out Cleombrotus, who had taken refuge in the Temple of Neptune. When Leonidas went with his soldiers to seize him, she was found sitting at his side, with her two children at her feet. She pleaded her husband's cause so earnestly that Leonidas was moved to compassion, and agreed to spare his life, entreating Chelonis at the same time to return home, and live with him. But she would not consent, and chose rather to accompany her husband into banishment, where he died.

The wife of Panteus, whose name Plutarch has not recorded, though few have ever more deserved an honourable mention, displayed equal fidelity and constancy, even in death. She was an attendant on Cratesiclea, the mother of Cleomenes III., a king who, like Agis IV. already mentioned, strove hard in the days when Greece was rapidly degenerating, to restore her former greatness. Cratesiclea had prompted and shared his aspirations, and when Ptolemy ordered her and her attendants to be put to death, the wife of Panteus accompanied her mistress to the place of execution

and supported her to the last, wholly regardless of her own death, which was immediately to follow. "She was," says Plutarch, "a woman of great beauty and a majestic presence. When the fatal blows had been dealt her mistress and the royal children, she paid the last office to each, wrapping them in their shrouds, and laying them out with all the decency that the circumstances would permit. Then she gathered her own robe round her, and, baring her bosom, invited the executioner to approach, and deal the final blow."

Among the Romans, Porcia, the daughter of Cato, and wife of Marcus Brutus, showed equal courage and affection. Having reason to believe that her husband was meditating some important step, which he had abstained from confiding to her, she gave herself a deep wound with a penknife in the thigh. A high fever ensued, during which her husband attended her assiduously, and after a while she informed him of the cause of her illness, and that she had inflicted this suffering upon herself to prove to him that she was superior to fear and pain, and therefore worthy of his trust. After his death, she is said by some writers to have put an end to her own life. Watched by her attendants, so as to be unable to possess herself of any weapon, she snatched some burning coals from the fire, and held them in her mouth till she was suffocated.

Another instance of a wife's heroism is related by Tacitus, of Arria the wife of Paetus, during the reign of Claudius. Paetus having been arrested and conveyed to Rome by the Emperor's command, Arria earnestly entreated permission to accompany him on his voyage and render him all necessary attendance. When this was refused, she hired a small vessel, which was kept close to the ship in which her husband was conveyed, during the voyage. When the widow of Camillus was brought up to give her evidence, Arria protested against its being received, declaring that a woman, in whose arms her husband had died, and who had nevertheless survived him, was unworthy of credit.

This would have been in most women's mouths an idle boast, but it was not so in the instance of Arria. When at last Paetus had been condemned, and ordered by Claudius to put himself to death, she saw him handling irresolutely the dagger with which he intended to stab himself. Snatching it from his hand, she dealt herself a mortal wound, and then handed him the bloody weapon with the calm exclamation, "My Paetus, it does not pain."

These are great and marvellous deeds. It must be remembered that we are writing of heathen women who, knowing nothing of the divine teaching of the Gospel, were "a law unto themselves." In Christians some of the acts which were thought heroic, such as the death of Porcia and Arria, would not only have deserved no praise, but the strongest reprobation. According to their light and their natural conscience the heathen will be judged. It is for us, with clearer light, and higher motives, to rise to a nobler heroism, of which we shall in future chapters call to remembrance some notable examples.

GRACE AND PROVIDENCE.

BY THE REV. A. MOODY STUART, D.D.

"The sea is His, and He made it: and His hands formed the dry land. . . . He is our God; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand."—Psa. xcvi. 5, 7.

An Answer to Prayer in the crowded City.

IN a large English town a devo'ed Christian woman, who was in the habit of visiting and aiding the Christian poor, was returning to her house toward the dusk of evening, when there occurred to her mind various texts on the Lord being a light in the darkness. The suggestion of one promise of light after another moved her to inquire what present need she had for such help, and to consider if the Lord might have any errand for her through the darkness that was now closing in. An old and lonely woman whom she had not lately visited then came to her remembrance, and she feared lest she might be in some want. She lived at a distance in the farthest end of the town; but her benevolent friend, conceiving that there might be a call from God to visit her this night, decided not to wait for the light of another day, but to set out at once. Not wishing to go empty-handed, she first returned to her own house to take with her some supply for probable need; but on opening her cupboard she saw nothing except a bunch of candles, from which she turned away as quite unfit for her purpose. In vain, however, she searched the house for something more suitable, and returned to the cupboard. The candles alone were there, so candles it must be; and putting them under her cloak she sallied forth in the dark.

Having reached the old woman's house she was arrested in the passage by hearing her voice in loud and earnest prayer; and, after standing a few minutes outside the door of her room, she entered, and asked what it was that she was crying for with such importunity. She replied: "I can no longer read my old Bible with its small print; and for many weeks I have subscribed a penny for a large printed one. This afternoon I took the last weekly penny that was due, and brought my large Bible home with great delight. But I have been sadly disappointed, for it was dusk when I got home; I have not been able to read my new Bible, and have been crying to the Lord to send me light." Her visitor answered, "I have brought you here the light you have been praying for," and the candles, that had seemed so unsuitable, were welcomed as the most seasonable of all supplies. The two friends now sat down together to read the highly prized book with the light sent so opportunely; praising the Lord for His goodness in so guiding the thoughts and shutting up the way of the one as to answer the prayer of the other in the time of need. It required no prophet to teach them that "the eyes of the Lord run to and fro through the whole earth;" that "his eyes are upon the righteous,

and his ears are open unto their cry;" and that the unseen God is now ruling with almighty power both the inward thoughts and the outward acts of the children of men.

The Teaching of Scripture on Providence.

Every man who has trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ for everlasting life above is enjoined in this life to commit the keeping of his soul to God in well-doing as into the hands of "a faithful Creator." Being forgiven all trespasses and adopted as a son, he is likewise restored to his forfeited place as a creature; and is taught to know the God of grace as his heavenly Father, "without Whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground." As in all ages, so not least in the present age of much unbelief in the living God who made heaven and earth, and answers prayer for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come, it is of the first importance that an experimental trust in saving grace be fortified by a practical trust in guiding and preserving providence. When some reasoning men have reached such an extreme of unreasonableness as to believe that the eye is self-evolved out of that which does not see, and the ear self-planted by that which does not hear, it is essential to know for ourselves and in our own experience the truth and force of the Divine inquiry, "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

In the unseen God we rejoice to believe, and we desire to "look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." But when we trusted in Jesus Christ as the way to the Father, we came to the Father through Him, and finding Him a reconciled God we proved again the truth of Christ's word; so when we trust in God unseen we afterwards prove by our own knowledge that "in His hand our breath is, and His are all our ways."

In the beginning of the Gospel, when the disciples are under the full power of the Holy Ghost, their prayer "in their own company, lifting up their voices with one accord," opens with these words, "Lord, Thou art God, which hast made heaven and earth, and the sea and all that in them is;" and in Revelation the angel, who flies in the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel, says with a loud voice, "Fear God, and worship Him that made heaven and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters."

Through the whole history of the patriarchs there runs the narrative of redemption by providence in a series of outward deliverances, combined with the revelation of God in His spoken

word, dependent on that word, and confirming its truth. In the great revelation to Jacob at Bethel he believes unhesitatingly in the truth of the vision, and is sure that "God is in this place, although he knew it not;" yet he knows that if this promise from heaven is real, it must be both the voice of truth and the utterance of Him who has all events and all men in His hand. He therefore ventures for himself to prove the great future promises given in the dream by the fulfilment of one that is near: "I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of;" and he vows, "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my Father's house in peace; then shall Jehovah be my God" (Gen. xxviii. 15, 20, 21).

Vivid as the dream was, firmly as he believed it at the time, and confidently as he pleaded it afterwards, he desires its confirmation by God's outward providence.

In like manner God Himself in sending Moses to Egypt condescends to give him a providential test of the truth of His own manifestation and of His commission to His servant. The appearance of the Lord in the flame of fire in the bush is amongst the most signal of all the Divine revelations in the Old Testament, yet to confirm it He affixes His providential seal: "This shall be a token unto thee that I have sent thee: when thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain" (Ex. iii. 12). The God of grace and revelation condescends to evidence the truth of His own words, not only by miraculous signs, but by proving that He who speaks is the God of an all-seeing and omnipotent Providence when He brings Moses and his people to worship Him on that mountain.

The Apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ constantly referred to the God of Israel who had led their fathers through all their generations; and although we no longer look for either the special revelations or the miraculous interpositions vouchsafed to them, we have our own gracious share both in the teaching of His Spirit and in the leading of His Providence. Unbelievers think that our faith is visionary, and our hope unsubstantial; and we ourselves hold our great gain through belief in the Scriptures to consist in that which is spiritual toward God, in that which is just and good toward our neighbours, and in that which is eternal when we leave this earth. But we glory also in this, that we know and have ascertained for ourselves that the God whom we worship in spirit holds in His hands all things material and immaterial, and according to His own will disposes of this world and of all that it contains. The knowledge through science of sun and moon, of earth and sea, we respect and admire in its own place, so far as it is ascertained knowledge; but neither in value nor in elevation can it for a moment be compared with our knowledge of Him who bids the sun and moon to shine, at whose voice the earth trembles, and who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand. When some scientific men affirm that they do not find God in

the universe, it is most certain that through mere physical science they can never by searching discover either His presence or His absence. As Dr. John Duncan said, "Science has to do only with phenomena (with things that appear); God is not a phenomenon (not among things that appear), and science cannot find Him." But the children of God have found Him who has said to them and to all men, "I will be found of you when ye search for Me with all your heart;" and having found Him in their inner man they find Him likewise in all His works; and they practically learn that He fashions and rules both all this outer world, and the hearts and thoughts of men which take outward form in their minds and actions.

A Providential Incident of Sea and Land.

Many instances of providential interposition are given to the believer for himself; it may be for himself alone, and neither easily nor profitably communicated to others, or only to a limited circle, as of his own family, or in "the drawing near of those who fear the Lord." There are instructive and helpful cases in our own providential life to which we must apply the injunction, "Hast thou faith, have it to thyself before God;" and all the more on this account we are induced to narrate the following incident, which occurred fifty years ago, and is not personal or private in its leading features.

Our sphere of labour was an island with five hundred inhabitants, including children; and our place of worship was the parish school, which might contain about a hundred persons. In the morning the people attended the parish church, in the afternoon all the children, including the minister's family, came to my Sabbath-school; and I preached to the parents and others in the evening. The place, however, was not only excessively crowded, but many were shut out; so that for a while I had recourse to the inconvenient plan of preaching the same sermon to a second congregation after the first was dismissed. There was a granary in the island with ample room for all, for it was capable of holding three hundred people; and in our straits we looked for it with wistful eyes, and looked up to the Lord for opening our way. Its tenant, although he did not attend our services, was always most friendly to myself; but we could not hope to have it so long as it was filled with grain. Meanwhile months passed on, and winter had been followed by summer, with distractions for the people, partly optional and partly unavoidable.

Having but one sermon to prepare for the Sabbath, I was in the habit of writing another for a regular service on Wednesday evenings; not to read it to the congregation, but to preach in the faith that the same thoughts would recur to me in speaking or else be replaced by others at the moment. This preparation I still kept up for Wednesday as well as for Sabbath; although in summer the fishermen were out on the deep sea, and the weekly meeting had become extremely small, till at last the attendance was reduced to between twelve and twenty women.

In our altered circumstances I was startled and

rather perplexed when I received a message one Tuesday morning that the granary was quite ready for us. There was now no pressure on the Sabbath evenings; and in consequence of the long delay we had for the time ceased to think of the larger place. For the Sabbath, indeed, I should still have been glad of it, as much more commodious than the school. But from the message arriving on Tuesday, I supposed it was intended that we might occupy the granary next day; and I felt no liberty to decline what we had long so earnestly desired, although now it would only exhibit our emptiness. It was a providential misapprehension of the message on my part, for the owner afterwards told me that he was not aware of our holding any week-day service; but under this impression I got the 'large upper room' partially fitted up with a desk and forms.

On the previous day I had been preparing my sermon as usual, and had been gladdened by unusual help both in finding a text and in getting my sermon ready. In the unopened providence I found it very hard to read the meaning of the apparently conflicting lessons which seemed to defeat each other. How had the Lord on Monday granted me such aid for the Wednesday evening, and how had He given me on Tuesday the most unexpected use of the large room we had once so earnestly coveted; whilst at the same time He had sent this double assistance just when there would most certainly be almost no congregation to profit by the provision of room for the worshippers, and by the provision of 'a word in season' for the hearers.

The Wednesday evening found me in this embarrassed position: and I was in no haste to repair to the granary, which was close at hand, till the exact hour of meeting, when soon enough I was sure to be chilled by the sight of its empty benches. When it still wanted five or ten minutes of the time, and I was sitting quietly at my table, I was surprised by a young fisherman opening my door in a state of high excitement. He seemed nearly as much startled at my coolness as I was by his exclamation, "Oh, sir, be quick, the people are all waiting for you." His meaning was to me wholly incomprehensible till he went on to explain; "The storm this afternoon has driven all the fishermen home, and

a King's cutter (it was before the reign of our honoured Queen) has run into the harbour for shelter. The mate sent two of his men on shore to inquire if there was any service in the island this evening; and he has now come ashore himself at the head of thirty men. They had to march right through the village to come down here; and when the people saw them they all followed, men, women and children. The whole island is in the granary, and it is filled from end to end."

Our usual congregation was composed chiefly of fishermen and their families, but I had seldom seen a sailor amongst them; and now with wondering gratitude at the marvellous work of the Lord I found thirty blue-jackets seated in front of the desk with the deeply reverent air of sailors at Divine service, and the whole place filled with a congregation partly seated and partly standing; and I was enabled with much liberty to preach the "good tidings of great joy to all people." Nor was this merely a cheering help for the immediate occasion; but it had "the creative intensity of a divinely effected beginning;" and gave quite a fresh impulse both to the preaching of the word and to the people, who continued to avail themselves of "the large room in which our feet had now been set." The God of Zion was to us in very deed the God of the sea and of the dry land. Except for the unexpected offer of the granary on shore, more than half of the congregation would have been shut out that evening; and except for the unexpected storm at sea, the Gospel would have been preached to nearly empty benches. The crew of the revenue cutter with the man of God over them, had surely been asking Divine help, mingling their prayers on the deep with ours on the island; and the Lord had mysteriously guided both them and us in the course that was to accomplish His own gracious end. In many ways, less as well as greater, the words hold true that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that wait for Him;" and also these other words, "Let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me that I am the LORD, which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth."

NOTES OF A JOURNEY TO THE NORTH WEST LAND.

VI.

THURSDAY.—(On the prairie.) On Tuesday afternoon we set out to drive to a homestead where E. had promised to help with some hay. We started early, taking a tent, some boards, a few pots and pans, a scythe, rakes, etc., as we intended also to stop at K. in returning. It was a new country to both of us, after turning off the road leading to K., as the only time when E. had been there the heavy rain had prevented his seeing much. Unfortunately the man who was

to have gone with us as guide had found work at the last, and could not go. After driving across the Hudson Bay Company's land, which lies waste, and quite unimproved, we followed a trail which led us right up to a house, the owner of which, a Scotchman, we presently found mowing grass close to a pond. E. asked him our way, and he said, "I guess I'll just come along with you a little, and put you on the track." So he clambered into the waggon, and we drove



INDIAN WOMAN AND BABY.

on over a very wild piece of country. The flowers here were most beautiful, wild roses, sage, sun-flower, convolvulus, vetch, and many others whose names I do not know, and our guide pointed out, with great pride, the thistle in all its glory. After riding some distance, he bade us good-bye, giving us directions as to the way. We went on for some time swimmingly, making straight for two houses which he had pointed out to us, when suddenly we came to a steep hill, and before E. could stop the horses they had plunged right down into what looked like a green valley, such as we had often passed before, but which turned out to be a treacherous bog, called in these parts a "sleugh," or muskeg. It was a horrid sensation to feel the waggon sinking lower and lower, and I should think the poor horses felt it worse than we did, for they plunged about wildly, and finally sat down on their hind legs, to keep themselves from being buried alive. E. jumped out in a minute, and began unharnessing the horses, saying, "Here's our first adventure," telling me, as I also sprang out, to get on to "hard ground," to which I replied that I could not find any. Then he brought the horses round to the back of the waggon, and harnessed them there, in hope of pulling it out backwards, but it was too deeply embedded; and the only result was that Kitty fell down flat, and Dolly sat down almost upon her. So after we had disentangled them, I took Dolly away, while E. coaxed Kitty up again, and we picketed them out on the firm grass, seeing clearly that we must get help. While E. unloaded the waggon, I crossed over the bog, and found my way through a cornfield up to a farm-house about half a

mile distant. We had first surveyed the establishment with a telescope and seen that it included an ox.

Happily, I found the owner at home, and he at once offered to take the ox, and go to the rescue, and insisted on my going in to see his wife, who was ill and home-sick. I had a nice little chat with her while watching the proceedings of the ox in the valley below. In the meantime two horsemen had appeared at the scene of disaster, but after surveying the swamp and their own clean boots they rode off, promising to help if they found us still there on their return, for which, however, we happily did not wait. The farmer and E. took the waggon between them, and lifted it bodily out of the holes, and then harnessed the ox to it by a long cord, keeping the ox on firmer ground, and drew it out backwards, and we soon had all the things packed in again, and started off on the right track. After leaving the bog we had to retrace our steps for some distance till we struck the right trail, and seeing plenty of birds, hawks, owls, and wild ducks, E. could not resist stopping to have a shot at them, so that by the time we reached the next homestead it was nearly sunset. A young lady who was making a glorious "mosquito smudge" in dangerous-looking proximity to her house, courteously invited us to come in to tea; but hearing that we were already belated and anxious to know the way to F., she very kindly mounted the waggon and drove with us about two miles, when she left us with full directions to reach her brother's homestead, the next landmark on the way. So we drove on into the

gloaming, passing through a park-like country between lovely lakes, crossing one or two difficult places, and at length heard calls to the cattle, and saw a woman's figure with milk-pails looming through the mist, and directly after met the

and vegetables, and protected by a fence. The cows wander about at their own sweet will and are generally lost in the evening, and have to be hunted back by one of the sons on horseback. There is a delicious stillness and dreaminess about the place even in the midst of our household work, for we are by no means idle. Early in the morning there is the breakfast to prepare—a great bowl of porridge with beautiful home-made bread and molasses. In this fresh clear air one seems to want little animal food, and the "meat course" at dinner generally consists of wild ducks and prairie chickens (shot on the premises), with pork or bacon and vegetables, always accompanied by the unsailing teapot. I once heard a female temperance lecturer say that the most healthful and beneficial drink on all occasions was hot water, and I think the Canadians follow this prescription, only they adulterate their hot water with a little tea. But to return. After the ceremony of "washing up," in which I find practice makes perfect, we adjourned to the hayfield, where the father and sons and E. were hard at work. The sky looked stormy, so all hands had been summoned to help, and we raked and tossed manfully, singing all the while, till the sun was low, when we trudged home to prepare supper,

while the men went round to get a shot by the way. Supper was a second edition of dinner, with the addition of hot cakes brought in smoking from the outside kitchen. In the evening we made a large fire or "smudge" near the door to keep off mosquitoes, and sat round it some time, talking



A SETTLER'S HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE.

aforesaid "brother," with his men, returning from their day's work. He told us we could not possibly find the way to F. by ourselves in the dark, so he kindly took the reins and drove us till within a hundred yards of the house. It was so hidden by brushwood that we were close to it before we saw the light streaming from the window, and were immediately welcomed with true Canadian hospitality. Our host is an Ontarian farmer, who has lately migrated to the North West. As he and his sons have homesteaded contiguous lands they will some day have a valuable domain, but in the meantime have their struggles. The house is poor and small, having been intended for a stable, but before it was finished they had the misfortune to lose their horses (stolen probably by some half-breeds), and wisely resolved to economize and turn the stable into a dwelling-house. It is rather crowded with furniture, particularly with the four-post curtained beds in which Ontarians delight.

After supper and prayers E.'s tent was soon pitched, and the male part of the family retired there for the night. I have had a good opportunity here of seeing something of real settlers' life. The house is very lonely (five miles from the nearest house), so except an occasional passer-by on the trail from Minnedosa to the landing there is no human life visible beyond the homestead. The scenery is lovely, an undulating prairie, with low copes and flower glades, tall waving grass and lakes from which clouds of wild fowl rise at any sudden noise. Close to the house is a little garden, well stocked with English flowers



HOMESTEAD "K."

and singing, and then having family prayers, and finally went to bed in the dark so that the mosquitoes might not find us. The next evening, when the hay was cocked, the farmers burnt a circle of old grass round it to preserve it from

prairie fires. The flames blazed up fiercely, and gave me some idea of what the dreaded prairie-fire might be like.

Saturday.—After three days we returned to the log-hut at K. Here the first thing was to put up cots in our rooms, and make things as comfortable as we could, with mosquito blinds to the windows, and our new camp-table, which is strong and portable. The hut is very well built, standing most prettily on an open space close to a wood.

To-day while E. and S. are busy with their hay, I have found plenty to do, first, in putting the house in order, and then making a fire, which was difficult, as the wind was blowing very hard and I was new to the work. When at last the fire did light it blazed so that I nearly put it out again, by pouring water on the grass near it, and the flames leaped about so fiercely in the wind, that, fearing to go very near, I had to take the saucepan off and on with a pitchfork. However, in spite of difficulties the potatoes, etc., were beautifully boiled and the pudding made before E. came back.

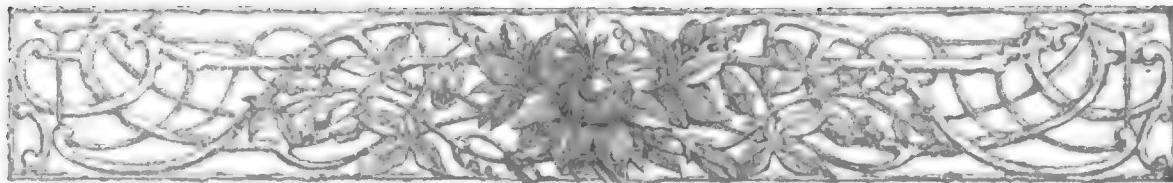
Monday morning.—On Saturday afternoon we cleared up, and packed away our things, and drove first to Rapid City, and after a little delay to Mr. A.'s farm, about six or seven miles off on the other side of the river, where we had promised to spend the Sunday. Mr. A. is an intelligent farmer, who came out from Ireland in early youth to settle in Ontario, and has lately moved up with his large family, and built a roomy substantial farmhouse, which he is in process of finishing. His homestead, with its vegetable ground, outhouses, fowls and cattle, reminded me more of an English farm than anything I have yet seen. As soon as his eldest son is eighteen he will take up land in his name, and the same I suppose with the younger sons. He takes a great interest in the Christian welfare of his neighbourhood. After tea, we went round the farm to inspect the crops, and had an opportunity of seeing the great difference between "sod corn" as it is called, i.e., corn sown on the first breaking, and corn sown on the land after it has been turned over, i.e., ploughed a second time. All the best farmers seem to agree that it is lost time to sow wheat on the first breaking. They plant potatoes, or sometimes sow barley on it, and wheat the second year, but as often as not they turn it over and let it lie fallow the first year, and then sow it the second.

Each evening while we were here we had a happy time of singing and reading and prayer all together before going to bed.

On Sunday there was no service in that part of the country, though one is to begin very shortly, so in the morning we sat out of doors, and read a sermon aloud, and sang with the children, and in the afternoon we all went to the Sunday-school, which is held in a farmhouse about two miles off. The kind and earnest-hearted settler and his wife wishing to do something for their heavenly Master, make room each Sunday for three elder classes in their sitting-room, and turn their bedroom into an infant gallery for the occasion. There were about twenty scholars of all ages (fewer than usual on account of threatening

thunder-clouds), and four teachers, who used the International Lessons. One corner of the room was occupied by the Bible class of young men and women, taught by a student from a Farming College near Rapid City, and two other corners by the two medium classes of boys and girls, while the mothers with babies in their arms sat near, listening to the teaching that was given to their children.

At the close of school, the new library-books were distributed, and were evidently appreciated, and this was followed by a general prayer-meeting with a short address, which, as a stranger from England, I was asked to give. Some of the children walk long distances to come to this school, and one family came from many miles away in a Red River ox-cart. I feel sure that it is efforts of this kind that are needed all over this glorious new country. One cannot travel through it without longing for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit that it may be filled with a truly Christian people—souls turned from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God, rejoicing in pardon and peace through our Lord Jesus Christ, and banded together as His faithful soldiers to fight under His banner. In remembering the wants of the heathen, let us not forget those of our own countrymen in the Colonies, going out into the solitude, it may be, without having realized the abiding presence of the one true Friend, with some knowledge, some head-belief, but perhaps without the heart apprehension, the personal active faith which is a condition of salvation (Rom. x. 9, 10). We fear there may be many who, out of reach of books, of services, of all those influences which would remind them of their spiritual needs, fulfilling much the same round of duties on Sunday and week-day, with ever-increasing family responsibilities, in the stern fight with the elements practically forget the lessons learned in childhood, and leave out of consideration all thoughts of another world, and bring up their families in utter ignorance of the one living Truth. I think the dearth of Bibles among the emigrants on board ship, mentioned before, points in the same direction. Many young men also, emigrating without capital, earn enough to buy a horse and cart and take to "freighting" for a means of livelihood, conveying goods hundreds of miles across the prairie, driving slowly along by day, sleeping in a buffalo "blizzard-bag" beneath the cart at night, and often not passing a night in a house for months together. How one admires their patient endurance, their steady perseverance, their good humour under difficulties, and yet how sad one feels sometimes to hear when they meet together the empty songs, the profane words, which are so painfully common, to see the monotony of their lives relieved by gambling and novel reading, all telling of an unknown or forgotten God, and to listen in quieter moments to such remarks as the following: "I never used such words at home," "One forgets all about those things out here," "I've never heard that hymn since I was at home and went to Sunday-school," "One day is just like another out here, Sunday or week day," etc. Many noble true Christians there must be, living in constant communion with their God, and ready as they have opportunity to work for Him.



MRS. MARKHAM'S MISTAKE.

I.

THE evening was cold and raw, with a pitiless North Easter lying in wait at the street-corners, and occasional downfalls of sleetly rain which called cabs and omnibuses into general requisition, and rendered pedestrians indifferent to the glories of the shops, and only eager to get home as quickly as possible and forget discomfort in the cheery neighbourhood of a fire. The streets were thronged, however, for it was Saturday night, and house-wives laden with spacious marketing baskets, and errand boys, diversifying their labours with sundry antics peculiar to the tribe, had business on hand which would not wait for wind and weather.

Among these busy folks an elderly gentleman, closely buttoned up in a shabby overcoat, and further protected by a gingham umbrella, moved as hurriedly along as the exigencies of the road would permit: now making way with old-fashioned courtesy for a poor woman and her bulky purchases, now battling with the wind, and coming into collision (through the eccentricities of the aforesaid gingham) with a butcher boy's tray, or a baker's basket. By-and-by, when the shops grew few and far between, and the street consequently less crowded, the elderly gentleman, whose name was Markham, got on much more rapidly and comfortably, cheered, no doubt, by the knowledge that his haven of rest was near.

And who was Mr. Markham? Well, if you had asked that question a year ago, plenty of people would have been ready to answer it; for who did not know the head of the great firm of Markham, Wilsher, and Markham?

He had friends by the dozen, acquaintances by the score, who all declared him to be a man of taste, a man of judgment, a man of intrinsic worth. And they certainly ought to know, since they dined at his table, drank his wines, and lost no opportunity of practically testing his benevolence and other good qualities. When the crash came which left the famous firm in ruins, albeit with no touch of dishonour, these same wise spirits, disdaining not to take a lesson in prudence from the lower creation, fled like rats from the fallen house. Not that they would have called it prudence, but rather delicacy which forbade them to follow with prying eyes their sometime genial host through the horrors of poverty, and which shrouded his memory, and soon his very name, in oblivion.

Mr. Markham existed nevertheless; and, for one who had staved but the barest pittance from his former wealth, not unhappily. Indeed, I am half inclined to fancy that the Markham of this gusty March evening—Markham the clerk—old Markham, as that impudent young office boy would call him—was really happier than the Markham, who one short year ago had rolled home in his comfortable carriage, unconscious it is true of the misfortune then hanging over him, but oppressed with the cares and responsibilities that vast wealth must always bring. Small need after this to say the ruined merchant was a Christian. The strength must come from God which shall enable a man to meet reverses with courage, with submission, with trust; and if prosperity is often to our virtue what alloy is to gold, making it appear larger while diminishing its real worth, adversity is surely the furnace which destroys the dross, and brings to the front the sterling metal.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" The words rose to the lips of the old man when they told him his riches were gone. Why not? He had learned to say them in the midst of a bitterer anguish that had fallen upon him in years gone by—even when the news came of the foundering of the ship which bore his only son from home in a fit of boyish folly, and crushed for ever the hopes bound up in that young life. What was the loss of wealth to that loss? thought he, sorrowfully, as he went forth from his luxurious home with his wife and daughters, and prepared in his old age to begin life anew.

The street was narrow, the houses were small; but one window ruddy from the light of the fire within, disclosed a scene that told of welcome waiting for the traveller. There was the table set for tea, the arm-chair wheeled in a cosy corner, the slippers warming on the rug, mother busy at the knitting kept specially for twilight, and a merry face peering out into the dismal night. The first glimpse of a certain shabby great-coat and gingham umbrella made the owner of the fair face vanish, to reappear the next minute at the street door ready to disencumber Mr. Markham of those useful articles, and to claim a kiss by way of reward.

This was Kate, the youngest daughter, whose cheerful spirit was like a ray of sunshine in the little household.

"How late you are, papa—and so cold and wet! Do go in and have a good warm, while I tell Fan you are here. She is in despair lest her cookery should be spoiled."

But just then Fanny herself appeared, carefully bearing a covered dish, the cause of her anxiety, and the three entered the room together.

"Was I not lucky, mother?" said Fanny. "My outlets were done to a turn when papa came in."

Mrs. Markham had put by her knitting and was busy with the tea-pot. She had been a beauty in her young days, and the face she turned upon her daughter was handsome still.

"That is fortunate. But, my dear, how flushed you are. Surely you bend over that kitchen fire more than is quite needful. Let Ann help you."

"Oh! my cheeks will soon cool, and I must not risk my reputation as head cook, you know," said Fanny, smiling. "Father, who do you think called to-day? We have been sitting in state all the afternoon, I can assure you."

Mr. Markham laughingly assured them their visiting list was so large he could not guess; whereupon he was told by Kate, who expatiated with much glee on the sensation caused in the street by the unusual advent of a stylish brougham, that Mrs. and Miss Hollond were the callers.

Now the Hollonds had been friends of the Markhams in the old times; and they were among the few who still held them in kindly remembrance. It was through them Mr. Markham obtained the post which, together with a tiny private income belonging to his wife, just enabled them to keep up their present modest home, and it is possible that the intimacy between the two families might have been as great as ever, but for Mrs. Markham's uncomfortable dread of patronage and pity in their fallen fortunes. She was a good woman, and had borne her trials with the same Christian resignation to the will of her heavenly Father which had characterised her husband. Not without a harder struggle though than any, save that heavenly Father, knew. She was naturally proud and impulsive, and therefore extremely sensitive to anything like neglect or condescension, and, indeed, a little too apt to see them where neither was intended.

"And how is my old friend Emily?" asked Mr. Markham.

"Oh! Emily is well, and as pretty as ever."

"And Mrs. Hollond had a long chat with mamma."

"She inquired especially after you, dear father," said Fanny; "and seemed so anxious to know whether you felt stronger. We told her you were quite yourself again; and that you often say there is nothing like work for strengthening the nerves."

"And we have promised to go there to dinner on Monday," cried Kate, to whom this appeared an exciting event. Kate was only sixteen, while Fanny was four years older, and had already tasted the pleasures of society when misfortune altered their prospects.

"We have promised to dine there," continued Kate, "and it is to be just a quiet family party,

which, I think, will make it so pleasant, though mamma——"

"Would of course prefer a dance or a rout, or something of that sort, which does not suit old folks like us—eh, Kitty?"

Kitty laughed, and her mother smiled rather sadly.

"I have no doubt it will be pleasant," she said. "But it did strike me as rather strange that such a point should be made of inviting us when they are alone."

"Do they make a point of it?" asked Mr. Markham, doubtfully. "I thought I remembered meeting sociable people enough at their house once or twice since we left Highlands."

"Well, the last time we dined with them they were alone, as they will be on Monday. I cannot help feeling rather hurt for the girls' sake—they see nothing of society now; and although we are no longer moneyed people I suppose we are still sufficiently well-born and well-bred to mix with their friends."

But both the girls vigorously protested they did not want society; and their loving good-humour soon had its effect on Mrs. Markham, and banished the slight cloud from her brow. Ann was presently summoned to remove the tea-things; Kate brushed up the hearth, and adjusted the reading-lamp that her father might enjoy his paper; Fanny brought down some delicate lace and ribbon, with which to brighten up the simple dresses they would wear on Monday. The wind whistled outside, and the rain beat against the windows, but the evening passed happily away; and when before separating for the night, they knelt together in family prayer, it was no mere form which caused the master of the little household to turn to the words of sacred writ, and reverently say :

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits:

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

"Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

"Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

II.

The next morning the weather was still gloomy and threatening. "We shall have more rain," said Mr. Markham, as he tapped the barometer in the narrow passage which Ann proudly called "the 'all.'" "You must go prepared, girls."

"And you must wear your thick overcoat," said Mrs. Markham, taking down from its peg the well-worn garment which had done duty the night before. "It is getting dreadfully shabby," she remarked anxiously, "and with all our contriving I do not see how we can replace it yet."

"Never mind," returned her husband cheerfully. "It is comfortable; and does admirably for this rough weather."

Here the two sisters joined them arrayed in

their neat waterproofs, and they all started for church.

The place of worship they usually attended was some distance off. By the time they were half-way the barometer made good its prophecy, and rain began to fall. Mrs. Markham, not caring to venture farther, proposed to Fanny that they should turn into a church they were then near, and leave the others to go on if they pleased. Accordingly the small party divided. Kate and her father deciding in favour of the longer walk; and the two ladies joining the stream of fashionably-dressed people ascending the steps of St. John's.

When the service was over and they were making their way out again, they came suddenly on the Hollonds—regular members of the congregation.

Mr. Hollond and Emily were on in front, and did not see them, but Mrs. Hollond, with a tall gentleman by her side, was so close that her costly fur-lined mantle brushed against Fanny's dark ulster. She seemed, however, in too great a hurry to give them more than a passing greeting. It might have been accident, it might have been design. Whichever it was, that hasty bow and smile rankled in poor Mrs. Markham's heart, ruffled her pride, and marred her peace.

Of course it sounds very despicable that an earnest-minded Christian should be troubled by so slight a matter. The little failings which force an entrance to the heart so readily, and seem so at variance with our high profession, remind one of the bow drawn at a venture, which smote the king of Israel between the joints of the harness, so that he died. They are powerful through their very insignificance, and though we think our armour never so strong, quickly find some crevice convenient for attack.

What a blessing it is that we are not obliged to trust in our own might! What a comfort that "in the Lord have I righteousness and strength."

If there were any truth in the saying that people's ears burn when they are being talked about, it is certain Mrs. Hollond would have felt uncomfortable in the region of those organs on this particular Sunday, for she was pretty freely discussed at the Markhams' early dinner. So freely, indeed, that Mr. Markham presently took an opportunity of asking about the sermon at St. John's, as a gentle means of bringing back thoughts more suitable to the day; adding with a twinkle in his eye which was not lost upon lively Kate, our text was, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

"Yes, Edward, that is all very well," said Mrs. Markham, still rather too indignant to profit by the tacit reproof. "But surely we are not called upon to shut our eyes to motives and conduct plainly set before them. Mrs. Hollond's manner this morning fully bears out what I said yesterday. She keeps up our acquaintance partly because she does not like to throw us over after our long intimacy, and her former professions of friendship, and partly because she knows Mr. Hollond enjoys your society. But she evidently does not wish us to be on the same footing with the rest of her circle, nor mean to notice us when

it does not suit her. That was a distinguished looking man with her, by-the-by, Fanny. Rather like a foreigner, was he not?"

"I did not notice him much, mamma," said Fanny, who, to say truth, had been somewhat confused by a glance of unmistakable interest and admiration from the stranger's dark eyes.

The girls presently went to the class they taught at the Sunday-school; Ann, according to custom, started for afternoon service, and the husband and wife were left alone. Very precious to both was this weekly hour of quiet communion, which their altered mode of life brought round so regularly, and in which they often together sought heavenly help and guidance for the coming week. To-day their thoughts inclined to retrospect. The year which had been so disastrous to them in a commercial sense was drawing to an end. They reviewed its trials, and with grateful hearts recognised its blessings.

"We have much to be thankful for," said Mr. Markham. "How mercifully my health has been preserved. And our dear girls—why, we should never have known half their worth, nor had such delight in their loving service, but for our losses in the way of wealth. Truly children are an heritage of the Lord."

The cheery speech ended with a sigh, whose meaning the mother's heart well knew.

"Poor Charles!" she murmured. "If he had lived things might have been different. Still, as you say, we must not complain."

"Nor let trifles destroy our happiness," said Mr. Markham, with a smile.

"Ah! you are thinking of the Hollonds. But let me ask you if there is not such a thing as proper pride?"

"One often hears of it, so I suppose there is. But it always strikes me as a very uncomfortable appendage, of no use but to render its owner alive to insults and injuries which without it would never be noticed or thought of."

"But, Edward, self-respect——"

"Self-respect is another affair. Self-respect protects us from the daily rubs and annoyances which 'proper pride' delights in bringing to the fore."

"How differently we see things," said Mrs. Markham, thoughtfully. "They always seemed to me identical. I don't possess your logical brains, Edward; nor have I," she added with a touch of sweet humility that went far to contradict her words, "your generous spirit, which can see no wrong, even where wrong is intended."

"It is nobler yet to see the wrong, and not cherish resentment," said Mr. Markham, cheerfully. "So you had better begin with Mrs. Hollond. And perhaps after all, if the truth were known, she acts from good motives—fears to hurt our feelings by bringing us in contact with former acquaintances or something of the sort."

"Well, it may be so," allowed Mrs. Markham. "In any case, as you say, one ought not to be uncharitable, and I have a sincere liking for her. Yet, her conduct to-day was so strange, her intention to avoid us so pointed. Now you know," she continued naively, after a pause, "our

Fanny is really very pretty, much prettier than Emily Hollond,—I begin to wonder whether that can have anything to do with it."

Mr. Markham laughed heartily at this idea, and teased his wife unmercifully on the maternal vanity which supposed that her blooming Fanny in homespun could successfully rival Miss Emily in silks and satins. But he was well pleased to hear her speak again in kindly tones of her old friend; and she, as usual, rose from their chat influenced for good by his stronger nature, and resolved not to condemn too hastily.

So it happened, that putting on her one handsome dress for the promised visit, she did not forget the mental robe of that charity which thinketh no evil, and rather surprised Fanny by not alluding again to the circumstance which had vexed her.

The little maid, filled with admiration for her mistress and the two young ladies in their holiday attire, brought them each a cup of tea while they waited for the cab, which this evening was to bring Mr. Markham from his office, and take them all on to their destination. Ann had a willing listener downstairs, to whom she expatiated freely on their glories past and present, for she had received permission to invite her mother, a hard working charwoman, to sit with her, and a dish of apples and nuts with which to make merry: two circumstances that caused it to be a gala night in the kitchen as much as in the parlour.

I will not undertake to say that the Markhams, entering the mansion of their host, mounting the richly carpeted stairs, and seeing around them the once familiar tokens of ease and luxury, felt no regretful, half-envious longings for their own days of wealth; but if that were the case, these feelings quickly gave way to others more pleasurable, when Mr. and Mrs. Hollond met and welcomed them in their most hearty and genial manner. There was no one else but Emily in the drawing-room, and as the small party gathered round the fire Mrs. Hollond laughingly remarked, "People say—do they not—the half-hour before dinner is generally noted for dulness, but I have such faith in my powers as entertainer that I am ready to promise we shall find it anything but that. Yes, Kitty," smiling at the girl's puzzled face, "I am aware it is not usual to challenge admiration of one's social powers quite so freely, but this is an unusual occasion. George, you wished to show Mr. Markham an improvement in your reading-chair, suppose you gentlemen adjourn to the library now—I will amuse the ladies."

No sooner said than done. Mr. Hollond obediently linked his arm in that of his guest, and bore him off. Mrs. Markham and her daughters waited in some perplexity for what was to come next.

Their hostess, however, appeared to have forgotten her brilliant promises. She arranged a pretty screen for the greater comfort of her visitors, drew her own chair nearer the fire, and began to speak on commonplace topics—the new town hall, a forthcoming concert, and that never-failing resource, the weather; remarking with regard to the latter,—

"It is unfortunate for Mr. Markham this

winter time that your house is so far from his office."

"Yes," said Mrs. Markham, "I wish we were nearer, but now that we have to consider ways and means, we cannot choose the locality we would."

"And you are so cheerful and brave under difficulties. We often admire you all, and say it is a proof that great possessions are not needed to give happiness."

"It is terribly inconvenient to be poor though!" said outspoken Kate. "Only this morning, Fanny, when that poor old woman came, and we could give her nothing but a little warm soup and a woollen comforter, how we longed to be rich again. At such times I am ready to agree with the man who, when told that money was the root of all evil, cried, 'Give me the root—give me the root!'"

"The love of money is the root of all evil," gently corrected Fanny. "Mother, we have not told Mrs. Hollond I am to have that engagement as morning governess."

"At a salary that would about find her in gloves once," said Kate. "How useless girls are at money-making compared with men. Now if I had been a man I should have kept papa and mamma in comfort."

"Well then, we know it is only the force of circumstances prevents your doing so," said Mrs. Hollond merrily. "What a pity, Mrs. Markham, that we cannot transform one of these 'useless' girls into a big able-bodied son."

Mrs. Markham did not answer. The conversation was getting dangerously near a subject too sacred and too painful to be lightly approached.

Mrs. Hollond remembered this, for she added gravely, "It is very long since you lost your boy."

"He has been dead sixteen years," was the sad reply.

"Pardon me, I did not know you were certain of his death."

"The vessel went down with all hands."

"Strange things happen," said Mrs. Hollond, gazing abstractedly into the glowing coals.

A sudden thrill shot through the heart of her listener, and paled her cheek. Was it hope—what madness!

"Yes! strange things happen," softly repeated Mrs. Hollond. "Last week—as lately indeed as Saturday morning—a gentleman called on us. He had been absent from England many years, and, returning to his boyhood's home, had found it deserted by those who made it home for him. He came to us for information, and we—dear friend, courage! Is joy so much harder to bear than sorrow?—We asked him to stay with us a few days, dreading the effect of his too sudden appearance among his friends, by whom we knew he had been mourned as one dead since he was last heard of—a boy on board the *Vulcan*."

"Charles!" gasped Mrs. Markham.

"Mother!" cried a deep strange voice, with yet a familiar ring in it for the one addressed. "Mother!" And there at the door stood the tall gentleman of yesterday's adventure, and in a moment the agitated lady was sobbing in his arms.

What an evening that was! Fanny and Kate

felt even shyer than did Emily Hollond of this imposing, black-bearded personage, who claimed a brother's right, and embraced them in their turn. Mr. Markham looked as if he had contrived to grow ten years younger in as many minutes. And Mrs. Markham, though she could often see nothing for the happy tears that would overflow, scarcely took her eyes from the well-remembered face.

Mrs. Hollond's cook sent up a very good dinner, but for the matter of that her delicate dishes were lost upon half the party, who had far too much to talk about to care what was put before them. The turbot might have been homely plaice, the woodcocks boiled mutton for all they knew; and it is a fact that Mr. Markham took cayenne pepper with his custard pudding, and seemed to relish it—perhaps under the impression it was curry.

But although there was more to tell and to hear than could possibly be packed into one evening, you may be sure they found time to laugh at Mrs. Hollond's account of the consternation which had seized her at the unexpected appearance of Mrs. Markham and Fanny at St. John's the day before, and her terror lest this should result in a scene in public, and the overthrow of her plans for a pleasanter meeting between the long-parted relatives. And you will not be surprised to hear that Mrs. Markham in the fulness of her heart made frank confession of the construction she had put on her friend's apparent coolness, and was as frankly forgiven for her not unnatural mistake.

Then they had to hear the outline of the traveller's adventures. How at the wreck of the *Vulcan* he had been picked up by a passing vessel; and, thrown into company which fostered his latent love of excitement and change, had wandered over half the world; hunted the kangaroo in Australia, trapped the ostrich on the sandy wastes of her African home; pushed his way through the buffalo country of North America; and, finally, engaging in some profitable expeditions connected with the seal trade, had cast in his lot with a Great Fur Company, and risen rapidly to wealth. Then, with lowered voice, and a certain tender gravity that filled the hearts of his listeners with still deeper thankfulness, he told of the change wrought within him about a year ago; how the grace of God had touched his heart, hitherto hard and worldly; and how, under the softening and soul-elevating influence of religion, his thoughts had turned longingly to home and friends, and he had come back as if sent by Heaven, to be their comfort and support when most they needed both. And as he felt by the clasp of his father's hand, and the look on his mother's face, that this certainty of his spiritual welfare was to them the best and dearest news of all, Charles Markham realised for the first time the full significance of the words he had often sung in boyhood; words which seemed to form a fitting close to his story, and to open a new vista of higher aims and happiness as half unconsciously he uttered them:—

"Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

Pages for the Young.

THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

v.



T was quite evident that for a long time Anselm could not undertake his work again. The state of things was getting worse: they must get out of it, at all events; but how?

One evening, with her hands crossed on her lap, and her head downcast, Sophia was sunk in deep meditation. Suddenly she raised her head, whilst her eyes were brightened with inward joy.

"I have found it!" she cried, "God be praised! I have found it! Yes, that is it!" she exclaimed.

The young girl had just formed her determination, and therefore more at ease she could now take repose, putting off till to-morrow the disclosing of her plan to her parents.

"Dear mother, how much money remains in your drawer?" asked she early in the morning.

"Very little, my child; alas! our savings are getting less, and are almost gone: oh! it is very shocking to think of it!" replied Martha, raising her arms rather high . . . "But why do you ask such a question? Are you in want of anything? It is hardly your custom to ask for money."

"Well! yes . . . I have an idea, and in order to carry it out there is need of some money," said Sophia timidly, and her heart beating.

"Money? bless your heart!"

"O! I pray you, do not scold me yet: listen to me: it is concerning a little business, that is all, in order to gain something."

"You in business? What a strange whim!"

"Now, don't discourage our dear child, Martha," said the father hastily, after listening awhile. "She has a good head, you know! Let us hear. Explain yourself, Sophia."

"Already for a long time," she said, "I have been thinking what I might do to procure for us the means of getting what we need," added Sophia. "I am only a child, it is true: I am hardly thirteen years old; but mother is not so strong as I am, and her attention is indispensable here."

Sophia stopped speaking, as if hesitating; but soon taking courage again, she said, "I want to buy millinery: fill a large box, and go about the town to sell it in the streets, in the market-place, at private houses and everywhere else: that is the idea, which came into my mind: what do you think of it? I shall soon obtain some profits, if it pleases God: this is better than nothing: is it not?"

After this explanation, spoken in haste, and with downcast eyes, succeeded a silence which might have damped the enthusiasm of the poor child.

Mistrustful by nature, Martha seeing in this project an occasion of expense, and many other inconveniences, exclaimed, "It is impossible, it is impossible, that!"

"Why?" interrupted Anselm.

"Because Sophia has never left us, and to allow her to lead a wandering life——"

"Do not exaggerate, Martha: thank God, our daughter is sensible, and knows how to conduct herself. Moreover, this little scheme of hers has something good in it, and after all no employment is bad when it is carried on honestly; but the main thing is how to prosper in it! What I am

THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

concerned about, is the toil it implies, and the severity of the season. Have you thought about this, my child?"

"Yes, father, I have thought about it, and it does not frighten me, for I have great courage. Let us think, mother; we must not look only on the dark side of everything. Ought a vague fear to make us retreat before a duty? No, undoubtedly, and if you see no other obstacle I will try it."

"Try! try!" murmured Martha in a low tone, "but if it does not answer the purpose, it is only money lost. For my part, you know, I have no inclination for speculations: the best way is to remain quiet. When trouble comes upon us, it is vexing; but it is our lot; nothing can be done."

"Then according to you," said Anselm, "if a house is on fire a person must only remain quiet and do nothing! That is a strange way of getting out of trouble, certainly. It is said, on the contrary, Help yourself, and Heaven will help you." The proverb is right. I approve of what Sophia has said: besides, our daughter is brave, and fortunate in all she undertakes; and it is a serious affair now."

He had scarcely finished when the daughter exclaimed loudly, "Yea, father, I shall prosper; I have that conviction. You will see it."

"Well, now it is decided," said Anselm, "go and see what remains of my savings, Martha."

"As you wish it to be so I will no longer oppose you, and after all it will only be sooner ended."

"No, dear mother, do not thus mistrust the protection of our God. He has inspired me with this resolution; He will not forsake us."

"Let her do it, mother," added the two boys, "let our dear sister do it. She is so gentle! Everybody will like to buy of her: she will bring back in the evening some money. You will see—you will see it!"

Beaten and without retreat, Martha ceased to resist; they drew from the purse sufficient to make the purchase of a store for the purpose of hawking in the trade; the remainder was set apart for daily wants, and everything was regulated accordingly. A mercer in the town gave directions to Sophia. He supplied her with some stuffs of constant use, and these were deposited in a pretty box of varnished wood, and with a movable cover. Bands of leather intended to be placed over the shoulders were added in order to carry without fatigue the valuable store.

Then came to be considered the costume of the little mercer. The choice was made of a dress a little faded in colour, the worn texture of which announced some long service; however, it was clean and in good condition. The white cap, the petticoat of blue drugget, half concealed by an apron with a piece of black linen in the front, completed an outfit under which Sophia made notwithstanding a very good appearance. There was also a sedateness of spirit, and a quietness of manner, produced by constant work and cares, which gave to the countenance of the child an interesting expression, thoughtful beyond her years.

Who could repel with coldness the little mercer, with sweet looks and sympathetic tone? Her appearance alone must gain all hearts and unloose the purses... Such was at least the impressions of all who knew her, one morning in January, at the time when she was ready to set out on her new occupation.

"If you get rich this evening you will buy me a stick of barley-sugar," said her brother Paul jokingly.

"That is agreed to, greedy fellow, but you must be good! And you, Daniel, don't you ask for something?"

"Nothing certainly, sister dear, you will have enough to do in getting money."

"That is speaking like a sensible boy: let us think; will you be so really, and take my place here?"

"Oh! yes, sister; say quickly what I can do."

"Bear this in mind: never leave your father; guide him

when he takes a walk: take care what comes to him; do you promise me this, Daniel?"

"Certainly, and very willingly I promise it: I have noticed how you guard him from the carriages on the road, and I shall do the same. Very well, make yourself useful, and Jesus the friend of good children will bless you, my brother."

Then bending towards him Sophia kissed the forehead of the little man, very pleased at the importance of his new duties.

Strengthened more and more in her resolution, Sophia at last took leave. Her mother, almost overpowered with the sobbing which she could not restrain, only shook her head, and seemed still to be against her leaving. Deeply moved, the father partook of this sorrow more than any one else, he felt the vacancy that the departure was about to make around him. From how many attentions and consolations was he going to be separated?

"Be steady and prudent, my girl," said he at the last; "never come back late: let not night come upon you out of doors!"

"Whom God protects, is well protected! dear father: do not be uneasy. Good-bye! Until the evening! Until this evening!"

She departed with a firm step, slightly bending forwards, a walking stick in her hand, to serve at the same time for support and for defence. For a long time her brothers continued looking at her in the long street of their suburb; after going some distance she turned round, and could still see the white handkerchief that Paul waved at the window.

BURIED PROVERB.

NO. 1.

"The Lord is far from the wicked." (Prov. xv. 29.)

"The light of the eyes rejoiceth the heart." (Prov. xv. 30.)

"A wholesome tongue is a tree of life." (Prov. xv. 4.)

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." (Prov. xvi. 20.)

"Hell and destruction are before the Lord." (Prov. xv. 11.)

"In the way of righteousness is life." (Prov. xii. 8.)

"Every prudent man dealeth with knowledge." (Prov. xiii. 16.)

"All go to one place, all are of dust." (Ecc. iii. 20.)

M. A. B.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VI.—p. 167.—WORK—Ex. xi. 9; REST—Ex. xxxiv. 21.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. W-ate-r | Ex. xvii. 112. |
| 2. O-ne-e | Heb. ix. 7. |
| 3. R-ighteou-s | Num. xxiii. 10. |
| 4. K-ep-t | Ex. iii. 1. |

ANSWER TO ALPHABETICAL EXERCISES.

NO. L—p. 192.

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Adam | Gen. ii. 19. |
| 2. Abraham | Rom. iv. 16. |
| 3. Abiram | Num. xvi. 1. |
| 4. Adullam | 1 Sam. xxii. 1. |
| 5. Ahinoam | 1 Sam. xxv. 48. |
| 6. Amram | 1 Chron. vi. 3. |
| 7. Abinoam | Judges v. 1. |
| 8. Appii forum | Acts xxviii. 15. |
| 9. Abel-Mizraim | Gen. i. 11. |
| 10. Adramyttium | Acts xxvii. 2. |

the invitation, and though only a child of about ten years old I got leave to go. The white sail of our little boat glistened in the sunshine; the Boyne flowed on as calm and bright as if it had never been the scene of battle and bloodshed in ages past, nor left its name to be a watchword for civil and religious strife in years to come. The tide was on the turn, and the breeze blew us on to the sea. When we reached what is called the bar—a rather dangerous spot—the breeze, in sailor phrase, had freshened, and my brother's keen eyes perceived something, I know not what, in the aspect of sea or sky that made him propose a return. His young comrade, indignant at the proposal, hinted that he was afraid; so as that suspicion was not to be tolerated we continued our course to sea, wind and tide favouring it. Before long the sky darkened, the water whitened. I heard my brother say these very words, "Tom, let me put the child ashore, and I will come out with you, and go as far as you like—perhaps farther."

To return with wind and tide against their small boat was what neither of them could easily do. For my part I became insensible to danger. We were on a fearfully dangerous rock-bound coast, but I had sunk to the bottom of the boat, and lay there without thinking of that or anything else. It is curious that since that day I have never known what are called the horrors of sea-sickness, though I have been on many seas. The short trial-trip must have seasoned me for after-voyages. That horrible malady of the sea overcame me for once and for all. I was unconscious of danger. I heard at last a shout from a strong seaman's voice; I was dimly conscious that our little skiff was grappled in some way by persons who saw it running on the rocks. I lay almost senseless. Yet in that state I was dimly conscious of being carried up an immense headland, and of hearing my brother tell me he would go, as he said, overland, to find some conveyance to take us back to the home we had left.

Once laid down I knew nothing more, for I fell into the deepest sleep, and awoke to find myself wrapped in a large mantle, and lying on some rough coats in a great cavern on the rocky headland. I was only at its entrance—indeed the cavern itself was only the entrance to another more hidden one lower down the rocks, and with access to the sea. I lay some time enjoying the repose of solid earth. I had not been in the place before, but I knew the locality from hearing it often described; and I had been told some stories by an old Irishwoman of what she called the smuggler's cave. But her stories were traditional, they did not relate to the present time, for as I afterwards heard, the old dame was indebted for her excellent tea, and various other nice things, to the smuggler's cave. Those were not free-trade times, and I believe many a well-filled collar held casks that the custom-house officers had never interfered with. The trade of the smugglers, however dangerous, was then a prosperous and lucrative one.

It was not of smugglers and their career that my old woman told me. Her stories were not of the present time. It is—or I, perhaps, should say it was, for all things have changed—surpris-

ing to hear from what might be termed the most ignorant of Irish people, those who had never attempted to learn how to read or write, traditional tales, handed down from generation to generation, and which had all at least some historic foundation. When we met some curious stone relic of ancient times, that old woman would tell me it was the work of the Danes: when we saw the ruins of an ancient castle that was destroyed in the wars with the English, each remains of an old monastery or abbey, testified to the memory of Cromwell. But in regard to my cavern she had been rather mysterious; hinting that no one liked to enter it, or, when pressed for information, she would tell how when the Irish fought for their King James II., against the foreign Prince of Orange, and were beaten at the battle of the Boyne, a number of Irish took refuge in that cavern, and were there all put to death. I did not know much of what is called modern history, but this last story told in more details, and in more excited language than I can record it, was long remembered by me. I heard much of the smugglers, but I did not know that many of the persons who said if taken they would be hung as they ought to be, and according to the law of the time would be, were actually encouraging their trade by receiving their goods. Their dealings with the smugglers of course were secret, but their condemnation of them, and threats against them, were outspoken; and these I heard, while I did not know of the secret practice.

All my suffering from the sea had passed away, but intense thirst remained. I looked round for some friendly streamlet trickling down the rock, but instead of the welcome drip—drip, I hoped for, I heard a rumbling noise as of things or casks being rolled along in the cavern beneath me. I sat up listening, and heard the hoarse, half-stifled sound of voices. Away went the mantle that wrapped me! In a moment I was rushing full speed down the great rocky headland, and though it was overgrown by short, stubby, and perhaps slippery grass, I neither stumbled nor fell. Fear, they say, lends wings to feet; if it lent them to mine the wings were strong, for I flew down the steep rough slope without feeling or knowing where I went, ran in at the half-open door of a small stone-built hut, and dashed over about six feet of its floor against the opposite wall, before I could stop my flight. The wall seemed to burst in before me; but it was a secret door I ran against. On its threshold I stood in more terror than I ever felt in my life, for there—behind a rough table on which were the remains of a good meal, stood a ferocious-looking man.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I gasped.

It might seem curious to older eyes than mine to see the ferociousness sink down—down—down, from face and eyes, as the man stared at the small trembling figure that had so startled him.

"Ha! you are the little one they took from the cockle-shell, that was going to split on the rocks. Well, who have you brought with you?"

"No one, sir."

"Why do you come here?"

"I was so thirsty, and —"

"Ha! don't I know what it is to want water?" He poured me a large draught. "Take it, that is the best drink one can have. Now, was it for that only you came here?"

"No. I ran down from the cave because I heard noises, and was frightened, and then voices."

"Did you know who made the noises?"

"I thought it might be the smuggler's men."

"Ha! ha! And do you know who I am?"

"I think you may be the great smuggler."

He uttered a short, hoarse laugh.

"Well, now you can tell the chaps that were with you, and they can send the revenue men to take me; and then do you know what will be done to me?"

"You will be hung," I answered truly, knowing that such was then the law.

"Then you will tell the people where to catch me."

"I will not. I do not want any one to be hung."

"Why not, if they are wicked, and do bad things—that is the law."

"I do not know about the law, but when you go to church you hear it read out that when the wicked man turneth from his wickedness he shall save his soul alive."

"Poor innocent! it is more years than you have lived in the world since I have been inside a church. Have you another verse? Seems to me I heard that long ago, and heard your voice too. Say another."

"I know one almost the same. It is God Himself says it: 'I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his wickedness and live. Turn ye! turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?'"

The man next sat down on his bench; he laid his crossed arms on the table before him, and his head stooped over them.

"I had a little sister once," he said, as if speaking to himself, "she was all I had to love in the world; she used to read to me from her good book." Then looking up at me he added, "Her voice was just like yours. I thought that when you first spoke. You are not of this country?"

"Did you leave your little sister?" I asked, answering one question by asking another.

"No! She left me."

"But you will go to find her?"

"No. She has gone where I cannot go."

"Oh, dear! yet you are brave—as brave as my brother—you can go over horrid waves and rocks and all sorts of dangers. Surely you will try to find your little sister wherever she may be?"

He uttered another short hoarse laugh. "No! where she is I dare not come."

"I thought you were so brave! Where can your little sister have gone?"

"She has gone to God."

"Oh, I am glad! then you can go to her."

"Poor little one! do you not know that sinners cannot go to God?"

"Indeed, I do not know that. I have been taught that God is our Father in heaven. When I have done wrong, and been sorry, and ask my own father to forgive me, he is sorry too, but forgives me, and lets me be with him, telling me to try not to do wrong again; and I do try because he is so

good, and I do not want to displease him. And perhaps our Father in heaven might do so too if you asked Him."

He heaved a deep sigh, and rising up took out a very fine shawl; it was not large, but very beautiful, of Indian or Chinese work.

"That," he said, giving it to me, "will cause you to remember the smuggler, who will remember you."

I admired it; and, folding it up, presented it to him again.

"Don't you like it?" he asked.

"I admire it very much, but I must not take it."

"Why not?"

"Because they say it is wrong to smuggle goods, and so it must be wrong to take them."

"Right you are; but child, there are hundreds, aye thousands, who will take the goods and wish no good to the smugglers. Now it comes out strange, but it is fact that just before you came in I was thinking over my past life and my present life, and somehow wishing my future life—there is not very much of it left—might be different. The revenue cruiser is off there: if they catch me to-night, there will be an end of me, but if I get through I will give up this trade, for I am weary and want rest."

"Then you will have time to try to get ready to go to find your little sister."

"I can never find her. She is with Jesus Christ—she said something of that to me."

"Then you can go and find her, for Jesus says, 'Come unto Me.'"

"There is more of that verse. Seems to me I hear a voice from far, far away, and see the little one sitting up in her bed with death on her sweet face and the good book on her knee. I was a wild boy, but I only ran away to sea when she left me. Your voice is just like hers—there is more of the verse—can you say it all?"

I repeated—"Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"That is like it; yet it seems to me as if the voice from far away said, 'And you shall find rest to your souls—rest!'"

He drew a pocket-book and a curious ink-bottle and pen from his breast.

"You can write, I suppose: now write down here the verses you said, and that first one about the wicked man turning from his wickedness."

I did so.

"Now sign your name and where you live."

When I had scrawled it all with a rather trembling hand, he turned over a leaf of the book and showed me his name.

"There it is, and if I am taken and hung you may hear of it, and perhaps hope I looked at these verses."

"But if they come to take you," I said, "I hope you will not kill any one."

"I have sins enough," he said, "but the sin of murder has not been on my soul, nor shall it be. I was startled when you burst in on me: I thought the revenue men had broken in when it was only a harmless babe; I might have done mischief if it had been them, for when temper is up, or life is at stake, a blow may be struck that cannot be made amends for. But there, child, I

have said that if I get off this one night I will give up free trading and look for rest—don't you tell that to the chaps out there; you know my name and where I am, and you can go and tell them where to catch me—but you need not say more."

"I will not say one word about you—not for years—and years—and years—not till you may have gone to find your little sister whose voice you think you hear saying 'come'—and you know she is with Some One who said it to her and is always saying it to—"

At the instant thereto was a low shrill whistle from the headland at the back of the hut.

"That is my look-out," said the smuggler, "it is the signal that your lads are there with the shandradan they went to get: you must run, or they will go on to the cave and miss you. Good-bye, child—if I ever do win my way to little sister we may meet in a better place."

"Come! remember you are told to Come," I cried; and ran through the outer compartment of the hut which looked as if it were meant for a stable or a shelter for the sheep that browsed among the rocks. The door was left with perhaps designed carelessness lying open, while the smuggler within was securing the hidden one I had broken open.

I ran against my brother, who had left what

was called the shandradan, a sort of Irish car, on the narrow road below the rocks. He was glad I was well and had met him; he asked no questions, so I was saved giving answers. We drove away on solid ground, and ever since I have preferred land to water.

Well, a very short time afterwards some officers from the revenue cruiser were at our house. They told of a large seizure of smuggled goods, but expressed great regret at the escape of the smuggler—a daring fellow they called him, who had contrived to give them the slip. I could hardly help laughing, I was so delighted at hearing of their unsuccessful chase.

The years—and years—and years I spoke of have passed since I said I would not tell of him; and now when laws have changed and smugglers are not hanged, I may, in relating this scene, express a hope that he obeyed the voice that said to him, and says to all, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."*

* A sad interest belongs to this paper, as the last communicated by Miss Selina Bunbury, whose death at a ripe age was reported at the close of last year. She was the author of various works of travel, popular in their day, including "Rides in the Pyrenees" and "Life in Sweden." She was also a successful writer of fiction.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

GOLDEN weddings are not so numerous that they should pass unnoticed. Such festivals have a sort of sunset radiance about them; they seem to bring earth and heaven nearer; and we all like to share in the quiet light that falls with the dews in the cool of the day. They serve to remind us also how much there is that endures even in this world of change. The hopes and aspirations of earlier years are lost in the tender memories of later age, but the sweet certainty of affection remains. Life has brought its manifold experiences, bright and dark, but love has been woven into them all. The fruit does not always fall unripened; the shock of corn is sometimes garnered; the law of nature is fulfilled, not always as relentless doom, but in glad fruition. Fifty years of friendship; fifty years of companionable service, and of mutual helpfulness; fifty ripening years of blended life, of intertwining sympathies and hallowed hope—the spectacle is not so common but that we may rejoice in it.

A special interest attaches to the golden wedding of Dr. Ray Palmer, which was celebrated not long since at Newark, in New Jersey, the very town which fifty years before had witnessed his marriage. His hymns have obtained so wide a popularity on this side of the Atlantic that some account of the celebration may be acceptable to our readers. We have on a former occasion given some details of his life and works.* Suffice it now to say that Dr. Palmer long occupied the place of pastor to the First Congre-

gational Church in Albany. It is half a century since the best-known of his hymns, "My faith looks up to Thee," was written—it has been translated into seven or eight different languages; and the spirit which breathes in it has since animated all his poems, though they have been but the casual product of hours redeemed from severer and prosaic forms of work.

The company which gathered in the poet's home on that memorable day, in October last, included many names well known in America. Five of the original bridal party of six are still living, and three of them stood again together on this occasion. As the wedded couple took their places now beneath a deftly-wrought floral bower, at Dr. Palmer's side stood Dr. Pennington, of Newark, his groomsman fifty years ago.

Advancing into the midst of a circle of friends, Dr. Richard S. Storrs delivered a congratulatory address. He touched with felicity upon the joys and sorrows of domestic life; but dwelt especially upon the work which Dr. Palmer had been permitted to do by his hymns. We quote his words on the power of a good hymn as having a much wider application than the occasion which prompted them.

THE POWER OF A HYMN.

"I am sure that the brethren who are here this evening—professors, editors, preachers of the Gospel, secretaries of great societies—will all heartily agree with me in the feeling that the grandest privilege which God ever gives to His children upon earth, and which He gives to

* See "Sunday at Home" for 1877, p. 214.

comparatively few, is to write a noble Christian hymn, to be accepted by the churches, to be sung by reverent and loving hearts, in different lands and different tongues, and which still shall be sung as the future opens its brightening centuries.

"Such a hymn puts the entire substance of the Gospel into the briefest and most vital form, and gives that its best currency in the world—the Gospel which the Master taught; the Gospel which the apostles proclaimed; the same Gospel for which the martyrs died; the same which has been the undying element of power and grace and spiritual life in all Christendom and in all the centuries since the Advent.

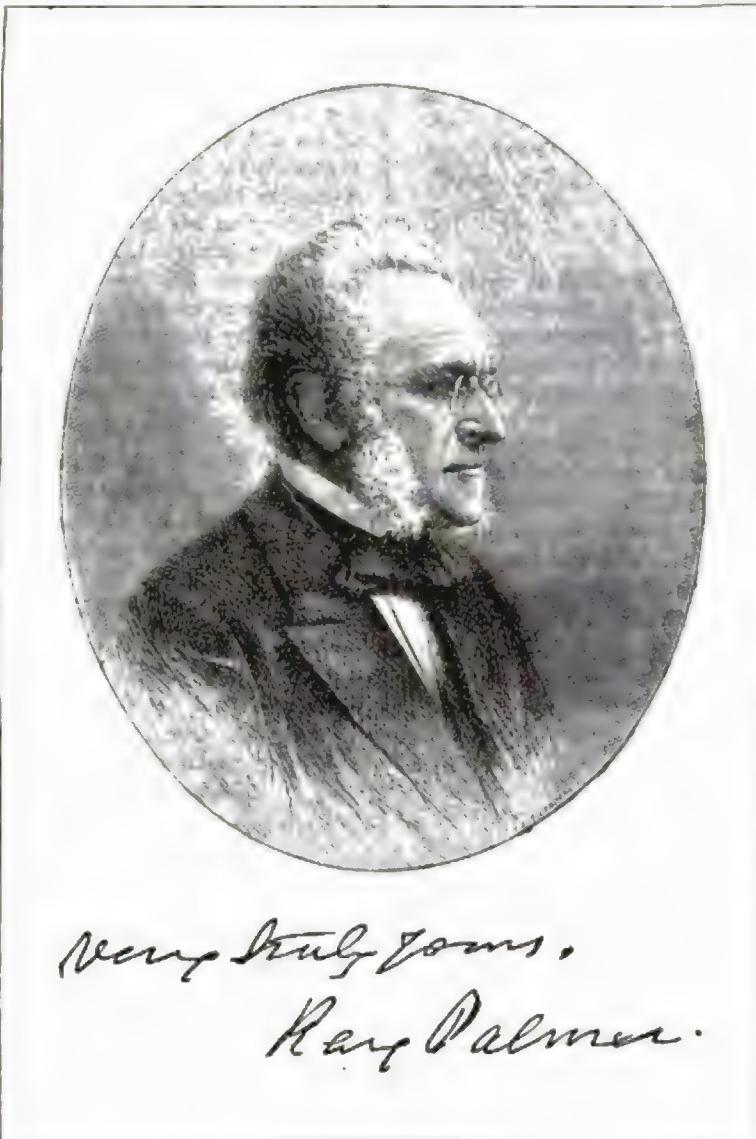
"Such a hymn brings him to whom it is given into most intimate sympathy with the Master and with the more sensitive and devout spirits of every time. Not alone with Watts and Wesley and Toplady and Doddridge and Reginald Heber is he to whom it comes associated. He stands in close sympathy with the gifted and the visioned of the earlier time; with Fortunatus and Prudentius, and Peter Damiani; with James de Benedictis; with Thomas of Celano; with the Bernards and King Robert of France and the great Ambrose. Such a hymn seems to have in it more, we may reverently say, of the direct inspiration of the Divine Spirit than almost any other work, or utterance known to man. Joubert says I think, that 'all best verses are like impromptus written at leisure.' A Christian hymn must be an impromptu in the impulse of the heart from which it springs, however carefully its stanzas may be afterward musically moulded. It has its source from above. It comes as a suggestion from the celestial heights, and the thought which breaks into expression in its chiming verses has descended from the Cross, from the radiant crown, and from the eternal, heavenly throne.

"The effect, too, of such a hymn, I have often

meditated upon that. How far in this it surpasses all sermons and treatises! The hymns of our brother have been sung in congregations where his face has never been seen, but where his words have been welcomed and repeated, as lips have given a voice to the hearts which felt their sweet and mighty impulse. They have added effect to millions of sermons of which he will never know. They have been honoured and at home in congregations of every kind of opinion and of order . . . He has come, too, to all these congregations in their most sacred and tender services: at the sacrament, at the funeral, in great missionary convocations, as well as by the bedside, where dying lips have breathed his stanzas in their last syllables or have asked to hear for the last voice on earth the words of a favourite and inspiring hymn; or by the grave-side, where those who, bowed in speechless grief in the last sad rites, have still looked up and seen the heavens opened above them.

"And such effects are to continue as time goes on. The one voice that will make itself heard in all time to come, through every age, is the voice of the sweet and lofty Christian hymn. Where it springs from tender, adoring love; where it is really the voice of the soul—the quickening voice of 'Hope and Gladness' (as all that I know of his hymns have been)

—it will go on repeating itself on earth as long as congregations serving God shall come together to praise and pray. Eloquence has its transient place. It will fail to be heard a few years hence. Our sciences and arts and elaborate literatures may seem simply infantile to those who come after us, by-and-by; but the tender, majestic Christian hymn survives the centuries and all their changes. It will see the silent passing away of customs and arts, of forms of government, and of civilisations. It will still continue one of the hallowed voices of the church when the brightness of the latter day shall have come



A GOLDEN WEDDING.

to close and crown with beauty the histories of Time!"

The Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, a son, then presented an album filled with the congratulatory letters of more than a hundred friends on both sides of the sea. The Rev. Dr. Wm. Hayes Ward followed with the presentation of resolutions from the American Congregational Union, of which Dr. Palmer was formerly the Secretary. Among the letters was one pleasantly characteristic from the poet Whittier:

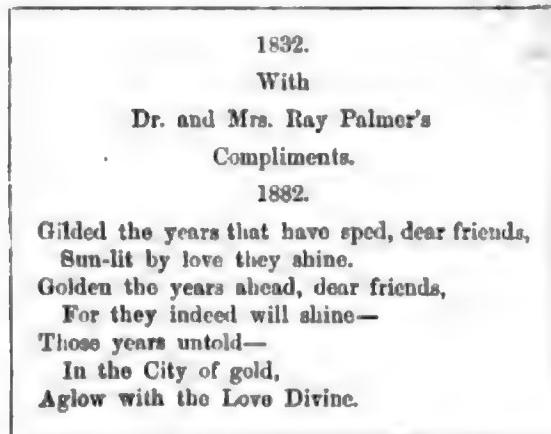
"My dear Friend: For so I trust I may call one who in his beautiful Christian hymns and spiritual songs has made himself the friend and comfort of all. I have never met thee in person, but I have long known and loved thee through thy written words. Let me congratulate thee and thy beloved companion on the fiftieth anniversary of your wedded life, and wish you many years more of peace and comfort to yourselves, and of happiness to others."

"Very truly thy friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER."

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote:

"Your old friend and Andover fellow student sends you his cordial and affectionate greeting on this golden anniversary of your wedded life. May that life flow on in tranquil and happy companionship with the partner of all its vicissitudes until Heaven calls you from singing in hymns of earth to join in songs of angels."

After the formal exercises came the informal congratulations; friend after friend with personal greetings. The company then passed out to supper, and conversation followed till the guests departed, each with a souvenir box of wedding-cake, bearing this inscription:



Dr. Palmer has made domestic life the subject of a long poem entitled "The Unlost Paradise," explained by the simpler title, "Home," which is adopted in the later editions. We make one extract, which may be compared with other utterances on this exhaustless theme so dear to the Anglo-Saxon race in every clime:—

"Most fair, most bright art thou, dear peaceful Home,
Of all best earthly gifts by Heaven bestowed
Man's pilgrim path to cheer. Ever thou art
A refuge from the storm; from the rough wind
A covert. All who may, in each dark hour
When sorrows bow the soul, or when of care
The lighter burden wearily doth press,
Fly to thy bosom, and secluded find

In thy sweet influence solace and repose.
Who know thee not—alas, that such should be!—
Pine for thee, and still hope, though hope deferred
Hath oft made sick the heart, that yet for them
Some spot shall bear thy well-beloved name.
The wanderer thinks of thee. With him he bears
A thousand hallowed memories, fondly kept,
That waken oft afresh. E'en while he treads,
With heedful musings, old historic ground,
Rich with the spoils of Time, where crumbling stand
The hoary monuments of glories dead;
Or climbs 'mid Alpine wonders, and surveys
Rudo wilds where Nature all untamed abides;
In search of thee his truant thought will stray.
Or if he tempt the main, far, far away
Swept by the breeze across the heaving deep,
Fixed on his lonely watch at midnight hour,
The watery waste around, the stars above,
Back o'er the flood he roams to visit thee.
For thee the captive sighs in the still gloom
Of his dim cell. The warrior grim, what time
He treads the battle-field where marshalled hosts
Await the bloody fray—pride on his brow
And glory on his crest—lets fall a tear,
While o'er him steal, like flute notes faintly heard,
Remembrances thick-coming of thy joys.
Dear rest and centre thou of faithful hearts,
Where'er thy seat; as well 'neath tropic suns
As where Arcadian realms boast genial skies,
Or arctic winter spreads eternal snows;
O'er the wide world thy magic spell enchains."

The "New York Observer" publishes the following new hymn by Dr. Ray Palmer, which with its strain of higher hope may fittingly close this retrospective paper.

SUPREMELY BLESSED.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth
that I desire besides Thee."—Psa. lxxiii. 25.

"To Thee, my God, I lift mine eyes!
Oft struggling to be free,
My soul from low delights would rise,
And lose itself in Thee.

O, if without Thy gladdening smile,
What joy can sense impart?
What charm e'er of its grief beguile
The wounded, aching heart?

But when, within my breast, I hear
The whispered words divine,
That tell me Thou in love art near,
What bliss supremo is mine!

I seem to breatho in heavenly air;
My heart sweet comfort fills;
Comfort that drowns its every care,
Its restless yearning stills.

Towards heaven, where Thy full glories are,
My raptured spirit springs,
And longs to mount from earth afar,
On swift seraphic wings.

But if awhile I yet must stay,
O, let me, strong in grace,
Love on, serve on, till dawns the day
When I shall see Thy face!

Ah! then no more shall sin molest,
Nor tears nor death be known;
But joyous life and changeless rest
Be found in God alone!"

Things New and Old.

OLD SERVANTS AND OLD MISTRESSES.—It is a very common complaint in our days that servants are not what they were of old. With equal truth it may be said that neither are mistresses. What lady now-a-days would deal with her maid as our ancient friend Miss W. dealt with a certain "Margate" of our acquaintance, her faithful and devoted servant? Miss W. was an old Scottish lady whom we can faintly remember in Edinburgh long, long ago. We recall the feelings of awe with which we climbed up to the "flat" in George Street where she and her two sisters dwelt. One of these ladies, our relative by marriage, was the friend and correspondent of the excellent Mr. Simeon of Cambridge, and greatly prized the honour of entertaining him to a "dish" of tea, in her comfortable parlour among Indian cabinets, great China bowls, black profile portraits (silhouettes they were called), and lean-looking spindle-legged tables. Miss W., the eldest sister, survived both the others, and feeling herself near her end, she called Margate (Margaret by rights), and thus she spoke, in that old Scotch languor which sounded so sweet from an old lady's lips, but is never heard in such society now. "Margate, ye were true to them that are gane, and ye maun be true to me, noo I'm following them. I give ye the charge o' ma keys, Margate, ye'll tak' care o' everything, and gie oot what's needed, and I give ye the charge o' ma purse, Margate. I give ye the charge o' ma clothes, Margate, you'll see that all's right. And, Margate, I give ye the charge o' ma body! And I leave ye to God and your own conscience!" The old lady fixed her dark eyes on Margate, as with an air of indescribable majesty she concluded her solemn charge which her servant could never forget.

Margate was faithful to her trust. No daughter could have more faithfully nursed a mother than she nursed her beloved mistress; and it was not till some time after her death that she consented to marry a worthy man who had long waited for her, and who made her an excellent husband.

TEMPERANCE REFORMS IN DENMARK.—Our Scandinavian neighbours are making a strenuous effort to deal by law with the evils of drunkenness. In Copenhagen no women will in future be allowed to serve in the bars of public-houses, or other drinking places. The selling of drink to persons of either sex, under the age of eighteen, or to persons no longer sober, is strictly prohibited. Any drunken person is to be taken to his home in a covered carriage, and the cost of the carriage is to be defrayed by the landlord of the public-house in which he was last supplied with drink. The number of public-houses in Copenhagen is to be reduced from 1350 to 800.

LEAP FROM AN INVALID'S DIARY.—*"Sunday, January 21, 1855.— . . . We have been thinking a great deal to-day of the wonderful blessings which God has surrounded us with, and feel greatly ashamed of our folly and sin in not living in the recollection of Him from whom all comes. If we did how blessed our life would be, and how little anxiety we should have about our position and circumstances, or even about ill-health and weakness. How much better and more cheerfully we should do our work! How much more kind and gentle we should be! How much better we should be able to bear disappointment, unkindness, malice, and all uncharitableness! and how much more earnestly we should pray that our enemies should be forgiven and their hearts changed! How much more zealously we should work for*

the utter destruction of evil in ourselves and others! How much more hopefully we should look on all efforts to lead men to trust alone in the one perfect sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ! I have been thinking about my father and mother and brothers and sisters who have gone before us into their rest. They had troubles and trials enough in their day, but even I, looking at them with the world and its affairs pressing on me, can look upon these as light afflictions which were but for a moment. It seems, too, when by reading the Bible, by joining in the prayers of the Church, by reading a sermon, or any book which deals with God's ways to man, and helps me to see things as they really are, that I shall never be anxious any more, and never forget that God cares for us all and watches over us all; but go on in the remembrance of these truths, working manfully as a soldier and servant of Jesus Christ, seeking only for His glory, for Righteousness and Truth, and Mercy, to be godly myself, and in as far as in me lies, to lead all others to do the like. O God, help us!"—*Life of Daniel Macmillan, publisher.*

THE GOSPEL OR SCIENCE WITHOUT RELIGION.—The materialist discourses to the pale mechanic of a "scientific creed," which takes from him every motive of contentment in life or hope in death; which kills for him the one ideal that can sweeten and redeem his existence of dull monotonous evil. . . . The one thing which remains for him to render life endurable is to drown in his Sunday's drunkenness the remembrance of his week of travail and sorrow. As I write, the rollicking tunes of the Salvationists fall upon my ears—happily from a distance. I do not greatly admire or willingly encounter those shrill religionists. The clown's valediction to the two pages, "God be with you, and God mend your voices," substantially represents my personal feelings about them, although, indeed, I could well desire that their religious conceptions should be mended too. But when I think of what life actually is to those whom "General" Booth and his "Army" go forth to seek and to save, I am forced to own that these ignorant and discordant fanatics are doing a better, a nobler, and a more practically useful work than all the professors of physics in the world put together.—*W. S. Lilly, in Contemporary Review.*

HE CASTETH DOWN AND HE RAISETH UP.—When God intends to fill a soul, He first makes it empty; when He intends to enrich a soul, He first makes it poor; when He intends to exalt a soul, He first makes it humble; when He intends to save a soul, He first makes it sensible of its own miseries, wants, and nothingness. Our Saviour, in the end of His beatitudes, speaks, "Great is your reward in heaven," but in the beginning of them He first saith, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." God deals in the spiritual building as men do in their artificial buildings, the higher that they intend to build, the lower and deeper do they lay their foundation. If God intends to lift you up to Christ, and mercy, and grace, and glory, He will then bring you low in the sense of your sinful misery, and spiritual wants and self-nothingness and unworthiness.—*Flavel.*

THE ANCHOR AS A SYMBOL OF HOPE.—There is no more familiar symbol or emblem of Hope than the anchor (see Heb. vi. 19). Two sayings of Socrates, which have been often quoted in illustration of this idea, will bear repeating here. "To ground hope upon a false supposition is like trusting to a weak anchor." Again he said, "A ship ought not to trust to one anchor, nor life to one hope."

THE KING'S SCEPTRE.

HINTS OF THE WONDERFUL UNITY OF THE WAYS OF GOD IN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. E. FAXTON HOOD.



IV.—RAYS FROM THE PATERNOSTER SHENE.

SOME time since, on the great North Sea, while I was passing from Gothenburg to Christiania, as the night came down over the dark waves, over the wild solitary fiords, and islands—breaking the monotony of the vast seas with their two or three dreary huts, their lone villages, or even a solitary spectral church, which seemed to startle, and even to add to the desolation of the scene—in the wildness of that vast and awful sea, for many miles, I had seen flaring out over the bleak billows a red light, so far it flamed. I watched long its friendly and revolving fires. I said, at last, to one of the Danish sailors, "What is the name of that light yonder?" "The Paternoster Shene," he cried. I started with delight at the reply. A glorious name for a lighthouse. There it stood, in a lone island in the midst of the moaning, leaden-coloured, melancholy main—*The Paternoster Shene*.

Exactly a week after I passed over those seas again in the night, but it was not over a tranquil sea, the billows plunged and roared in the deep night; the tolling thunder followed the beckoning fingers of the white and blue and red lightning round the whole horizon; the rain rushed down in a deluge, the wind lashed and whistled through the sails and the shrouds, and swept the standard compass from our deck into the sea. We fled along in the van of the wave and the wind; but there, still calmly over the

stormy billows, as over the gentle evening wave, shone out the Paternoster Shene—the same lustrous light, to guide, to assure, to strengthen. We did not see the hand which trimmed the flame, we only saw the light; it was there, the same itself as over the calm shimmering, moonlit sea; it illuminated and dispelled the worst terrors of the storm, it delivered us from the power of darkness—the lighthouse of the Paternoster Shene.

This truth is indeed the light of the world. We seem almost to prove the existence of God by the discovery that, without Him, all returns to darkness. Amidst the discrepancies and amazing contradictions in time and nature, this is the only satisfactory solution of that amazing unity, that principle of order, which is to be perceived running through the course of the world's affairs, and which all history proclaims.

Man's life, whether in the individual or in history, is full of compensations, which would seem to prove that the life, in both instances, is deeper than any compensation. The most wonderful instance I ever met with of joy and repose in blindness occurs in the correspondence of Baron de Grimm; it is the instance of Mademoiselle Melanie de Salignac. She was blind, and had no wish to see; at the approach of night she used to say to her friends, "Now

your reign is at an end, and mine is just beginning." She never felt *ennui*; solitude had taught her to be everything to herself; she had observed that, in travelling, at the close of the day the company began to grow silent. "For my part," said she, "I have no occasion to see those with whom I converse." She spoke little, and listened much. "I am like the birds," she used to say, "I learn to sing in darkness." Geometry was her favourite study, she used to say, "It is the true science of the blind, because no assistance was wanting to carry it to perfection. The geometrician," she said, "passes almost all his life with his eyes shut." The wonderful stream of history also was with her a favourite study. As I have read the story of this interesting creature I have often thought, there is a divinely enlightened mind which, like hers, rises to a region of calm from its perception of Divine truth; and, alike in the lessons of geometry or history, finds illustrations of the benignant sway of the sceptre of the King even amidst the severe contradictions of life.

Scripture says, "as for God His work is perfect." What do we mean by perfect? Thorough, throughout, *per facere*, working from the beginning to the end—from the end to the beginning. And this is a great word, used so often in the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Greek word *Teleios*, perfect, implying the having reached the far-distant end. *Telos*, from this comes the word telephone, speaking from a distance; the word telescope, seeing from a distance; the word telegraph, writing from a distance. And the word perfect, implies that which is reached at length, far off, as it seems; seen, now, in all its perfectness and entireness. And from this point of view God's work is always perfect; we may distinguish in our mind between what it is as He beholds it, and what it is to rude men and minds at work upon it. Think of a work all comprehended in its first conception, and beheld not as the rude labourer sees it growing before him, but as its author sees it in one immediate glance; sees it anticipated, provided for, and known. Thus God's work is perfect. God the infinite, conscious Being. How perfect are the works we call His when keenly we analyse them. The eye, is not that a perfect work? The ear, is not that a perfect work? The human skeleton, is not that a perfect work? And the Bible stands by these archetypal ideas, and says, "He that created the eye, shall not He see? He that formed the ear, shall not He hear?" "Known unto the Lord are all His works from the beginning." A short time since the traveller in London going beyond Temple Bar saw a vast enclosure covered with bills and advertisements; he perhaps looked through a cranny; within he saw walls rising out of a heap of rubbish. A multitude of workmen were engaged who knew little more of the work they were engaged upon than the traveller did. But these were the great Law Courts of our land recently opened. There was a mind in which all was seen and known perfectly, to whom all was perfect. So out of the world, with all the ages of its rubbish, and all the many millions of its labourers, a divine work rises in the mind of God, perfect.

And thus we are reminded of an expression in Butler's "Analogy." "It is particularly to be observed," he says, "that the Divine government which we experience ourselves to be under in the present state, taken alone, is allowed not to be the perfection of moral government." And then he goes on to argue what our preceding remarks have indicated, that we are in the middle of a 'system,' and apparent irregularities may be also the only means by which wise and good ends are capable of being accomplished. There is no exaggeration in the image which has been employed to describe man surveying the immense scheme of nature and history, as an insect, who has gone down into the interior of the great Haarlem organ. Suppose it even to be an intelligent insect, an idea which may be rationally entertained, what wonders might startle it in the depths of acoustics, in estimating the times of aerial pulsations, in attempting to measure with the microscopic eye the chords which hold the mysterious vibrations; meantime, over the head of the insect, rolls and swells the glorious anthem, but this, if heard, is not understood; it comes only in dull discordant tones. Is there extravagance in the comparison? Are not we also like an insect crawling among the pipes, keys, springs, and pedals of a vast organ? We need a large time-view at all adequately to comprehend; the survey of nature is as when we get down among the wheels of vast machinery; it is truly this when men see nothing but mathematics in the heavens, and chemical affinities upon the earth; there is a way of looking at nature and history by which nothing is seen but passing links, and joined letters of which we cannot spell the words,—very curious, but unnecessary—perhaps, even unfavourable to faith.

Readers will probably remember some noble words of Luther in a letter to the Chancellor Bruck, at Augsburg; "I have lately," he says, "seen two miracles. The first, as I was looking out of the window, and saw the stars in heaven, and the whole fair vault of God,—yet saw nowhere any pillar whereon the Maker had reared this vault. Nevertheless the heavens fell not, and that fair vault stands firm. Now, there are some who search for those pillars, and would fain grasp, and feel them; and, because they cannot do this, they totter, and tremble as if the heavens must surely fall from no other cause save that they cannot grasp those pillars, nor see them. If they could grasp those pillars, then, no doubt, the heavens would stand firm. The second is this. I saw also vast thick clouds lowering over us with such a weight that they might be compared to a great ocean. Yet saw I no ground whereon they rested or were based; nor any shore whereby they were bound. Nevertheless they fell not on us, but saluted us with a frowning countenance and fled away. When they had passed by, then shone forth both their floor, whereon they were based, and our roof, the rainbow. Yet what a feeble, slight, insignificant floor and roof was that; so slight that it faded away up to the clouds, and was more like a prism, such as is wont to stream through painted glass, than such a mighty floor; so that one might well have despaired on account of the floor, as

much as on account of the great weight of the workers. Nevertheless, it was found, in fact, that this feeble prism bore up the weight of waters, and shielded us. But there are some who look at the mass and weight of the clouds, and consider them more, than this slight subtle narrow prism; they would fain feel the strength of the rainbow, and because they cannot do this they fear that the clouds will pour down in an eternal deluge."

These noble words are only the expression in other language of the beautiful verses of our recent poet.

"And I said, in underbreath,—All our life is mixed with death,

And who knoweth which is best?

And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,—

Round our restlessness, His rest."

It is at once the great difficulty and encouragement of life to be able to draw these divine lessons from special instances: such instances, lying by unused and unnoticed there are; and, then, when alighted upon, they are like an old key, perhaps covered with rust, but memory scours and polishes it, and fits it for use; somewhat after the instance of Pharaoh's butler, of whom we read that he forgot Joseph until a certain moment in his life came, and then, suddenly, he said, "I remember!" It is certainly remarkable that great spirits, men whose mighty enterprises have affected the well-being and destinies of future generations, have had these strong and mighty contingent consolations.

Columbus, whose name we have already mentioned in a previous paper, was one of these spirits; and several circumstances meet in his life which seem like special providences. There is extant a letter written by him to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, a letter which he penned when apparently agitated by the most intense anxiety as to his great enterprise and expedition. "Weary and sighing," he said, "I fell into a slumber, when I heard a voice saying to me 'Oh, slow to believe and serve thy God, the God of all; what did He more for Moses, or for His servant David? From the time that thou wast born He has ever taken care of thee. Of the gates of the ocean sea, shut up by such mighty chains, He delivered to thee the keys. What did He more for the great people of Israel when He led them forth from Egypt, or for David, whom, from being a shepherd, He made a king? Answer, who has afflicted thee so much and so many times, God, or the world? The privileges and promises God has made thee, He has never broken, nor said after having received thy services, that His meaning was different, and to be understood in a different sense!'" There is much more in the letter to the same purpose. "And I heard all this," continues Columbus, "as one almost dead, and had not power to reply to words so true, except to weep. Whatever it was that spake to me finished by saying, 'Fear not—confide, for these tribulations are written in marble, and are not without cause.'" This letter is indeed very remarkable, but not more remarkable than those

strange lights which certainly encouraged him when almost reduced to despair. With disaffection and revolt around him on board his little vessel, the thought crossed his mind of giving up all for lost, and returning to Europe; it was just then, when pacing to and fro on the little higher deck, about ten o'clock at night, he perceived some little gleaming lights, shimmering, he supposed, on some shore invisible to him, through the darkness of the night. Fearing that his excitement deceived him, the sad spirited navigator called for one of his companions, and this one confirmed his impressions; then he called for another, and still the first impression was confirmed; evidently it was a light, perhaps more than one, in sudden and passing gleams coming and going—what were those lights? possibly even the flash from the rude torch of some fisherman out upon the dark waters. The comrades of Columbus refused to attach any importance to the fitful gleams; to him, however, they appeared to be the assured tokens that they could not be far from land, and also that the land was certainly inhabited. So Columbus held on his course, and at two o'clock the next day the report of a gun from the "Pinta," the companion vessel, gave the joyful signal of land. Thus the first sign was given to Columbus, and Washington Irving, very naturally says, "It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man at such a moment, or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind as to the land before him covered with darkness; but it was that moving light he had beheld which first proved that he was near to the residence of man." Thinking of what those flickering beams became, and of the inestimable importance of that great discovery, often have we exclaimed, as we have recurred to the memory,—

"How far you little taper sheds its light!"

Surely the gleam, kindled and sustained by unknown hands, shines out through all the succeeding ages, like the rays of the friendly Paternoster Shene beheld by the traveller across the northern seas.

Such an anecdote as this which we have cited opens up what, to many, may appear a grave range of difficulties, and suggestions as to the place of what is called contingency in the great world of providence. God, it is admitted by many, works through the wonderful course of human history, but what is His relation to contingent, or casual, or accidental circumstances and events? If the orderly march of the great affairs of history proclaim assuredly a Divine predestination and predisposition, the slighter contingencies, while they illustrate the freedom of man, do also in their course not the less proclaim that a sovereign and infinite mind holds the reins over even the slightest affairs. Hence, in speaking of the "sinister facts" which make their presence perceived in the course of human history, it has been said, "Good is a good doctor, but bad is sometimes a better." This is only another form of Milton's expression—

"From seeming evils still edueing good,
And better thence again, in infinite
Progression—"

It is understood that evil is in the world, it seems as if no sane mind can deny that; but the sovereignty of divine law is perceived in this, that evil things themselves are turned into channels, and become the soil for ultimate uses they never intended. A great writer says: "I do not think very respectfully of the designs or the doings of the people who went to California, in 1849. It was a rush, and a scramble of needy adventurers, and, in the Western country, a general jail-delivery of all the rowdies of the rivers. Some of them went with honest purposes, some with very bad ones, and all of them with the very commonplace wish to find a short way to wealth. But nature watches over all, and turns this malfeasance to good. California gets peopled, and subdued—civilised in this immoral way,—and, on this fiction, a real prosperity is rooted and grown. In America, the geography is sublime, but the men are not; the inventions are excellent, but the inventors one is sometimes ashamed of. The agencies by which events so grand as the opening of California, of Texas, of Oregon, and the junction of the two oceans, are effected, are paltry,—coarse selfishness, fraud, and conspiracy: and most of the great results of history are brought about by discreditable means." And not less is it true that, in some of the greatest events of the world, contingency seems to give the first original.

The Imperial power which ruled in Europe during the long course of the middle and the dark ages, is still known by the name of the Holy Roman Empire. We transfer our mind and memory back to the coronation of Charlemagne at Rome, in the year 800; it is perhaps impossible to over-estimate the importance of that event, in the memory of what came out of it; the reign of Charlemagne is the great date of modern history. It was at the festival of Christmas. The great sovereign had laid aside his ordinary rude attire, and had entered the church of St. Peter's, at Rome. While kneeling at the foot of the sacred shrine, the Pope, Leo, surprised him, he afterwards said—so his secretary has recorded—by placing a golden crown upon his head, and extorting from him, as he gave to him his blessing, a promise that he would maintain unbroken the rights of the Holy Roman Church. It was assumed, it was afterwards asserted—and then it was wrought into the texture of arrogant arguments, that this was no surprise, that it was a solemn act by which the Emperor surrendered himself and his rights as a sovereign to the will of the church. How far it was a surprise, or an intention it seems now beyond the possibility of the most prying historian to ascertain; but, in any case, this contingency, whether we ascribe it to the weak and superstitious impulse of the Emperor, or to the craft of Leo, assuredly was that event which, strengthening alike the Papal and Imperial authority, enabled it to oppose a visible unity at once to the ominous armies ranged beneath the Mahomedan crescent, and the wild barbarian hordes of the North. No evil contingency it seems is permitted to reign unchecked, or unused, and thus, manifestly, the supremacy of good over evil is obvious in the story of the world. Yet,

"How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark, doth heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, His glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers His throne."

From such lofty words it seems almost trifling to notice that, fulfilling the idea we expressed above, compensations show, eminently, how good recovers the ground from evil. Thus forest laws, and ruthless feudalisms of the first Norman kings, gave to the English nation the inspiration of Magna Charta. And, thus the despotism of Edward I., who wanted money for his army, and his castles, as much as he could get, and who in order to obtain it in a shorter and a swifter way by subsidies, paid the people in privileges, was the occasion of the origin of the House of Commons in the twenty-fourth year of his reign; and so he may be said to have laid the foundation of the English constitution, that no taxes should be levied without the consent of the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled.

There was an ancient aphorism, that there is no medium between the denial of a Providence and the denial of a God; and, perhaps, this is scarcely saying too much. The doctrine of an infinite and over-ruling Providence has no doubt often been subject to exaggerated, and more than enthusiastic views; and thus there has been a fashion of writing the histories of human events with critical accompaniments of what were God's particular designs; and such interpretations have not usually been so much the mistakes of irreverent as of narrow or partial minds. A broad view of history, like a broad view of nature, presents everywhere to the eye of the devout spectator one divine ordaining and ruling; but, just as the poising of a planet in space is from the operation of the same law which poises the wing of the bird in mid-air, so the most enlarged views of divine wisdom are not incompatible with a faith in the same beneficent law operating in the most minute arrangements. Incidents are the links of history, yet they are not always very distinctly seen; even the historian has often failed to notice them; he has been content to pourtray the general course and current, the movement of the great tide of events without noticing or calling attention to particular waves, which yet are each the result of fixed and sure guidance.

HOMES FOR POOR GENTLEWOMEN.

In our number for the 17th of September, 1881, will be found an earnest appeal, by a valued contributor, Miss Dora Hope, on behalf of institutions whose object is to provide homes for ladies who have been reduced to want, the Wandsworth Homes being particularly mentioned. It is proposed, on the present occasion, to notice an earlier establishment of the same kind, "Miss Sheppard's Annuitants' Homes," Bayswater, the example of which led to the formation of the Wandsworth Home and of several other similar institutions, and which is now in great need of support.

More than twenty-five years ago Miss Sheppard, a lady living in Bayswater, while pursuing her work as a district visitor, met with many distressing cases of ladies who had once been in comfortable or even in affluent circumstances, but having been reduced to live on small annuities granted by charitable societies, or provided for them by friends, were obliged to occupy miserable rooms in a poor neighbourhood. It occurred to Miss Sheppard that the providing comfortable rooms for ladies so circumstanced would do much to alleviate the distress of a class whose previous habits had made them peculiarly sensitive to the trials which accompany poverty. Having conceived this idea, she at once began to solicit subscriptions, and having obtained some promises of support, she, in December 1855, called a meeting of gentlemen, who formed themselves into a committee for establishing an institution to be called the *Annuitants' Homes*, Bayswater. The scheme adopted was to hire houses as the funds would allow, and to allot to each lady a separate bed-room and sitting-room. From this time Miss Sheppard devoted herself entirely to the work. The first house was taken in 1856, and in November 1878, when she entered into her rest, the establishment consisted of eight houses in Paddington and Kensington, occupied by thirty-two elderly inmates, several of whom were allowed to share their rooms with friends or sisters, so that the number of residents was nearly forty.

The late Archdeacon Hunter, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Bayswater, was during the whole of his incumbency chairman of the committee, which includes the names of the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn, the Rev. Prebendary Moore, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Paddington, the Rev. Claremont Skrine, Wimbledon, and other well known clergymen. The Rev. Prebendary Auriol was a member for many years and up to his decease. The Rev. J. Filmer Sullivan, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Bayswater, is the present Chairman. H. Cadman Jones, Esq., 40 Craven Hill Gardens, Hyde Park, is treasurer and honorary secretary, to whom or to "the Lady Secretary" at the office, 24 Kildare Terrace, W., written communications may be addressed. There is no salaried officer, and no one connected with the Homes, except the housekeepers and the collector, receives any remuneration.

A lady to be eligible as an inmate, must have an income of not less than 25*l.* a year, and must be a member of the Church of England, the Church of Ireland, or some orthodox Protestant dissenting denomination. The inmates are selected from the list of candidates, regard being had to age, character, present pecuniary circumstances, former position in life, and date of application. If two ladies are candidates for the joint occupation of one set of rooms, a joint income of 40*l.* is sufficient.

Since the first establishment of the Homes, many inmates have died in them, and have on their death-beds thanked God for giving them so peaceful a home in their last days. Others, owing to improvement in their circumstances, have retired, expressing a strong sense of the relief afforded to them during their stay.

On the death of Miss Sheppard, to whose unwearied exertions the growth of the Homes had been owing, and who had superintended their internal arrangements, many of the supporters feared that the work would have to be given up. She had often expressed an anxious hope that it would be continued after her decease, and at a meeting held in December 1878, the committee determined that it should be carried on, and should thenceforth bear her name.

A time of great difficulty followed. At the time of Miss Sheppard's death the yearly subscriptions were barely sufficient along with the income of invested donations to pay the current expenses. About that time the leases of several of the houses expired, and as the value of property in the neighbourhood had risen, the result was a great increase in the amount of rent. Notwithstanding the loss of Miss Sheppard's exertions, the subscriptions have not materially fallen off, but unless they can be materially increased, it will be necessary to reduce the number of inmates. Though some liberal donations have been received during the last four years, the society has been obliged to encroach upon its small funded property to pay current expenses.

It would be lamentable if an institution which does so much for a class peculiarly deserving of sympathy were allowed to languish and die out for want of funds. Some of its supporters have done it good service by inducing their friends to subscribe, and it is to be hoped that others will follow in their steps. Many of the inmates are aged Christians, who show a bright example of cheerful acquiescence in the dispensations which have brought them to poverty, and of readiness to do all they can to promote the comfort of the other inmates. To support an institution which brightens the last days of such as these will surely be esteemed a privilege by those who remember the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

* * We have pleasure in giving room to this appeal in behalf of "Miss Sheppard's Homes," not only as being worthy of support, but as suggesting the establishment of similar institutions in other places. This is a modern form of the Christian beneficence which led in former times to the erection of alms-houses. The establishment of such refuges for poverty, as distinguished from pauperism, in the absence of any attempt at classification in our Work House system, is a work of private or associated charity—ED. S. N.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."—Mr. John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," the song whose sentiment and tender pathos have touched the heart of the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world, died at Tunis, where he was the American consul, in 1852, and was buried there. By request of the United States Government, Mr. Payne's remains have lately been removed from the Protestant Cemetery, and shipped for America, to be re-interred at Washington. The music by Sir Henry Bishop, helped to make "Home, Sweet Home" the universal favourite it has become.

Pages for the Young.

THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

VI.



OPHIA walked on hastily, she resolved to get clear of the neighbourhood where her family was known. Through a remainder of timidity difficult to overcome, it was against her inclination to undertake the duties of trade; but at length, arrived at the opposite extremity of the town, she resolved to ask a woman busied in sweeping the pavement before a grocer's shop.

"Cheap things for sale!" said she; "here is some good thread, some English needles, some very fine hair-cloth. Do you wish to buy some silk thread?—some red cotton thread, or some braid of all colours? I have a little of everything, madam, and I do not sell dear!"

In pronouncing these words with a rapid voice in which some emotion prevailed, the poor girl happened to raise her eyes towards the person whom she was soliciting, and in her expressive looks an earnestness of appeal was observed.

"How genteel and tidy she is!" thought the woman. "Tell us, little girl, is it long that you have been carrying on this trade? We have never seen you before about this part."

"It is really the first time. Buy something of me for handsew!"

"Very well! It shall never be said that I refuse to buy of a young person who looks deserving of encouragement; and you there—Come here," she added, addressing some neighbours a few paces off, "come here, if you want to buy something."

Sophia had by this time placed her box on the bench opposite the shop, and having opened it displayed its contents artistically arranged.

The gaining hand is always liberal, or at least ought to be, we all know: and the worthy woman of the grocery shop, whose business was in a prosperous condition, made without hesitation what seemed extensive purchases. Sophia had really good fortune. Nor was it confined to this house. The curious came from all sides: everyone had something to say, but the unaffected graces of the little mercer gained the affections of all. In short, one sale was followed by another. After the heavy coppers came the silver pieces, so that whilst her purse became heavier, joy was seen on the gentle countenance of Sophia.

"Thank you all very much!" said she taking again her burden, and turning towards the grocer. "Thank you, madam, above all, who have brought me this pleasure."

"I am very glad of it," replied the woman, "come and see us from time to time; we shall give you the preference, shall we not, neighbours?"

"Certainly," replied they all together: "she is so very obliging—and see what good measure she gives! It is not to with big Martinette, who seems to almost graze your nails when she is cutting off a piece of cloth!"

"And by-the-bye, what is your name?"

"My name is Sophia."

"Good-bye, then, Sophia: till you come again!"

"Oh! yes, another time, and before very long; I shall take care not to forget you."

After saying this, she continued her way. Her box was

lighter, but the weight of her little purse caused in her great satisfaction. The sharp north-wind of the early morning had roughly beaten upon the countenance of our young friend, though she appeared to be insensible to the cold and the fatigue. She went there and came here, offering her goods, and stopping wherever the sale of them was possible. After having traversed many parts of the town she found herself near the church of St. Saviour whilst twelve o'clock was striking. Fully occupied with the effort to increase her trade, Sophia had not yet thought of the store of provisions with which maternal foresight had furnished the lower part of her box of merchandise. Through time and work she now felt quite hungry, and approaching the church, she took a place beneath the vestibule of the principal door, in the rays of a pale winter's sun, in order to commence her frugal meal.

At the moment that she was breaking her little loaf a feeble sigh attracted her attention. The street being deserted the noise could come only from the interior of the vestibule. Her curiosity being excited, she looked instinctively into the recess of the arch, into the middle of an obscurity which did not permit her to distinguish objects. Curiosity would certainly have induced her to proceed farther, if a sort of undefined fear had not retained her at the threshold of the building. Just then an aged woman appeared on the step of the door. Touching the wall with one hand, and supporting herself by the other holding a stick, she walked slowly, and bending with the feebleness of old age. Her pale and emaciated face, and her worn-out clothes attested real misfortune. In passing, she cast an unobtrusive look on the provisions in the box, and this was for Sophia a ray of explanation. Her compassionate heart perceived the mute suffering of the woman, and Sophia, more hasty than reflective, said, "Take that, dear mother! I do not doubt that you are very hungry. I know it," continued she, stopping the course of the poor aged creature. The woman instinctively held forth her hand, but another sentiment seemed to possess her, and to make her hesitate.

"And you, my child," said she, "what will you do?"

"Oh! Don't think of that, I beg you, there is enough left for me yet, see—besides I have breakfasted this morning; but you!"

"I! my child, alas! I say what is true. The last twenty-four hours—"

"Oh! then, do not refuse."

"Let it be, my child, as you wish." And she began to eat eagerly.

"Go on gently," replied Sophia, "it is not good to eat too fast; you will drink a little now, will you not? See, here is a little wine and water."

"Ah! how nice this is! You restore life to me! If you knew it! I came this morning to the church to beg; ah! must I acknowledge it. I have not dared to do so. It is hard at my age, especially for the first time!" A tear now trickled down the wrinkled cheek of the feeble woman.

"But," she went on to say, "let me not distress you by the account of my sorrows. May God bless you, dear child, and may He spare you the afflictions that I endure. Thanks for your kind help. May He bring you joy. Adieu."

With a more confiding step she continued her road. When she had disappeared, Sophia, whose eyes had followed her, felt a lighter heart, and whilst finishing her slender meal she began to meditate with a look of curiosity on the stained and coloured glass of the church. The doors of this religious edifice, sculptured in the sixteenth century by the celebrated John Goujon, are really remarkable. The work is of extreme beauty. It has been preserved even down to our times in a perfect state by means of curtains, which on ordinary occasions protect with their covering the exterior part of the wainscoting; on the days of religious feasts those beautiful panels are freed from the protecting

veil, in order that the public may behold the work of the great artist. In the interior of the building, old paintings, executed in remembrance of the good king René of Provence, adorn the chapels. Many a piece of canvas is due to the pencil of this prince, who united great virtues to his taste for the fine arts, and himself practised painting with success.

VII.

The little mercer was not yet at the end of her first day's adventures. At the moment of her return there was at the corner of the street a dog, a King-Charles spaniel, which, with excited looks, and rushing at great speed, came trembling to her, and squatted as if for protection, whilst pursued by some boys who were throwing stones at the poor animal. Already wounded on its paw, the dog would not have escaped the danger but for the protecting shelter which was unexpectedly offered. Fear held it crouching, concealed by Sophia's dress, until the baffled persecutors ran past the church without noticing where the dog was. Moved by compassion for the poor animal, Sophia tried to comfort it by caressing tone and gesture. She took it on her knees, and having moistened her handkerchief in water that ran near, she applied it to the aching paw. The gratitude of dogs is quickly shown. More so than that of men, it is also unreserved and durable, and scarcely had this spaniel been relieved than he began to lick the hands of his benefactor.

However the young girl could not prolong her stay indefinitely; she rose then to depart. But what was to be done for her poor protected one? He, perceiving by instinct her hesitation, began to whine in a mournful tone, and the intelligent eyes seemed to implore the further compassion of his companion.

"Ah! well, no, my poor creature, I will not abandon you," said Sophia quite affected; and placing the animal on her arm began her course home.

At this hour of the day all movement slackened in the town. The streets becoming almost deserted, the little mercer met with a smaller number of customers, so that she did not go out of her way, but proceeded through the nearest avenue. Not far from her the gate of a coach-house opened. A coachman in livery was getting ready a chaise for a journey near at hand, and his attention was excited by the approach of the girl near the gate. "Stop," cried he suddenly, "that is my lady's King Charles! Tell me, girl, how it came into your hands." Sophia told him ingenuously all the circumstances of the case, and she was preparing to give up the dog to the inquirer, but the animal began to resist and press himself against the breast of his benefactor.

"Everybody sees," said the man, "that you have fondled the dog, otherwise our Bianca would not remain with you, a stranger. Well, as she is unwilling to leave you, you can take up yourself the little wanderer to its resting-place." Sophia followed the coachman timidly, and after having mounted the high stairs, she entered into a large salon. There the King Charles recognised his abode. Without being invited a second time, he was on the floor with a bound, and ran to the door of the dining-room. Then he began to scratch with his paw and his snout, uttering all the time yelps of impatience. At this summons the door was opened, and a concert of infantine voices announced the recovery and welcome of the pretty little animal.

"Oh! It is Bianca! our dear Bianca! It has come back again, the darling!"

"Ah! What is the matter with you then? You are hurt on the paw, poor little thing."

"Why run about the streets all alone? Who has taken care of you then, Bebell?"

The dog began to cry quietly, and turned as if to look for

Sophia, who had remained on the staircase as if wishing her to appear on the scene. But the introduction deserved a different reception, at least this was the general opinion. Taking the little mercer by the hand, the children obliged her to come near, whilst they pressed her with questions.

The description of the adventures of Bianca, told with simplicity, gave a better opinion of the young girl who had not endeavoured to exalt herself. The simplicity of her kind heart was recognised, and desirous of acknowledging, without hurting her susceptibility, the service she had rendered, the family of Robernier was eager to make numerous purchases.

"Well, to be sure! What a sale! The whole box was going off!" Sophia was astonished. "Bianca, oh! Bianca, is it you who have brought me this wind-fall?" murmured she silently.

"You will come and see us again, will you not?" added Madame de Robernier, "your stuffs are of good quality, we shall reserve our purchases for you. Bianca will be glad to see again the person that has saved her, for you have saved her, my child."

Again confused and overpowered at the same time, Sophia promised to come. "Good-bye, Bianca," said she, giving a last caress, "Good-bye."

The brother and the sister conducted the little mercer back to the door, and there they pressed her hand.

"Good-bye, Sophia, till we see one another again," said the young Maurice. "Good-bye!"

"Yes, come again soon," added Helen: "our good mother who is unwell to-day, has not been able to thank you, but she loves you as much as her Bianca does! She will be very glad to do it another time. The house is easy to find, is it not? You see, it is at the side of the Hotel de Ville."

"Oh, do not fear, I will come again, be sure." Sophia, light-hearted, seemed in her walking not to touch the ground; joy and success gave her wings, and no wonder, for she had made a splendid beginning.

VIII.

The sun was near the horizon when Sophia regained her home.

"Oh! mother, here is our sister," exclaimed Daniel, hearing some one stepping on the stairs.

"Yes, indeed, it is Sophia." To rush forwards, to utter sharp cries, to embrace her fondly, this was but the work of a minute for the two boys. What transports! What joy!

Anselm did not cease to caress his child with his trembling hands: "She is here near me, safe and sound; God be praised!" he continued saying. Martha, whose heart and mouth had for a long time lost their smile, again found her former cheerfulness; she went about here and there, hastening the preparations for supper, and returned every now and then towards her daughter, from whom she could scarcely keep her eyes.

All the family wanted to know more; and therefore, what a number of questions! You may well think, it was like a deluge. Sophia, after many inquiries, displayed the trays of her box nearly empty, and opening her purse, poured the contents of it on her mother's lap. Things spoke for themselves: the most eloquent words could do no more; so that nothing can give an idea of the general surprise. Astonished, and as one bewildered, Martha cried for joy.

"It is a miracle!" cried she; "it is like a prodigy, my dear child."

"Ah! I have you at last," replied Anselm, "and that spirit for enterprise, which you despised. Now you see it: something told me that Sophia would be our Providence; I knew she would prosper."

"And I too!" said Martha.

"And I too!" repeated in chorus Paul and Daniel, making many leaps with joy.

"And your stick of barley-sugar, Paul, you say nothing about it. Here see it then!"

"That is very kind of you, my sister, to think about it," he hastened to reply.

"Here is a top for Daniel."

He blushed with delight, and with eyes full of tears, muttered in the midst of kisses: "You knew very well then what I wanted."

"Oh! you know I guess everything," replied Sophia joyously. "And now we will go to the table: I am very hungry! Let me first have some of that nice soup: we will chat afterwards. I will tell you about everything."

The meal being ended they took their places in a circle around the hearth; all eyes shone with delight. Daniel and Paul especially listened, with open mouth, to the transaction of that great day; it seemed to them more wonderful than any tale in the Arabian Nights.

The story of the King-Charles dog caused some regret in Paul, who would have liked to see the poor little animal. "You should have brought him here to our house," said he; and Daniel immediately added: "We would have taken great care of him at all events, you may be sure."

"Bianca is certainly very pretty," said Sophia; "any one would be pleased with her without knowing why: but she did not belong to us," added she in a serious tone, which made them a little confused: and smiling at this she said: "Moreover, Bianca likes better to be where she now is, and has no desire to leave her masters."

"At the same time, my child, it has been a piece of good luck for you to meet with the poor creature," replied Martha.

"It was providential, mother, as well as every other thing that has taken place to-day . . . We see from this that God directs events, and that nothing happens without His permission . . . My little trade has had a happy beginning, has it not? If it continues to be so, nothing will be wanting here, perhaps."

"My fears were unfounded, I acknowledge," said Martha; "but you know the heart of a mother is inclined to be alarmed; that is my excuse."

Anselm listened in silence to this conversation, and all this time tenderly held in his hands the hands of his daughter.

From this day the blacksmith's family entertained hope, and the peace of the abode was no longer troubled by the phantom of want.

Weeks succeeded weeks without bringing any change in the circumstances of the Duroc. Setting out early in the morning, and not returning before the evening, Sophia pursued her work without cessation. Sometimes she searched the more distant suburbs, at other times she tried the more central parts of the town. Ready as to time, and obliging, she never met with hasty and rough receptions, her gentleness always triumphed over ill-will. However, her daily receipts were not always equally profitable; there were ups and downs: it is the nature of things; but it was very seldom that she brought back no money, and her little profits, expended with that degree of carefulness and calculation which was the custom of Martha, made all things revive. Very often Sophia came back in the evening tired and almost frozen by the cold: but around the fire which sparkled on the hearth, and the brightness of which made the ruddy copper utensils of the kitchen glitter joyously as of old, she found all sheltered from need. The children warmly clothed made a great noise with their wooden shoes, and this was for her ears the most charming music.

Thus, the sense of discharged duty, and the joyfulness which it procures, recompensed Sophia for her trouble and

fatigue. One single dark spot remained on the horizon; the blindness of her father. But she was not of his opinion. Was the injury incurable? This was a doubtful problem which the young girl did not cease to ponder in her thoughts. A voice within seemed to say to her: "Hope! hope still! All things are possible with God."

IX.

Many months had now passed away since the first appearance of Sophia at the house of Madame Robernier. The family, on their return from a journey, had lately come back to Aix, and our little meroor prepared herself to visit them. To tell the truth, the desire of selling was not her only motive for doing so. The remembrance of Bianca involuntarily attracted her. Might the animal have kept her in memory? Sophia asked herself this at the moment when she knocked at the large gate. At the sound of her voice the answer was not doubtful. Bianca remembered! Bianca was not ungrateful! She ran to her benefactor, letting her joy overflow in bounds, in cries, and in leaping against the young girl. She, quite pleased, took the little animal into her arms and repaid caress for caress. Absorbed in this joyous rencontre, she did not perceive the unusual proceeding of the chamber-maid, whose hesitating looks announced to Sophia the great inconvenience of her visit.

What was taking place, then?

"Ah!" said the chamber-maid, "you do not know the serious event which is going on here. They are going to operate on my lady, for a malady in the eyes, which they call, I think, a cataract. A doctor arrived this morning from the faculty of Montpellier, a practitioner, who performs wonderful cures, and whose knowledge and skill are highly spoken of. Everyone of the family and her friends is in Madame's room, in a state of anxiety impossible to describe. . . . The last journey, you must know, was to consult this oculist."

These words distressed Sophia, whose mind was continually agitated by the thought of the afflicted one who concerned her most. Her emotion did not permit her to reply. What a strange coincidence! Madame Robernier was blind! blind like her father! and a man of skill in the diseases of the eye is here, directing with sure hand the instrument which restores sight. A multitude of thoughts agitated the poor child! "My God!" she uttered, "my God direct me! . . ." And with eyes raised towards heaven, no longer listening to what was said to her, and not thinking of going away, she remained immovable and silent, as if riveted to the place.

Thus nearly an hour passed away, during which, seated on a small bench in a mournful attitude, she was unconscious of what was passing.

On a sudden a piercing cry was heard. Sophia shuddered. Recalled to the state of things, she arose with a start, murmuring in a low tone of voice: "There is a remedy: there is a cure."

A silence for some minutes, interrupted at times by uncertain rumours, was followed by another silence rather long on this occasion. At length the noise became less vague, and even distinct: the sound of voices came on. The heart of Sophia beat incessantly, and in a moment the door opened.

A man of middle size, having on a black dress and white cravat, came by, accompanied by Monsieur Robernier, who was uttering warm expressions of gratitude. Success was imprinted on the countenances of all, their joy was extreme.

The doctor with an equanimity peculiar to specialists, said: "Yes, certainly, it looks well; we may have good hopes. Without any complications, and I do not foresee any, a cure is certain."

THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

And whilst speaking, as he continued to advance, the little maiden presented herself before him. She was pale, and downcast. On a sudden, obeying an inward inspiration, she threw herself at the feet of the oculist, imploring him with clasped hands, her eyes bathed with tears, and uttering words interrupted by her heavy sobs: "Oh! have pity! have pity on my poor blind father! I pray you restore his sight!"

There was in these words so mournful an accent that the doctor in wonder stopped. He soon inquired of those who surrounded him, and what he learnt of the filial devotedness of Sophia excited his interest. Then raising the child with a really paternal kindness, he knew how to calm, with a few words, her extreme agitation, and his encouragements gave her hope that there might be a cure of the blindness of Anselm caused by accident.

Deeply affected, the oculist remained thoughtful a moment . . . Then having consulted his watch: "Do not lose courage, my child; conduct me to your father now," replied he, with that unaffected good nature, which was habitual to him: "it shall never be said that in misfortune I have been implored in vain. I have yet some time before leaving; let us be quick!"

The witnesses of this scene received these words with a murmur of approbation. Sophia overjoyed rushed to the doctor, whose hands she clasped with gratitude. "Ah, sir," said she, "you give me the first moment of happiness that I have had for a long time!"

Some minutes after the carriage brought both of them to the house of the farrier.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XIV.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." (John i. 11.) Read Luke iv. 16, 30.

The Lord had commenced His ministry not only by teaching in the synagogues of Galilee, but by healing the nobleman's son at Cana, as we read in our last lesson. And then He came "in the power of the Spirit," among the hills where He had been brought up, to Nazareth, His early home. He was no longer unknown; all the people of the village, the old men who had known Joseph and Mary, the young men who had played with Him as boys when He was a child, all had heard that He had been seen doing wondrous works which every one had spoken of as miracles. Men counted Him a prophet, it remained to be seen whether the men of Nazareth would be proud of Him, or whether the common saying would be proved true, that a prophet has no honour in his own country (John iv. 44).

Where was it the custom of Jesus to go on the Sabbath day? (v. 16.) What a lesson does He give us by His example as to our own duty to worship God regularly in His house of prayer! In this house the Lord stood up to read, and what was the book of the scriptures out of which His lesson was taken? You will find the passage in Isa. lxi. 1. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,"—when did the Spirit of the Lord descend upon Jesus? (Luke iii. 22; John i. 32.) What did the Spirit of the Lord anoint Jesus to do? Did the people listen to Jesus attentively? What did He say about this scripture? (v. 21.) I think it would have been strange if they had not fastened their eyes on Him earnestly! Fancy what it must have been to have seen the Lord standing among them in their little synagogue, and to have heard Him declare that in Him these words were fulfilled! No wonder they marvelled as they heard him! In the "gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth"

another prophecy was fulfilled (Psa. xlv. 2.) "Grace is poured into thy lips." These men listened and wondered, but there was something that they did not do, they did not believe.

Jesus began to tell them of others who had wrought great works. He had just been travelling through Samaria where everything reminded men of the great prophets of other days, Elijah and Elisha, and He now brought forward to the men of Nazareth two stories of their times, and showed them that neither Elias (Elijah) nor Eliseus (Elisha) had healed people merely because they lived among them; to what place did the widow woman belong to whom Elijah was sent? Was Sarepta a city of Israel? What country did it belong to? (1 Kings xvii. 9.) Who was the leper who was cleansed by means of Eliscus? (Elisha.) (See 2 Kings v. 1. 14.) To what city and country did he belong? These prophets did not work these great miracles among the men of Israel, and if you will read the last verse of Matt. xiii. you will be able to tell me why Jesus did not do mighty works among the men of Nazareth (because of their unbelief). You see it is not enough to hear the preaching of even the Lord Himself, unless we receive it into our hearts by faith.

Now began a storm of rage and fury. They had first scorned the Saviour as the son of the carpenter, they next hated Him and sought to destroy Him. Above their town rose a steep rock, there they dragged Him that they might cast Him down headlong. And then He did a wonderful thing, the only miracle He wrought in Nazareth; He passed through the midst of them and went His way! None of them dared to hold Him or to touch Him. He was safe, till His time came. Thus Jesus "came unto His own and His own received Him not." (See Isaiah liii. 3.)

Sing,—“Hark! the glad sound the Saviour comes!

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. VIII.

That which appeared to the wise men, and the place at which it appeared.

1. Who came with Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, to anoint our Lord with sweet spices?
2. To whom, after he had kneeled down and prayed, did Peter say, Arise?
3. What high priest commanded them that stood by to smite Paul on the mouth?
4. What does our Lord give unto those that come to Him heavy laden?

J. R. B.

NO. IX.

The initials give something which is valuable to all, but while it is well used by some, it is thrown away by others. No man knows how much he has of it.

The finals give a part of the above.

1. Whom did Paul call his own son in the faith?
2. How did Christ describe Nathanael?
3. With what did God feed His people in the wilderness?
4. What part of a man's body did Peter cut off and Jesus heal?

M. A. B.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VII.—p. 192.

"Rejoice evermore." 1 Thess. v. 16.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Hopet.*



A SUCCESSFUL EMBASSY.

OATMEAL SQUARE.

I.

OATMEAL SQUARE—yes, that was the name; dating further back than the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and yet it was not a square, nor even two sides of one, but a single row of irregularly built cottages, straggling up the slope of an old grass-covered pit-mound. No one knew the origin of the name, and no one

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cared about it; and very much puzzled were the simple, matter-of-fact minds of the inhabitants when any chance passer-by was found curious enough to inquire into the matter.

The last cottage in the row faced a different way from its neighbours; and the trim little garden that lay in front, the white muslin curtain in the window, over which peeped a tall fuchsia, with its many shaded crimson blossoms, together with the generally cared-for appearance of its surroundings, seemed to indicate that the owner,

Pence ONE PENNY.

if not better off now than his neighbours, had once been in different circumstances.

A moss-covered fence, surrounding an unworked shaft, lay about a stone's throw from the little wicket at the end of the garden; and over this, one hot summer's morning, a grey-headed but hale old man was leaning, one large ox-eye daisy in his mouth, and another in his hand, seemingly engrossed in his thoughts, and unconscious of all around him.

While he stood thus, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a plaintive voice interrupted his meditations.

"Come, Stephen, it's hard to have to fetch in the wood and water myself, and me with the rheumatics so bad in my back and shoulders that I can scarce get about."

"So it is, my wench, so it is," he said heartily, rousing himself, and following her down the narrow zigzag path that led to the cottage; "but I was thinking of what the minister said yesterday, Becky, when I told him of the trouble that was like to come on us if so be as we can't make shift to pay our rent: 'There's roses in the wilderness,' he said, 'take my word for it, Stephen, or better still, take God's word for it.'"

"I don't see what such as him knows about the wilderness," said Becky, "that's got no rent to pay, and not like to be turned out of house and home for wants of it. I reckon we know more about it than he does, for we've been in it a longful time, and as for roses, never a one have I come by, though there's thorns in plenty if you like."

"Well, so I thought at first," said her husband, "till he put it to me that maybe it wasn't the roses as was wanting, but the spectacles to see 'em."

"The thorns is easy to be seen without glasses," said his wife in a melancholy tone as she busied herself about such little household jobs as her health would allow; while her husband gave her all the help he could, gazing tenderly at her now and then as she brushed a tear from the corner of her eye that he might not see it fall.

When they first came to their present home, they had brought with them a nice little stock of furniture, and though the house was smaller than the one they had lived in when Stephen was in full work, and able to earn full wages, they had been well satisfied to secure it, for, as he said, it was a "manageable-rent, and had a front of its own, so that they could see as much or as little of their neighbours as they liked."

During the seven years they had lived there, however, one trouble seemed to have followed hard upon another; sickness had visited the house, and carried off the daughter who had been the sunshine of her parents' lives; and this grief, combined with the long and anxious watch beside her sick-bed, had furrowed Becky's cheek with premature old age, and changed the swarthy locks on Stephen's brow to silver. But this was not their only trouble: Stephen's old master had lately left the neighbourhood, the works were closed, and he, in common with many others, was thrown out of employment. Had he been a younger man it would have mattered less; but as it was, he found others preferred before himself, and many a weary mile had he walked day after day, seeking in vain for work.

Gradually they had parted with the less necessary articles of furniture, and though to the outside observer the cottage presented the same appearance as before, the few who entered it noted the signs of increasing poverty, in the disappearance one by one of various household treasures dear to their owners for old remembrance's sake.

Stephen was not given to desponding, and his wife, though naturally of a less cheerful disposition, had caught something of his bright and happy spirit; very seldom did she let her husband see her tears though they often fell fast, as she sat darning his old socks by her lonely fireside while he was seeking work abroad.

On the particular morning with which our story opens, Becky was unusually out of spirits. A cold she had caught a day or two before in hanging out the clothes to dry after a wash, had settled in her limbs; and warm and even oppressive as the weather was now, she could feel by the aching in her bones that a change was coming. Everything looked gloomy, and contrary to her usual custom when Stephen was at home, she sank down upon the low window seat, and, covering her face with her apron, burst into a flood of tears.

"Nay, nay, my lass, cheer up," said her husband, sitting down beside her, "don't let the mother hear thee, or she'll be thinking there's some fresh trouble come upon us; and sure there's none but what the Lord has sent, and what He's passed His word He'll help us through wi'. May be, though the thorns is the plainest to be seen just now, it's only to make the roses the prettier by-and-by."

Becky tried to smile through her fast falling tears, as she hastily dried her eyes, and checked her rising sobs; while her husband opened the large print Bible that always lay on the little round table in the corner, and pointed to the words they had so often read together—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee"—that's it, Becky," he cried, "there's a power of meaning in that word cast; if we cast our burden on One that's mighty to help, we don't need to carry it ourselves. So cheer up, my lass, and have a sup of this broth that the minister's lady sent last night; it'll hearten you up, and put new life in you, while I go upstairs, and see if 'Granny' wants aught!"

In one of the tiny chambers overhead lay Becky's aged mother; she was nearly blind, and had been bedridden for many years, having lived with her son-in-law from the time that she was left a widow.

When Stephen had first brought her home they had been better off, and found no difficulty in supplying her with the little extra comforts that she needed; and since things had gone ill with them, Stephen had, unknown to his wife, gone without many a meal himself, that she might not come short, and never, by word or deed had he allowed her to see how heavily the burden of her support pressed upon him.

His unselfish generosity brought its own reward, for many a time was his heart strengthened, and his spirit cheered, by the bright words of Christian faith and hope that fell from the old

woman's lips, and however dark things looked outside, in 'Granny's' chamber sunshine always reigned.

She knew the sound of Stephen's step upon the stair, and was ready with loving greeting as he entered the room.

"It's you, Stephen; I know it, though my poor old eyes are too dim to see you; but thank God, through His mercy in Christ, I can look forward to the time when 'mine eyes shall see the King in His beauty,' it'll be a glad day that, Stephen, won't it?"

"Yes, mother," he said coming up to the bedside and taking her hand in his, "it will indeed, and the thought of it may well help us through the troubles of the wilderness."

"No fresh one I hope, Stephen," said the old woman a little anxiously, as she turned her face towards him; "I sometimes fear——"

"No, mother, no," he said, hastily interrupting her; and, as if to turn her thoughts into another channel, he continued, "Mr. Raynor came to see you yesterday, but he wouldn't come up, because Becky said you'd just gone off to sleep; so he's promised to come again; but he heartened me up wonderful, for he showed me a saying in the Book I'd never come upon before." And Stephen repeated the words he had just quoted to his wife.

"Ay, ay," said the old woman, her brow clearing, and her face brightening into a smile, "it's pretty reading that, and better still it's true; and though we're quicker to see the thorns, the same ground that grows them'll grow the roses too, if only it's watered by the dew of God's grace,—but now, Stephen," she continued, after a moment's pause, drawing him closer to her side, "I've a word to say to you before Becky comes up, that I hadn't thought to say just yet, but I've a feeling that may be I'd best not put it off. You've been a good son to me, and the God of the widow will reward you for all you've done for me. Just give me a drink of water, lad, and raise me up a bit." As Stephen held the cup to her lips, and tried to persuade her to rest awhile, she gently laid her withered hand on his and continued: "Nay, hear me out, lad—I haven't much to say, but my time is drawing near, and I mayn't have the strength to say it by-and-by. Remember the Lord's own words, Stephen, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me,' and being as I am surely 'one of the least,' the word comes true for you that you've done it to Him, and He's not one to forget, lad, so I'm no ways afeard to leave it in His hands. I've been a sore burden on you, but it won't be for long now, and it's that knowledge that makes me speak, for I promised my old man to say nowt about it till the time came. See, my lad, he saved up enough money soon after we was married to lay us side by side in one grave, and when he lay dying I passed my word to him that I'd never let it go for aught else. It's been a sore struggle by times to know you were pinching and striving and me with that money laid by unbeknownst to you, but I couldn't go from my word; so after I'm gone, lad, just look inside the baize cover of the old Bible, and you'll find it there in a note just as my old man gave it me; and it's a comfort to

think you won't have *that* burden laid on you, my lad. Don't say a word to Becky till I'm gone, and now lay me down again, Stephen, for I'm very weary, and I think I'll go to sleep."

Gently Stephen smoothed her pillow, and laid her down to rest; then he went quietly downstairs to seek his wife. When the afternoon sunbeams crept in at the little chamber window, they fell lovingly upon the closed eyes that had even then looked upon the King in His beauty.

II.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Raynor to his wife, as she stood by the open window of the breakfast room at Arpendale Vicarage, a crumpled bank note yellow with age in her hand, and a troubled expression on her generally placid face, "we must try and make it good to them somehow, poor things. It was well the old woman didn't know it; it would have been a great trouble to her."

"Yes," said his wife thoughtfully. "I was wondering, Edmund, if Miss Northbrook wouldn't help us; I believe her father or uncle or some one had something to do with that bank; at least I fancy I've heard their name in connection with it—anyhow, she is well off and able to afford it, and I know she has the reputation of being liberal if you can once get her to see the need for it."

"By all means try her then, for they certainly need help, and as certainly deserve it, which is more than you can say for many. Stephen has been a good son-in-law," said Mr. Raynor.

"Yes, that he has," replied his wife, "it seems strange that this burden should have been allowed to fall upon him in addition to all his other troubles, and after all the pains taken to prevent it."

"It would seem strange, my love, if we did not know that Stephen and his wife too are true children of God, so that it must be amongst the 'all things' that are to work for their good."

"True, true," said Mrs. Raynor, "well, we must bestir ourselves to help them; will you go to Miss Northbrook or shall I?"

"Oh, you had better go, my dear, I think women manage these things better than men," said her husband with a smile. "Seriously, though," he continued, "I have other work this afternoon, and it wouldn't do to disturb her in the morning."

"Well, I'll do my best; does Stephen know the truth himself?"

"I think he had a suspicion that there was something wrong, though I hadn't the heart to tell him when he showed me the note, that it was no better than waste paper. Of course the moment I saw it I knew how it would be. Why it must be fifty or sixty years since the bank was closed and the accounts wound up."

"Do you know the names of any of the directors?" asked his wife.

"No, and even if I did, it wouldn't be of any use; it was an old story when we first came here, and most of them, if not all, had left the neighbourhood long before."

"Then I see nothing for it, but trying what I can do with Miss Northbrook," said Mrs. Raynor, as she smoothed out the creases of the note and put it carefully inside a clean envelope. "I'll have an early cup of tea and go directly after; I shall catch her then before her dinner, and the sooner we know what she will do the better."

"Remember one thing, my dear, even if her father had anything to do with the bank, it would hardly do to mention it, as she might fancy you were grounding some sort of claim upon it, which of course would put her back up at once, and probably knock on the head all chance of success."

"I see," said Mrs. Raynor; "well, I heartily wish the matter were in any hands but mine—I'm not a good diplomatist as you know—I'm too fond of coming to the point at once—however, I'll do my best, and if I fail we must think of some other plan."

"I don't believe you will fail," said her husband as he got up to leave the room, "only don't peril all by an incautious slip. Strategy is not a science to be altogether despised, though I grant you straightforward measures are more to my taste; and after all," he added more gravely, with his hand on the door, "remember in whose hands we have put the whole matter, and if we don't get help this way, we must, as you say, cudgel our brains to find some other."

III.

As Mrs. Raynor walked up the dark avenue of Scotch firs, from which Pine Grove took its name, she turned over in her mind the best way of introducing her subject.

Miss Northbrook was an elderly lady, and led so secluded a life, that very few of her neighbours knew much of her personally. She bore the character of being eccentric, and as she was supremely indifferent to what report said of her she took no pains to contradict it. All were agreed, however, on one point, that she was very liberal where her prejudices were not interfered with; and very anxiously did Mrs. Raynor ponder the question how best to secure her interest and help in the matter she had so much at heart.

The hall door was thrown wide open, and an aromatic scent of hot-house flowers filled the air, as Mrs. Raynor paused for a moment on the step, her heart lifted up in silent prayer for guidance in the task before her.

She was shown into a small but pleasant sitting room, where long French windows, shaded by venetian blinds, opened on a well-kept garden, bounded by shrubberies on either side. Beyond, a long stretch of emerald turf sloped down to what was popularly known as "the lake," but which, in defiance of public opinion as represented by her gardener, Miss Northbrook persisted in calling the "willow pond."

For the few minutes that Mrs. Raynor was left alone, her eye glanced involuntarily round the room, as if to discover some traces of its owner's habits and tastes.

A writing-table stood in one of the windows, one of the few modern innovations that Miss Northbrook tolerated in her surroundings. It

was well furnished with pigeon-holes and drawers, and all the latest appliances for comfort and convenience, and bore evidence, as did most of the furniture, of being intended for use rather than ornament. The room was evidently in constant occupation; on a little table in the window lay a book partly cut, with the paper knife still between its leaves; and a child's book with a ball of wool and some knitting pins lying beside it, carried Mrs. Raynor's thoughts away for a moment to her little ones at home.

The opening of the door, and a light step upon the carpet, failed to rouse her from her reverie, and it was not till Miss Northbrook's voice fell on her ear, that she realised she was no longer alone. Hastily collecting her thoughts, she returned Miss Northbrook's greeting, saying she hoped she had not chosen an unfavourable time for her visit. "You will easily guess," she added, plunging boldly into her subject, "that I shouldn't have undertaken so long a walk in this sultry weather, had I not been very anxious about the business on which I have come."

"Pray don't apologise," said her hostess with a kindly smile. "I have so rarely the pleasure of seeing you that I am not disposed to quarrel with the object that has brought you, or the time you have chosen."

"All right so far," thought Mrs. Raynor to herself. "Now for the next step, and the question is what shall it be."

She hesitated a moment, remembering her husband's parting words, while Miss Northbrook sat quietly waiting to hear what she had to say. She had seen Mrs. Raynor only once or twice, as, being beyond the limits of the parish, she did not attend Arpendalo church, and very rarely paid any visits in the neighbourhood; but there was a certain frankness in her visitor's manner that attracted Miss Northbrook's notice, and being prompt as well as decided in her likes and dislikes, she was at once prepossessed in her favour.

"I wish my husband had been able to come," began Mrs. Raynor, after a moment's pause.

"Why so?" said her hostess with a smile. "Can't you and I manage the matter between us? Is it anything in which I can help you? Though I am not given to making rash promises I think I may venture to say you may command my services."

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Raynor, "I will tell you the whole story if you will allow me, and then you will be able to judge for yourself of the merits of the case."

"You must have a cup of tea before I will listen to anything," said Miss Northbrook. "No? Well, then, some strawberries and cream. I'm an obstinate woman, Mrs. Raynor, and I'll only promise to listen to your story on condition you accept my terms," she added smiling.

Mrs. Raynor, relieved to find matters progressing so favourably, was willing to accept any terms, and inwardly rejoiced at the thought of the good news she should be able to carry back with her.

"Well," said Miss Northbrook, when they had conversed on indifferent topics for awhile, and she thought her guest had had time to rest after her long hot walk—"now tell me your story; I can see you are impatient to get it out. I only

hope you haven't been taken in with some pitiful tale, as I used to be when I was your age, my dear, and hadn't learnt wisdom by experience. You must forgive an old woman's plain speaking, it's a way I've got into, from having no one to contradict me, but I think I may say that my bark is worse than my bite."

All idea of diplomacy and "introducing the subject gradually" vanished from Mrs. Raynor's mind at once, and in as few words as possible she laid before Miss Northbrook the whole story, telling her how gallantly Stephen had striven to keep his head above water while wave after wave of trouble had swept over him; and how after the long illness of his mother-in-law had drained his resources to the utmost, her funeral expenses would, owing to an unforeseen misfortune, fall upon him; so that unless something could be done to help them there seemed no prospect for him and his wife but the workhouse, their landlord's agent having threatened to turn them out of their present home unless the arrears of rent were paid at once.

"I don't quite understand," said Miss Northbrook, "either you or I must have been misinformed; you will be astonished at my knowing anything about the matter, and it is very seldom I listen to reports of any kind, knowing on how very slight a foundation they generally rest—but as it happens my maid's cousin works at Arpendale Colliery, and she told me she had heard that Mrs. Merryman—(wasn't that the old woman's name?)—had hidden a large sum of money in notes under her mattress, which she had saved years ago on purpose for her funeral. Perhaps you didn't know of this? or perhaps," she added, with a curious smile, "it is the fruit of some lively imagination, like other reports that are circulated in this neighbourhood, I believe."

"Now for it," thought Mrs. Raynor, feeling she was getting on dangerous ground, "I must tell her the truth at all risks."

"You are partly right," she said, "though, as usual, the report has outstripped the truth; but the fact is, the note the old woman laid by belonged to a bank that failed many years ago; long before we came into this neighbourhood," she added hastily, feeling her hostess's keen eyes fixed upon her, "and of course it is worthless."

"What bank?" asked Miss Northbrook sharply.

"I believe it was a private one, started by some of the shareholders of the Arpendale Colliery."

"Do you know who they were?" asked her hostess, her eyes still fixed steadily upon her guest.

"I can hardly tell you," said Mrs. Raynor nervously. "I have heard several names mentioned, but it was so long ago that I hardly remember them, not having taken any particular interest in the matter, but I can show you the note if you like," she added, drawing the envelope from her pocket.

Miss Northbrook took it from her, and putting on her gold-rimmed spectacles with a trembling hand, she said after a moment's pause, as if to steady her voice: "As I expected; I will give you the money. Has any one else seen it?"

"No one but my husband; Stephen gave it to him at once, not knowing how to get it changed."

"Does the old man know the truth about it?"

"Not yet, my husband did not like to tell him at the time, and we thought it better to see if we could raise the money before saying anything to him."

"It matters little, after all," said Miss Northbrook, "only it is painful sometimes to be brought face to face with the past. I may as well tell you, what you probably have already guessed, that my father was one of the chief promoters of that bank, and though it was through no fault of his that it failed (he had retired from all connection with it some years before the crash came), it was a lifelong trouble to him to think how many of the respectable poor would suffer by means of it. I believe, nay, I am sure, it shortened his life."

Mrs. Raynor was silent, not liking to express the sympathy she felt, nor her gratitude for Miss Northbrook's generous offer to refund the money.

"It is an old story now," continued her hostess, "and I daresay almost forgotten except by those who have directly or indirectly suffered from it; but it is ever present with me, and is, as I am sure you will understand, mainly the cause of the secluded life I lead; though," she added more cheerfully, "it accords well with my natural tastes—I don't think I'm a gregarious animal. Nay, don't thank me," she added as she unlocked a drawer of her writing-table, and handed the money to Mrs. Raynor. "You have done me a greater favour than you know of in coming—I assure you I esteem it a high privilege and a loving tribute to my dear father's memory to be able to make good this money. You must let me double it, or I shall not feel that I have cancelled the debt."

As Mrs. Raynor rose to take her leave, her heart full of grateful feeling, Miss Northbrook gave her a cordial invitation to repeat the visit. "I am getting an old woman now, my dear, and don't care for many visitors; but you'll forgive me for saying I've taken a fancy to you, and if you'll come when you can, and brighten up some of an old woman's lonely hours, and bear with her crusty tempers, you'll be doing an act of charity, and I think somehow it will be reckoned among the 'cups of cold water' you and I have both read about." One thing more she added, as Mrs. Raynor silently pressed her hand, "You may tell the old man you've met with a friend (don't mention my name) who'll undertake his rent in future—no thanks, my dear—no thanks—come and see me again soon, that's all."

IV.

"What news?" asked Mr. Raynor as his wife opened the study-door on her return from Pine Grove. "Good—I see by your face."

Mrs. Raynor was not long in telling her story, and together they gave thanks to God for His gracious answer to their morning prayer.

"Will you take the money to Stephen to-night?" she asked; "it's getting near their bed-time."

"Surely I will," he replied, "good news isn't like bad for keeping sleep away. If you were not tired with your walk I should like you to have come with me—or stay—shall I send for Stephen here?"

"No, we'll go together; it isn't far; and I should like to see Becky's face when she hears the news."

As they drew near the cottage they saw Stephen in the same attitude as before, leaning over the old wall. His face brightened as he caught sight of them.

"My poor old woman is sadly cast down, sir," he said in answer to Mr. Raynor's greeting, "perhaps you'll be so good as to step inside and give her a word as'll cheer her up a bit—she frets sore over our troubles—and—her that's gone—though I tell her it's but a short time that's left for either of us afore we follow her."

"Well, Stephen," said Mr. Raynor, grasping his hand, "I won't keep you in suspense—we've brought you good news. Shall we go in and see Becky, and let her hear it too?"

As they entered the cottage the old woman rose from her seat; she had been trying to mend her husband's waistcoat, but her eyes were dim with

wooing, and she could not see to thread her needle.

Mrs. Raynor laid the money on the table without speaking, and as Becky caught sight of the heap of golden coins, she turned to her husband in bewilderment.

"It's no use to look at him," said the clergyman with a smile, "he knows no more about it than you do; you must take it," he added reverently, "as a gift from God; for the kind friend who sent it desires to remain unknown; though I am commissioned to tell you that your rent will be provided for as long as you like to remain in this house."

The old man seemed too much overcome to utter a word. "Don't forget her in your prayers," whispered Mrs. Raynor, as she grasped Stephen's hand at parting.

"I reckon we've about done with the thorns now, my lass," said the old man as he laid his hand tenderly on his wife's shoulder when they were left alone. And as Becky looked up at him through her tears, he added, with a smile: "You'll not be backward to own now, as for them as waits God's time there is roses in the wilderness."

E. FROSER.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY TO THE NORTH WEST LAND.

VII.



HOMESTEAD "A."

If I had the opportunity I should like to plead earnestly with Christian men and women to give themselves to the work of God in this new

country. The churches are to some extent alive to its needs, and are making strenuous efforts to supply the outer framework, as it were, but after all no church can rise above the level of the individual life which composes it. There are many earnest and devoted pastors, but the land wants, beside these, Christian laymen who will share the difficulties

and hardships of their fellow emigrants, throwing their influence and example and all their spare time into the glorious warfare of the Cross. I

could truly say that in no case did we find any unwillingness to listen to the truth, and in some cases we met with blessed results far beyond a mere acquiescence. The fields are white in the North West as well as all over the world; only the labourers are wanting. Are there not many now toiling and straining amid the din and bustle of a city life to gain more wealth when they already have enough, who might lead a healthier, happier, more blessed life in the far North West?

Friday.—Since leaving Mr. A.'s, whence we returned with our buggy loaded with beautiful vegetables, the gift of our kind hostesas, we have had a busy week of work in Rapid City, and driving about the country. One sight on the prairie I shall never forget. We were visiting a neighbour's house, and had set the table of supper out of doors, and before we had finished supper the Northern Light came out most beautifully, stretching all over the sky, very weird-looking, with long white bars and rays shooting up from the horizon to the zenith. To-day, after a hasty rush for the mail, we drove out to A. (E.'s homestead), and were just in time to reach it before sunset. The winter trail is a long way round, so we drove straight across the country, up and down hill, through bushes higher than the horses' heads, and over all sorts of stumps and branches. I think our dog disliked our mode of proceeding more than the horses, who seem to take it all quite naturally. The country on this (the south) side of Rapid City is the prettiest anywhere around, with a great deal of wood and splendid views over the plains to the blue hills of Brandon on the other side of the Assiniboine. One might imagine one could see the sea in the distance. The house is a very pretty one and well built, with two stories and a verandah, and happily a roof which does not leak. It should have a cat for an inhabitant, as the mice are rather impudent in these parts, and though Carlo is an excellent duck-catcher, sometimes bringing live ducks to our feet without hurting them at all, he does not understand catching mice. Behind the house there are some trees, and in front a great deal of brush, which will be cleared away and leave a nice meadow, and a lovely view. It is a particularly good winter house, as it opens to the south, and is quite sheltered by big trees from the north. Last autumn the grass and trees were much injured by prairie fires. It must have been a splendid sight to see the fire raging over mile after mile. Wherever it had been, as we could see in driving over it, the ground was quite caked with white ash, and the grass was short and stumpy. In the wet lands which the fire had not touched, the grass was higher than my head. These prairie fires are the great dangers of the settlers. They occur in various ways, sometimes through the lighting of a pipe, sometimes through a camp fire, and sometimes through a settler firing his grass intentionally when the wind is blowing away from his own homestead, and forgetting that it may reach his neighbour's, perhaps miles away. The only safeguard is to plough a broad belt round the homestead, and keep the ground well turned over.

Monday.—On Saturday E. was very busy cutting

away the brushwood, and I came out to watch him when my household work was over, and found quantities of lovely flowers. Then we harnessed the horses, and drove all round the homestead looking for good places for hay, but first going up to the iron spring to fill the can. This spring has most delicious water, very clear and cold, and with so much iron in it that the moss round it is quite brown and rusty. It is prettily situated in a wood, on a hill, and there is a good site near for a summer house, if one were needed. We also drove down to visit two neighbours, one of whom is living in a tent on the plain and the other in a house near, because each of them must live on his own land if they are to make a title to it. Sunday morning it began to pour and rained on steadily, so we had a quiet time shut in from all the world. E. had been up a good deal the night before with the horses, who were very much troubled by mosquitoes, so that he had to keep a fire alight for them.

On board the "Manitoba" on the Assiniboine, Thursday.—Here I am again on the "Manitoba," sailing down this beautiful river. Our visit to A. and the rain on Sunday changed all our plans. We had intended to leave on Tuesday for Winnipeg, driving down in the buggy, but we heard that the bridges on the way to Winnipeg were broken down, and feared that the roads would be very bad, so, as soon as we had cleared up on Monday and cut grass for the horses, we drove down to Rapid City before joining the "Manitoba" at the landing. After two or three hours at Rapid City busily employed in packing up, dining and saying good-bye to those friends whom we could reach in the pouring rain, we started again on the buggy, well covered up in waterproofs. We drove on steadily, only stopping once to get grass for the horses, and once to water them, and once at a store, actually a store, out on the prairie, six miles from the landing. We arrived just at dark, and found that the "Manitoba" had not come yet, though she had been expected all day, and some people had been waiting nearly a week. Here there is only a warehouse, with some tents, kept by the brother of a store-keeper in Rapid City, who has taken up land there, and who tries to do everything in his power to make people comfortable. It was too wet to pitch our tent that night, so we came in to warm ourselves by the stove in the common tent, and then had supper there. Here we found some neighbours who also have a house in Winnipeg, to which Mrs. R. is now returning. Mr. R. kindly gave up his sofa in the tent to me, so I slept there with Mrs. R. while he went down with E. to the warehouse. I was quite glad to have the opportunity of sleeping in a tent, though a tent with a sofa in it was not quite what it should have been. In the middle of the night, feeling cold and finding beneath my hand something furry which I thought was a buffalo robe, I tried to pick it up from the floor, but the first pull elicited a grievous howl which awoke my companion. I started up with wild thoughts of a wolf, but found it was only a huge dog who had wandered into the tent for shelter.

The next morning the boat was reported to be

near, but she did not arrive till after dinner, so we had all the morning at the landing. We found plenty to do, as it was quite fine, and we could dry our wet things, and there were some freighters who seemed in want of some occupation, so we started some singing with them. Some of the travellers went out shooting, and brought home some prairie chickens, and others tried fishing, and in a very short time caught four large fish. When the boat arrived there was great excitement. The captain drove up to the Rapids to see if he could venture on to Fort Ellice, but decided that though he might go up, he would not be able to come down again, as the water was falling so rapidly, so he would return at once to Winnipeg. Then the unloading began, and the people who came off began to look for conveyances, and those who were waiting looked out for passengers and freight. E. was particularly fortunate, for when he came on board with me he heard some one asking if he could get to Rapid City that night, so he offered to take him, and thus discovered that he was the Bishop of Saskatchewan, to whom he had a letter of introduction, which he had not had an opportunity of using. They seemed mutually satisfied, so E. put the horses in as soon as possible in order to get there by dark. I privately hope the bishop will not visit our house, for we left it so hurriedly that I do not think it would be fit for the reception of a visitor.

After helping for the last time to harness Dolly and Kitty, and receiving many messages for home, I stood and watched the buggy drive off, and then went into the woods for a walk by myself. When I came back I found a large Scotch family consisting of mother and four children (all tired and fractions) who had arrived by the boat. Her husband had not met her as she had expected—and she had many miles to go, and no waggon, and seemed to feel desolate in an unknown region, but appeared decidedly comforted when she heard that the North West was not an utterly savage country. In the morning it was scarcely light when I felt the steam getting up, and soon we had swung round, and were really off, though we crept along the shore very slowly down the rapids. There are few passengers on board, and very little freight, and we go down a good deal more quickly than we come up, but we do not expect to reach Winnipeg till Friday or Saturday. This afternoon there has been great excitement over a wild-goose chase (literal). I never saw such splendid birds, beautifully marked and coloured, but as the sportsmen had only pistols and were not good marksmen, they did not shoot anything. Going down the rapids is exciting work. Yesterday we stuck again and again on sandbanks, generally getting off at once with a little judicious backing, but sometimes swinging stern foremost, and careening round and round before we could get off. The steamer now draws only twenty inches, so you may imagine how low the river is.

Winnipeg, Monday.—We arrived about 4 P.M., last Friday, and walked out of the town to Mrs. R.'s home, where she had kindly invited me to stay; a pretty wooden house painted red, with green roofed verandahs. The bedrooms have windows

to the floors and balconies, and the whole house reminds me of Switzerland. The little sitting-room is a picture of neatness, and was very soon ready for occupation. The amount of furniture seems quite superfluous after the North West houses. It is really surprising to find out how little furniture one needs. On Saturday I visited the Ladies' College again. Only about eighteen pupils have come back yet after the holidays. Some live so far off that it is difficult for them to get back in time, and they have to wait for steam-boats and other means of travelling. Some come from very out-of-the-way places—the Hudson Bay forts, where they have only one steamboat a year, and one told me she had travelled about nearly all her life between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, living in boats or Red River carts, or forts. I think she must find the school life very strange. On Sunday morning I went to St. John's Cathedral, where the Bishop of Rupert's Land read prayers, and Canon O'Meara preached on the "Cities of Refuge." I taught in the Christchurch Sunday-school in the afternoon, and in the evening went with Mrs. R. to her church (the John Knox), where we heard a sermon from a minister who came from Lower Canada. The church was very full. I think if the orthodox Scotch people could hear the service they would immediately call a presbytery to sit upon the case, for there is an enormous organ (a very beautiful one) played by a lady, and a large choir, including some smartly-dressed young ladies who not only perform anthems, but sing the psalms to rather lively tunes, while the congregation sit still and listen; there was a feeling of no life in the service. It was followed by an eloquent lecture upon Joseph. I was told that this style of service was copied from American churches, where it is very general, and I fear that it is gradually becoming customary in Canada. All the way home it poured with rain, and as it was pitch-dark we had great difficulty in finding our way across the prairie. The roads in wet weather are an impassable sea of mud, and the only way is to wade through the prairie grass or walk on slippery boards, which are raised here and there above the ground. They say that if a man falls into the Red River he sinks into the mud at the bottom, and never comes up again, and the roads consist of the same material.

Tuesday.—Yesterday, after getting at last the long-expected letter from the friend with whom I expected to travel to England, I took my ticket through to Toronto. This morning, at about 6 A.M., the omnibus arrived and conveyed me for quite a long drive round and round the city, calling at all the different hotels, and several private houses, and finding none of the passengers ready. They all came out very coolly, saying, "Wait a few minutes," and then the driver would either wait, calling out, "All aboard" at intervals, or go somewhere else, and career round again over the prairie to fetch them. We began to be afraid we should lose the train. Any ordinary train would have been lost, but this one waits till every one is ready, so at last we bounced down on the ferry, nearly sending a waggon into the river, and went over to St. Boniface.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION CONFERENCES.

THIRTY-NINE years ago, on April 11, 1844, the first Conference was held. It consisted of four men meeting in a private house; not philosophers, nor mighty men, nor noble; yet men whose names should be held in honour: Mr. Stacey, a carriage-builder; Mr. Locke, a woollen-draper; Mr. Morrison, a city missionary; and Mr. Moulton, a dealer in second-hand tools. A small band of unknown men, assembling at night, like a little knot of conspirators, to enter into a close alliance, and lay plots against a common enemy. The league was made that night, and the minutes of this meeting form the first records of the Ragged School Union. In the following November, Mr. Locke, a shrewd Scotchman, proposed to his colleagues to invite Lord Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley, to become President of their Union, which office he happily accepted, and has happily retained until the present year. Lord Ashley's reply to Mr. Locke's application ends with these words: "God be with us!" Thirty-nine years have passed by: and we, looking down the long vista, can trace the faint footprints from the first, and say, with thankful hearts, "God has been in the midst of them all the way."*

Before the reign of our Queen Victoria very little thought had been bestowed on children. The State left them almost entirely to the care and mercy of their parents, placing them practically in the position, a relic of Roman law, of being their parents' property. They were sent to sea; they were sold as chimney-climbers; they were driven into factories, and buried underground in mines, at an age when they would now hardly be out of the infant school. In agricultural counties the children of labourers were taken from their homes at the age of eight, and apprenticed to the ratepayers as servants, and those who have spent their own childhood in the country can recall the memory of little creatures employed from dawn to dark in scaring birds from the growing corn, their monotonous and mournful cry being as familiar to the ear as the "cuckoo's two-fold shout." The first among our English poetesses wrote her impassioned "Cry of the Children," which touched to the quick the hearts of all who heard it.

"And well may the children weep before you!

They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without his wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm;
Are slaves without the liberty of Christdom;
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm;
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievably
The harvest of its memories cannot reap;
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
Let them weep! let them weep!"

It is true the children of the decent workman

were being taught in British and National Schools; but in the close and foul slums of our great cities thousands upon thousands of children swarmed, who never heard a word of kindness, or knew an hour's respite from terror. They were unfed, unwashed, and unclad, growing up in ignorance and crime, a race of untutored savages, as Lord Shaftesbury sorrowfully called them.

Here and there were scattered a very few Ragged Schools; but there was no union among them, and each one was but as the glimmer of a glow-worm in the dense darkness surrounding it. The teachers stood as solitary outposts in an enemy's country, with no common rallying point. A few little school-rooms scattered here and there; a score or two of ragged children creeping timidly over their door-steps; a small band of voluntary teachers!

"Then said Jesus, unto what is the kingdom of God like? and whereunto shall I liken it? It is like a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and cast into his garden; and it grew and it waxed a great tree, and the birds of the air lodged in the branches of it."

The smallest of all seeds perhaps it looked to the founders of the Ragged School Union when they cast it—shall we say hap-hazard?—into their Lord's garden; for surely none of them knew how it would grow into a tree as of the Lord's own right-hand planting, stretching out goodly and far-reaching branches. Beneath it 300,000 children in London alone have been snatched from the ranks of the dangerous and criminal classes. A whole army of voluntary teachers have fought under its shadow a good fight against ignorance, wretchedness, and vice. And many of those little ones, whose angels do always behold the face of our Father which is in heaven, have soared upwards from its shelter to find an eternal refuge beneath the everlasting wings.

For in little more than two years after the union of the Ragged Schools, another step was taken for the welfare of the most destitute of the little scholars. A Ragged School Refuge was opened in Old Pye Street, Westminster, one of the worst and poorest slums within sound of the Abbey bells. "It is planted," says the report of 1847, "in the very locality where the objects of its bounty most abound; it offers a refuge to the poor outcast child, who may be on the brink of committing theft, to supply its bodily wants; it affords him instruction as to his moral and religious duties, and finds him bread to eat while he learns them; it holds up to him, and to his associates or parents, what Christianity can do, and is doing for him: and so the school becomes a kind of light house or beacon in the great ocean of life, to warn the little voyager how he may best avoid the rocks of error and misery, and at last, by God's blessing, reach the haven of truth and happiness.

Very shortly afterwards a second Refuge was opened in Grotto Passage, Marylebone. But these Refuges provided food, shelter, and training only for the day. When the night came on, with

* A Conference will be held in Exeter Hall this April, to review the work of the past, and to consider that of the future.

its dreary darkness, and biting cold, and terrible temptations, those who had no homes had to turn out into the inhospitable streets. The hearts of Ragged School teachers could not bear this, and almost at the same time two Ragged School night-refuges were begun, one in Playhouse Yard, and the other in Field Lane, Smithfield. Here the shivering, hungry, and homeless boys and girls found a place to sleep in, and a piece of bread to eat. Other temporary homes were speedily established in which night by night flocks of rough and ragged children were sheltered, who, otherwise, must have slept in any hole or corner they could find out of doors. But they were flitting tenants, coming and going at short notice. It was necessary to take another step to secure their welfare. Industrial Schools were opened to train the children to steady industry. Already, in 1846, King Edward Girls' Refuge had been started in Spitalfields, and was doing good work. Every year saw fresh schools of this kind springing into existence, and in 1856 the Reformatory and Refuge Union was formed by members of the Ragged School Union Committee, to assist in rescuing outcast, homeless, and destitute children, by providing permanent homes, where they can be sheltered for a sufficient length of time to teach them some trade, or industry by which they can afterwards earn their own living. It is not our object now to inquire into the work of this off-shoot of the Ragged School Union; but let it be remembered that the thousands of children who have been and are now sheltered and cared for in Reformatories and Refuges would be at this moment peopling our work-houses and jails, and perpetuating a helpless race of "untutored savages."

Still there were ragged scholars with homes, but without occupation. In 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition, a happy thought was struck out in the Ragged School Union Committee. A number of their most deserving boys were furnished with a uniform, and set down in the busiest corners, with brushes and blacking, to clean the muddy or dusty boots of the hosts of visitors thronging into London. The Shoe-black Brigades have been in active existence ever since, and have given many a lad a good start into life.

In 1851 also was begun an eminently practical charity in connection with Hill Street Ragged School, where an Infant Day Nursery was opened, and proved to be so useful in every way that the Ragged School Union Committee urged its general adoption. Mothers' meetings again were inaugurated by Mrs. Bayly, the author of "Ragged Homes," in a building erected for a Ragged School, and these meetings have since become an almost essential part in all Ragged School operations.

And what shall we say of Provident Funds, and Penny Banks, of Sewing Classes, of Bands of Hope, of Ragged Churches and Chapels, of the prizes given yearly to all scholars who have been in service for twelve months in the same place, and with good characters from their masters and mistresses? Their very names are full of promise of the good they will do.

But we must not pass over that prettiest and simplest of Christian charities, now forming one

of the most pleasant sights of London on a summer's morning. What would the little chimney-climbers and factory workers of bygone days have thought of that happy vision of crowded vans, laden with merry children, who wave little banners as they go out for a day's treat in the country, and come back again at night crowned with wild flowers! In 1855 Lord Shaftesbury himself made the first appeal to the public for help in giving Ragged Scholars "a day's sport at the Crystal Palace, or in places like Greenwich Park." The suggestion was taken up warmly, and there are few children now in London who have not a chance of one day's happiness in the year. This day in the country has developed lately into efforts to secure for sickly children the benefit of a week or a fortnight in the sweet, fresh air, and amid rural scenes. Truly in this way, as in many others, children are now led into pleasant paths; and the rough roads of life are made somewhat smoother for their little feet.

But to those who will take the trouble to look over a Handbook of the Charities of London it will be an astonishment to find how almost all the Homes, the Orphanages, the Hospitals and the Schools for destitute children have been founded since the Ragged School Union brought their wretchedness into broader light. I do not say they owe their origin to it. I would rather say that this modern tide of charity to children which has known no ebb, broke over its bar, and began to flow, when Lord Ashley brought the miseries of factory children before the compelled notice of the country. The hearts of Englishmen, who had not long before liberated millions of slaves, could not endure the fact of slavery in their midst. No more should children be sacrificed to Mammon!

"They, where they saw God's images cast down,
Lifted them up again, and blew the dust
From the worn features, and disfigured limb."

The tree, planted thirty-nine years ago, is still standing in the Lord's vineyard. When He comes seeking fruit thereon, does He find none? Is there nothing but leaves! Is He about to say, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" Let us look at what it was doing last year, in 1882. It had thirty-seven day schools, with an average attendance of 4,367 scholars; puny, ill-trained, half-naked children, who would have been unwelcome and misplaced among a better-clad and better-fed class of scholars. It had sixty-three industrial classes, where 2,773 children were instructed in some handicraft which would help them in the battle of life. It had one hundred and fifty-five week-night schools, with 4,868 neglected boys and girls attending them, mostly too old to be forced into the Board schools. And, the greatest work of all, it had two hundred and three Sunday-schools, held in the afternoon and evening, in which 36,734 children received religious teaching from 3,157 voluntary teachers; Christ-like men and women, who give up their Sabbath rest to follow thus laboriously in their Lord's footsteps.

Then for the work carried on in some of these schools, let us go to the George-Yard Ragged

Schools in Whitechapel. The fund for their erection was started under the ominous name of "Guilt Gardens;" and words would fail to describe or enumerate the forms of vice and sin flourishing within a very small radius of these little gardens planted in their midst. They were opened in 1854. When I first saw them the children stood as thickly as merchants upon 'Change; they had no seats except on the floor, and when in class they stood in circles chalked upon the ground, with their little ragged teachers or monitors in the centre. All that has passed away, like many another painful yet picturesque sight. The list of operations connected with these schools is long enough to try our patience; but it is worth following to the end. For the young there are Sunday-schools, free ragged day-schools, week-evening classes, children's services, shelter for outcast boys, shelter for houseless girls, invalid children's dinner, farthing bank, sewing classes, infant nursery, library, Band of Hope, rations of food to hungry children, class for cookery, baths and lavatory. For grown-up persons, Evangelistic services, lodging-house meetings, open-air services, prayer meetings, tract distributing and visiting society, mothers' meeting and clothing club, temperance meeting, mission to inebriate women and girls, Bible classes, working men's benefit society, mutual free labour loan society, "Emily" loan fund, house-to-house visitation, sewing classes for poor women, daily visitation by an evangelist, Bible flower mission.

Nor does George Yard stand alone in the use of these numerous agencies; we might name the Field Lane Ragged Schools, those in Golden Lane, and several others. But the Union is less necessary to these large and important missions than it is to small and struggling efforts made in obscure localities. In every neighbourhood there is now and then a chance for Christian workers to buy or hire some local hall or club-room, which is easily turned into a ragged school, and becomes the centre of much earnest work beyond the mere school. If the Union, for lack of funds, must abandon these little outposts, a great civilizing and Christianizing power will be lost, and the deserted ground will be quickly seized upon by agencies for evil. The large institutions may flourish on the subscriptions of independent supporters, but the small ones must lose their footing, and the unaided bands of voluntary workers, like the pioneers of an army which has treacherously stolen away, must fall back sorrowfully before the successful inroads of the enemy.

But there are Board schools supported by the rates for the education of the children. Yes. But will our Board schools maintain penny banks and Bands of Hope for their scholars? Can they give shelter to outcast boys and girls? Will the school-rooms be open in the evening for mothers' meetings, and clothing clubs, or for lectures and concerts to form a counter-attraction to the gaily lighted gin-palace? Shall we ever meet the masters, with their staff of teachers, visiting the low lodging-houses and wretched dwellings, where the parents of their

scholars live? No. The work paid for by the State can never be the same as that which is done for the love of Christ. Yet if in the course of time all the ragged day schools, which is the smallest part of the work of the Union, are swallowed up by the Board schools, there are still excellent and important purposes to which the buildings could be appropriated during the working hours of the day. Let us have labour schools, where boys and girls can be taught some useful handicraft. Surely a boy would be better fitted for labour at home, or for emigration, if he could mend his own clothes, or cobble his own boots, or knew how to handle a carpenter's tools. Whilst a girl who knew how to sew and knit and wash, who could use a broom skilfully and scrub a floor well, would be more ready for service either at home or in the colonies. Let the ragged schools become labour schools, and presently the State, taking another hint from the Church of Christ, will clear our streets of the idle and loafing lads and the wild girls who are too old for school, and will insist upon them learning some useful work, as it now insists upon them learning to read and write.

But how far off is that goal of our hopes! In the meanwhile if any one doubts of the need of ragged schools, let him go into the lanes and alleys of our city. Let him only keep his eyes open along the busy thoroughfares, and count the bare-headed, bare-footed little urchins, and the shivering little girls in their thin rags who pass to and fro with the crowd. There are thousands of them; and what are we to do with them? Shall we place them side by side with the well-fed, well-clothed children, who fill the benches of our Board schools, and demand the same work from them, and require them to submit to the same discipline? The half-starved, half-naked child, who has grown up amid depraved and vicious surroundings, is it possible he can avail himself of the teaching which suits his happier school-fellows? No; a thousand times no!

I repeat there are swarms of such children, stunted alike in body and mind; and the happy hours that are passing over the heads of our little ones are ripening these unhappy ones into thieves and prostitutes. They are the prizes for which two great powers are contending. If Christ wins them not, Satan captures them. If we Christians neglect them evil will cling closely to them. Our agencies are at work; but not, I fear, with the ceaseless and unwearying energy of wickedness. The State has remedied many of the evils under which childhood lay forty years ago; but when the State shall have done all it can, the greatest part of the work is left untouched. They may be taught to read and write; but beneath the low depths of ignorance there are deeper depths of crime and vice, and unless Christian love reaches these, "the children's souls, which God is calling sunward, will spin on blindly in the dark."

HESBA STRETTON.

Pages for the Young.

THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

x.



MARTHA was at the window when the coach stopped before the door. Surprised to see her daughter descend from it followed by a stranger, she had scarcely informed her husband of the circumstance, than they heard steps on the stairs, together with a voice unknown to them.

Guided by the intuition which characterises men of tact, the doctor having entered the house, went straight to the blind man, told him

his name, his profession, and the motive of his visit. "Don't be afraid, my friend," said he, "I will cure you if my skill can do it: if it is impossible, I will not attempt any operation. Come near the window that I may know your real state."

A careful examination having permitted the doctor to augur favourably concerning the affair, all things were arranged without delay for an immediate operation.

There was a long silence. Martha and her children grouped around them, shuddered. Sophia hid her face in her apron, in order not to see anything: but she did not let go her father's hand, which she pressed tightly, wishing to strengthen his courage. The neighbours attracted by curiosity advanced timidly, their heads through the door half opened; this was the distant part of the scene.

With a sure hand the oculist performed the operation. He believed that the eye itself was not injured, but that inflammation after the accident had caused adhesion, which might be removed.

Anselm endured this double operation without making a move, without uttering a cry.

"It is done!" said the doctor, breaking the silence.

"God be praised, then am I no longer blind?" said the blacksmith in his turn.

"My friend," said the doctor, "you must be perfectly still, and continue to be patient. I trust that all will be right; but you must remain in darkness till there is no longer fear of inflammation."

"Bring me some linen, for the eyes must be kept sheltered from the daylight! Your father, my child," added he, addressing Sophia, "your father will keep on this bandage for some time. When the time comes for taking it off, I will write to you; in the meantime you must conform to my prescriptions. The operation has probably succeeded: it depends now only on your attention to bring it to a happy termination. Attend to it, and be careful of him."

At the end of this admonition, Anselm had arisen from his seat. He held his trembling hands towards his proverber, whilst Martha and Sophia embraced his knees, not knowing how to express their gratitude to this generous and skilful practitioner.

"Oh! be blessed, a thousand times blessed, you who have thus done such wonders." This was a concert of praises, which the good doctor immediately interrupted.

"No more of your thanking me, my friend," said he, to the

father, "what has taken place is Sophia's work, as well as my own. Her filial love conducted me here to you. God has done the rest."

However the man of skill appreciated at its worth the double triumph of that day, and with an honest pride in his art, he was not insensible of the success obtained. The advanced age of Madame de Robernier had caused some doubt concerning any cure; but to come forth from the shades of night, and to see again distinctly those whom she loved was entirely beyond her expectations.

"And now," concluded the doctor, addressing the blacksmith, "be careful. Sophia will tell me about you, and I will write at times to her. In the meanwhile, we must face the open daylight only gradually. We must avoid the chill of the evening for some weeks, and then every precaution will become easy. Adieu! The time passes—I must leave."

He spoke, and hastily withdrew from the touching demonstrations of the happy family that he had just visited.

Let honour be rendered to men of good feeling who thus make a noble use of their skill!

Very soon, thanks to the activity of the mother and the daughter, everything went on favourably according to the doctor's advice. Continuing in the shade of the back kitchen, where the light penetrated only dimly through a curtain of blue cotton, Anselm enjoyed a complete calm during the light of day. His children again went to school, and the mother could devote herself entirely to the afflicted one. Sophia, being obliged to go out in order to continue her trade in the town, could not do so much. She went away to a distance every day with a heavy heart, but she knew that the profits of her little sales were more necessary than ever, and therefore that she must be resigned to it.

As to the family Robernier, they were continually interested in the condition of the honest blacksmith; in nothing did they sympathise more than in misfortune! Sophia was especially grateful for the sympathy shown on this occasion; she took care not to forget that the meeting with the doctor had taken place in this hospitable house. The truly providential circumstance gave to the connection of the little mercer and her patron something peculiarly interesting in its aspect.

Whenever Sophia appeared at the house, Biance on one side, and the children on the other, all made her welcome. The whole supplies of her box were purchased, and they gave her, besides the prices marked, provisions of every sort. Sometimes they loaded her with gifts to an extent that made her hesitate to accept them, but her resistance was overcome by the remembrance of her father, and the care his case required. "Why these scruples, my child?" said they to her, "were you not the first to render us a service? A refusal on your part would be disobliging. Take this then; we offer it to you quite willingly!" and whilst thus speaking they loaded her box with sweets, with biscuits, with remains of fowls, and even pieces of linen for the necessary wants of her father.

"What kindness! It is too much! It is a great deal too much!" objected the young girl, whose moistened eyes revealed the deep and tender emotions that she felt.

Whilst walking home, she blessed God with all her soul, and attributed to Him the source of her joy. Her grateful and devout spirit was communicated to her parents, and a heavenly peace reigned in the humble abode of the blacksmith.

xi.

On a smiling morning of May, friends and strangers crowded before the house of the farrier. What was going on then on this day? It was easy to guess. The forge was again at work. The furnace shone with glowing aspect, and

the quick echo repeated afar the clang, clang, clang, of the hammer, as it resounded on the anvil. The blacksmith had at length resumed his work. Cheerful as he was formerly, he was doubly joyous now. Anselm received the congratulations of his neighbours. Never had the use of eyesight, never had the freedom of movement, appeared to him of such inestimable value. How pleasant it is to see; and how good and true is work done in full light! The blacksmith so recently blind had become a new man.

The children, Sophia, and even Martha herself, having mixed with the crowd, formed a circle in front of the forge: their joys were mingled with the joy of their friends. The days of trouble had passed away. Concerning the accident, and the operation, as well as the devotedness of Sophia, there was no longer a question. There remained of the many circumstances only the interest that they had called forth. The number of customers had now become more numerous than before. Orders increased, the business had recovered its old importance.

From this time no more devouring cares! No more trouble! The father of the family had again undertaken his duties. . . Children, be happy; the little mercer will leave you no more.

Sophia had already taken leave of her customers in the town, and presented to them, by way of remembrance, the last contents of her box. Having been received with favour by all, she had made herself beloved by all; and on this account the separation was attended with sincere regret.

But well-trained minds, who judged of things in the most correct sense, applauded this determination. The family of the Roberniers were of this number. Still Helen and Maurice could not coincide with their parents in this view of matters. Not to see their little friend again was a sad prospect.

"Be comforted, my children," said their mother, "you will see Sophia again. She will bring us news about her father, in whom I take so much interest, and we shall engage her to visit us the first Thursday of every month."

A shout of satisfaction followed these words.

The Sunday after the recovery of Anselm was a memorable day for the Durocs. As in former times, Sophia prepared to go to public worship alone. Just as she went out of the house, with her New Testament in her hand, she saw all her young friends modestly attired and ready to follow her. What joy and congratulations. The young girl, over-powered, fell into their arms. Her dearest wishes and prayers had been granted.

The afternoon was devoted to a quiet walk on the bank of the river. The fertile valley, the transparent waters, those vast horizons of Provence, which Anselm had for a time feared were hidden from him for ever, all these he wished to see again. Anselm stopped frequently, as if he had discovered something new and delightful to him. "Oh, what a charming view!" cried he. "Oh, the fine day, how pleasant to be alive!"

His heart overflowed with thankfulness as he returned home. "The good doctor was right, was he not, Martha?" said Anselm that night. "It is to Sophia, our dear daughter, that we owe my recovery, and the welfare of the house."

"No, my dear father, we must not be mistaken, I was only an instrument in the hand of God. It was He who inspired me, it was He who gave me the power to do what I have done. Having permitted the trial, He has furnished the deliverance. His holy Name be praised."

All the family raised their minds and their voices that night in the same expression of gratitude.

The filial love and fervent piety of Sophia had obtained the most precious reward. The work of the little mercer, the blacksmith's daughter, had been blessed.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XV.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Jesus said, The works that I do in my Father's name they bear witness of me." (John x. 25.) Read Luke iv. 31, 41; and Matt. iv. 13.

After Jesus was rejected by the people of Nazareth, His own town, to what town did He go next? The Lord was already known in Capernaum; whom had He raised from sickness there, even though not there Himself at the time? (John. iv. 46.) There was in this city at least one family who must have listened eagerly to His words. (John iv. 53.) While the people of Capernaum were all in the synagogue listening with wonder to the teaching of One who "spake as never man spake," a fearful cry was heard, and a loud voice screamed out "Let us alone!" Who was this that cried? What did the man possessed with the devil say he knew Jesus to be? Imagine what a scene of alarm this must have caused! What horror and fear among all the people present! Then arose the calm voice of Jesus, that voice which stilled the tempest, that voice which the Evil One knew he must obey. What words did the Lord say? What was the effect of His words? The devil has no power to resist the command of Jesus, and remember, dear children, Jesus can always help us to "resist the devil and he will flee from us." (Jas. iv. 7.) The devil does not now afflict the bodies of men as he did in those times, because Jesus conquered the devil; but he still tries to destroy our souls by tempting us to sin.

What did the men of that place say? Was it known only in Capernaum? (v. 37.) This was the first great work Jesus did that day, but it was only the first of many, for this was a busy day. What house did the Lord enter? Who was ill in this house? What did the people around do for her? They did the very best thing possible, they besought Jesus for her! He was there and they knew His power; they knew too how willing He was to heal and to help them in their sore trouble. What did Jesus do? Observe the effect of His words; not only did the fever leave her, but she immediately arose and ministered unto them, not like a person who had been weakened by a severe illness, but in full strength of body, so perfect was the cure.

This busy day was not yet over. Before darkness fell many hearts were made to rejoice. "When the sun was setting," and the western sky over the sea of Galilee was all glowing with crimson and gold, when the labourers had come in from their work, and the busy toils of day were over, a great crowd gathered round the door of the lowly house in Capernaum where Jesus lived.

What a crowd! Sick men, women and children, some feebly creeping along, some carried by friends; many that were afflicted with worse than bodily pains, fierce lunatics "possessed with devils," and upon every one of all that multitude the gentle hand of Jesus was laid, and He healed every one of them! He was touched with a feeling of their infirmities. Their cries came up before Him and filled Him with pity and compassion. And as His disciples saw Him they remembered the words of Isaiah—"Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." (Matt. viii. 17; and Isa. liii. 4.) Observe that here as in the synagogue the devils cried out that He was the Son of God, but He suffered them not to speak, and obliged them to own His power not by words but by instantly coming out of the wretched men of whom they had taken possession. It was indeed a wonderful day, and a sunset never to be forgotten. A beautiful hymn describes it, and leads us to think of what Jesus is willing to do for us also.

Sing,—"At even ere the sun was set."

Monthly Religious Record.

THE first of the London Diocesan Conferences was lately held at King's College, under the presidency of the Bishop. Beside the clergy who attended, there were laymen present of all ranks, from the Duke of Westminster and Lord Cairns to representatives of the working class from East-end parishes. As many as two hundred and twenty members took part in the deliberations. More important, perhaps, than the actual business done was the principle recognised, in this adoption of a practice already established in other dioceses. In this age of informal parliaments—when congresses and confederations supplement the occasional meeting, and when ever-growing diversities of thought make consultation necessary in order to maintain a practical unity—Churchmen appear disposed to give a larger place to such gatherings. There is to be a Central Council of Diocesan conferences. To this Central Council, the London conference determined by a large majority to send six representatives, who are, in the first instance, to be selected by the Bishop. Thus the constituent elements of a new organization are apparently being brought together within the Church of England, a representative body which, though in no sense legislative, might in time become the rival of Convocation. The first resolution passed by the London conference advocates "strenuous resistance" to the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Further, it was agreed to hold a general mission throughout London next year, as in 1874, a plan the expediency of which has since been challenged, on the ground that simultaneous action over so vast an area is inevitably weak, and that it is wiser in such work to divide the metropolis into districts, which can be taken in succession. The conference also directed attention to questions of organization and finance. There was a lively discussion on the city churches and charities. A resolution was carried for the appointment of a committee to consider how lay help could be developed, trained and more effectively employed; and also how members of the wealthy parishes, a scarcely less important point, might best be brought to help the poorer districts.

THE condition of the London poor was the subject of some discussion. One speaker put the matter strongly when he asked what was the use of preaching to them of heaven when they were already living in a sort of hell? There is the more reason, we should say, having regard to the transformations which the Gospel has sometimes effected in the most unfavourable circumstances. But the present state of affairs is shocking, almost beyond description, and a fruitful source of immorality and crime. The external improvements which are gradually making London one of the most splendid cities in the world have not been accomplished without much discomfort to the classes lowest in the social scale. The destruction of rookeries in one quarter has led to worse crowding in other directions, and there are now localities suffering from the increase of population in a manner almost unprecedented. We note the fact as bearing upon some of the most important aspects of Christian work. How great is the pressure may be inferred from one instance. The Peabody trustees opened not long since a new building in Bedfordbury—a short distance from the well-known Seven Dials; and so great was the rush of people anxious to find a home in it, that they had to call in the police to control the mob. There were one hundred and forty-six tenements to let, and about 2,500 applicants. Yet there is a grade below, with less regard for decency, still more hardly pressed to find a shelter for the family. No wonder men talk of the "heathendom" of London as if it were a slumbering volcano of mischief. The Rev. Harry Jones said that what was needed most to be done was to raise up amongst the dwellers in such localities a spirit of discontent, so that they might never cease worrying the sanitary authorities, the legislature, and the landlords, till they get better houses to live in!

THE Salvation Army has again been the theme of much discussion both at home and abroad. Mr. Booth has thought it expedient for the present to prohibit street

processions in London. So large a number of roughs had assembled Sunday after Sunday in the City Road, and around the now transformed Eagle Theatre and Tavern, that a large body of police had to be employed to keep order, and so were deprived of their day of rest. An organised opposition threatened further violence. Mr. Booth, therefore, for the first time, while protesting against the necessity, instructed the members of the Army to keep within their own bounds. It now appeared that a new organization called the Skeleton Army was forming in various districts—the first attempt, not without an ominous significance, to organise the roughs of the streets—with the express purpose of making the Salvationist processions impossible. In connection with this new movement, a remarkable incident is reported from Bethnal Green. The Rev. R. Loveridge, of St. Philip's Church, Mount Street, invited the leaders and members of the local branches of the Skeleton Army to attend, "to reason with them before God." About six hundred attended, headed by their band and flag, and wearing their military accoutrements. They listened with great attention to the expostulations of the vicar, who dealt with the various reasons they had given, during the interviews he had had with their leaders, for their street demonstrations against the Salvation Army. He assured them that the result of his inquiries disproved the statement that the Salvationists were underselling them in the labour market. He urged that General Booth's movement was entitled to some respect if only on the ground of the labour question, for its leader had found work for hundreds of men and women who would otherwise have remained a drag on the labour market. It is stated that as a result of this intervention, one detachment of the Skeleton Army has disbanded, the colours, helmets, and "arms" having been handed to the vicar. We note also that Mrs. Booth has been calling attention with no small vehemence to the need of increased "holiness" amongst Christian professors. Some of her phrases have a controversial ring, and are challenged on theological grounds, but the practical "holiness" of which she writes, covering all the moralities of life, can only spring from true "faith," and must include that growing reverence for sacred things which the critics of the Salvation Army most desiderate for it.

THE action of the Army in Switzerland has been checked by the intervention of the authorities. Miss Booth and her secretary, or "aide-de-camp," Miss Charlesworth, have been expelled from the canton of Geneva. An order of the Council of State assigned as the reason for this act that the services of the army led to disturbances of the public peace, and were the subject of strong protests on the part of the citizens. The liveliest interest has been excited by this procedure. Miss Charlesworth was summoned before the police, and subjected to four hours' interrogation. The most flimsy pretexts were put forward to justify this severity. It appears that the meetings complained of were in reality private, and that the disturbances were the work of mere roughs bent on mischief. The action of the Swiss authorities is condemned. It is urged that the rights of British subjects have been violated, and an appeal for protection has been made to Lord Granville. Meetings have meanwhile been held on the frontier. The movements of the Army have been interdicted in the canton of Berne, and its evening meetings stopped in Neufchâtel. It is noticeable that there are but six English "officers" in all Switzerland, and that their converts are estimated at between three and four hundred. Attention has been the more widely drawn to the subject by a brochure from the pen of the Countess de Gasparin, in which she attacks the principles and methods of the Army with much vigour, and denounces its "rules" as Jesuitical in the authority they set up. Some other personal aspects of the controversy have a painful bearing.

FIFTY years have passed this month since the Evangelical Society of France held its first meeting. Looking back over that period, it is able to report some changes. "Whole

districts (for example, in the Haute-Vienne) have been won over to Protestantism; several Roman Catholic churches have been converted into Protestant places of worship; and many a province once plunged in sloth and indifference has been leavened by the truth." Amidst all that is discouraging, there are hopeful signs in the France of to-day. "This land," writes one engaged in the work of evangelisation, "is thirsty for the truth. It seems from afar, perhaps, to be mad with atheism and 'freethought.' Do not be deceived." In Paris, Mr. MacAll is adapting his work to the diverse needs which confront him. He has opened another of a series of large halls in which there is to be preaching of a different order, conducted by ministers of high repute. In this Gaieté Hall, on the south side of the Seine, M. de Presensé gave the first address, taking as his subject "The Existence of God." Some endeavours will thus be made to meet the questions of French scepticism.

MANY questions have been asked as to what may have been the practical results of the revivalist movements of the last few years. Mr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, speaking with reference to the recent services of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in that town, gave it as the result of eight years' experience—the interval since their previous visit—that fully seventy per cent. of the converts had continued to stand firm in the faith professed. Mr. Moody, in one of his addresses at Edinburgh, gave some remarkable instances of work which had been done within the same period. One lady at Birmingham had been touched by his remark that he "pitied any man or woman who had themselves been in the kingdom of God for any length of time, and never had the luxury of leading a soul to Christ." Then she heard Mr. Sankey sing "Nothing but leaves." "She set to work, and the first thing she did was to speak to a poor fallen sister in the street. She got so interested in that one woman, that she gave up all her spare time to this class; now she has the names of between 200 and 300 who have been rescued from a life of shame, and have been helped back to live pure and useful lives. There was another case of a man in Birmingham who got labouring men out at half-past seven in the morning that he might teach them. Every morning now in the winter, long before daylight, 8,000 working men come to the different classes that are being taught: every Sunday 8,000 men in Birmingham are there studying the word of God. . . . A lady in Dublin got stirred up during the meetings there eight years ago. She began to take an interest in the prisoners, and went to meet them at the prison gates as they came out. It was called the Prison Gate Mission, and now there are hundreds of men and women who have been rescued through its efforts." The two Evangelists have again visited Belfast, and are continuing their journey to the centres selected.

THE English Presbyterian Synod, by its home mission committee, is endeavouring to raise a new church building fund. The scheme was expounded at a conversation held in the lower room of Exeter Hall. The Rev. Dr. Monro Gibon, who was one of the speakers, told how in America, in the matter of church extension, the denominations had far outstripped the increase in the population, enormous as it had been. In the century the Presbyterian ministers in America had increased from 133 to 8,000, with 9,000 churches, and over a million of members. And this rate of progress was four times as great as the increase in the population. The Episcopal and the Congregational churches had made about the same rate of progress, but the Baptist and Methodist churches had been much more active.

MR. JOSEPH COOK, the well-known lecturer, after making the tour of the world, has resumed his lectures at Boston. On a recent occasion he commented very strongly upon the great disproportion between the expenditure of Protestant Christendom on drink, and its expenditure on missions. He calculates that the total annual expenditure on Protestant missions is £1,500,000, a sum which "would not pay the liquor bill of the United States for three days, nor that of the British islands for two." At the present moment there is one missionary for every 700,000 heathen. He thinks that if there were one to every 50,000 "the upper and middle classes of the accessible pagan population would be reached." Such comparisons are startling; they may stimulate to enlarged generosity, but they must not be allowed to discourage. The one expenditure belongs to the larger area of the nation, the other to the smaller circles of Christian people. The items of home expenditure, in the build-

ing of places of worship, in the support of the ministry, in the development of schools, and in a great variety of benevolent and aggressive agencies, must also be included in any full estimate of the contributions of the Christian church to the evangelisation of the world.

We hear much of the higher education of women, but not enough of the means by which those who cannot aspire to it may be helped to a larger and healthier life under the ordinary conditions. There are numerous classes whose only intellectual stimulus is to be found in association with Christian work of some kind. Among the agencies of growing influence, we are glad to note the *Young Women's Christian Association and Institute Union*. This Association, founded in 1855, and consolidated under its present title in 1877, has lately made considerable advance, and has proved a great help and benefit to young women of almost every class. The objects of the Association are: To unite together for mutual help, sympathy, and instruction in spiritual things, young women of all classes; to seek to win others to the knowledge of Christ; to provide for all young women coming from the country into towns, for business or service, Christian friends, to whom they may go or write at any time, and thus to help them to avoid the dangers and temptations they may meet; and to promote the moral and social well-being of all, through various agencies. There are four classes of members: associates (members of the General Association); members of the Prayer Union; working associates, and the honorary associates. The General Association is open to all young women of all classes of society. Its object is to form a bond of union between those who desire to place themselves under Christian influence, and to secure to them help and sympathy as they move from place to place. Working Associates are Prayer Union members willing to help in Association work. Ordinary members are admitted at the discretion of secretaries. The benefits offered are various. Each local organization has its own peculiarities. One is managed in connection with the parochial clergyman, another by Nonconformists, another by various bodies of Christians united together; but each has perfect liberty. There are now Working Associates stationed in some 443 towns or villages in the United Kingdom. In upwards of fifty large towns institutes or boarding houses or both have been set on foot. Bible classes, classes for secular instruction, social evenings and teas, singing classes, libraries, registries, total abstinence unions, and provident societies are amongst the adjuncts of this useful work. The London Institutes number twenty-three, and they cannot pretend to meet in any adequate degree the claims of the "million-peopled city." The Association solicits the more general and earnest support of Christian people. Its affairs are under the direction of a council of ladies.

GREATER than all other agencies is the influence of the Christian family in work of this kind. It is pointed out that notwithstanding the advantages offered by the various associations, there are still many young people who are engaged in establishments where they are expected to be out on the Sabbath afternoons, and who are often in consequence exposed to great temptations. If Christian households "would open their doors on the Sabbath afternoons to a limited number of such young people for friendly intercourse or a Bible-reading, and after it a tea, probably much good would be the result. The social and homely element in the arrangement would doubtless be a great attraction to many whose homes and friends are far away."

THE peculiar claims and work of Mr. Spurgeon are everywhere known. The congregations which gather at the Surrey Tabernacle have long been a familiar feature of London. The sermons which he preaches have a wide circulation in their separate issue: many of them are reprinted as advertisements in Australian newspapers, and so sent into the bush, where the voice of a minister is rarely heard. The institutions which have grown up around him are illustrations of another kind of power. It may be assumed, therefore, that the statistics of the church over which he presides have more than a local or sectional interest. At the annual meeting of the congregation recently held, it was reported that the additions to the membership for the year had been 444, and that the total number of members now, after allowing for all changes, is 5,427. This is the largest individual church or congregation in the world.

for it—the full market value, I assure you, and if she had taken me the right way, I might have gone to a few pounds more."

"She clung to her old home," said Mr. Hislop, "she had a good connexion in the neighbourhood, where a clean quiet eating-house like hers had been found a great convenience. Even the full market value of that house would not have gone far to supply the income she managed to make out of it, or to get other suitable premises. And besides, I suppose she thought she had a right to keep her own, if she could."

"If she could, certainly," replied Mr. Hardwicke, sardonically, "but then, you see, she found she could not. These are the chances of war. She might have calculated better. Her best customers were my workpeople, and when I managed to prevent them frequenting her shop, where was she? I knew I could soon bring her to reason."

"Poor woman," ejaculated Mr. Hislop, "I think she hoped to the last that something might turn up to save her. She never told me about the sale, until it was over, and you had been the only bidder. Something must be done for her, Hardwicke. A decent, hard-working old widow like that must not be thrown on the workhouse at last, though I doubt whether she'll trouble anybody long."

"If you open a subscription list you may put me down for something to show I have no ill-feeling despite the annoyance and trouble her obstinacy gave me." Mr. Peter Hardwicke paused a moment and made a mental calculation. The exigencies of the enforced sale had given him the widow's little property at more than a hundred pounds less than he had originally offered for it. "You may put me down for two guineas," he said. "The way in which sentiment will get into business is wonderful, Hislop," he added, "and it must be resisted. It is all very well in its proper place, but it did not help either you or me to make our way." For Mr. Hislop was also a rich man.

Mr. Hislop was silent. For Mr. Hardwicke's last sentence had touched certain chords within him which had often been stirring of late. Mr. Hislop was a good man—a just man; there was no stain of oppression on his gold, he had never consciously been hard to his fellow-creatures. And yet now, in his late middle age, he sometimes wondered whether his life had had the highest aims or had achieved the greatest success. Why did it jar him when men like Mr. Hardwicke counted him with themselves in a cheerful "us," or a sympathetic "you or me." What was there in himself and his own life which made it hard for him to point out the sin and cruelty which he saw in Mr. Hardwicke's conduct, with the same pointed plainness with which he could point out the sin and cruelty of drunkenness to those prone to indulge in that vice?

Mr. Hardwicke made an impatient movement with his hand among his papers which Mr. Hislop understood, and instantly rose to go.

"I don't know whether a subscription will be the best way in which to serve Mrs. Gray," he said, "but if it is decided on, I will be sure to let you know."

He had scarcely gone out of the room, before Mr. Hardwicke opened an account book, and began rapidly to sum up sundry figures therein: then he glanced at the balance in his bank-book, and the result seemed satisfactory.

"It's a rule of mine to keep ready money in hand," he said to himself. "It gives one the instant command of whatever may be going. The best bargains are not to be had for credit. But this purchase can be made quite easily without clearing myself out. Phew! Reginald's allowance fell due last week! Well, the people he is with know their money is safe, and they won't turn him out, a few days more or less don't signify to that kind of people. And his bills can wait."

Reginald was his eldest son, and he was a medical student in Edinburgh and boarded with a gentleman who was described as a retired schoolmaster, the truth being that his health was so precarious that he had been forced to retire from the labours of general teaching and to content himself with a few private pupils and household boarders, while his wife gave lessons in music and painting.

Mr. Hardwicke summoned a clerk and gave him sundry directions concerning some sale he was to attend, and when he was gone, he himself started on his daily tour through his premises. It was more than a daily tour, for it was generally made two or three times on each day—Mr. Hardwicke having great faith in the efficacy of "the master's eye," for he had adopted all the wisest adages of business life. Only at the top of the mental tablet on which he kept them, he had inscribed in big characters that poisonous little word "Self." It never occurred to him that the "master's eye" should be as swift to recognise and reward faithful service as to detect and dismiss unfaithful—that it should be as watchful over the interests of customers as over the profits of its owner. In his case the "master's eye" did not even know the servants; to him they were only "hands," who came and went as the exigencies of the labour market dictated, whom he would dismiss at briefest notice if that brought him profit, asking no question as to what it might bring them, "hands" which would take his wage to-day and perhaps throw stones through his warehouse window to-morrow. There was a woman in prison just now for pawning some material which had been given out from his workshop, and for which, if she had brought it back, made up, according to contract, she would have received a clear four-pence half-penny for twelve hours' work. The magistrate who sentenced her—doubtless sorely exercised in his own mind—had remarked that people must be honest whatever happened to them, and Mr. Hardwicke thought so too, and thought no more about it. It was no business of his. That was his modern version of the ancient murderer's question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" There was the work—and the wage offered for it. Nobody need take either unless they liked—there were plenty who would.

After his tour of inspection, where silence and trembling preceded his steps and murmurs and rebellion followed them, Mr. Hardwicke returned to his counting house, and settled down to his

correspondence. First he wrote a letter arranging a loan at high interest to a man who wished to open a gin-palace in a poor neighbourhood. Then he enclosed a cheque for five pounds to a total abstinence agency, whose appeal had been sent to him by a worthy merchant-prince, whose favour he wished to secure. Then he composed a very gracious letter forgiving the debt of a reprobate spendthrift, whose wealthy connections might be profitably attracted by a reputation for generosity, and unprofitably repelled by any appearance of "hardness." Then he sent a curt note to his solicitor directing him to distrain the goods of a poor shopkeeper, whose trade had been ruined by the underselling of a neighbour, with whom as a "pushing man," Mr. Hardwicke as wholesale dealer had arranged easy terms and long credit.

Meaning to stay in his office until evening was far advanced, as he often did, he dined late at a hotel, where he met sundry kindred spirits, with whom he could compare notes as to gains and projects. They were all as different as possible from the old-fashioned, story-book type of money-maker or miser, who lived on broken victuals, and grudged himself a candle-end. These grudged themselves nothing, but called for the choicest wine, soup, game and dessert, though perhaps the worn-out waiter received no higher "tip" from them than from the poor salaried clerk, with his mutton chop and potatoes. They paid mutual compliments on their shrewdness, their energy and their industry, and contrasted themselves favourably alike with the "idle aristocracy," who had "nothing to do but draw their rents, and look after their tenants," and with the dumb multitude, who could patiently and loyally toil on with no prospect before them but the workhouse after all. Then having offered these libations at the shrine of self, they each contentedly returned to his own desk, thanking Mammon (whom they miscalled God) that they were not as other men.

CHAPTER II.—AMBITION AND FRUITION.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hislop had returned thoughtfully to his own house. On his way thither he had looked in at the dreary lodging, to which the defeated widow Gray had betaken herself. He had spoken some cheering words to her, and had given her an earnest of his good-will, and an assurance that she should not find herself forsaken. Nevertheless, the chill of her narrow little chamber, her own blank face, and the nervous tremor of her idle hands, so usefully busy only a few days before, haunted him all the while he sat at dinner, in his snug dining room, with its cheery crimson walls, and its glorious fire, glowing radiant on the delicate table napery and bright silver service. His vis-a-vis, and only companion, Miss Bridget Hislop, trim and well-appointed in the quiet black satin dress and simple Brussels net cap which so well became her spare figure, and snowy locks, noticed his preoccupied silence, and wondered what ailed him. For they generally had a very sociable meal. Miss Bridget, in her younger days, had had a very active life with wide interests, and her nature, thus opened

out, had never drawn in upon itself. She was everybody's friend and help, and wrote, and received many letters, and read much, and so had her own views, well worth ventilating on most subjects, religious, social, and political. Her brother on the other hand, though now virtually retired from business, still brought her home the facts of practical life, and of the ways and words of men outside her actual experience.

To-day, however, though Miss Bridget started one or two topics which usually interested Mr. Alexander, he answered only in monosyllables, and relapsed into silence. Miss Bridget, like a wise woman, asked no questions. If there was anything to be told, Alexander would tell it all the more frankly, if he was left to take his own time and way for so doing.

In truth, from that dismal picture of Widow Gray seated in her desolation, Alexander Hislop's mind had strangely turned to far-off scenes and long-ago days. Again he saw himself a light-hearted boy on his father's farm among the braes and moors of bonnie Scotland—a farm, which though not all their own, had in the simple customs and amenities of the place, descended undisturbed, from sire to son for many generations. Again he saw the lowly kirk among its scanty trees, and the white-mutched women and plaided men wending their way to worship God. He remembered many a widow and "auld maid" secure among the homely charities of the place, and therefore free to carry priceless help and wisdom wherever they were needed, "sisters of the poor," of God's own organising. He saw the great fire blazing on his father's hearth, and the family circle widened to draw in the herd-boy and the serving-lass. He saw the great presses bursting with the produce of the spinning-wheels of grandmothers and great grandmothers. He saw again the opened Bible, and heard once more the solemn singing of the evening psalm.

And then his thoughts went on to a later day, when between the old laird getting involved in new railway companies, and the young laird being, as the simple peasants called it, "sair misguided" in London and Paris, the estate was sold to a stranger who had no care for it save for the profit he could draw from it, and who ruthlessly dispossessed the old tenants to make room for great sheep-farmers. Alexander's father was dead by that time, and his mother held the steading, to which he, already a tall lad, would have succeeded in due time, under the old régime. He remembered her bitter wail when the "notice" came, her perpetual weeping for weeks afterwards, her whitening hair, her failing eyes. He remembered the fruitless appeal he, in common with other tenants, had made to the new proprietor. He remembered too the day of departure—the very sunbeams sleeping on the hillside, the low of the cattle fed by stranger hands, the clang of the old gate as it shut out the old faces for ever. At the bend of the road where they would lose the last sight of the old place, he had sprung from the cart which held his mother and Bridget, and had run back and climbed a little way up the hill. Standing there bareheaded, he had registered a vow—oh, he could remember every word of it!

"This it is to be poor! This is what money can do! Then I will take care that I get it. I will be rich. I will toil and moil, and spare and care, and give myself no peace or pleasure till I can buy back the home of my forefathers, aye, and the whole estate, if that be needed to secure peaceable possession!"

He had sealed the vow with solemn words. He had invoked the help of God without reference to God's will. Remembering that also, he sighed heavily, as he turned from the dinner-table and took up his evening station in the great easy-chair beside the fire. Bridget too, assumed her wonted place opposite him, and drew her soft white knitting from her work-bag. She glanced at her brother, and after that sigh she felt sure that he would very soon speak.

But other memories still crowded on his mind—memories of long dull days, while the mother dwindled away, until at last she faded out of sight, and Bridget went to be a school-teacher, and he spent his days in a counting-house, and his nights in a hired attic, and for years there was no more visible home. As months and years passed on, the fire-forces of the indignant vow had paled, but not before his life and character had formed under their influence. They had left behind a tireless industry, a pinching economy, an ascetic self-denial. They had narrowed life's outlook to their own goal, and turned its living forces down a bed of rock where no sweet flowers could spring or sweeter fairies gambol.

If he had never wifully done wrong in his pursuit of wealth, perhaps he had still justified the ancient warning, "he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent," for had he always sought the right as diligently as he had sought the profitable? Had he always dwelt as strongly on the virtues of lovingkindness and hospitality, and faith and hope, as on those of thrift and prudence, and diligence and providence? Had there never been times when a little wider consideration for others' claims, a little tenderer regard for the deepest needs of human souls, might have diverted some of the golden stream from his private channel and so delayed his arrival at the haven of his ambition? And then there rose before his mind one or two memories which smote his heart with such sharp pain that even to save him from himself he spoke:

"I looked in upon Mrs. Gray to-night, Bridget," he said. "Really there are some things which puzzle one! When one thinks of her hardworking life and the poor reward it has got, it makes one ashamed of being rich."

"But is it not well to be rich, and therefore able to help such as she is?" asked Miss Bridget. Until she had come to keep her brother's house, a very few years ago, the good lady had never known the luxury of tendering money-help, and she had so often seen such good chances of service lost for lack of it, that now, perhaps, she inclined to forget what she had done without it. "If nobody was rich, what would become of the poor?" she added.

"But suppose the way we make money makes such as she is?" returned Mr. Alexander.

"I don't believe your way of making money has done harm to anybody," said Miss Bridget stoutly. She criticised her brother sometimes,

especially as to his wisdom, but she always resented his criticising himself.

"The question is, has it done anybody good? You and I have benefited by it apparently more than any one else, and I begin to doubt whether it has done even us very much good."

Miss Bridget's fingers lingered unduly over a stitch. "We have to take fortune when it comes," she said presently. "It often seems to us to come at the wrong time." She was not a woman to say more than that. There had been a might-have-been in her life; a time when such a sum as her brother now allowed her annually for her private purse and her charities, could have given a chance to two faithful hearts to unite in setting-up that best type of God's kingdom, a pure and loving home. Alexander had known of the engagement, and he, though not very rich then, was rich enough to have helped it to its consummation, but it had never seemed to occur to him to do so; it was not likely, since he had deferred offering his own hand to a woman whom he loved, lest domestic claims should defeat his ambition, and land him in a lowly struggling existence. That woman had never known of his love; the attraction had, as is so often the case, been mutual, but she had believed her affection unreturned. So when Peter Hardwicke, who, by his unscrupulousness had made a short and early cut to fortune, had pressed his suit upon her, she had yielded in dull desperation, had been an unhappy wife and a miserable woman, whose best friends had drawn a sigh of relief when the grave closed quietly over her. Alexander had never told his love story to his sister Bridget, but she had made it out for herself. So how could she murmur that he had let her lover go lonely to a far unwholesome climate, where he had toiled and failed? There was he buried. And here was Bridget Hialop, and what did it matter to her now whether her gown was of satin or of calico? But she did find it pleasant to be able to help other people, only now she seldom seemed to hear of such deserving cases as she had known when she herself had been in the struggle for life. She had said so once to her brother, and he had answered gloomily.

"Money is like carrion, which attracts birds of prey and noisome insects. Rich people see most of the worst and meanest of their species."

So she had never again ventured on such reflections, for it grieved her to think that her brother seemed dissatisfied with the success he had achieved. Even now, she repented her of her last regretful words.

"Riches are a good thing," she observed, resolved to turn up the bright side. "You know the blessing of the Lord it maketh rich."

"And He addeth no sorrow with it," he rejoined, unexpectedly completing her quotation. "Bridget, has it ever occurred to you that money may not be riches? Money is worth nothing, Bridget, except what one can get for it or do with it."

Bridget was silent. Her thoughts again reverted to the past. What might not a hundred pounds have done for her once? What could a hundred thousand do for her to-day?

"We need not have made ourselves very rich,

Bridget," said her brother, "to have had all which we really enjoy now."

That was true. Of a healthy, hardy race, their life-long habits had been formed on true and simple models. They did not care to burden themselves with a huge mansion of empty chambers, entailing upon them a troop of idle menials. Though they kept a carriage, they rarely used it, both saying that they owed their health to constant exercise.

They were too old to travel, and having in youth spared themselves no leisure to cultivate the fine arts, they could not now be their patrons. Mr. Hislop had bought a few pictures, but it struck his quick sensibility that his more cultured friends preserved an ominous silence when he pointed to them. It would indeed have needed but a moderate fortune to allow the brother and sister the few luxuries in which they could now indulge. The wealth which in its early stages might have been converted into wide and joyful life, now went on doubling itself in barren figures in bankers' books.

"But we can do good, brother," urged Miss Bridget.

"Everybody can do that," replied Mr. Alexander, "the poor as well as the rich. I don't see that my money does much good that might not be done without it."

"Oh, Alexander," said his sister, "see how money is always being wanted for missions at home and abroad, and for all sorts of good works which cannot be carried on without it."

But Alexander shook his silvered head persistently. "The apostles had very little silver and gold among them: they only had hands and heads and hearts, all aglow with energy from above."

"But these times are so different," urged Miss Hislop.

"Ought they to be different? Is it to their advantage that they are different?" he replied. "Let whatever we possess be consecrated; but it sometimes strikes me forcibly that the best money can do, is to undo the harm that money-making has already done. And the unpicked material is never worth so much as fresh, Bridget. Money can build hospitals for over-worked, ill-housed, underfed work-people. Money can subsidise Homes for underpaid work girls. Money can send out a few poor missionaries to strive, for God's sake, to counteract the evil example and pernicious influence of the thousands who go forth in Mammon's service, to plunder and oppress and corrupt. Money, as you see at this moment, can give a paltry pension to poor Mrs. Gray, after Peter Hardwicke has ruined her."

"But then, Alexander," pleaded Bridget, "would not things be in a worse plight still, if there was no money on the side of good against evil?"

I am not saying that money is an evil," said Mr. Hislop. "Money in itself is nothing—neither a good nor an evil—only a medium of exchange, and men in their greed and folly have made it a medium for exchanging the greater for the lesser. I don't want to go further than our Master, when He says, 'No man can serve God and mammon,' or the apostle when he asserts that 'the love of money is the root of all evil.' The world

is getting into the way of thinking that money-making is in itself a virtue. The models it sets up for its youth are 'successful men,' the standard of their success being the number of figures required to state their fortunes. This thought came home first to me, Bridget, when I saw my own career put forth in print in this way. I felt that the young were called to emulate my example at the very point where, if I had my life over again, I would act differently. For Bridget, I feel that early vow of mine, made on the bare hillside, under the solemn sunset, was the grand mistake of my life. It meant that I was overcome of evil, instead of overcoming evil by good. A remorseless power had crushed and desolated me, and I only thought how to make that power my own. And how futile it has been, too!"

"Well, brother dear, you could not care to buy back the mere acres, when all the old faces were gone, and even the old houses pulled down," said Bridget.

"Certainly not," answered Alexander, "and that is the way that all nests of hope and ambition which are built below the skies, are sure to fall suddenly to earth, and wreck the hearts that have been laid in them. But more than that, Bridget, I have seen my very success—the golden fortune into which I have coined my life—urged as an excuse, and indeed a justification, for the evictions which are still being carried out by landed proprietors. I have heard men say, 'Look at Hislop! note his present position, and the wealth he has made, and the good he is able to do: if his family had not been expelled from their beggarly little holding, he would have been toiling there yet, scarcely a hundred pounds ahead of the world.' But I know, in my heart, Bridget, that in every true sense our father was a far richer man than I am, and lived a life far more naturally, simply, and unconsciously beneficent."

"I know it does seem so," admitted Bridget. "But commerce stands somehow by itself. Men do not go into business except to make money."

"That is exactly where the mistake is," returned Alexander, quickly. "Who is to teach business men that in their function of providers for the needs of others, money-making should no more be their first aim, than it should be with the preachers to men or the healers of men, or the rulers of men."

"Hark!" interrupted his sister, "who can that be?"

For at that moment, the door-bell rang one of those mysterious peals which most of us have heard, and which seem to send through a house a telegraphic warning of agitation and disaster.

Servants always obey such a summons with strange speed. The bell had scarcely ceased to ring before the Hislops heard voices in the hall.

"Surely it is Maria Hardwicke, and Frank!" exclaimed Miss Bridget. "What can be the matter?"

She rose hastily, throwing aside her knitting. But the dining-room door flew open, and there advanced a tall girl, pale and dishevelled, in costly finery, followed by a lad whose fixed expression of gloom and discontent could have been wrought by no ordinary calamity.

The girl had an open telegram in her hand.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY TO THE NORTH WEST LAND.

VIII.

DULUTH on Lake Superior, Wednesday.—Today seems like a repetition of my day at St. Paul. We went on very steadily over the prairie yesterday (a great flat prairie very different from the North West) and had a comfortable night, though very cold. Late in the evening the guard lighted a fire in the stove in our car. Soon after it was light we passed through beautiful scenery on the banks of the St. Louis, quite magnificent, with hills and forests and rocks. The train wound in and out above the river, crossing over ravines on wonderfully slight-looking wooden bridges, so that we could look right down into the depths beneath. At 10.30 A.M. we arrived at this place, where I intended to meet the steamer Ontario. I was rather sorry to see the lake covered with white horses, but still expected to go straight on, but the first news we heard was that the steamer Ontario had not come in on account of the weather, but was expected some time to-day. The Collingwood boat (the "Frances Smith") was in the harbour, but through tickets by the other line would not avail for her, so we have to make up our minds to stay here. It is a caution against taking through tickets: it is, however, a good thing to have such a pleasant place to wait in. The hotel Bay View, conducted on Temperance principles, is very comfortable, and would be a good place for a longer visit. The place is very pretty, and the shops too are attractive, and full of Indian curiosities. I went for a walk in the afternoon up a hill behind the house, where I found numbers of wild raspberries, and had a beautiful

view over the lake. The town stretches out on a sort of bar right across the lake with a lagoon behind it and then two promontories almost meeting, and another inner lake. The blue hills on the other side are most beautiful. I went up on the hill till it became wilder and wilder, with great trees cut down, and lying about. Standing on a felled trunk and looking round, I saw nothing but the wildest chaos, trees cut down, and roots and branches lying in every direction among rocks and bushes, and tall grass, and close by a little ravine where the stream had dried up, full of great stones with trees lying across it. Some of the trees were much blackened by fire, some almost crumbling away. I could see no path further on, and it was getting very cold, so I came down the hill again, and was quite glad to find the stove alight in the sitting-room, where I found some pleasant American travellers.

Thursday.—This morning a great bell woke me at 6.0, and at breakfast I was glad to hear that the "Ontario" had come in, and I could go on board in an hour or two, though she would not leave before this evening. It is still blowing hard.

On board the "Ontario," Friday.—The "Ontario" is lying inside the first bar of land which has an opening with a lighthouse on each side, and there is quite a large lake behind it, and another bar only broken by an opening in the middle. If it were only fine, there would be a lovely view of the town and the lake. This boat is something like the river boats in shape,



CANADA'S "ROLLING STOCK."

but much larger, and more comfortable. It has a large saloon divided into two parts (a sort of drawing and dining room). There are plants hanging in it and on the platform outside, and the cabins look very comfortable. In the afternoon I took a walk up to Chester Creek, about a mile from the town. Turning off the high road, I went up a mountain path, which the inhabitants call a "street," and presently reached some houses and a foreign-looking church. Here I met a German woman, who told me that the church was a German Protestant one, and that there were about forty German families settled in the neighbourhood. Then I went along a grass path to a little cemetery on the hill. The names on the graves were chiefly German and Swedish. From thence the path led across the grass to the pretty little creek, a wild glen with a double waterfall, and trees and bushes of all kinds growing on the banks most luxuriantly, with red rocks and earth between, and lovely ferns and flowers. I scrambled down to the stream, and then found quantities of wild raspberries better than any tame ones I ever saw. Then I went to the top of the fall, and rather wished to cross over, but the only bridge was made of three small tree-trunks laid side by side, and they looked as if they might roll apart, so I did not attempt it, but walked quickly back to Duluth, and went on board the boat. I found a family of pleasant American children on board, and went below with them to see the loading of flour barrels. It was done by a windlass. The barrels were rolled to the mouth of a great hole, some large pincers on the windlass seized two, and let them down and were up again in a minute for the next barrels, while the men below rolled the barrels thus taken on board down into the hold.

Tuesday.—We are making rather a long voyage across the lake. The first day after we started was wet and stormy, but in the afternoon the weather cleared, and I saw this lovely lake in all its beauty. It is the largest freshwater inland sea in the world, and it is quite possible to be out of sight of land on it. It covers a space four times the size of Ireland. It is dotted with lovely islands, some soft and wooded, others bare and rocky, with perpendicular precipices—one, the Silver Islet, is not particularly beautiful, but is famed for its silver mines. One rock, called the Pye Island, towards which we seemed to be directly steering, is said to rise 1,300 feet above the level of the water; just as we neared it we turned sharply and went into Thunder Bay, which seems quite enclosed in mountains and islands. At one time the clouds hung low on the water, making a wonderful mirage; the mountains appeared suddenly transformed, and a steamer approaching us became doubled as though a second steamer were mounted on its funnels, so that it towered above the mountains. Then the double steamer melted into a castle, and finally the apparition disappeared, and we saw only the single boat coming to meet us. After this mirage we had a wonderful sunset with an afterglow, and an intense blue light upon the water, and later in the evening a glorious display of the northern lights shooting over the sky, brightening and fading shorter and longer,

and deepening into a bright mist near the horizon. On one side we saw the many-coloured lights of the harbour at Prince Arthur's Landing, with the lamps in the town above, and on the other the Lighthouse on Thunder Cape at one end of the bay. We landed in the curious little town, and found one shop open, where the children expended largely in agates, which are found in this neighbourhood. The atmospheric effects on Friday were followed by a day and night of thick mist. On Sunday morning we found several steamboats near us waiting until it was clear enough to proceed. One, the "Asia," was a smaller boat belonging to the same company as the "Ontario," and we were all informed that as we were so late, our captain intended to go straight to Sarnia, not touching at any of the other places, but would put the passengers who wished to go to them on board the "Asia." A good many passengers were transferred, but as the "Asia" did not look at all comfortable, and I heard I could get to Galt just as quickly by going to Sarnia, I decided to stay on the "Ontario."

About the middle of the morning it cleared up, and we went on quickly, the views getting more and more beautiful, and soon came to the Rapids at Sault St. Marie, on the river which joins Lake Superior to Lake Huron. Here we went into a canal at the side of the Rapids, from which we had a splendid view of the lake and the river, and the rapids and the two parts of the town, one on the Canadian, and the other on the American shore. There were some boats shooting the rapids, managed very cleverly by Indians. We were some time waiting to get into the locks, as there were other ships in them, and then we were some time going through them in company with the "Asia." There is a new canal being made close by, which when finished will allow four vessels to go at the same time through the locks.

Soon we stopped at the coaling wharf, and while there I went into the town (the American part), and found my way to a church with an open door, where a Sunday-school service was going on. There were a good many children, the girls seated on one side, the boys on the other; the superintendent stood at the reading desk repeating a Psalm, while they answered in the alternate verses. They then repeated some verses from the Bible all together, and then the Apostles' Creed, after which he offered prayer. I should have liked to stay to the end, but was obliged to return to the ship. There appeared to be Sunday-schools going on in the various churches, but otherwise it did not look much like Sunday, as the shops were all open. This is said to be different in the Canadian town. On board it did not seem much like Sunday either, though we had some singing in the morning, and the children had a pleasant time with my question box.

When we left Sault St. Marie the best part of the scenery began as we went down the Sault River towards Lake Huron. We sailed in and out among the wooded islands, and through narrow passages with high rocks on each side, and trees growing where one would have thought it impossible. The colouring was so

rich I thought it really surpassed anything I had ever seen, and after tea, when we saw the sunset and a wonderful after-glow, making the water all rosy between the islands, while just under our boat and round the edges of the land it showed the loveliest tints of opal and dark green and blue, it was really magnificent. The stream kept branching off behind the islands into shady water passages, wooded on each side, leading no one knew where, and making one long to explore them with a canoe and a tent. Once we saw an Indian wigwam on the shore. We sat on deck nearly all the afternoon after we left St. Marie, reading aloud from a volume of Mr. Aitken's sermons, and taking care of the children, who came in and had a little class just before tea, and watching the sunset in the evening till the last tints faded away. Then we all came in to service. We had some nice hymns and a short service and sermon. Then we went on singing till we had no voices left, and went out to take a last view of the rocks before going to bed.

We had some rough weather on Lake Huron this morning, just enough to show me that these steamers, though most comfortable in calm weather, are by no means fitted for stormy seasons.

Wednesday.—Train from Sarnia. We turned into Sarnia about 10 P.M. last night, after the last train had left. It was very pretty to see the coloured lights of the harbour and the long rows of lights at Sarnia and Port Huron (one on each side of the river) reflected in the water. I joined a party going to the Belchamber Hotel, which has recently changed hands and is being newly fitted up. I had a most comfortable room, and was extremely surprised at the small charge made for it, as hitherto I have found hotels rather expensive. This morning we started by the six o'clock train. We are in the old scenery again, forests with clearings here and there, and large fields, and little wooden stations. The air is not nearly so bracing as that of the North West.

Friday.—Niagara. On arriving at Galt I found that Miss Macpherson and Miss C. were away and expected to be at Niagara Falls yesterday and to-day, so I decided to join them there; and after a very restful day and night at that most homelike place, and renewing the acquaintance of such of my little boys as had not yet found their new homes, I set off once more on my travels. I found also at Galt a great batch of letters, and a note from E., in which he says the bishop did stay with him two or three days. E. takes care to inform me that he made the house as comfortable as he could in spite of the pouring rain. He was highly honoured to have such a visitor, who, he says, has a very large diocese, and has been working hard to establish a mission-college at Prince Albert's Landing. When there is so much to spare in the old country it seems a pity that both the Bishops of Saskatchewan and Rupert's Land should be so continually hampered in their good work for want of funds.

I am almost afraid to attempt any description of Niagara, it is too glorious for words. I should think it must be one of the few sights in the

world with which no one could possibly be disappointed. I expected to go over the Suspension Bridge in the train, but meeting Miss C. at the station on the Canadian side, I got out and went with her to see the Rapids on the Canadian side. We went into a house, and then down some steps and got into the elevator, which is a comfortable little carriage with seats, worked by water on a steep incline. So down we went while the empty car came up, and found ourselves on the bank of the great river, which was foaming and dashing along. We walked along the bank till we came to the whirlpool. Here the water dashes along more and more fiercely; the great, beautiful blue waves tossing their heads high up into the air, and breaking against one another, sending up clouds of spray. They look sometimes as though they were longing to stop, and the water behind will not let them, but keeps hurrying them on, and at other times, just as though they were playing with each other, tossing wildly about on their way down to the lake. The colour is like that of a Swiss glacier. The whole, indeed, reminded me of what a glacier free from all dirt and moraine might be, if it were suddenly transformed into life. The sun shone out, and the mist above the crests of the great waves sparkled in the light. The depth of the water here is said to average one hundred feet. The sides of the river are deep, perpendicular, red, rocky cliffs, with only a little footpath near the river, and flowers, trees, and bushes growing near it. On the bridge I had my first sight of the Falls, a sight never to be forgotten. In the distance it is almost difficult to believe that they are water, except for the clouds of spray, which go up constantly like incense rising up to heaven. The banks begin to narrow at the bridge, so that on one side the water is perfectly calm and glassy, while on the other side the waves begin to toss towards the Rapids. In going up the bank into the town we had another wonderful sight of the Falls, framed like a picture between the houses. We had a hot walk to our friends' house.

Here we found a friendly welcome from our charming host and hostess, whose house is a picture of neatness, prettiness, and comfort. They are descended from the Pilgrim Fathers, and in the slave time their house was one of the stations on the "underground" railway, and they had many adventures, and went through much calumny and persecution, in their work of helping the slaves. Once, Mrs. C. was alone in the house when a black man came, and besought her to protect his wife, while he hid himself in the woods, so she put the wife in a cellar and blew out all the lights, while the pursuers of the man hooted round the house, threatening to burn it down if she did not surrender the slave, until at last seeing no lights, they grew tired and went away. Mr. C. used to take the slaves down to the river, and see them arrive on the further shore and throw up their hats in token of being free. He told me one touching story of a slave who had lost his wife. This man came to the house at night, and in talking to Mr. C. he said that he had lost all he cared to live for; once he had a wife and children, but now they were all gone.

The children were taken first, and sold away from him, but he still had his wife, and, though they lived on different estates, he was allowed to go home every Saturday night. One day he went home as usual, and wondered that his wife did not come to meet him as she always did. He remembered that a slave-dealer had been seen about the neighbourhood, and he felt a cold fear come over him. Still he went on till he saw his hut, but with no smoke from the chimney, and, as he came near, some sheep ran out from the door. Then his heart sank within him, and he could hardly go in to find all deserted. Some neighbours came and told him that his wife had been sold and taken away by a dealer. He rushed back to his master and besought him to give him money, and let him go after the dealer and bring back his wife. The master at last consented, but would only give him a certain sum, and told him not to go beyond it. So he went off, and travelled night and day till he overtook the dealer. The slaves were all penned in for the night in a shed, where their chains were removed. He found a crack in the wall, and saw his wife pacing up and down like one frantic with grief, but could not speak to her. Then he went to the dealer and begged him to sell back his wife, but the dealer wanted too much, and would not give her up for the sum his master had given him. So he went back to the shed, took one last look at her, and went away. His one hope was that he might at some future time hear where she had gone, and be able to buy her back, but he vowed as he went home that he would take the first opportunity of running away.

After dinner we set off for the Falls, and walked to Goat Island, to which we were admitted on payment of fifty cents. (It is said that the United States Government will buy up the island soon, and make it public property.) We walked first past some small shops and paper mills, and then we went to the point overlooking the American Falls. It is perfectly indescribable, making one almost long to shut one's eyes and never see anything else. That great mass of water moving on, and on, and on for ever, and the spray rising up in a great mist-cloud higher and higher, and the colours constantly changing, and yet the pure whiteness, and the rainbow just resting on a rock, and stretching away into the spray and fading away there. We stood a long time looking at it, and leaning over to see far, far down below the calm, deep, silent water, and the rocks that looked so tiny at that distance. Then we went on through the woods to the Canadian Falls. Some people were going down to the Cave of the Winds, but we decided not to do so. The Canadian Falls do not look so well as the American from Goat Island, though they are very beautiful, even there. Then we wandered round to the back of the island to see the Rapids above the Falls, where the river is very broad. The noise of the waters was wonderful, but not at

all stupendous, as I thought it would be. I never imagined anything so entrancing or anything that gave one such an idea of never-ending power. I never before understood those verses about the noise of many waters in Psalms xxix. and xciii., and other such passages. We sat a long time on the Sister Islands, looking at the great expanse of water with the rainbow tints where it passes over the rocks, and then came back and ran down to take another look at the American Falls. It was splendid. Then we went off the island into Prospect Park, and down an elevator to the bottom of the American Falls. Here the spray was almost blinding and quite drenching, but we got into the ferry, and the boatman rowed us out across the river, so that we had a wonderful view of the American Falls from the bottom. We went dancing over the waves, and then pulling through the surf till we reached Canada, and then we walked up the steep road, and along the top to the Canadian Falls. Canada has not done half so much for her side, but it is far better so. There are no fences, and no houses just on the banks, and the Fall is left in all its natural wildness. One can scarcely wonder that the Indians used to think the god of the waters most wonderful and beautiful, and used to sacrifice yearly the most beautiful women of their tribe to Niagara. We found the steps to the Table Rock, and saw a notice that to descend without a guide or dress cost 25 cents, with dress (that is waterproof) 50 cents, and with dress and guide, one dollar. We chose the cheapest method, and after pinning up our dresses and taking off our veils, we went down the steps, and walked with umbrellas up all the way along till we were quite behind the beginning of the Fall. We had a most perfect sight of it. The deep hollow of the horse-shoe makes such wonderful lights and shades, and the great cloud of spray continually divides, and shows the deep green moving wall behind. We had to run sometimes through a heavy shower-bath, and were well wet by the time we got back, but the heat made this really delightful, and it was grand to see the water falling in front of us. We stayed a long time at the foot of the steps watching the little red-tinted clouds floating above the Falls, while the shadows began to deepen beneath, and then we went up the steps and back to our ferry. In crossing the river the American Falls looked very beautiful in the evening light, but we still preferred the Canadian side. We intended to go home directly after landing, but while we were looking for the gate out of the park, the electric light was lit, so we came back to take a last look at the Falls thus illuminated. The white light was very pretty, like moonlight, but when they changed it to red and purple, it seemed to me insulting to the Falls, though it was all very well for the little fountain in the garden, which looked like a child's toy made of coloured spun grass. At last we found our way home. We could hear the roar of Niagara all night through our open window.



THE BIBLE CHRONOLOGY.

OF what authority are the chronological notes usually given in our English Bibles? Most editions, as all readers know, have a set of dates, first arranged by Archbishop Usher, and from long usage termed "The Biblical Chronology." To these are sometimes added an alternative set, known as Dr. Hales's.* Many other chronologers have given attention to the subject, with conclusions more or less divergent. But for practical purposes we may consider the question as between the schools represented by Usher and Hales respectively.

The inquiry may also be limited to the Old Testament, and to the time before the establishment of the Jewish kingdom. After that era, the numerous synchronisms between the Scripture annals and secular history † afford sufficient data for the construction of a tolerably certain system. The question, then, is whether we can ascertain the duration of the world and settle the dates of sacred history, from the Creation to about a thousand years before Christ.

The only answer to this question is to be found in the *Scriptures themselves*. To a very great extent, therefore, the ordinary reader of the Bible, who understands figures, is as competent to deal with the computations as the most skilled chronologer.

Five periods have to be determined:

1. From the Creation to the Deluge.
2. From the Deluge to the Call of Abraham.
3. From the Call of Abraham to Jacob's Emigration to Egypt.
4. From Jacob's Emigration to the Exodus.
5. From the Exodus to the Building of the Temple.

1. The *only* source of our knowledge of the chronology between the Creation and the Flood is the Table of the genealogies in the fifth chapter of Exodus: "the Book of the Generations of Adam." We reserve at present the question whether this list is sufficient. If not, there are no other *data*. Admitting it, any reader may make the calculation for himself, thus:

Adam to Seth 130 years, Seth to Enos, 105 years, and so on, adding the numbers given in verses 23 to 28; then add, from Noah to the Deluge (ch. vii. 11), 600; and the interval between the Creation and the Flood will come out as 1656 years, which gives Archbishop Usher's date, anno mundi, as may be seen in any Bible.

Thus far all is simple enough: but a difficulty now arises. The Septuagint, or Greek translation of the Old Testament, gives the ages of the first six patriarchs at the birth of their sons as 100 years more in each case (Adam 230, Seth 205, etc.),

* Dr. James Usher, Archbishop of Armagh: *'Annales Veteris et Novi Testamenti*, 1650. Dr. William Hales, of Kildare: *A New Analysis of Chronology*, 1809.

† The first and most important of these synchronisms is that brought to light in the monuments of Karnak, between the era of Shishak (Sheshonk), King of Egypt, and that of Rehoboam (1 Kings xiv. 25). See *Bases of Scripture Chronology*, by S. G. G., in Eyre and Spottiswoode's Teacher's Bible.

adding thus 600 years to the series.* Hence the total becomes 2256 years, which is Dr. Hales's date, A.M.,† for the Deluge. Josephus, as might have been expected, follows the LXX; and most modern scholars are disposed to agree with him.

In discussing then, the antiquity of man upon the earth, as supposed to be fixed by these genealogies, let it be remembered that the question is not between the rival modern chronologies, but between two differing texts of the ancient Scriptures.

2. A similar train of remark applies to the interval between the Deluge and the Call of Abraham. The only *data* are in the eleventh chapter of Genesis; and, proceeding as before, we have the Flood to Arphaxad, two years (ver. 10); Arphaxad to Salah, 35, and so on to verse 26, Terah to Abram, 70; add to which, Abram to the Call, 75 (ch. xii. 4), making in all 367 years.

These again are Archbishop Usher's figures, excepting that he adds 60 years to Terah's life at the birth of Abram,‡ whom he supposes to have been the youngest of the three sons, raising the total to 427; which added to 1656 gives the Archbishop's date for the Call of Abraham 2083 A.M.

But, once more, the Septuagint makes a symmetrical alteration, adding 100 years to the first six of the patriarchs, and 50 to the seventh, a total of 650, which Dr. Hales adopts; § so increasing the period to $427 + 650 = 1077$ years, and, proceeding as before, we have Hales's date for the Call of Abraham, $1077 + 2256 = 3333$ A.M.

In reference to this computation it may be observed that the Septuagint date is certainly preferable to that of the received Hebrew text, as the scattering of the world's population, the divergence into races and nations, and the growth of the Egyptian monarchy, which seems to have been settled and flourishing at the time of Abraham, must have required more than the 427 years allowed in Usher's system.

3. The Call of Abraham preceded the birth of Isaac by 25 years (compare Genesis xii. 4 with xxi. 5), Isaac was 60 when Jacob was born (xxv. 26), and Jacob was 130 at the time of the Emigration into Egypt (xlvi. 9). This emigration therefore was 215 years after the Call of Abraham, or 2298 A.M. (Usher), 3548 (Hales).

* The Samaritan Pentateuch again differs from both the Hebrew and the LXX; but of this we need not now take account.

† The Septuagint adds also six years to the age of Lamech at the birth of Noah, making the years 188; but of this Dr. Hales makes no account.

‡ For Terah died on the way to Canaan (Gen. xi. 32), at the age of 205, when Abram was 75 (xii. 4). The latter was therefore born when his father was 130 years old. But the Samaritan text makes the age of Terah 145 at his death, taking away the necessity of adding the sixty years: and this is probably preferable.

§ Dr. Hales also adopts the additional sixty years given to Terah. The LXX adds a Cainan in the list between Arphaxad and Salah (Luko iii. 36), which would give 180 years more, but this Dr. Hales rejects.

4. According to the Apostle Paul, the Exodus and Giving of the Law took place 430 years after the Call of Abraham (Galat. iii. 17). Take from this period the 215 years just noted as between the Call and the Emigration, and 215 will remain for the sojourn of Israel and his descendants in Egypt. This number, combined with the foregoing, gives, according to Usher, A.M. 2513, according to Hales A.M. 3763 as the era of the Exodus.

But is not St. Paul's testimony irreconcilable with Exodus xii. 40: "The sojourning of the Children of Israel, who dwelt in Egypt, was four hundred and thirty years"? These words undoubtedly seem to claim the whole of this period for the residence in Egypt, and many expositors take this view. But the Septuagint again suggests the way out of the difficulty; it reads: "The sojourning of the children of Israel and their fathers, who dwelt in Egypt and in Canaan, was four hundred and thirty years." With much confidence, then, we adhere to the number as given by the Apostle.*

5. One more important interval to be settled is that between the Exodus and the establishment of the Jewish monarchy. This may easily be calculated from 1 Kings vi. 1, where we read that Solomon began to build the Temple in the fourth year of his reign, and *in the four hundred and eightieth year after the children of Israel came out of the land of Egypt*. This passage is of the very highest importance, if genuine, as fixing the date of the Exodus.

But here again are difficulties. Josephus gives the interval as 592 years; † and the records of successive oppressions and deliverances in the Book of Judges seem to require a far longer time than the passage in 1 Kings would allow.‡ In fact, Jephthah, or some annotator on his words (Judges xi. 26), assigns 300 years as the time during which Israel had occupied the great Jordanic territory up to his day. Admit this, and the 480 years must be far exceeded. Again, the Apostle Paul in his address to the Jews at Antioch in Pisidia (Acts xiii. 20), according to the received text, declared the period of the Judges to have been 450 years, a statement which it is evidently impossible to harmonize with 1 Kings vi. 1.

Another reading, however, removes this part of the difficulty,§ and the only serious discrepancy is that which appears to exist between the books

of Kings and Judges. The genealogies of David and others tend to confirm the former, and on the whole the probability seems in favour of the 480 years. Archbishop Usher accepts it, and the current Biblical chronology therefore assigns the commencement of the Temple to A.M. 2992.* Dr. Hales regards it as inadmissible, abandoning Josephus also in favour of an independent calculation from the Book of Judges, making the interval 621 years, and placing the building of the Temple so late as A.M. 4384.† Other chronologers make the interval slightly longer: and it must be said in fairness that the general opinion of critics now seems to be, in opposition to that given above, that the passage in Kings is an interpolation, or has been altered by copyists.

To sum up all these: of the five periods above specified the first and second are open to two distinct ways of settlement, according to the Bible text preferred; but *only on the supposition that the Bible genealogies decide the question*: the third period is satisfactorily settled; the fourth presents an alternative between 215 and 430 years, the former appearing decisively preferable, and the fifth depends entirely upon the authenticity of the reading in 1 Kings vi. 1; a date which is, to say the least, thrown into doubt by the statement of the Book of Judges.

But the great question must now be raised. Do the two genealogies in Genesis furnish an accurate chronology at all? If not, the question as between the Hebrew text and the Septuagint becomes of very secondary importance.

No doubt, as we have seen, the two "Books of Generations," of Adam and of Seth respectively, appear quite complete, and afford a basis for easy calculation: and yet it is quite in the manner of Scripture to omit links in such enumerations for the sake of symmetry.‡ The ten generations in each case suggest an artificial arrangement. Probably "the genealogies neither were, nor were intended to be, complete. Like other genealogies or pedigrees, sacred or profane, they omitted certain links, and perhaps only recorded and handed down to posterity those ancestors of the race, who for some reason or other were more than the rest deserving of remembrance."§ In adopting this view, it is only necessary to suppose that "in the course of transmission and transcription, a greater appearance of completeness has been given to the catalogue than has existed in the original record." In this conclusion most modern authorities substantially concur. "Every thoughtful person," writes Dr. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury, "must be convinced that we must not use these genealogies for chronological purposes . . . Scholars have long acknowledged that these genealogies were never intended for chronological purposes, and that so to employ them leads only to error."||

* It may be added that "four generations" of Israel were to succeed one another in Egypt (Gen. xv. 16), a number which suits better with 215 than with 430. The round number as given by Stephen: "400 years" (Acts vii. 6) from Gen. xv. 18 would thus denote the whole period of strangerhood in strange lands.

† *Antiquities*, vii. 3, § 1.

‡ See Tables in the *Introductions to Judges* in the *Annotated Paragraph Bible* and the *Speaker's Commentary*. It should, however, be remembered that some of the "Servitudes" may have been contemporaneous in different parts of the country.

§ See Revised Version. "He gave them their land (of Canaan) for an inheritance for about four hundred and fifty years: and after these things He gave them judges until Samuel." The period of 450 years thus seems to be that between the ratification of the promise in the birth of Isaac, and the entrance into Canaan, which well corresponds with the history.

* I.e. adding 479 years:—"in the four hundred and eightieth."

† Here Dr. Hales quits the Septuagint altogether, where 1 Kings vi. 1 reads in some copies 480th, in others 440th.

‡ See especially the three times fourteen generations in Matthew i.

§ Bishop Harold Browne in the *Speaker's Commentary on Genesis v.*

|| *Commentary for English Readers on Genesis v., xi.*

The only possible source of our knowledge therefore as to the duration of the first great periods of the world's history *entirely fails us*: and the construction of a "Biblical Chronology" up to the time of Abraham proves an impossibility. It is quite time therefore that the misleading dates were removed from our Bibles.

The above figures have been given, as calculated from the era of creation (A.M.). Generally, however, they are found in the reverse direction (A.D.); Usher's system, as is well known, placing the Christian era 4004 years from the Creation, and Hales's 5411. The notion that the world was to last for 6000 years before the Millennial sabbath has probably influenced the former chronological system; but there is really no foundation for this theory save a Jewish dream. The dates A.D. from the commencement of Solomon's Temple to the close of the Old Testament history can be ascertained with a near approach to accuracy: backwards from the former era there is less certainty; or, to put the conclusions of this paper in a reverse form, we have—

Solomon's Temple A.D. about 1000 (1010-1020);
The Exodus from 480 to 621 years further back;

The Emigration of Jacob 215 or 430 years further;

The Call of Abraham 215 years further;

The Deluge, an unknown period further back (the genealogies failing as evidence);

The Creation, again further by an unknown interval.

So that the dates A.M. become in all cases a mere conjecture, and those A.D. a great uncertainty earlier than the time of the first Jewish Kings.

S. O. GREEN, D.D.

A PRE-REFORMATION MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

IN Dr. Moody-Stuart's work, entitled "A Visit to the Land of Huss," there occurs the following interesting notice:—

In the library of the University of Edinburgh there is a singularly interesting Bohemian document. It is the protest of the Diet of Bohemia in Prague to the Council of Constance against the burning of Huss and the imprisonment of Jerome, with portraits of both. It is signed, or rather sealed, by a hundred Bohemian nobles, the original seals being still appended; and is such an object of interest for Bohemia, that, at the request of the municipal authorities, a photograph of it was sent to Prague last summer. It is a remarkably vigorous and bold protest, and its high moral and religious tone is so striking in a document of State, that we translate its opening sentence:—

"Because truly, according to both natural and Divine law and by the words of our Saviour, we are commanded, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even the same

unto them;' as also an elect vessel exclaims, 'Love is the fulfilling of the law,' and all the law is fulfilled in one word, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' Therefore, so far as in our power, by God's help, having respect unto this Divine law for our dearest neighbour of good memory, Master John Huss, whom lately in the Council of Constance (moved by we know not what spirit)—not confessing, not lawfully convicted, and by no proved errors and heresies—you have condemned, and delivered over unto a cruel and most shameful death."

At a time when preaching was rare, Huss proclaimed the gospel in his native tongue to prince and peasant, in the stately church and on the open highway. He preached fearlessly against the vices of the nobles, and the priests applauded him; but when in turn he preached with equal faithfulness against their own vices, the priests dragged him to the stake. But now the nobles having been turned from the error of their ways through his word, thus boldly and tenderly testify their affection to him as their most beloved friend.

After this earliest rent in the midnight cloud of mediæval Popery, by the preaching and martyrdom of Huss, the first "beloved physician," who was sent to other lands to bear the glad tidings of the gospel light, "was a man of Bœum named Paul Craw," the noble forerunner of modern medical missions, which he was honoured to seal with his blood. The cruel deaths of Huss and Jerome, and the subsequent sufferings in Bohemia, did not prevent Christ's witnesses there from thinking on other lands that were still sitting under the shadow of death. Bohemia had got light from England, for Huss and Jerome owed much to the writings of Wycliffe; but the Bohemians would appear to have selected Scotland for a mission field, as we might now Japan, on account of its extreme want, with a full knowledge of the difficulty and danger of the enterprise.

At this date there was not a single known Scottish witness for Christ. In 1407 a confessor was burned at Perth for affirming that the Pope was not the vicar of Christ, and that no man of wicked life could be Pope. But he was an English Presbyter, James Resby, a preacher of the cross, hated by the priests, but listened to by crowds, for "the common people heard him gladly." In other parts of the country there were Lollards from England; and in 1420 a martyr suffered in Glasgow, but he also was a stranger, or a man unknown, whose name could not be found in the registers. England was sending men to teach us; but in our zeal for Rome we burned them at the stake.

Taught by such examples, but not deterred, the Bohemians sent us a skilful physician named Paul Craw, or Crawar (a name still found in Bohemia), to try if the healing of our families might open the way for the gospel; yet a man fully prepared for our sakes to follow those who had gone before him through the gates of death. Coming to St. Andrews, in fulfilling his mission, he did not merely teach his patients, but "preached the heresies of Huss and Wycliffe;" which would almost seem to imply that he had

taken some degree in divinity, or belonged to an ecclesiastical order, because it is only the heresy, and not the preaching that is laid to his charge. But his coming to Scotland was in a medical character, with letters from Prague attesting his great excellence in his profession.

How long he remained, and with what spiritual success, is not recorded. But that he obtained some distinction as a teacher and preacher is evident from the designation of "arch-heretic" applied to him in the Scottish chronicles; that he had lived in St. Andrews for a considerable time, is implied in the expression, "at last he was brought afore the theologues;" and there can be little doubt that the good seed he had been diligently sowing was not only taking root for coming generations, but was springing up around him in living disciples of Jesus. The charges preferred against him were touching the worship of saints, auricular confession, and "the sacrament of the altar," which would have special reference to the Cup, for which Bohemia had been contending even before the days of Huss. He was found by his examiners well versed in theology, skilled and prompt in the quotation of Scripture, but obstinate in the doctrines of Huss and Wycliffe. A worthy follower of that "generous and intrepid martyr and confessor of Christ," as Luther calls Huss, Crawar had made up his mind to hazard his life for the sake of a foreign nation who might only requite his love with hatred. In the hope of saving our souls by first winning our hearts, he had exercised his medical skill on our behalf; but when he was at last apprehended in 1432, and examined concerning his creed and his objects, he made no secret of either; but boldly confessed the truth as it is in Jesus, and frankly stated that "he was sent out of Bohem to preach to the Scotch" the way of everlasting life.

His were the first martyr fires lighted in St. Andrews. The seed sown in the blood of the stranger seemed to be slow of taking root in our native soil; yet it was ever springing up from time to time till strength was given to our own men, Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart, to follow the noble Bohemian to the stake, and our land from end to end waved with a rich harvest of ransomed souls.

How much do we owe Bohemia for such a gift?—for sending us a man to give his body to be burned for our sakes, when our inquisitors were watching to light the torch, and no man was found amongst ourselves with faith and love to abide the flames. The least return we can make is to help them now in the hour of their opportunity and their need.

Things New and Old.

FATHER COAN.—The Rev. Titus Coan, so honourably distinguished in the Hawaiian mission field, who died at his post at Hilo, in the large Isle of Hawaii, on the 1st December last, in the eighty-second year of his age, had laboured in the isles for well-nigh half a century. His

life began with the century. He was born in Connecticut on the 1st of February, 1801. His father was a New England farmer, and the son had no advantages but such as were afforded by the ordinary country schools. But he soon excelled his fellows mentally, as well as physically. He was noted for his great strength,—the ease with which he could lift a heavy barrel of flour on his shoulders, and similar feats. He became a noted athlete, and when a company of militia was formed in the district, young Coan very soon rose to the rank of captain. This military training stood him in good stead in after years. At that time New England was greatly moved by the earnest revival preaching and fervid eloquence of a famous evangelist, Asaph Nettleton; great crowds everywhere gathered to hear him, and amongst those most deeply impressed was his own cousin, the young athlete of Killingworth, who was then about thirty years of age. Ever prompt and decided in action, he had no sooner resolved to make a positive stand in the Christian life, than he determined to devote himself to the ministry, and in 1831 he entered the Theological Seminary at Auburn. Two years later, he started with one companion on a mission to Eastern Patagonia, but after nearly a year amongst these wild tribes, undergoing all manner of dangers and hardships, came to the conclusion that as a mission field the land was singularly unpromising. He returned to the United States for further instructions, married, and was subsequently dispatched to join the newly-commenced mission in Hawaii, where, during so many years, he and his wife worked with such marked success. Mr. Coan was not only endowed with much mother wit and humour, but with a keen shrewdness that well balanced his natural overflowing kindness. He mastered the language so rapidly that in three months he was able to make himself well understood by the Hawaiians, and to begin teaching. Having some skill as a doctor, the people flocked the more readily to hear the words of one who was always ready to help them in every way. Thus a wonderful influence was acquired, which led to the rapid spread of Christianity in the island. Mr. Coan took me round his garden, shady with fine old tamarind and mango, and many other imported trees, all planted by himself. He told me how vividly he remembered Honolulu, where there was no pretty imported greenery, no bowery homes, no flowers, only a little natural scrub. That was far more abundant than it is now, the early settlers having denuded the hills for firewood, till the spoliation was stopped by law.—*Fire-Fountains.* By C. F. Gordon Cumming. (*Blackwood.*)

RARE QUALIFICATIONS.—Mr. Haig Miller lately gave an address of a very interesting and practical nature at the Young Men's Christian Association, on the qualification requisite for successful open-air preaching. The following points were commented upon, and illustrated: A good voice, self-possession, naturalness of manner, good illustrative power, knowledge of Scripture, a large and loving heart, entire dependence on the Holy Spirit, a close walk with God, and a consistent walk before men.

SPURGEON'S SERMONS IN LABRADOR.—All last winter in the little mission on the Labrador coast, Mr. Spurgeon's sermons were read in the Mission Church Sunday by Sunday by the lady teachers, who were left by themselves for eight months through the failing health of the devoted missionary who had laboured there for many years. These simple services on the Sunday and week-day evenings, when these sermons were the staple of the teaching given, were greatly blessed by God. Many sailors came from the ships anchored off the coast, and with the resident fishermen, eagerly listened to the word of life, and not only were their hearts cheered and comforted, but some were brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

Pages for the Young.

CONQUERING BY LOVE.

I.



H, mother, we've had such a jolly time!"

Theo Wimborne threw himself panting and out of breath in a chair by the window.

"I'm glad to hear it, dear, but now go and make yourself ready for tea. I expect we shall both be glad of some this warm afternoon."

Mrs. Wimborne laid aside her sewing as Theo left the room, bounding up the small staircase three steps at a time.

"Dear boy!" she said, speaking her thoughts aloud. "He throws himself so earnestly into everything he undertakes that sometimes I almost tremble for the discipline that may be waiting for him. And now he is growing out of childhood, he needs more than ever a father's careful training."

The mother gave a little sigh as she thought of the restless waves that still surged above the only grave in the household. For Theo's father had been drowned at sea long ago one stormy night, whilst the mother rocked her baby to sleep at home, little thinking of the lonely years that were to follow that sudden tempest.

Her musings were interrupted by Theo's entrance. He was hot and tired and excited, tremendously hungry and dreadfully thirsty, and for some moments Mrs. Wimborne was occupied in supplying his various wants.

"And how did you get on this afternoon?" she asked presently.

"First-rate, mother! I did so wish you had been there, for I beat everyone in the 'long jump' and the 'handicap,' even Mason himself! I really do think, and so do all the other fellows, that I stand a good chance of winning one race at least!"

"Don't set your heart too much on it," the mother said, feeling it hard to damp the ardour of the young enthusiastic spirit. "I don't want to discourage you, my child, but run for the sake of running and the good it does you, and not only because you want to gain a prize."

"Oh, no, mother, of course not!" Theo answered carelessly, and then went on to give further details of the afternoon's recreation.

"Mason is the only fellow I'm really afraid of!" he said confidentially, passing up his cup for a third instalment. "He's fifteen, more than a year older than I am, and sometimes puts the pace on like fury. I wish I wasn't to run with him, for I hate him so!"

"Whatever for?"

"Everyone does. I don't know how it is, but not a fellow in our school has a good word for him. He's up to such mean tricks and dodges, that I'm sure, if we could, we'd blackball him from the sports altogether!"

"Well, for his own sake I think it is just as well you cannot," Mrs. Wimborne returned. "Hate is rather a strong word to use, my boy."

"Not when it concerns him!" Theo replied, eager on this point as in everything else. "I don't believe even you would like him, mother!"

This was very convincing, but Mrs. Wimborne passed by the innocent flattery, and asked, "What sort of a home has he?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. His mother's dead, and he's mortally afraid of his father."

"And is he the only child?"

"I think there's a sister, but she's away at school somewhere."

"Poor children! If they are afraid of their own father no wonder they are up to 'all sorts of mean tricks and dodges,'" Mrs. Wimborne said pitifully. "And now, dear, if you have finished, ring the bell for the table to be cleared. It is arithmetic night, is it not?"

The May twilight faded outside unnoticed, whilst mother and son pored over books and writing together. When the lessons were finished and put away, Mrs. Wimborne brought out her work-basket again, which was hailed by a cry of joy from Theo.

"How capitally you are getting on, mother! Don't you think pink-and-white go well together? I'm so glad now you chose those colours for me!"

"Half-an-hour's work will finish everything!" Mrs. Wimborne said, smiling. "You can try them on if you like when you go to bed, so that I can see if any alteration is necessary."

Theo ran out into the little square garden, there to work off excitement by racing numberless times round the trim-kept lawn.

When an hour or so later, he bounded downstairs in the neatly fitting white flannel suit with its pale pink belt and borderings, his mother might be excused for feeling some pride in the dark, glowing face, and athletic figure, and the success of her own clever handiwork.

"I had no idea it would all look so well!" she said admiringly: "and I was really afraid to give the order at Saunders'. A bill is so soon run up, and not so quickly paid."

Theo, who had been brought up to understand fully the importance of keeping clear from debt, cordially agreed; and after a few capers about the room, thereby endangering the lives of many china ornaments, took himself off to bed.

The athletic club, composed chiefly of Theo's school-fellows, was not to give its annual sports until Saturday afternoon, and this was only Tuesday evening. Three clear days therefore intervened between to-night and the important event, and Theo hoped to make practice perfect before Saturday dawned.

Mrs. Wimborne was seated at work waiting for Theo's return on Wednesday evening. Tea was all ready, six o'clock had struck, and though it was some minutes after his usual time Theo had not yet appeared.

"I suppose he has got too much excited in his practice to think of the time!" Mrs. Wimborne thought. "But it is not like him to be so unpunctual, I hope nothing has gone wrong."

She turned to the tea-table, and began cutting thin slices of bread and butter, trying to forget her uneasy thoughts in the change of occupation. But it would not do. A quarter-of-an-hour slipped by, and in spite of self-blame for her vague fears, Mrs. Wimborne ran out to the little garden-gate, and anxiously scanned the quiet road.

There was not a sign of Theo visible anywhere, she was on the point of returning to the house, when the quick trot of a horse's hoofs and the roll of swift wheels attracted her attention.

A carriage and Theo could have no possible connection of course, except in her own mind, yet there she stood shading her eyes with her hand, until the doctor's well-known buggy and its occupant's were at recognition distance.

After all, the mother's instincts were right. Beside the doctor on the front-seat was actually Theo himself, his face looking paler by many degrees than when she had seen it last.

What had happened?

The question was soon answered by Dr. Blake, an old friend of Mrs. Wimborne's and the village generally.

"Don't be alarmed!" he said kindly, as they drew up before the gate. "There's nothing very much amiss, only a sprained ankle."

"Only!" But Theo's white face, drawn with pain, yet trying bravely to smile away his mother's anxiety, seemed to put another construction on the word.

Dr. Blake, throwing the reins on the well-drilled horse's neck, leapt to the ground, and then almost lifted Theo down to his own level.

"I'm all right, mother, don't look so frightened!" he said. "Now, Doctor, if you'll give me your arm"—the rest of the sentence was lost in a sharp cry of pain, as the helpless foot twisted again under his weight. A dark cloud seemed to come between him and his mother's face, which did not lighten until he found himself lying on the faded chintz-covered sofa in the dining-room.

It was very humiliating to be obliged to stay there, and have eau-de-cologne sprinkled on his hot forehead and cold hands; but nevertheless he had to submit to all this, and to the doctor's examination and bandaging of the swollen ankle. One thought was still uppermost in his mind.

"I say, Dr. Blake, you'll manage to get me all right for next Saturday. I am to run then you know, in our sports."

The doctor shook his head kindly.

"My dear boy, I'm afraid that's out of the question altogether. You've got a hurt there which will keep you quiet for a week at least."

"Oh, Doctor!"

Theo turned away his face, so that the quivering of his under-lip should not be noticed. Mrs. Wimborne came to the rescue.

"Now, Dr. Blake, I forbid Saturday being mentioned for this evening at any rate! I want to give our patient some tea; will you not stay and have a cup too?"

"No, thanks, Mrs. Wimborne. I ought to be half-way on the road now to Appleton, and mustn't linger another minute, or perhaps my horse will go on without me. Good-bye, Theo, I'll come round again in the morning, and we'll talk over matters then."

Theo watched the short, stout figure hurrying through the garden, and into the buggy, and then applied himself languidly to tea and bread and butter. His mother had brought a small table to his sofa, so that he might be more comfortable, and by the time the second cup of tea had disappeared, things began to wear a brighter aspect.

"And now tell me, dear, how this all happened?" Mrs. Wimborne said, when she saw it would do him really good to talk.

Theo's face clouded.

"I hardly like to tell even you, mother, but of course you'll never let anyone else have an inkling of it."

"Of course not!" replied Mrs. Wimborne gravely, who was used to all sorts of school-confidences.

"Well, then, mother, most of the fellows had left the ground except Mason and me. We were practising, and every minute I thought I'd leave off, as it must be getting near tea-time. I wish now I had, yet it was so tempting to go on trying to beat him in every turn. We were only just running round the cinder-path, you know, and every time I passed him he looked as black as thunder. I must have been getting tired without knowing it, for just as I passed him the last time, he sprang forward, tripping me up, and I fell with my leg under me. I hadn't a notion I was hurt, and he ran off. When I tried to move I soon found it out, and called to the few who were left, to come and help me up. Dr. Blake happened to drive by at that moment, and they stopped him, and he drove me home. That's all I know about it."

One of Theo's helpers appeared at this moment, full of sympathy and concern, which he expressed in true schoolboy fashion. Mrs. Wimborne left them alone for a little while together, thinking that a talk with someone of his own age would be the best salve for Theo's pain.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XVI.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Peter iii. 18). Read Luke iv. 42 to v. 1-11.

After His busy day at Capernaum Jesus could not be concealed even in the desert place where He had retired to pray; see Mark i. 35. Men followed Him; and "stayed him, that he should not depart from them." He told them, however, that He had other work to do, other cities to go to with the glad tidings of the kingdom of God. *In what synagogues therefore do we find that He preached?* It was not only to heal the sick and cast out devils that Jesus came; He had to make known the gospel of God to them. (Luke iv. 19.)

Beside the Lake of Gennemaret a great crowd pressed around Him. *Can you tell by what other names that lake was called?* (Matt. iv. 18; John vi. 1.) On the shores of that lake lay many of the towns where Jesus had preached. It was on the waters of that lake, that those fishermen who were His first followers, used to row their boats and cast their nets, and there He found them: Simon Peter to whom He had given the name of Cephas, Andrew his brother, and the two sons of Zebedee,—James and John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved." *What were these men doing? And what did the Lord ask Simon to do as He stepped into His boat?* Then the lake became the Lord's church, and the boat was His pulpit, and while the waters rippled round Him, and the calm surface glittered in the sun, Jesus preached words of eternal life to the people on the shore.

When His discourse was ended, He turned to Simon, and *what did He tell him to do? What was Simon's answer?* Weary and disappointed as he and his comrades were by their long and vain toil during the past night, they knew the Master's voice too well to think for a moment of neglecting His command. "At thy word I will let down the net." *What happened when he did this? How do you know that the net was very full? Who did Simon Peter get to help him? Were there many fishes in the boats? What did the boats begin to do?*

Think of the immense surprise to these men! There they found themselves in the midst of a shining, struggling mass of fishes in a moment, both of their little ships full almost to the brim, almost to sinking,—in the very waters where they had toiled all the long night and had not seen a fin! What a change! what a miracle! Then Peter was overwhelmed; a sudden light burst on him; he thought he had known Jesus, but he knew him very differently now, and he knew how vile and unworthy he was before Jesus. He fell down in deep amazement at the knees of the Lord, and *what did he cry? Do you know why he said this?* It was because he felt himself to be such a sinful man that he was afraid. But he ought not to have said "Depart from me,"—he should rather have said, "Come to me, and take away my sin, O Lord!" And this was what Jesus really did to Peter. *What were the words Jesus said to him? What did He mean by saying he should catch men?* You may know what He meant by seeing what these men did when they came to land, they left their ships, left all they had, and followed Jesus. They left off being fishermen and became Christ's apostles, because He chose them and called them and gave them this great honour to bring men to God. "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men" (Matt. iv. 19). Jesus calls every one of us to follow Him. May we seek to know Jesus better, to love Him more truly, and to follow Him more closely!

Sing.—"Jesus calls us o'er the tumult."

displaying the great qualities, which, in common with their masculine compatriots, they undoubtedly possessed.

Yet there are among them examples of heroism which may challenge comparison with any on record.

First in order among these stands the daughter of Jephtha, the Gileadite. Her name has not been transmitted to us—strangely enough, one would think, since for heroism, no woman of ancient or modern times has ever exceeded her. The story is told with wonderful simplicity and beauty in the Book of Judges. Her father, the offspring of an unwedded mother, had been driven from home by his legitimate brethren, and had taken refuge in the debatable land of Tob. There he had collected together a band of wild and lawless characters, who lived much after the fashion of David and his freebooters, during the lifetime of Saul. The men of Gilead, who had rebelled against the tyranny of the Ammonites, placed him at the head of their armies; and Jephtha, on going out to battle, made the rash vow, which has made his name so famous—that whatsoever met him first on his return as a conqueror to Mizpeh, should be the Lord's, and he would offer it up for a burnt offering. His agony, when the appointed victim met him in the person of his beloved and only daughter, must have been terrible indeed, and was doubtless heightened by the despairing entreaties, which he could not but have expected her to put up. But she uttered no reproach, and offered no remonstrance. Her simple words, when the fearful truth was told her, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do according to that which has proceeded out of thy mouth," cannot be outdone for heroism. All she requested was to be allowed to retire to her native mountains, and amidst their lone recesses bewail—not her early death, but her death before she had become a mother, that earnest longing of every Hebrew maid. Then she returned to her father, and he "did with her according to the vow which he had vowed." An idea has been started in quite modern times, that Jephtha's daughter was not offered up as a sacrifice on the altar, but kept secluded from her fellow men, and dedicated to perpetual virginity. But it is enough to say that no one for two thousand years—neither Rabbi nor Historian, nor Christian Father—ever doubted that Jephtha's daughter was put to death, and when the idea was suggested by Kimchi, in the thirteenth century, it was only because the sacrifice of Jephtha's daughter had been made use of by Christian writers as a type of the oblation of our Lord on the Cross. Kimchi was unwilling that any fact of Jewish history should be quoted as a foreshadowing of that sacrifice, and therefore endeavoured to explain away the immolation of Jephtha's daughter. The dedication of any one to a state of celibacy was an idea wholly unknown to the Jewish people.

Another most beautiful and touching instance of self-devotion, was exhibited by Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah. When her two sons had been delivered by David to the Gibeonites, the latter conveyed them to the summit of the hill overlooking the city of Gibeah, and there put them

to death by crucifixion. It was a wild solitary spot, and the unhappy sufferers would in all likelihood have been torn and mangled by wild beasts and birds of prey, even before life was extinct, but for Rizpah's care of them. She had no shelter over-head, no couch on which to stretch her exhausted frame, except the sackcloth which she spread upon the rock, no kindly companion to provide her with food, or relieve the weariness of her watch. Hour after hour through the long summer days, under the burning sun of Palestine, and amid the deadly stench of the putrifying corpses, she drove off the jackal and the wild dog, and scared with her cries the vultures from their prey; until at last the rain fell from heaven, and the remains of her beloved ones were consigned to the grave. It is uncertain how long she watched. The general idea seems to be that her vigil lasted from the time of the barley harvest in April to that of the latter rain of October—a period of six months. But it seems incredible that any human endurance—not that of the hardest masculine frame—could have outlived such a trial: and it is quite possible that rain may have fallen in May or June, as is sometimes, though rarely, the case in the Holy Land. But a single week of such fearful watching would assuredly have been too much for any, but those possessed of the most heroic fortitude.

Judith, the daughter of Merari, belongs to a different class of heroines to those described. They are examples of the patient endurance, which is so often the peculiar excellence of women, but she of the calm intrepidity, that sometimes puts the bravest men to shame. When her native city, Bethulia, was attacked by Holofernes the Assyrian general, with an army which her countrymen could not have the slightest hope of resisting, she went down to the camp attended by her servant only; gained admittance by a stratagem to Holofernes's private chamber and striking off his head, as he lay in a drunken sleep before her, carried it away with her into Bethulia. This bold deed effected the deliverance of her country. No sooner was the headless corpse discovered, than a panic seized the whole Assyrian army, and they fled in all directions, leaving their camp to be despoiled by the Bethuliens. Nothing could exceed the daring of the act, which involved almost inevitable death, nor could anything but the serene self-possession have accomplished it. The authenticity of the whole history has been questioned by eminent writers; and the difficulties of accepting as true, the narrative as it stands in the Apocryphal book, which bears her name, has frequently been pointed out. These are no doubt very great. But Dr. Prideaux and others have shown that although these objections are enough to cast grave doubt on portions of the narrative, they are outweighed by the strong testimony in its favour, which its acceptance by the Jews, and by such writers as Clement of Rome, Origen, and Jerome, affords.

Whatever doubt there may be as to the authenticity of Judith's history, there can be none with regard to that of Queen Esther. She was a much gentler character than the Bethulian widow, and would have shrunk modestly back, where the

other pushed boldly forward. But when once persuaded that her duty required it she showed the most unwavering firmness. A decree had been obtained from King Ahasuerus (the Artaxerxes of the Greeks, as is generally believed) by the King's chief minister for the destruction of the whole Jewish nation, against which he had conceived a very bitter hatred. The decree having been formally ratified could not, according to Persian law, be rescinded. All that could be done for the unhappy Jews was to obtain permission for them to arm themselves, and stand on their defence against any who attacked them. But this permission could be obtained from the King only, and there were no means of gaining admission to his presence. The seclusion in which Eastern kings lived, was guarded so jealously, that it was instant death for any one to intrude on their privacy. It is recorded that Intaphernes, one of the highest nobles in the land, and the King's especial friend, was nevertheless instantly put to death—he and his whole family—for presenting himself without a summons before Darius. When therefore Mordecai besought Esther to visit the King alone in his chamber, and seek his grace in behalf of her countrymen, he was asking her to expose herself to almost certain destruction, a fact of which she herself was well aware. Nevertheless she did not hesitate to face the danger. She put on her most splendid apparel, and boldly entered the royal presence chamber. The King charmed with her beauty, and perhaps touched by her courage, held out the golden sceptre to her, in token that he pardoned the intrusion, and granted her the favour that she entreated.

Some fifty years afterwards another example of heroism, which has never been surpassed in the records of all history, was displayed by a Jewess named Solomona, as recorded in the seventh chapter of the second Book of Maccabees. An officer named Athenaeus had been sent by Antiochus Epiphanes, the most cruel of all the persecutors of the Jewish nation, to compel the people to forego the services of their own religion, and accept the worship of the heathen gods in its place. Altars to Jupiter and others of the Pagan deities were set up in all the cities, and every Jew was compelled to burn incense and offer victims to them, as well as to eat the flesh of swine, which the Jewish law expressly forbade. Many resisted the order, and suffered death in consequence. Among these the most eminent was one Solomona (as some call her, Hannah), the mother of seven sons, all of whom were seized and commanded to eat swine's flesh on penalty of the severest tortures. The King affecting compassion for their youth and noble birth, at first endeavoured to persuade them to sacrifice to the heathen idols, promising them great rewards and promotion in his service, if they would do so. But when these offers were rejected, he ordered the most horrible tortures to be inflicted upon them one after another, the mother being present, a witness of the dreadful scene. All the resources of the most devilish cruelty were resorted to, realising the sad catalogue given by St. Paul in the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews. Their tongues were cut out, their limbs lopped off and

cast into the fire, while they still lived, the skin was torn off their heads, and they were burnt alive over the fire, but all without producing the slightest effect on any one of the number. One youth after another was racked, and burnt, and mangled, and expired in the most fearful agonies, but without shaking the resolution of any one among the survivors. The mother stood by, "bearing all," as the sacred writer says, "with a good courage because of the hope she had in the Lord. Yea, she exhorted every one of them in her own language, filling them with courageous spirit."

At length there was but one left, the youngest, and, as is most commonly the case, the best beloved. Antiochus made an urgent effort to shake his constancy. He assured him with a solemn oath that he would not only spare him, but load him with riches and honours, if he would but listen to his proposals. The youth remaining immovable, the King appealed to the mother, urging her to persuade her son. But she, disregarding the tyrant altogether, turned to her youngest born and counselled him to follow the example of his brethren. Transported with fury he commanded the torturers to handle him more cruelly than any of the six before him. When he expired under their hands, the mother now left alone, was, according to one version of the history, put to death with the same barbarous cruelties which her children had undergone, but according to another, as soon as she had seen the last of her children expire before her, she voluntarily threw herself into the flames and was burnt to death. This is, I believe, the first instance on record of what may be called martyrdom proper, that is where life is offered conditionally on the acceptance or rejection of certain doctrines or practices, and the persons to whom the offer is made, choose death.

Another instance of like constancy was exhibited in the instance of the wife of Simon Maccabæus, a generation or two afterwards. He had a son-in-law called Ptolemy, who was governor of Jericho. The latter treacherously invited his father-in-law, together with his wife and two children, to a banquet, and having thus got them into his power, slew Simon himself and conveyed his wife and two of her sons to a castle called Dagon, not far from Jerusalem. John Hyrcanus, another of Simon's sons, who had heard of the cold-blooded murder of his family, came with a large force to besiege the castle. Ptolemy brought out his mother and brother on the ramparts, and in sight of Hyrcanus, scourged and tortured them, threatening to hurl them headlong from the walls if Hyrcanus persisted in the siege. This unscrupulous policy was beginning to take effect with Hyrcanus, who could not endure the spectacle of the suffering of his brothers and mother. But the latter called to him from the battlements to pay no heed to Ptolemy's threats, but to press on more vigorously the siege of the castle: for death, she said, even if accompanied by the sharpest torments, would be welcome, if thereby the enemy who had wrought her such cruel wrong should receive the penalty of his crimes.

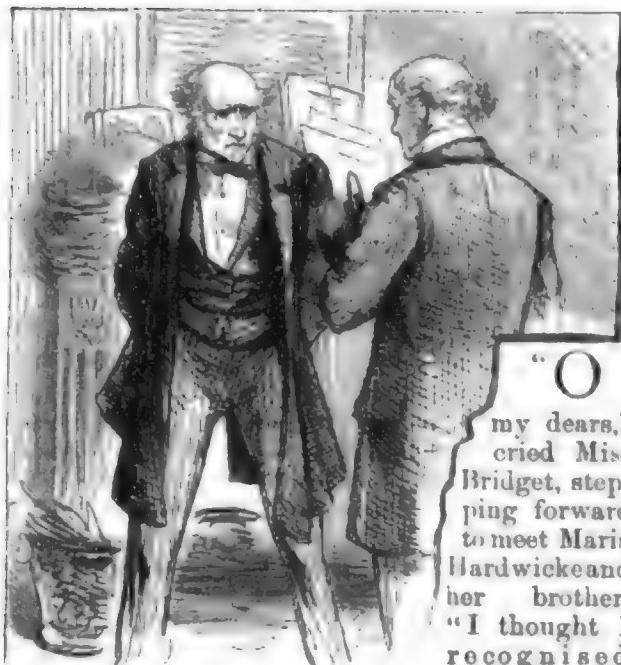
Mariamne, the wife of Herod the Great, is

doubtless much inferior to the brave and noble women above described. Nevertheless, her unsullied purity, her transcendent grace and beauty, her high-minded and fearless character, and the dark thread which was woven into her destiny from her earliest youth to the day of her cruel death, cannot fail to render her a heroine in the eyes of many. She was betrothed to Herod a.c. 42, and married to him four years afterwards. He was passionately attached to her, but his treacherous murder of her dear kinsman some few years after her marriage, and the savage jealousy which induced him to suspect her of infidelity on the most trivial grounds, inevitably alienated whatever affection she might once have felt for him. Twice she discovered that on the occasion of his leaving home on expeditions which might have proved fatal to him, he had left orders with a confidential agent to put her instantly to death, if by any chance he himself should be slain. On the second occasion she

boldly confronted her tyrant, and recapitulating his merciless wrongs towards her kindrel and herself, declared her horror and hatred of him. He was a dangerous man to provoke, and he soon made her feel it, by causing her to be tried and condemned by a venal tribunal on a perfectly unfounded charge. Mariamne expressed no anger and asked no mercy. When her mother, who had been condemned along with her, endeavoured to obtain a respite by loudly declaiming against her daughter—whom she now declared to have been an ungrateful wife towards a kind and loving husband—Mariamne simply looked at her with wondering regret, expressing her sorrow that her mother should so degrade herself. Then “she went to her death,” says Josephus, “with unshaken firmness of mind, and without changing the colour of her face.” She was the last heroic woman of her race previously to the overthrow and dispersion of her people, of whom any record has been kept.

OLD HARDWICKE'S MONEY.

CHAPTER III.—THE YOUNG PEOPLE.



A PAINFUL INTERVIEW.

“It's only Reginald,” answered Maria, “and whatever papa will say, I cannot imagine.”

“Only Reginald!” echoed Miss Bridget, “and he so far from home, dear, dear.”

“Oh, he is not dead or ill or hurt, or anything of that kind,” Maria replied, with a bitter tone in her voice. “He has only got himself into trouble.”

“Into trouble!” echoed the Hislops, while before Miss Bridget's eyes there rose a vision of the motherless lad in a prison cell.

“Yes, into all sorts of trouble,” repeated

“O my dears,” cried Miss Bridget, stepping forward to meet Maria Hardwicke and her brother. “I thought I recognised your voices. What can be the matter?”

Maria. “And papa might only have expected it. When once Regy got away from home, it was not likely he would submit to be treated as we are, without taking some sort of revenge.”

“Has he run away?” asked Mr. Hislop. He noted the scoffing tone and the undutiful words, but he did not think this was the moment to comment on them.

“Should not have wondered if he had—or blamed him either,” muttered Frank.

“Not he,” answered Maria. “I should not wonder if he rather enjoys it, seeing he is out of the way of papa, who will have accepted the situation and grown half-reconciled to it before he can see him. We are left to meet the sharp edge of the storm. When anything annoys papa, his first outburst is dreadful, and he does not care who gets it, the innocent or the guilty. That is why we have come to you, Mr. Hislop. We want you to tell him. He will be on his good behaviour to you, and you don't know what you will spare us.”

Mr. Hislop felt shocked to his heart's core. But he also felt that to render them a service they asked of him, would be the best way to win a right to reprove and counsel the lawless, undutiful young creatures.

“You have not told me yet what there is to tell, Miss Hardwicke,” he said quietly, while the young lady seated herself in the chair which his sister silently indicated to her.

“Oh, Regy is deep in debt,” said Maria Hardwicke flippantly, “and there is something else behind. The telegram calls on papa to go north immediately. It comes from the people with whom Regy has stayed. I expect papa will have something else to do than to run about as they ask him.”

"May I see the telegram?" asked Mr. Hislop.
"Certainly," said Maria, handing it to him.

Mr. Hislop read it aloud. It ran—

"Your son discovered deep in debt. He is in our debt too. Much untruthfulness manifest. Please advise immediately, or if possible come."

"I should think your father will go," said Miss Bridget. "Half-a-dozen spoken sentences are worth a hundred letters."

"I don't think papa will go," Maria returned, emphatically. "I know how he grudges the cost of a single day's absence from business."

"Ah, for any ordinary cause, possibly," assented Miss Bridget; "but not for Regy's sake." Yet her heart misgave her as she spoke, for her teaching experience had taught her that parents are very variously regardful of very various interests; so that many, for the sake of penny-wise economy, tawdry accomplishment or destructive indulgence, will even remove their children from safe places and good influences, and, as a wise writer has said, "will put them in the way of temptations and call them opportunities."

Maria and Mr. Hislop both knew that Mr. Hardwicke was still to be found at his office, and there Mr. Hislop proposed to resort, armed with the telegram. The good man had long since accepted the post of doing disagreeable duties. His servants had sometimes debated whose "place" it was to clean his boots, and his clerks had tossed their heads at "menial duties," if he had requested them to dust a book-shelf, but nobody had ever disputed his right to interview the agonised parents of dishonest lads, to sift the truth of painful scandals, to strive to raise and reclaim the fallen, or to meet that general "contradiction of sinners," which all such efforts to follow in the Saviour's footsteps ever encounter.

Miss Bridget pressed the young people to remain with her, while her brother went on their embassy, and in truth they needed little pressing. She relieved Maria Hardwicke of her trailing wraps, and plied her with cups of hot tea, concerning which the girl was not too absorbed to remark that they never got such tea at their house: she often wondered what the servants did with theirs. And then they drew up their chairs round the fire, and Maria's feet went on the fender, according to that self-indulgent fashion, which Miss Bridget silently thought, had grown up since her young days. Both Maria and her brother Frank seemed inclined to be confidential and communicative, as people often are, when they find themselves in unexpected circumstances. Their talk put Miss Bridget into a very awkward position. It revealed the terrible neglect in which they were living among the grandeurs of their fine house—neglect of soul and mind and even body, as dire in its way as any which befalls the children of the gutter. Only every kind Christian may do something for those, but who can do anything for these? Who tells the careless rich man, that the diet he allows his children, and the habits he permits them, are ruining their health, and sowing fertile seeds of future misery? Who tells him that the young, unguided and unguarded as to acquaintances and associations, are apt to sink

from frivolity to something worse; who reminds him that the servants, for whose welfare he in his selfishness has not cared, yet remain in his house, too often like a tainted well from which the unwary may drink poison? Who warns him that it should be as criminal to starve minds as to starve bodies, and to wound souls as to maim limbs? What could Miss Bridget do? To express an idle sympathy, was not according to her true nature. To hint how things should be remedied, seemed like a reflection on the children's father. She dropped didactic little sayings: she patted Maria's shoulder, she put more cream and sugar into the tea. What could she do?

Maria went on, descanting on the miseries and trials of her life, but ever showing its worst, more than half-unconsciously. Her father always expected her to dress so handsomely, and yet always made a fuss over the amount of her bills. He paid them himself: he never let her have any money: if he had, she would have gone to a course of lectures on literature, which had been very popular in her neighbourhood, but it was no use to expect him to pay for that sort of thing, she had given him a hint once, and he had said her education had cost him quite enough, and he had given her of the best, and was not going to do any more. "He is always twitting us with how much he has done for us, and how little we have done for him," she added, with her bitter laugh. "And then he bids us see how he has got on, and makes dismal prospects as to what we are likely to do in our turn."

"What can we do?" cried Frank, fiercely. "We are to have neither the advantages of riches nor of poverty. We live as if we were under an enchantment, helpless beggars among heaps of gold! I'm not getting the training I should, if I am to reckon on fortune. I'm not allowed to set to work as I would if I were a poor man's son. I won't put up with it much longer," he added, with sullen determination.

"I suppose your father looks to you to succeed him in his business," suggested kindly Miss Bridget. "Is it not time for him to associate you with him in the office now? I daresay he would be delighted to do so, if you reminded him of it. Children can scarcely understand how hard it is for parents to realise that they are grown up."

"I don't wan't to go into the business," said Frank, with energy. "I don't mean to do it, either. I'm not fit for business. If I was a workman's boy, I should not have to be a carpenter because my father was one. I should be free to be a shoemaker or a bookbinder, if I chose."

Miss Bridget shook her head deprecatingly.

"Possibly, my dear," she answered, "but it is wonderful how little freedom there often is in these matters. Duty or circumstances hedge round most of us."

"I can't see that there is any duty laid on me to heap up more money," returned Frank sullenly. "And that is what my father expects of me. He thinks I've got it in me to do so if I would try. He only let Regy go to college because he reckoned there was no money-making power in him."

"Only money-spending," laughed Maria.

Miss Bridget discreetly ignored these last statements. The girl's flippancy jarred her more than the boy's fierceness.

"Have you any wish to be anything in particular, Frank?" she asked kindly.

Something in her tone or in the question itself seemed to soften him, for he answered more gently.

"I should like to be a sculptor: I may be a simpleton, wishing to be what I cannot be. But I do think my father might have given me a chance."

"You told him your wish?" asked Miss Bridget.

"Yes," he replied, the hardness returning to his voice. "But he only said he was not going to waste his money or my time on giving me a beggarly art by which the chances are a thousand to one, I could never make more than a few hundreds a year. I suppose he won't leave us less than about thirty thousand each, and if that amount of money won't justify one in following one's lawful inclinations without thinking whether they will bring in more cash, what is the good of it?"

It was a question Miss Bridget could not answer. She was thinking of a widowed working woman of her acquaintance, whose son had shown a rare gift for painting, and who had toiled and spared by day and by night that he might have leisure and opportunity for his art. Why need she answer poor Frank's strictly personal inquiry, when a much larger question was opening on her mind—to wit, "Who is really rich? and who is really poor?"

Meantime, Mr. Hislop was having an even more painful interview with Mr. Hardwicke himself. The good old bachelor was shocked to find that he had not to deal with a pained and indignant father, furious, perhaps, but with yearning working in his very fury, and forgiveness lurking behind it, but rather with a stern and inflexible creditor, whose thoughts were not of his debtor, but of his debt.

"The young rascal!" he cried, "I wonder how much he has let me in for? One would not think his bills could be very much, but probably he has gone to money-lenders. And he's in debt where he's living too, is he? I haven't sent down money for his last quarter yet, I know, it's only been due three weeks, but surely they would not call that debt, it would be a shame if they did. I expect he must have kept back what I have sent for the last quarter or two."

"Did you always send him his money regularly from the beginning?" asked Mr. Hislop, quietly.

"Regularly enough," was the evasive answer. "The people he lives with know all about me, and that their money's safe. And as for any little things he wanted, I know he could easily get credit—people have a right to give credit for short periods and moderate amounts."

"It's not well for a lad to get into the habit of going to credit-giving tradesmen," observed Mr. Hislop. "Did Reginald have a stated allowance? Did he know exactly what he was expected to spend?"

"He knew he was to spend as little as possible,"

returned the father. "What did he want with a stated allowance? I don't believe in such a thing. It gives young people an independent sort of feeling, so that they forget where it comes from."

"I should have thought it would be wisest to tell the youth what you expected him to spend, and to insist on an exact account of how he spent it," said Mr. Hislop. "Then if you had approved of his mode of expenditure, you might have rewarded it by a little more indulgence, or vice versa!"

Mr. Hardwicke laughed raspingly. "I know young men too well to go on those goody plans," he said. "What is the use of demanding accounts which are sure to be cooked up for your inspection? And I have no leisure to worry over a lot of ridiculous items—the prices of shirt studs and cigars. My time is too valuable for such rubbish. It would pay me better to let Regy over-reach me—in moderation of course."

Mr. Hislop was aghast! A father weighing a son's training in honour and integrity against so much profit—and letting the profit turn the balance—was quite beyond his comprehension.

"I wish you would go down and see Regy and these people for me," said Mr. Hardwicke, half-plaintively, "I am so busy! And then you would get to know the exact truth as I should never do. I should get either palliations or exaggerations. And if the young scamp is to be saved, Hislop, you are the man to do it. It is quite in your line, you know."

He knew how to appeal to his old acquaintance. Alexander Hislop would never ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" while he saw any chance of keeping a brother from sin or suffering.

He did not immediately give consent, but he asked a question which implied it.

"In some respects, prompt action may be necessary," he said. "How shall I understand what will be your wishes under circumstances which may arise?"

"Oh you can understand well enough that I want him to work hard and spend little," rejoined Mr. Hardwicke. "As for other matters, you would be far stricter than I should, and would expect more. I always take it for granted that young people will be young people."

"So I hope do I," returned Mr. Hislop quietly, "but I am disposed to credit youth less with bad inclinations than with exuberance of good ones needing direction and restraint." He thought of his own fervid indignation which had led to that rash vow, and of the zeal and resolution which had conducted him to his mistaken goal. "I think we don't ask our young people to be good enough," he went on, perhaps speaking to himself rather than to Mr. Hardwicke. "We think to entice them to the right paths by trying to make them smooth and easy and as like the downhill road as possible. God's prophets knew human nature better when they boldly stated that strait is the gate and narrow is the path that leads to eternal life. We seem afraid to appeal to the sacrifice and devotion and romance which lie folded in every heart. We leave these unwound and unclaimed until tempters catch them and draw the soul downward by the very threads which should bind it to the throne of God."

"I know you are just the man to talk in the right way to Reginald," said Mr. Hardwicke, over whom Mr. Hislop's words had floated without any special significance. "I'll give you carte blanche to do whatever you think best for getting out the whole truth and arranging matters. You may be as severe as you like. Only there's one thing. I do not want Regy to leave college. He would never do for business. He's the sort of fellow who would give and take unlimited credit, and never know the difference between his income and his capital. He takes after his mother. And I've always had a sort of fancy for a graduate in the family;—for one boy in some learned profession. Frank has got the headpiece for business! He has all the power, now,—if he only has the will."

"But do you actually think a learned profession does not need brains?" asked Mr. Hislop, astonished.

"Oh, yes, of course, for a poor lad, who may have to work his own way up, and keep within time, and make his own place at last. But when you've got money, you can command influence and so on. Now, which do you think would get the largest practice, Hislop,—A young doctor with a tail of good degrees to his name, and a cottage to live in and Shank's mare for his conveyance, or another, without much of a degree, but with a grand house and a footman at the door, and a carriage and pair outside."

"He who made the show might get the largest practice first," decided Mr. Hislop "because most people go where their attention is directed. But what would be their relative position in twenty years' time?"

"They would be probably about equal by then," mused Mr. Hardwicke. "But the former would have had a very hard life and the latter a very easy one."

"That is to say the former would have lived a life worth living and have done work worth doing," said Mr. Hislop, earnestly. "Life is not all money and position. If the body itself be superior to its food and its raiment, surely the soul must be superior to these?"

Mr. Hardwicke laughed. "You are warm," he said. "It is all very fine to talk about lives worth living and good work, and service to our fellow-creatures and so forth. Our fellow-creatures always most respect those who get most out of them."

"The human race has always stoned its prophets and cheered its Barabbases," rejoined Mr. Hislop. "But if I might, I would rather be its prophet, nevertheless. Better the respect of one wise man than the homage of a million fools!"

Mr. Hardwicke looked at his friend curiously. "Why, Hislop," he said, "to hear you talk, one would think you were a poor man yourself!"

"So I am," answered Mr. Hislop heartily, "for I begin to see that money is not wealth, and that of all real wealth, I have less now than when I started a penniless boy,—less love about me, less possibilities of knowledge or of usefulness. In the riches of the kingdom of heaven, Hardwicke, I have been a miserable and deluded spendthrift. I suspect, Hardwicke, that there is

something terribly real at the bottom of that Divine teaching about money, which we have got into a habit of receiving in a metaphorical sort of way."

"I never go in for thinking of these things," said Mr. Hardwicke, uneasily. "This world is more than enough for me at present. One would hope to have a little time at the end, you know, to get ready for the next."

He said this, with a view, as he thought, to conciliate his friend, lest if he seemed too indifferent to what he called "Hislop's cranks," he might be left to manage Regy's affairs himself to his great annoyance and inconvenience. It was quite impossible for him to realise that Mr. Hislop could undertake this task from any higher motives than the mere good-natured complaisance of a man now at leisure from serious duties.

But Mr. Hislop only shook his head at what Mr. Hardwicke had felt to be a pious sentiment. "What you call 'the end' may be nearer to us tonight than it is to some men of ninety," he said, "and if we cannot realise that now, why shall we realise it then? Hardwicke, the man who can rest satisfied with the hope of being barely saved, does not know what salvation means."

Mr. Hardwicke made no reply this time, seeing that Mr. Hislop did not seem offended, or likely to throw up the task he had undertaken.

They both returned together to Mr. Hislop's house. That was his suggestion, to which the other scarcely liked to demur, though he would have much preferred to sit a little longer over his ledgers. Mr. Hislop made his plan rapidly. He would travel north by the night train. The same conveyance which would take Mr. Hardwicke and his young people home, could drop him and his portmanteau at the railway station.

Miss Bridget was indeed glad to see her brother again. A sense of curious insecurity had been creeping over her, that uneasy feeling one has when placed in relation with those on whose moral sense we cannot rely. A servant from the Hardwicke's house had followed Miss Maria, with a note. Miss Bridget had insisted that the girl should be shown up into the drawing-room to speak with her young mistress, and it had seemed to the good lady, that the serving dame's demeanour was unduly confidential, and that the few brief sentences which passed were eked out and emphasised by sundry mysterious and significant glances.

"Mr. Hardwicke will have trouble with his daughter soon," mused Miss Bridget. "If one has nothing else to do one is sure to get to mischief. When I had my school, I always found that the strictest rules were useless where plenty of work would avail. I never knew a good girl who lounged or a bad one who didn't. I remember I put up over the school-room door, 'Work diligently, rest sweetly, play heartily.'"

Miss Bridget raised no objection to her brother's hasty departure, though her face grew grave for a moment before she commanded back the smile.

Mr. Alexander had a few matters to put in her charge, especially the concerns and the consolation of the widow Gray. The sensitive man could scarcely bear to speak of that poor woman

before Mr. Hardwicke, for it seemed to him as if her name must be like an accusation. But Mr. Hardwicke did not appear to notice: perhaps he did not hear, for directly he saw his children, he broke out in anathemas against Reginald, threats as to what would happen to him, and warnings concerning themselves. His language and sentiments were violent, even coarse, but they would have pained Mr. Hislop less than they did, had he not been made so clearly aware of the coldness and calculating indifference behind them.

Maria Hardwicke only pouted defiantly. Frank's face darkened, and, as he shook hands at parting with Miss Bridget, he said in an undertone—

"If I am driven to take my own way at last, I shall trouble nobody with my concerns. I shall take my fate in my own hands!"

"Oh, my dear," whispered Miss Bridget, kindly

pressing his hand, "do not let yourself get hard, trust in God and do the right!" Was there no human chord which she could touch in the discordant young heart? Could she say, "Think of your father!"—"think of your sister!" It would but have made the discord worse! Half involuntarily there flew to her lips, the plea she had often urged upon the erring or the irresolute.

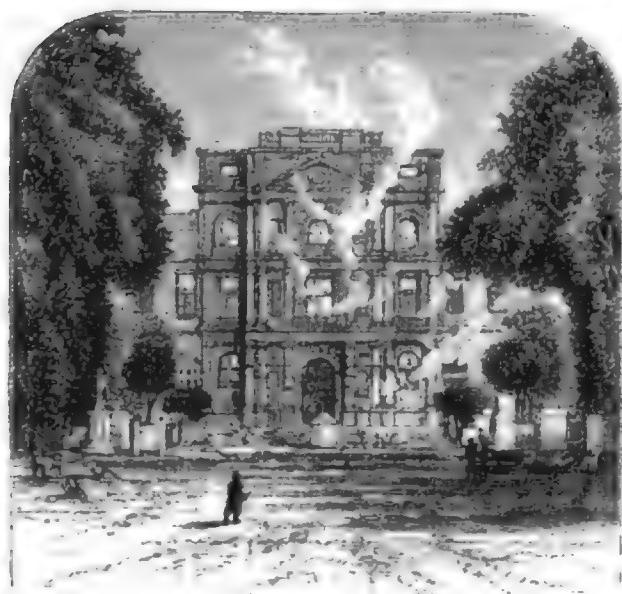
"Think of your mother!"

"I can't remember her," he said, "I seem to have had no mother." But the dark young face softened nevertheless, and Miss Bridget's gentle heart ached to feel that perhaps it was well for him that this was even so!

So Mr. Hislop departed on his quest of the prodigal, who if he had not an earthly father watching for him at home, had a heavenly Father who sent this good friend to seek him.

FOUR PALACES AND THEIR STORY.

I.—THE TUILLERIES.



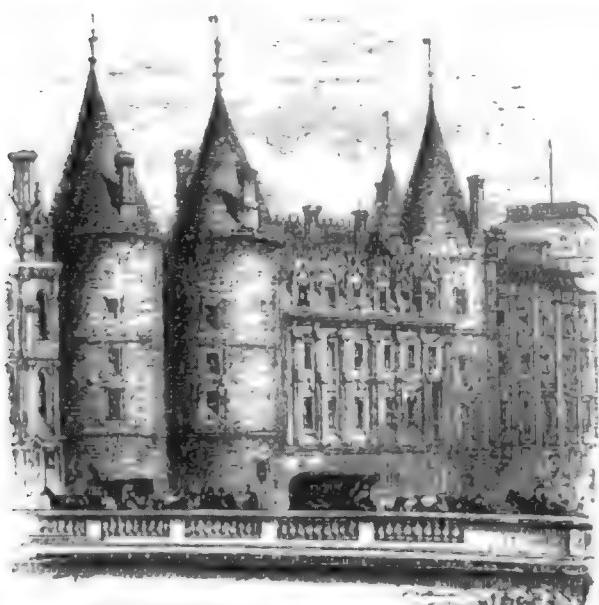
CENTRE OF THE RUINED TUILLERIES.

If we wish to "point the moral, and adorn the tale," as to the mutability of earthly things, we have only to glance at a few of the palaces of La Belle France, as they now appear, and to recall what they once were. To begin with the Tuilleries. The remains of this once splendid palace have disappeared, and the place that knew it will now know it no more. Seated in its gardens while it yet stood as a ruin strange reflections crowded on the mind. Paris is, essentially, the city *où l'on s'amuse*, and we wish to take advantage of its many resources for recreation, and for passing time agreeably: but how can one feel gay in face of the blackened ruins of that once beautiful palace? In spite of the murmur-

ing fountains, the marble statues, the green alleys, the smooth terraces, the gilded railings, the blue sky and the bright crowds of people, the eyes turn sadly to the dismantled abode of former kings and emperors, and seek to penetrate the dust of its ruins. What Catherine de Medicis began, and her successors completed as a royal dwelling-place, the Communists destroyed; and we see in imagination the ghosts of kings and courtiers gliding about amongst the unroofed apartments. The winds blow through the casementless windows and charred door-posts; while the sunbeams glance in and out, unrefracted by the intrusive obstacles of blind or framework. Yet, not quite so at the time we first saw the ruins, for there was a blackened rag fluttering in the breeze. Half a blind that the flames had somehow spared, dangled at an unglazed window: sole relic of the satins, silks and damasks that adorned the palace! Why did the capricious fire spare this alone? Perhaps to impress the more vividly the scene and its lessons. A chiffon is all that remains of the gorgeous furniture, gilded and painted ceilings, pictures and statues of those pavilions, antechambers, salons, galleries, cabinets, escaliers, and theatre, of a royalty that once was. *The Salle du Trône* is no more; perished with the perishable emblems of kingship and imperialism it contained. Within the palace only a rag: without, nothing but blackened walls, and monumental pillars. The Communists did their awful work only too thoroughly, when they had the opportunity. And they would do it again. As we sit peacefully near a splashing fountain and flower-bed, we feel as if we were placed over a volcano, and speculate, as the inhabitants that surround Etna or Vesuvius may do, as to the next eruption. The lively Parisians swarm over the gardens, dressed as gaily, chattering as lightly, as if they had forgotten that night of

the 23rd of May, 1871, when the Tuilleries was set on fire. But arrest them—question them, and they speak of it with bated breath.

"*Ma foi ! mais ce n'était pas beau !*" says one.



THE CONCIERGERIE.

"My husband and I were concierges in a large house. All the other inmates had fled, but we maintained our posts, although we had only a small stock of food. The siege was bad, but the Commune worse. I used to go every night to the top of the house. Explosions here, fires there; now it was north, now south. Flames on all sides. Oh, it was *affreux !* Tuilleries, Palais Royal, Hôtel de Ville, all ablaze. God keep us from the like again."

"Yes ! yes, I lived through it all," says another. "My father was killed by a shell, my mother and four of us were left. I was the oldest, and only twelve then. We ate cats, dogs, rats, mice, anything we could get, till you English came over to help us. But you have been good friends to us, and when you have war we will go over and help you, we others. That is the time for brotherhood. But when we made the string to get the bread, we were perhaps shot down in the midst—and after all, the bread was only as long as my thumb. Then came the Commune. *Feu là ; flammes ci.* Frenchmen against Frenchmen. Father shot down by son, brother by brother. When it was over, what did we do? My mother, she gains the bread as concierge, my sister, she sews. I drive a voiture sixteen or eighteen hours a day, for we must give to eat to the little ones; when one is well one can work. If we can't work we go to the prisons. We go our train."

"I lived through it all, *au sixième*," says a third, shuddering. "I have still a piece of the shell that burst at my feet yet failed to kill me: 50,000 of my compatriots killed in the insurrection, 25,000 taken prisoners, to say nothing of those lost in the war. All was terror and confusion. Has the world ever seen the like?"

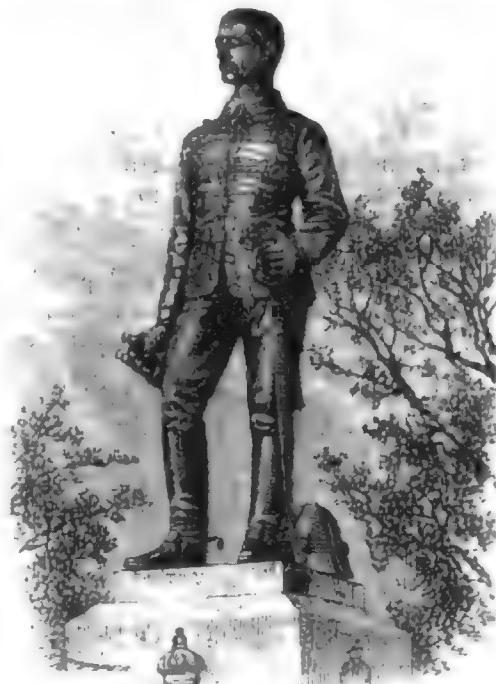


"We had peace and plenty under the Emperor," whispers a fourth. "Well for him and the empress and the young prince that they had your country to flee to. Many of us of the middle class wish for the Empire. It is the *ouvriers* who like the republic, and the nobles the King."

We could multiply the revelations made confidentially by people of all classes, who yet shrug their shoulders and almost fear to speak out to one another. And who can wonder, with that ruined palace in sight? We see in imagination, not only the horrors so lately perpetrated, but those of previous years. We follow Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and their ill-fated children in their attempt to escape from it in the dead of night, in their recapture and melancholy return. We almost see the faithful Swiss guard massacred in their defence. Assuredly, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The recollection of the fidelity of the Swiss guard recalls that of another faithful servant, and, striving to ignore or forget those details of cruel imprisonment and regicide, which, after the lapse of nearly a century, still bring tears to the eye, we inscribe the name of M. Descloseaux, as of one who rescued the remains of the ill-fated monarch and his queen from further desecration.

Intimately connected with the Tuilleries is the Chapelle Expiatoire, inasmuch as it is erected where those rescued remains were secretly interred. It is one of the most interesting spots in Paris, and having seen it but yesterday, we may be excused for introducing it here. But as we glance in the direction of the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré where it stands, we cannot fail to see the Place de la Concorde, with its Egyptian obelisk



MONUMENT TO THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AT WOOLWICH.

of Luxor in the centre, its eight colossal statues, its fountains, its rostral columns and its balustrades. This was once called *The Place Louis Quinze*, and here stood a statue of that monarch:

while here in the terrible days of the Revolution was erected that horrible guillotine which beheaded his grandson, Louis XVI. ! Indeed, glance where we will, some sad memory rises. Not far off is the prison of the Conciergerie, where Marie Antoinette suffered such indignities as a furious hate could alone devise, and where the grated windows of her cell are pointed out to those curious in such matters.

With this Shushan at our back, the prison on our right and the place of execution on our left, we thread our way in imagination to the Chapelle Expiatoire. Death having ended the miseries of the helpless Louis and his queen, their remains were secretly interred in a disused burial-ground belonging to the church of the Madeleine. But even here, the well-worn, but often misapplied words, "Requiescat in pace," could not be inscribed over their graves. To save their mutilated bodies from an infuriated mob, M. Descloseaux bought the ground, and planted it as an orchard. Here, for a while, the grass grew green, the trees waved, and flowers bloomed, above the royal dead; and it is touching, indeed, to learn that the sympathetic owner of this hallowed plot sent annually a bouquet of flowers, grown within its enclosure, to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, sad surviving daughter of the persecuted pair.

Yet, even here, they could not sleep in peace. More changes in fickle Paris, and another king reigns. Long live the King! Though short had been the life of the late Dauphin, Louis XVII., who died in prison, and not like his parents, by the guillotine. But the new king, Louis XVIII., disturbed the grass, the trees, the flowers, of that quiet orchard, in order to transport the poor remains of beheaded royalty, to the kingly Abbey of St. Denis. Thither the harassed "dust and ashes" were sent in all the "pomp and circumstance" of temporary peace, after twenty-one years beneath the turf of the restful orchard-garden. They now repose beneath marble sarcophagi, amid their predecessors on the unstable throne of France; and splendid are the white monuments that rise to their sad memory beneath the ancient dome of St. Denis, in that last abode of kings that have been.

Are the ghosts of the departed still ambitions? and do they care to "rise in the world," if we may dare so to speak? Have they an interest in the transfer of their bones from the humble cemetery to the kingly abbey? We will hope not. Ambition is human, humility divine, and souls if glorified must weep over the poor pride of earth. There is far more pathos in the orchard of M. Descloseaux than in the stately tombs of the kings at St. Denis. The Expiatory Chapel is also pathetic; though all the tears, prayers, masses of all France, could never expiate her past.

Still there is a subject of thoughtful interest in a chapel built over the place where the bodies of a Louis and a Marie Antoinette lay for so many years, and particularly in the grey marble altar beneath, raised over nearly the exact spot where they were buried. This subterranean chapel is, perhaps, less painful than the principal one above; for in the latter, beneath statues of the royal sufferers, supported by angels, are inscribed on pedestals the will of the king, and the

last letter of the Queen to Mademoiselle Elisabeth. No one could read these without emotion, even after the lapse of a century. Neither can anyone consider unmoved, the fact that beneath the sacred building there are two other graves, in which all that could be recovered of the bodies of the Swiss guards and other victims of the Revolution are laid. Thus, they who fell fighting for their king, repose where he reposed, awaiting that last call to judgment, when kings and their subjects, revolutionists and their victims, shall give an account of their actions.

But our wandering glances and thoughts are suddenly recalled to the Tuileries by a little episode as happily different from what we have been considering, as is the Revolution to peace. A man walks up and down the broad avenue in front of the ruined palace, scattering seed right and left. He is surrounded and followed by flocks of birds that tamely peck up the grain he casts about him. They are used to him apparently, and, maybe, he is an institution of the place; but none the less does the scene contrast strangely with other scenes that have been enacted there. Where infuriated mobs have come to demand bread, the sparrows feed on a liberal supply of corn, and where kings and emperors have fled for their lives, quiet spectators watch the banquet. Two ladies sit, reading, in one of the sentry-boxes close by, and "crumbs fall from the table" at their feet. Samaritan birds pick them up nervously, while their more assured superiors follow their leader up the avenue, eating like invited guests, without stint or fear.

Happy birds, with wings to fly from sudden surprise, and high trees to take refuge in. How thankful would Louis Philippe have been for such wings when he stood on this spot, hesitating a moment before he and his family took flight for England, or Napoleon III. when he, also, forsook this turbulent land for our "sea-girt isle." And now the Orleans princes, sons of Louis Philippe, hitherto quiet denizens and lovers of France, have once more been threatened with exile from their native land.

But, as un clou chasse l'autre, so a president now reigns where kings and emperors reigned, and dwells in the palace of the Elysée, seeing that the Tuileries is no longer habitable. Like ancient Rome, Paris tries all modes of government; it is to be hoped that she will, at last, find and "cleave to that which is good." Before she can do this, however, superstition and infidelity must be rooted out, and faith in the Christianity of the Bible planted in its stead.

Peace! The very word appears obsolete here. There seems to have been a fatality on the palace. No sooner did a royal personage occupy and begin to adorn it, than the people either murdered, or chased him away. We recall the days of the Empire, with their pomp and splendour, and then remember that here was born the Prince Imperial who but recently fell in the service of an alien land, beneath the assegais of the Zulus, the last hope of his family. Thus the ever-changing story, which we touch so lightly, has a tragic interest which may well stir our deepest thoughts.

HELON OF ALEXANDRIA.

A JEWISH TALE OF THE DAYS OF THE MACCABEES.



I.—THE FAREWELL FEAST.

THE whole house of Helon, at Alexandria, was in commotion. He was on the eve of setting out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, the home of his forefathers, the holy city of his nation. The camel drivers were loading the camels in the outer court, and giving them water before the departure. Men were running here and there to finish the preparations for the journey, and women were getting ready the farewell meal. The mother of Helon was giving the orders required, and superintending the execution of them; and yet in the midst of these concerns, she at times withdrew in order to sing the psalm which most expressed the emotions of her heart:

"As the hart panteth after the water-breaks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God;
When shall I come and appear before God?"

She was born in the Promised land, and had come with her husband, now long deceased, to dwell in Egypt. Formerly she too accompanied those who went up to Jerusalem, and she felt all that is contained in the touching verses:

"When I remember these things,
I pierce my soul in me;
For I had gone with the multitude,
I went with them to the house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise;
With a multitude that kept holy-day."

At this moment, Helon her son met her; she embraced him and said: "This psalm of the sons

of Korah dwells all the day upon my mind. Thy father sang it just before departing for the promised land, and he returned no more!"

Helon tried to console his mother. "Dear mother," said he to her, "do not forget the words of that fine verse which the choir repeats more than once.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul,
And why art thou disquieted in me?
Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him,
Who is the health of my countenance, and my
God."

At this moment a young Jew named Sallu, who during six years had served as a bondman in the family, approached to Helon, appearing very dejected:

"Wilt thou not then take me with thee?" said he to his master.

"The six years of thy servitude expired yesterday," replied the mother. "Thou art free, and before his departure Helon will publicly restore thee the freedom which belongs to thee." (Exod. xxi. 2.)

But the young man kept his eyes fixed upon Helon; as if he was still saying: "Wilt thou not then take me with thee?"

"Why dost thou not desire to become free?" asked Helon.

"I was a child, and had nobody to take care of me when thy father bought me," replied the bondman. "If I become free, I shall again be poor and homeless. Oh! let me go with thee, that I also may see Jerusalem, the altar of my God, and the place towards which I turn when I pray. For

these reasons I wish to be always one of thy household, and to continue to belong to thee. Moreover I have already called the elders to be witnesses."

Helon tried to dissuade him from his purpose. he spoke to him about the advantages of liberty ; He told him of the goodness of Jehovah towards bondsmen, by appointing their release and emancipation in the seventh year. But the young man retained his purpose, and the elders had now arrived.

"I love my master, and I will not go away from his house to be free," said he to them.

Helon insisted no longer, but caused him to approach the door-post, and pierced his ear with an awl, in order that he might serve him for ever. (Exod. xxi. 5.) He then put on him ear-rings, and the elders blessed him.

Sallu, full of the desire to be allowed to accompany his master, again asked if he was to be allowed to follow him. "Go, and look after the camels," said Helon, "and prepare thyself for the journey."

The mother invited the elders to spend this last evening with her and her family. They consented and went back with her to the inner court, where Helon, and Elisama his uncle, who was to serve as his guide on the pilgrimage, soon joined them. They seated themselves around the fountain, under the palm trees. The court was surrounded by a gallery, supported by pillars, and the floor was paved with marbles of diverse colour. Awnings sheltered the court from the rays of the sun. In Alexandria, as throughout the East, the inner court was the place for the reception of visitors.

The meal was prepared. Sallu brought in a silver basin. He poured water on the hands of the guests, and afterwards offered them perfume. Elisama pronounced a blessing, spreading both his hands over the food : "Blessed be thou, O Lord our God ! King of the world ! Thou who makest the bread come forth from the earth !"

They all replied : "Amen."

As it was a feast, Elisama blessed also the wine. Holding the cup with both hands, he raised it and said : "Blessed be thou, O Lord our God ! King of the earth ! thou who hast created the fruit of the vine !"

"Amen," again replied the guests.

Both hands were used to bless the bread and the wine, in order to recall to remembrance the ten commandments by the ten fingers. The old man then repeated the twenty-third psalm :

'The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul,
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness,
For his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death,
I will fear no evil, for thou art with me,
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me,
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence
of mine enemies,
Thou anointest my head with oil,

My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

This was the prayer with which the festive meal was usually commenced in Israel. Towards the end of the repast, Elisama thus alluded to this psalm : "For a great number of years," said he, "I have not pronounced it with so much devotion as I have to-day. One might say that it was especially made for the feast of farewell which precedes the departure for the Holy City. Happy the people that heareth the sound of the trumpet for the day of the feast !"

Helon's eyes glistened with joy, showing how much he partook of the sentiments that his uncle had just expressed.

One of the elders replied to the old man : "The sound of the trumpet is also heard at Léontopolis, and the psalm might be repeated before setting out for the province of Heliopolis."

"Israel is not truly Israel, save in the Holy Land," said Elisama.

"Does not our law say," replied the elder, "thou shalt not abhor the Egyptian, for thou wast a stranger in his land ? Did not the fathers of our people, nearly all, take refuge in Egypt in their troubles ? and did not the land of Ham receive with compassion the children of Shem ? Why did our forefathers always resort to this land, and never to Syria or Mesopotamia ? Did not our father Abraham himself go into Egypt ?"

"Yes, but he was afflicted and was in trouble from so doing ; and Jehovah forbade Isaac to go down there."

"I grant that : but Jacob came with seventy souls. Joseph was appointed over all the land of Egypt, and Pharaoh said to him : 'I am Pharaoh ; but without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt !' Moses was born here, and brought up in the king's court. Jeremiah also dwelt here. When Alexander founded this city, he brought a multitude of our nation here. The first Ptolemy settled a hundred thousand of them in the country, and the kings considering us to be brethren of the Egyptians, we enjoyed privileges of the highest order, as in the promised land, and we are called Macedonians, like the conquerors themselves. Onias the king, forty years ago, built for us the temple of Léontopolis, which is an exact copy of that on Mount Moriah. Our nation cannot fail to be always very powerful in this country, for whatever be the schemes of Ptolemy Lathyrus, the administration is in the hands of Cleopatra, his mother, who is joint regent with him, and (a thing unheard of before and unprecedented!) she has placed two of our brethren, Hilkias and Ananias, the sons of Onias, at the head of the army."

"May the God of Israel bless Cleopatra our queen !" exclaimed the elders. "May she be blessed in a thousand generations, and may her posterity possess the gates of their enemies !"

"What thou hast said of our fathers is true," replied Elisama, "but you must acknowledge that

most of them wanted to return to the promised land, and we will return as they did."

"No, we will not return to it, for we have now a temple in Egypt."

"But the existence of this temple is a violation of our law. On Moriah only should we have a temple and an altar. Jehovah said to Moses : 'Ye shall seek the Lord your God in the place where He shall dwell; and ye shall go to the place which the Lord your God shall choose out of all your tribes, to put His name there, and thither thou shalt come: and thither ye shall bring your burnt-offerings and your sacrifices. Take heed to thyself that thou offer not thy burnt-offerings in every place that thou seest; but thou shalt offer the burnt-offerings in the place which the Lord shall choose in one of thy tribes, and there shalt thou do all that I command thee!'"

"Thus he spoke to Moses, and five hundred years after, when the temple was built, he said to Solomon, in a vision of the night, 'I have heard thy prayer, and thy supplication that thou hast made before me; I have hallowed the house which thou hast built to put my name there for ever, and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually.' And this house is situated on Moriah, the self-same place in which Abraham was about to offer up his own son."

"Knowest thou not," continued the elder, "what Isaiah, the greatest of the prophets, said two hundred years later? And can you be ignorant that the high-priest Onias sent this prophecy to the king and queen, when they wished to build the temple of Oneion! It says expressly : 'In that day shall five cities in the land of Egypt speak the language of Canaan, and swear to the Lord of Hosts: and one of them shall be called Léontopolis.'"

"I adhere to the words of the Psalm," replied Elisama : "'The Lord hath chosen Zion: he hath desired it for his habitation' (Ps. cxxxii. 13), and to what God said to Isaiah (ch. lxvi. 13), 'as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem.' We might say to you Jews of Alexandria, what the Lord said by Jeremiah : 'Go up into Gilead, and take balm, O virgin, daughter of Egypt' (Jer. xlvi. 11).

"And yet in this same chapter (v. 20), he calls Egypt a very fair heifer."

"Yes, but He threatens and warns her. 'Destruction cometh, it cometh out of the north.' And again (ch. ii. 36), 'Thou shalt be ashamed of Egypt, as thou wast of Assyria.'

"Accursed be he who reviles the temple of the Lord of Oneion, and of Egypt, and of the queen!" exclaimed the elder, in vehement indignation.

He then started to his feet in excitement, and approached Elisama, as if he would almost strike

* In our English version called "The City of Destruction." The letter of Onias to Ptolemy is preserved by Josephus in his books of Antiquities. B. xiii., Ch. 3.

him for the irritating words that he had uttered. But a grey-headed elder, the most aged of the guests, interposed between them, and said to them with calmness : "Cease your strife, my children; there is enough trouble in Israel, and too much strife; let us beware of increasing it. Do thou remain in Egypt, and thou, Elisama, make thy way to Jerusalem. When the Messiah is come, he will teach us all things."

The conversation took another turn. The mother of Helon expressed the fear she felt at not again seeing one of the two travellers, for she called to mind again her husband having departed six years ago for Jeruealem and never having returned. Her only comfort was in the thought that he had been buried in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and that Helon would visit the grave of his father. Elisama also diverted her troubled thought by hinting that possibly Helon would not return alone, but that he might bring back with him a wife from Jericho or from Anathoth.

The mother was not surprised at the remark, but smiled, for the thought was not new to her.

"From Anathoth I would prefer," she said quietly. "We have many friends there, and there Jeremiah was born, the holy man of God."

The mention of Jeremiah kindled many thoughts in the mind of Elisama. His forefathers went to Egypt under the guidance of that prophet, when, notwithstanding his warnings, some of the people resolved to go there in order to escape the fury of the King of Babylon, after that Gedaliah, of the royal family, had been killed by Ismael. The prophet had sojourned in Egypt with his family.

"As long as there lives one of our race on the earth," said the old man, "it shall not be forgotten that a prophet of the Lord has dwelt in the house of our forefathers. His writings are our favourite study, and we regard from generation to generation the command which is given in them to seek Jerusalem."

Sallu again offered water and sweet perfume to the guests. Elisama blessed the last cup. Then the most aged of the friends present, laying his hands on the head of Helon, pronounced over him this benediction.

"Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper,
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil,
He shall preserve thy soul:
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy
coming in,
From this time forth, and even for evermore."

The other elders also blessed him; but it was evident that their benediction would have been more cordial if it had been to Léontopolis that he was directing his steps.

THE PROMISED PRESENCE.

"Where two or three are gathered in my Name, there am I in the midst of them."—*St. Matt. xviii. 20.*

IN this great promise, it should be observed that two things are left indefinite. One is the number of the worshippers. There may possibly be in these words of our Lord, as some suppose, a reference to an old tradition prevailing at the time amongst the Jews, that at least ten persons required to be present in order to give effect to united or social worship. But any such restriction or limit was no longer to exist in the Christian Church. The congregation, met together in the name of Christ, may be great, as when thousands fill some of our larger churches or cathedrals; or it may be so small that even two or three are encouraged to look and wait for the promised presence and blessing of our Lord.

Again, nothing is said by Him in this promise as to the place of meeting. In looking forward to the future history of His Church, He foresaw that the place would often vary according to circumstances. It might be an upper chamber, like that which was hallowed by the Last Supper, and by two appearances of our Lord to His disciples after His Resurrection. It might be a river-side, where the Philippian Church assembled for their first union in Christian worship; or the sea-shore, as upon that occasion when St. Paul and the Ephesian Christians knelt down together and united in prayer before their final parting upon earth; or it might be a room in a private house, such as is referred to in the Epistle of St. Paul to Philemon, where he sends a salutation to "the church in his house."

It was not until later times, when the storms of persecution by which the Church of Christ was so long assailed had in some measure ceased, that Christians could assemble in those buildings, which were soon described as Churches, or Houses of the Lord, being specially set apart for His worship and service. But in whatever circumstances, or wherever Christians have thus met together for united worship, their assembly has been hallowed, as no other upon earth can be, by the fulfilment of our Lord's gracious promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there am I in the midst of them."

The expression, "in my name," may be explained, first, as referring to the authority of our Lord and Saviour, and our obedience to His Holy Will.

The question has often been raised and discussed, Is there any form of worship which appears to be more especially in accordance with the Divine Will than another? We must admit that with regard to the outward form of united worship, much liberty is given to Christians. They may differ as to details, but there is no difference, there is a universal agreement amongst them as to the need and importance of carrying out in some way the will of our Master on this

subject, as it is enjoined upon us, not only by His words, but also by His example. He often worshipped Himself in the Temple at Jerusalem, of which He spoke as His Father's House, or as the House of Prayer, and also in the synagogues of Galilee.

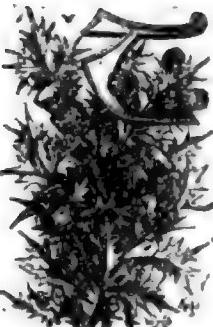
Again, the expression, "in the name of Christ," also means, "for His sake." This is clearly its meaning when the Lord Jesus speaks of receiving a little child in His name, or from a regard to Himself, and in the sincere desire to honour and serve Him as our Divine Master. In like manner we assemble in the name of Christ, when we meet together, in Christian faith and gratitude, to give honour and glory and homage to the God of our Salvation. Wherever our Christian worship is thus offered up in the Name or for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, should always be mingled with delight and pleasure and thankfulness. There is also one other most important meaning of the words, "in the name of Christ." They express, above all, our dependence upon His Atonement and Mediation as our great High Priest. To this—as the one great principle which should, after His Ascension, characterise all Christian prayer—our Lord referred when He said to His disciples, "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my Name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." No other name can be pleaded by us as a ground of confidence when we venture to draw near as sinners into the more immediate Presence of the Holy One. We are required to come before God, as those who believe that we owe this great privilege, as well as every other blessing which we need most urgently, to the Saviour and His Atoning work. If either we or our services are accepted in the Holiest of all, it must be through Him alone. Even our prayers and praises are so imperfect and defiled by sin, that in order to come up with acceptance before the Throne of God, they must be cleansed through the precious Blood of the Lamb, and united with His Intercession. In thus looking to the Saviour, in the perfection of His unchangeable Priesthood, we have "boldness of access with confidence through our faith in Him." And wherever the united worship of Christians is thus offered up in the name of Christ, we cannot doubt that, according to His sure promise, He is Himself in the midst of them.

The special Presence of our Lord thus promised should surely tend to elevate our views of the sacred services, in which we are permitted to take part in the House of God. It should also impress upon us the need of deepest reverence in the worship, which we offer there. All of us—even the most sincere and devout worshippers—must be frequently conscious of our tendency to numerous distractions. But are we sufficiently awake to the consideration, that He, who is at once our Saviour and our Judge, is very near to us, and that we are under His all-seeing eye? Should not this truth be sufficient to produce watchfulness? At the same time we can find much encouragement and comfort in believing that, as our merciful and faithful High Priest, He has compassion upon the infirmities and temptations of those who draw near unto God in His name.

Pages for the Young.

CONQUERING BY LOVE.

II.



HERE certainly was no doubt about it. The doctor paid his promised visit on Thursday morning, only to confirm his former statements. No chance of running for Theo for many a day to come.

The boy chafed against it, and friendly inquiries were made daily as to his progress. Mason, it is needless to say, was not one of his would-be comforters, and the mere mention of his name was enough to rouse Theo into his most bitter moods of angry disappointment.

On Friday morning, when Mrs. Wimborne went early into his room, she found him tossing discontentedly from side to side, with a half open book on the floor which had fallen off the bed.

"Did you want this, dear?" she asked, stooping to pick it up, and recognizing it as a daily text-book, a birth-day gift from herself some months before.

"Oh no, thank you, mother!" Theo answered, irritatedly. "I've read it already this morning, and I've been wishing ever since text-books had never been invented!"

"But the texts would remain the same, and you would read them in the Bible," his mother answered, with a look of wonder at his latest wish.

"Yes, but then a fellow wouldn't have to think about them so much!" Theo returned.

"That would make no difference, my child. What text has troubled you this morning?"

"Oh, it hasn't troubled me, mother!" Theo replied, resenting the word which best described his present feelings. "The verse is still there, I suppose, only please don't read it aloud. I have had quite enough of it already." He turned away his head with an impatient gesture, whilst Mrs. Wimborne opened the book at the page bearing that morning's date.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."
(Eph. iv. 32.)

"Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel (marg.: complaint) against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye." (Col. iii. 13.)

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Mrs. Wimborne was a wise mother. She simply laid the book down again on the bed, and telling Theo she would go and see about his breakfast, left the rebellious mood to work itself out. Neither did she refer to the subject in any way during her numerous little visits to Theo's room, until he re-opened it himself.

This was later on in the day, when he was comfortably established on the sofa near the window downstairs. Mrs. Wimborne had just been for a turn round the garden, bringing in with her late spring and early summer flowers. Theo sat watching in silence for some minutes, (whilst she arranged pansies and lilies and forget-me-nots about the room).

Suddenly he burst out in his usual impetuous fashion.

"Mother, do you think people are bound to go by the

Bible? No, I don't mean that exactly, but are not there times when we cannot always do as it says?"

"Does it not always mean what it says then?" Mrs. Wimborne asked quietly.

"Then I think it's too hard for anything!"

"Soldiers do find their orders rather hard, sometimes, I should imagine."

"But supposing it's an order they can't obey?"

"Then it would scarcely have been given by a commander who knows anything about his business. Our Captain can make no mistakes, Theo!"

The boy changed his position uneasily.

"I suppose you mean there are times when we feel we cannot carry out orders?" Theo nodded. "But then the strength is always ready to be given at the same time as the orders if we ask for it. Remember a soldier's first duty is to obey!"

"I can't, mother, not in this instance!"

"But He can, if you will put it all into His hands."

She did not look at him, but went on filling busily vase after vase. And once again silence closed over the subject.

It was a tough battle, fierce as most fights are which are carried on in the field of our own shrinking hearts, but in the end Right prevailed; and Wrong fled, as it always will flee if truly resisted, tremblingly off the ground.

The mother understood it at night, when Theo said with a strangely bright look,

"Do you mind just putting that little text-book near me? I am not afraid of it now!"

But he had not yet done with his task of forgiveness.

One or other of his favourite schoolfellows always made it a loyal point to call in each evening, and give him the latest news, especially when they had any information to communicate touching the coming sports. After a longer chat than usual on Friday night, Mrs. Wimborne heard him calling her in a particularly eager tone.

"Well, Theo, what is it?"

"Mother, I want to ask your advice. The fellows say Mason would be sure to win one prize at least, only his father won't buy him any running things, and he's ashamed to come not dressed like the others."

"Poor boy, that is hard on him!"

Theo flushed up to his forehead, as he reached the point of these foregoing remarks.

"And as it's all up for me this summer, since Dr. Blake says my foot will be good for nothing as far as running is concerned, I wondered, mother, whether you would mind very much if I passed on my flannels you know, the suit you made me, to Mason?"

Mrs. Wimborne stooped and kissed his forehead.

"God bless you, my darling!"

That was all she said.

Theo settled down to composing a note to Mason which he found to be an extremely difficult task. Several attempts were made and destroyed, for they seemed to say either too much or too little.

"Will you read this, mother?" he said at last, pushing the latest edition across the table. "Tell me if you think it sounds priggish, for he's rather touchy at the best of times."

This was Theo's letter.

"DEAR MASON,

"I want to ask a great favour of you. Do you mind accepting these running clothes from me? My mother made them, and as I shan't be able to go in for races just now, it seems a shame to keep them lying idle. Hoping you will wear them, and that to-morrow will be a jolly day,

"Yours truly,

"T. WIMBORNE."

The note was inclosed in the carefully-packed parcel, and sent off that same evening under the housemaid's care, who was charged not to wait for any answer.

"I hope he won't be offended!" was Theo's latest thought at night, and earliest meditation in the morning.

Not a sign came from Mason all day. Some of the other boys rushed frantically in and out of the house like whirlwinds, but Theo felt all at once too shy to ask any direct questions.

Never had there been more glorious weather. The sun shone brilliantly, there was a slight breeze stirring, the swallows skimmed swiftly through the clear atmosphere as if to show the superiority of wings over less flexible muscles. Theo's wistful eyes grew moist just for one instant, as the band, which was to enliven the afternoon's entertainment, marched through the village playing briskly "*La Marseillaise*."

How could the musicians tell that those ringing notes, the prelude to so many battles, would fall heavily to-day on a young heart still quivering with the reality of its first encounter?

Such moments pass. But the peace of a true victory remains.

The brightness of the day had faded. Theo was alone on his sofa, wondering when he should know the issue of the races, when a slight tap came at the window.

He turned sharply. Mason stood outside, with downcast head.

"Hullo! Come in, won't you?" Theo said, struggling up into a sitting posture.

His visitor accepted the invitation, and stepped in through the open French windows.

He was dressed in his ordinary clothes and his face looked very pale.

"I've come to thank you, Wimborne!" he said, huskily. "But I never meant to wear them. I would rather you had done anything than just that. I put them away, meaning to return them, but when this afternoon came, I felt I must go. And I won a prize, look, I've brought it for you, it's yours by right; didn't you know I meant to hurt you that evening?"

Evidently he had no idea that Theo suspected the truth, and when a nod came in answer to his question, he sank down on a chair, and, school-boy though he was, burst into a violent fit of tears.

"What a brute I have been!" he said, between his sobs.

But somehow or other, from that day, Fred Mason left his "brute" nature behind him. It was always a puzzle to the other boys why he and Theo should suddenly become such firm friends. For their favourite Theo's sake they agreed to overlook the past, and the shadow of his "chum's" popularity helped to cover the peculiarities of an untrained nature.

Mason pleaded hard, but pleaded in vain, that he might be allowed to transfer the silver watch which he had won to Theo's keeping. In later years he was glad that Theo would not consent to this; because it always served to remind him of the turning-point in his life.

Perhaps it was a great deal owing to Mrs. Wimborne's gentle influence that the boy changed so much for good. She took him right into her motherly heart, and the forlorn little sister when she came home for the holidays reaped the benefit of Fred's new friends as well.

No doubt Theo's extenuating words were true, when, after telling Mrs. Wimborne about his visitor that memorable evening, he said, flinging his arms round her neck,

"And after all, it's not much wonder if he is queer, for he hasn't got a jolly little mother like somebody else!"

H. C. G.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XVII.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

Text for the day. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven" (Matt. v. 16). Read Matt. iv. 23-25.

In these three verses that you have read, we see how the Lord Jesus made His light shine before men, that they might see His good works, and might glorify His Father in heaven. His works bore witness of Him that He was sent from God. (See John v. 36; John ix. 33.) We cannot work miracles as Jesus did, but we may show by our lives that we are children of God; this is what we pray to be enabled to do when we say "We beseech Thee give us that due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may be unsigneingly thankful, and that we show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips but in our lives."

Now let us consider these verses. After Jesus had called His disciples, as we read in our last, He and they went on a great missionary journey. *In what country did He go about teaching? What did He preach? What is the meaning of the word "gospel"?* Perhaps some of you do not know what a beautiful word it is? It means "good news," glad tidings; "good tidings of great joy," such as the angel brought to the shepherds (Luke ii. 10). The gospel message is that message of which Isaiah wrote (see Isa. lii. 7). To give this good tidings of pardon to sinners, Jesus Christ came to this world (see John iii. 16), a verse which I hope every one of you can repeat by heart. This was what Jesus was preaching in the synagogues of Galilee. *What else did He do? Who came to Him? From what places did they come?* They came from far and near; from Decapolis, the ten cities on the farther side of the lake; from all the neighbouring cities; from Jerusalem, eighty miles off; from the hills of Judea; and even from beyond Jordan. They came bringing their sick people to Him, those who were taken with divers diseases and torments, possessed with devils, lunatics, persons who had palsy. A weary journey it must have been to many, but *did any one come in vain? Did a single person go away disappointed?* Not one! He healed them all! not one case was too hard for that Physician. And it is just so still. Not one is too sinful, too ignorant, too sick at heart, to be healed if they will but go to Jesus.

Now let us examine one of these cures more particularly. Read Luke v. 12-15. Jesus was in "a certain city," the name is not given. *Who came to Him? How did this poor leper show his reverence for Jesus? What was his prayer?* Observe he did not doubt the power of Jesus to make him clean, but *what did he seem to doubt?* "Lord, if thou wilt," was his cry. I think he doubted the willingness of Jesus. It was such a very bad case, quite hopeless one might say; the man was "full of leprosy;" a dreadful object to be seen; no one could bear to look at him, far less to touch him. Ah, there was One not afraid, nor unwilling! Mark what Jesus did—He put forth His hand, He did not stand afar off as everybody else did; He touched him, He spoke to him; He said, "I will; be thou clean." *What happened to the man immediately?* There have been other cures of lepers mentioned in a general way, but this one, told so fully, shows us more than any of them how tender and full of pity is the heart of Jesus. That hand that was willing to touch showed the heart that was willing to heal! I think the man would never through all his life forget that touch. *What did Jesus bid him do? How was he to show his thankfulness to God for his cure? What was the offering he was to give?* (Lev. xiv. 4.)

Sing.—"When wounded sore the stricken soul,"
or,—"The Great Physician now is near."

student career this had not only caused his payments to them to be left far in arrear, but they had often been obliged to advance him small sums for pocket money to save him from being penniless.

"He was very frank and confidential with us at first," she said, "and I knew exactly when his money came and all about it. He was always short of money; he had to go without many advantages which the sons of far poorer parents are allowed. He grew more reserved in time. I have feared that as he got to know more about us and our circumstances, he found that it was not always very convenient for us to have him behindhand in his payments, still less borrowing from us. I tried to keep him from suspecting this, but it was not easy. Then he stopped borrowing, and managed to evade my questions as to whether he was running up bills outside. Then his payments to us grew more and more deferred. And he turned gloomy and reckless in manner, so that I shrank from speaking to him on the subject. The quarter which fell due lately is the third quarter which remains due to us."

"Mr. Hardwicke has sent money for all but the last," said Mr. Hislop.

"Has he?" cried the little lady. "So we felt sure after what has come out during the last day or two. And now Mr. Hardwicke will naturally blame us for trusting the lad so long! But you see, we knew from the first, that the money never came regularly, but was sure to come at last. We thought we should seem mistrustful if we pressed inquiries. And oh, it is often those who need money most who are least bold in claiming what is due!"

And though she was in the public street, Mrs. Allan wept.

"My husband's health has failed more and more of late," she said. "And latterly the doctors have said that his only chance of restoration was to go to the South of France for next winter. And we could not manage that without the money from the Hardwicke's. That was why I did take courage to speak seriously to Reginald. Yet the more we felt how much depended on it, the less we liked to agitate too much. And Reginald promised and promised that we should be sure to have something soon. And we looked forward anxiously to that last quarter day, and still there was nothing! And in a perfect fever of fear for my husband I pressed my inquiries, till they brought down, like a thunderbolt, all the disclosures you will have to hear! And the excitement and the grief,—for we had both grown to love Reginald—have brought on one of my husband's worst attacks, and with the weather already broken, the doctors say he must not think of moving now,—that it would be certain death—while remaining still may be only uncertain!" And again the little lady's tears began to flow.

It was not Mr. Hislop's first experience of this sort of downward drifting, always ending in some catastrophe, which drags the innocent into the general gulf of loss and shame. He knew beforehand, almost exactly, the weary steps he would have to go,—the visits he would have to pay to tradesmen, innocently astounded, craftily

fawning, or guiltily insolent. Perhaps he could not have predicted, quite so clearly, his interviews with college authorities, though his knowledge of the world might have forewarned him, that he would find those who were ready to strain every nerve and to earn all sorts of unpopularity, by vigilant supervision of their charge, were precisely those ready to hold out hope and help, when that which they had vainly striven to prevent came to them for cure,—while the indulgent and easy-going only shook their heads, and prophesied that whatever trouble might be taken in such cases would be sure to come to nothing.

But though these might be variations of the dismal story with which Mr. Hislop was less acquainted, there was something which did not vary,—that darker undercurrent which he so wearily well knew always flows under these downward tending life-streams—the specious lies, spoken and enacted, the frivolous parodies of sentiment, disguising uncontrollable appetites and perverted passions. In his day, in the service of others' good, Mr. Hislop had waded through the swamps of worse falls than Reginald Hardwicke's. Reginald at least had broken no hearts, nor stained any honest name. It almost seemed as if the mischief had not come so much from his own heart's fulness of evil, as entered into it because of its emptiness of good!

As for Reginald himself, in him Mr. Hislop found no trustworthy sign of repentance. He was ready to admit that "he had been a fool," which might be his formula for the prodigal's "I have sinned," but which was not satisfactory to Mr. Hislop. Reginald was not unwilling to promise to break off with his bad or dangerous companions, but rather, so it struck Mr. Hislop, because they had exhausted their charm, or had revealed too plainly their cupidity, than because of any changed standpoint of his own, which would prevent his forming new ties equally pernicious. He expressed himself determined to devote himself to his proper work of study, not, as it seemed to Mr. Hislop, that he recognised it as a duty, but only as his most expedient course out of the difficulties in which he was involved. Still, he showed traces of many of what may be called the wild virtues of a nature not irredeemably base, and when he found that his duplicity had cost the Allans what the tardy discharge of his mere debts could never repay, his contrition scarcely had bounds. And indeed the real reckoning between them soon assumed terrible proportions. For, whether under the influence of disappointment or anxiety, or evil weather, or all combined, attack after attack of the malady which had been staved off for years, seized Mr. Allan, and before Mr. Hislop returned south, he had attended his funeral and had found an additional duty in counselling and consoling the poor little widow. If Mr. Hislop had been left untrammelled by Mr. Hardwicke's express desire that his son's course of study should not be interrupted, he would have at once removed him to fresh scenes and surroundings, where the miasma from the evil past should not have fallen on the first tender buddings of a better present. And he felt still more the advantages which a thorough change might have given Reginald,

since a certain amount of change, not advantageous, was inevitable. For after her husband's death, circumstances compelled Mrs. Allan to give up her house and retire to the country to share the home of a sister, also widowed.

Reginald's position was made thoroughly clear, the tradesmen's debts plainly stated, and paid up. They amounted to a very considerable sum, and yet to scarcely more—Mr. Hislop noticed this as he added them up, and then divided them by the number of years the lad had been at college—than a kind and wise father of Mr. Hardwicke's wealth would have openly allowed his son. And if the money had been so allowed, how different would its expenditure have been, and what different people would have profited by it! The Allans would have been paid promptly, to their prosperity and comfort. Reginald might have had a complete library for his studies, and the best of scientific instruments, benefits which he might have shared with the more industrious students who really could not afford them, thus placing himself in the happiest relations with a worthy set. He might have kept a horse, and so secured wholesome and innocent recreation. He might have indulged himself and his younger brother or some congenial friend in delightful little holiday tours in which health and mental development and the purest of all pleasures would have advanced, hand in hand. As it was, the same money, furtively snatched, had brought disaster to the deserving, and great gain to the worthless and the reprobate, and had left Reginald nothing, except disturbed health, a cloud on his young face, and a gnawing bitterness of self-contempt in his heart.

The more Mr. Hislop saw of the lad during the remainder of his stay, the more hopeful did he grow that Reginald felt genuine regret, if not repentance, cold and reluctant as were his manifestations thereof. Possibly the ardour of self-abasement in the prodigal of the parable, was due to his secret sense that his father would be waiting at the home-gate, and that the new homeward yearning of his own heart was but a spark kindled at last from a steady flame of love that had never ceased to burn in his father's. There was no such possibility for Reginald. The letters which came from his father were sharp without being indignant, the letters not of a parent, but of a creditor. And when things were put straight and the new path planned, the sharpness vanished, but not the chill: the debt might be regarded as paid, but there was no forgiveness to tear its record from the father's heart and so to fix it for ever in the son's.

"My father has been vexed for his money, not for me," said Reginald to Mrs. Allan, as they sat together on what was to be his last evening in her house, two or three days after Mr. Hislop had taken his departure for the south. The words sounded bitter—even undutiful; but they came from a great hunger—the hunger of a child who asked from its father the divine bread of love, and received from him but mammon's stony coldness.

Mrs. Allan said nothing. She had not lost her affection for Reginald because he had cost her so much. She could not help thinking that but for

his falseness and folly her husband might have been alive still. But then the lad himself had been somewhat betrayed into that falseness and folly. The past was past, utterly. Only if Reginald began a new life for the future, then her husband would not have died quite in vain. A strong passionate faith and hope in Reginald grew from this very thought. She felt as if he was a charge laid upon her by her life's one love. Had not her husband's last murmured words been "Poor Reginald!" The cry of her heart was that he must be saved now "for Hugh's sake." And then from its inmost depth there came an answering voice in the same key, "For Christ's sake!"

When Mr. Hislop had parted from Reginald, he had stood pale and dismal on the railway platform, side by side with Mrs. Allan, in the new weeds of her widowhood. The good man travelled south with no very light heart. He could not help hoping for Reginald in Mrs. Allan's hope. It would seem too cruel if she were disappointed! And yet—the lad had not had strength to keep from falling, and were there any signs of a new strength—much greater as it would require to be—for self-recovery?

He would have felt but the more despondent if he had known all the effects of the report he had to make concerning what had been done during his visit. Mr. Hardwicke was "much obliged" to him for the trouble he had taken, and particularly anxious to know what deductions, if any, had been made on Reginald's bills which had been settled, his subsequent expression of countenance showing that he was not quite satisfied with what Mr. Hislop had done in this respect.

As for Frank Hardwicke, as one particular after another oozed out in the home conversation, he said to his sister—

"And so Regy has managed to get something like his rights by setting about it in the wrong way! I shall do things in quite another fashion. My father shall never be able to speak of me, as he is speaking of Regy now."

Maria Hardwicke might well have asked what he meant. But she did not do so. She took little interest in her brother's affairs, or in anything which she could not see concerned herself. She had affairs of her own, which ran, as it seemed to her, in quite other lines. Yet she, too, had her moral to draw from Reginald's story.

"Papa makes up his mind to anything, when it is once done and cannot be undone."

Miss Bridget did her best to keep warm that nearer acquaintanceship with the young Hardwicke, which the opening of a family skeleton closet so often brings about. After one of her visits, presently, it struck her that Frank had not been in the house.

To her usual inquiries after him, Maria had answered vaguely, with some constraint of manner. Miss Bridget thought then, that perhaps he had gone away for a few days' visit, and that possibly there had been some unpleasantness as to his going, or some negligence in his reporting of himself. At subsequent visits, she found herself quite sure he had left home. Her inquiries were still answered vaguely, and on

such a matter she had a natural delicacy in pointing them into definite questions. It was only as weeks passed by, that she and her brother became convinced that Frank had absolutely "gone away;" it was only after months, that they allowed themselves to realise that he had made a secret departure, and that his relatives did not know where he had gone. It was an inquiring letter to Mr. Alexander Hislop, written by Reginald, which at last left no doubt on the subject. The elder brother had had no idea of the event until it was long passed. The Hardwicke correspondence was always scanty in amount and conventional in style. In reality, Mr. Hardwicke had not, at first, realised what had happened, but had deemed that a few days or weeks of hardship would bring the runaway back, tame enough. Maria had allowed herself to accept her father's belief, though without making it her own. And so the first days of absence drifted by, and the new state of things crystallised. It was hard to say how the truth—the whole truth—of Frank's determined absence and silence gradually forced itself upon them. Perhaps they never fully owned it, until Reginald, catching some insight into the state of things, asked plain questions in his brotherly right. Then the letters containing those questions remained long unanswered. And hence Reginald appealed at last for Mr. Hislop's co-operation and advice.

Once more the good man took up a difficult and embarrassing task. But Mr. Hardwicke did not attempt any concealment—once he was fairly brought to book. Frank had gone: let him go. If he never sought any more help from his father, still he had had, so far, a better start than his father had before him. He was sure to come back, soon enough. It was to be hoped that he would have sufficient grace so to return as not to give any unnecessary scandal. The father could say that, sitting opposite his boy's empty chair! The rich man hated "scandal." He felt as if he could scarcely ever forgive Frank, for having so departed that nothing but his own presence of mind, and peremptory command of the situation,—aided by Maria's facile prevarication, and easy-going selfishness—had averted a public sensation.

It is wonderful how soon the realities of life—the great realities which give out impulse for all eternity, are sucked out of sight under the surface of existence in such houses as the Hardwickes.' They had none of those old friends, who look before and after, who keep the dates of household anniversaries, and whose eyes glance, full of startled memories, at some echo of domestic jest or phrase. They had none of those old servants, whose habits are set in old ways, and who know the relics among the household stores. In less than a year after Frank's departure, the Hardwicke kitchen was filled with new faces, not one of which had ever looked upon the absent son. To the drawing-room, from the grand new streets springing up around like splendid fungi, came dressy callers, who sipped Maria's afternoon tea, and whispered aside questions as to how many the family really numbered, and how old Hardwicke's money would divide? The better

informed knew there was one son at college, and another—somewhere,—perhaps at college too,—or gone abroad on business for his father. Some thought there were two other sons, and some fancied they had heard of a married daughter. It was noticed that while Maria named Reginald, she never named this other brother—if he really existed. The kindlier new acquaintances thought he might be a myth, while some suggested that he had enlisted, and others that he was in a lunatic asylum. But the number of the Hardwickes was only interesting at all on the score, that it must affect the division of "Old Hardwicke's money."

Neither Mr. Hislop, nor Reginald, ever discovered any clue to Frank's whereabouts. In his old home, he had left no traces, but his shabbier clothes, and his school-books. Any letters, diaries or memoranda which he might have had, he had destroyed, or carried away as carefully and effectually as if he had been leaving a strange lodging.

From that time a correspondence, regular, though slight, was maintained between Mr. Hislop and Reginald Hardwicke. The youth's letters were humble and dutiful, the elder's prim but kindly. The incident of Frank's going away had a curious effect on Reginald. It pained him terribly, and he had an uneasy consciousness, which he never precisely analysed, that it was somehow connected with his own previous misconduct. And this wrought in him a pitiful remorse towards his father concerning Frank, which he had never felt towards him concerning himself. This had an elevating and chastening influence on Reginald, but from his having once wrongfully resisted his father it now withheld him from making any righteous claim upon him, or offering any opposition to his whims or his negligence. His own deception, once seen by him in its true light, bound him into bondage. The "rights" which he had snatched so unfairly, became his fetters.

Sleep they not Well?

SLEEP they not well, the sainted dead?

For sorrow they have peace instead:

Our Father housed His children dear,

Before the tempest gathered near

And burst in thunders loud and dread.

Healed are the hearts that only bled,

The mourning souls are comforted,

And stanched the fount of every tear:

Sleep they not well?

And if, until the Lord appear,

Earth, like a mother pressing near

To watch beside the loved one's bed,

Wraps her dark mantle round their head,

And shelters them from pain and fear,

Sleep they not well?

CANON BELL.

THE KING'S SCEPTRE.

HINTS OF THE WONDERFUL UNITY OF THE WAYS OF GOD IN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

V.—THE VENGEANCE OF THE SCEPTRE.

ONE of the darkest chapters in the history of the human race, and one which many have found it difficult to reconcile with the sway of a Divine Ruler over human affairs, is the mournful story of conquests and oppressions of innocent people, and the yet, if possible, more dreadful chapter of the story of persecutions, especially persecutions on account of religion. Many countries and ages furnish illustrations. Yet even here we are able to trace the operation of a law, how true and unswerving, that they who take the sword shall perish by the sword, they who lead into captivity shall go into captivity. It is surely not less than remarkable to notice that nations which, like Rome, owed their foundation to the sword, perished by that by which they rose. And so, also, in modern times, and in recent ages, and nations, the rule of injustice has been avenged by reaction.

The story of Spain is an illustration. Spain was prosperous, wealthy, and great, so great that her sovereign became the German Emperor, the mighty Charles v.; but it was during his reign there commenced its fatal decline. It was a decline brought about by injustice, and by that which seemed the most auspicious event, the discovery of America. Those later discoveries and conquests which gave to Spain the enormous wealth which poured in upon her from South America did but prepare her downfall. It is a dreadful story to read, or to recite—the means by which that wealth was won. It is not always that judgment is seen to lift the great axe and strike the well-deserved blow here, but in the case of the inhuman and cruel discoverers and conquerors of South America as if there were something singular in their atrocities of crime, so was there something singular in the vengeance which seemed personally to follow and to overtake them. As we read the pages of the historians who recite their crimes, we tingle with horror at the enormities of cruelty. But these men themselves in their turn all perished miserably, and unjustly too; deserving so much, and more, from human and Divine vengeance, they did not deserve it from the hands from whence the judgment fell. It is strange to notice how sometimes a cruel doom falls upon a cruel man; we read of the most cruel of the Herods, all of them a cruel race, that he was eaten of worms till he died,—a similar punishment seems to have overtaken the most cruel of all the Spanish Kings, Philip ii. But the atrocities of the Spanish Conquest of America reacted with fearful judgment on Spain. Well says the poet Cowper,

"The hand that slew till it could slay no more
Was glued to the sword-hilt with Indian gore.
Their prince, as justly seated on his throne
As vain imperial Philip on his own,

Trick'd out of all his royalty by art,
That stripped him bare, and broke his honest heart,
Died by the sentence of a shaven priest,
For scorning what they taught him to detest.
How dark the veil that intercepts the blaze
Of Heaven's mysterious purposes and ways!
God stood not, though he seem'd to stand, aloof,
And at this hour the conqueror feels the proof:
The wealth he won drew down an instant curse,
The fretting plague is in the public purse,
The canker'd spoil corrodes the pining state,
Starved by that indolence their mines create.

"Oh, could their ancient Incas rise again,
How would they take up Israel's taunting strain!
Art thou too fall'n, Iberia? Do we see
The robber and the murderer weak as we?
Thou, that hast wasted earth, and dared despise
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies—
Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid
Low in the pits thy avarice has made.
We come with joy from our eternal rest,
To see the oppressor in his turn oppressed.
Art thou the God the thunder of whose hand
Roll'd over all our desolated land;
Shook principalities and kingdoms down,
And made the mountains tremble at his frown?
The sword shall light upon thy boasted powers,
And waste them, as thy sword has wasted ours.
Tis thus Omnipotence his law fulfills,
And vengeance executes what justice wills."

That is a grim proverb, but not the less true, which tells us that "curses, like little chickens, come home to roost." It is no doubt mysterious that sometimes generations, and even ages, have to pass away before the clock strikes the hour of justice and of judgment. From this point of view there is something fearfully suggestive in that scripture which tells us how the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children, unto the third and fourth generations. The history of the world bears testimony to the truth of this law legible and distinct enough, sufficiently showing how great wrong doings carry within themselves the seeds of compensation and punishment. How many ancient parables seek to set forth this truth of the prevailing righteousness which governs and overrules in human affairs. One strange old legend of this kind is before us; it is a Jewish tradition of Moses, which deserves to be related. This great prophet heard one day a voice which came down from heaven, and which ordered him to go up to the top of a high mountain. He obeyed, and there had a particular conversation with the Supreme Being, who permitted him to ask some questions concerning the manner in which He governed the universe. In the midst of this Divine conference, God commanded him to look out into the plain. At the foot of the mountain was a spring of running water, where he saw a

trooper got off his horse to quench his thirst. He was no sooner gone than a little boy took his place. After having drunk in his turn, he found a purse of gold, which the trooper had let fall near the spring. He took it, and immediately retired. Immediately after came an old man, who was weak and slow, who slaked his thirst, and sat down to rest himself. The warrior who had lost his purse came back to seek it in this place, and asked the old man whether he had seen it. He swore he had not, and called heaven to witness; but the soldier, not finding it, accused him of having stolen it, and, not regarding his protestations, flew into a rage, and killed him. Moses frightened at this sight, prostrated himself on the earth. He was going to speak. The voice prevented him and said to him these words: "Dissipate thy fear, and thy surprise; do not ask of Him who governs the whole earth why He has suffered that to happen which thou hast seen. The child is the cause of the old man's death; but learn, that the old man is the murderer of that child's father."

And there is another better known, but ancient parable, which Parnell has woven into one of the sweetest of his poems. Warton gives an account of the old tradition in his history of English poetry. It is a wonderful story of the good old hermit who had lived all the days of his life in purity and peace, but in his old age his soul became troubled as he heard the stories, brought in to his solitude, of vice and wickedness, which seemed so triumphant, that his hitherto tranquil mind became like a clear river which once had reflected everything in purity, but into which a stone having been thrown every hitherto clear object and image was beheld in turbid disorder. So the old man left his hermitage and went upon his travels to observe events for himself, and to try if he could find something to bring him back to his old life of faith. He was accosted by a fair youth who described himself as a good angel sent to instruct him. They were received and entertained at the house of a nobleman where they had a splendid supper; but, at night, the youth arose and strangled the child of the host asleep in the cradle: the hermit was astonished, and afraid, but still said nothing, and they pursued their way. The next night they were entertained at the house of a rich citizen, from whence the youth stole a magnificent cup of incalculable value; the old hermit now had no doubt that he was in the company of a bad companion from whom, however, he could not escape. The next day they called at the house of a poor, and miserable, and yet wealthy miser, who sent them to lodge in a hayloft; to him, the next morning, the young man gave the gorgeous and golden cup. As they were passing along by a river, the youth inquired the way of a poor peasant, and when he was directed he pushed the poor man into the stream, and he was drowned. Overwhelmed with horror and with fear the old man started back as from a serpent. "Devil," he said, "let me leave thee!" But even while he spoke the youth before him put on the appearance as of an angel, and was transfigured in his glorious attire; bright and luminous, like a drapery of gold, spread the

wings from his shoulders. "In me," he said, "you behold the Angel of Providence. I took the child from the evil to come; the father was a good man, but the child was ensnaring his affections, and would have broken his heart. The cup was a snare of luxury to that rich citizen, I took it from him to teach him prudence and moderation; I gave it to the miser to instruct his low soul that generosity is sometimes rewarded, and the next wayfarers will be better entertained than we were. That poor man I saved from a temptation he could not have withstood, and now he is with the angels." And so the old story closes by teaching that the old man, instructed, went back to his hermitage, and that the pathway of life is thronged with special providences, however adverse they may seem, in fact, "angels unawares."

And, indeed, along the story of time, it is not difficult to read or see the red line of judgment, perhaps long delayed, but legible at last. The ancients said, "Though the gods come with leaden feet, they strike with iron hands." The poet, with even greater strength, expresses it:—

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though He stands and waits with patience, with exactness grinds He all!"

It is impossible to read without a sickening sense of horror the amazing stories of cruelty which perpetually meet us in the records of the great struggles for freedom, and progress. Some of these stories are eminently horrible, but it is not less true that they very frequently exhibit a wonderful law of compensation and retaliation. It seems pretty certain that wherever in a nation we read of great popular outbreaks, culminating in atrocities and cruelties, they are the illustrations of savage vengeance, the expiations of wrongs which have been enacted unchecked and unreproved from generation to generation.

There is a sentiment that there existed once in Europe what were called the Ages of Chivalry, when a universal courtesy, and dignity, and mutual good behaviour extended throughout all society; "more truly," says Sismondi, the great historian, "the times of chivalry never existed except in romances." Feudalism was an audacious assumption, and, for the most part, a lawless condition of things, in which, however, the strong were held in check by the strong; the great feudal lords could, in some measure, hold their sovereigns and feudal chiefs to terms, and, for their own protection, they had certain conditions which held them together; but the people were only regarded as of a wholly inferior order and race. Castles rose over all the European lands, they were detested by the peasantry, because dungeons and torture chambers formed an essential part of their architecture; and many bishops erected castles and converted them to the same infamous purposes as the temporal Barons.

Mr. Brace in his interesting work, recently published, *Gesta Christi*, truly says, "In the Middle Ages, the powers of human invention were continually employed in devising instru-

ments and machines for the production of pain." And he goes on to mention, that when the Empress Maria Theresa ordered a catalogue and description of the various methods of inflicting torture and punishment throughout the Austrian dominions to be drawn up, with a view to ameliorate existing laws, the catalogue extended to a large folio volume, with engravings of the instruments of torture, and the methods of execution. The book was so horrible that it had only been out a few days when the prime minister, the Prince Kaunitz, ordered it to be suppressed for fear it should inspire a horror of the laws. Many of our readers have traversed the ancient castle which, in its ruins, still preserves the relics of ancient cruelty, the oublieettes, where the poor prisoner was placed shut in on the slab of stone, the agony protracted by a pitcher of water and loaf of bread, until, after days of exhausting agony, the unhappy wretch was precipitated into the fosse below. Who has walked, without shuddering, through the Max Thor of Nuremberg, with its horrible wooden horse, its Eisen Frau, or the yet more dreadful chambers of Ratisbon? The very memory of the spectacle is sickening as a museum of antiquities, what must these things have been in the days of their horrible exercise?

When therefore we read of the Peasant Insurrections against feudal tyranny, with all the stories of the atrocities which were committed then, it is quite essential to the truth of the impression that we should remember all that went before. Nor should we forget that a chief authority for the story is Froissart; he had no sympathy for peasants, he regarded them as nothing better than beasts of the field, whose destiny and duty it was to submit to every horrible cruelty their feudal masters might choose to inflict upon them. Froissart's chronicles are very charming and captivating reading, but in their utter heartlessness, and reckless indifference to the sufferings of the oppressed and the poor, we see some explanation of the misdeeds of misguided men, who were roused to madness by unprovoked and unparalleled outrages.

The stories of the Jacquerie, alike in France and in England, and the corresponding insurrections in Germany, like that of the Munzerites, all only tend to show how the inflammable materials of insurrection may be accumulating for centuries without their existence being discovered, or even suspected, until some peculiar juncture of affairs kindles the mass into a wide-spreading conflagration. We perhaps go too far in estimating the horrors and the sufferings of those times by the sensibility which is, certainly, a characteristic of ours; modern sensitiveness is often the subject of cynical remark, but if the term expresses an awakened and educated sensibility of soul, assuredly our age exhibits a great advance. Even those who had received the Reformed Religion too often displayed the cruel spirit of those times.

It is in truth amazing to think that the New Testament could exist as the guiding light, of what was called the Church of those times, that men, princes, and priests, professed to accept the example of Christ, and the tenets of His teaching,

while practising enormities worthy of a Pandemonium, and which blanch the cheek even now to read.

Then came the time when men were brought together in villages; then a greater time, when manufactures, very rude and simple, but still the efforts of the brain and mind, developed the strength latent in the multitude. The peasants in their rough way, barbarous and ignorant, rose against feudal tyranny. Then the towns became the seats of wealth, and industry, reared their Rathhaus, or Town Hall, formed their protective guilds, and gave indications of power which made the Castle shake from its dungeon to its turret. Of course the more infuriated exhibitions of brute strength took place in the ranks of the peasantry; for surely oppression makes even wise men mad. The multitudes round such men as the Arteveldts, and other such great popular leaders, partook of the courtesy, and organisation, and symmetrical skill which the education of industry confers, and, in many of their conflicts, they showed much magnanimity. Human nature through dark times appears to have many of the rough qualities of mere brute matter, but there is an informing and divine soul which appears to weld and work upon the mass. The ways of the Divine Sceptre are not difficult to perceive in the agitations of peasant classes, and in the movements of the middle classes in Switzerland and Sweden, in Germany, and France, and in England. They abundantly testify to the assurance that God has given to man a sense of justice and righteousness, and even purity, after which he struggles, which he often seeks to realise, though sometimes it may be for his own selfish ends; but which, nevertheless, works itself out to and for the good of all, and to the carrying of the entire race forward in the path of justice and mercy. It may even be said, in the language of the old Norse song,

"The force of the storm helps the arms of our rowers,
The hurricane is carrying us the way which we would
go."

A Prayer at Dawn.

O WONDROUS hush, when dawn is mounting slow,
O lonely world, when night to morning fades!
Only the forests gently bend, as though
The Lord went down the glades.

Like one new-born I seem. Whither are fled
The sorrow and the overmastering care
Of yesterday? Now, in the morning-red,
I shame of my despair!

The world, with all its bitter and its sweet,
A bridge, O Lord, only a bridge shall be,
Whereby may pass my joyful pilgrim feet
Across Time's stream to Thee!

VON EICHENDORF.

AMONG THE MONGOLS.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A.

IV.—WU T'AI SHAN—THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

AS Jerusalem to the Jews, as Mecca to the Mahometans, so is Wu T'ai Shan to the Mongols. All over Mongolia, and wherever Mongols are met with in North China, one is constantly reminded of this place. It is true that the mania which possesses the Mongols for making pilgrimages carries them to many other shrines, some of which are both celebrated and much frequented, but none of them can be compared to Wu T'ai. At all seasons of the year, in the dead of winter, in the heat of summer, pilgrims, priests, and laymen, male and female, old and young, rich and poor, solitary and in bands, on foot and mounted, from places far and near, may be seen going to and returning from this, the most sacred spot on earth to the Mongol Buddhist, the object of his devout aspirations during life, the place where he desires his bones to be thrown at death. The Mongols speak of it as one of the blessed spots of the earth, holy, purified, everlasting, indestructible, and destined to survive the otherwise universal ruin that is to ensue at the close of the present stage of the world's existence. They say that any beast which eats the grass and drinks the water of the place, is sure to be born hereafter into a higher state. One visit made to it by a pilgrim is said to ensure him happiness for the period of one of his future lives, two visits for two lives, three visits for three lives, and so on. In this way every devout Mongol endeavours to make at least one pilgrimage to this mountain during his lifetime, a number of them go frequently, and there are some who endeavour to visit it every year.

In addition to this promise of happiness after death, a journey to Wu T'ai is frequently prescribed as a cure for disease, and the merit of

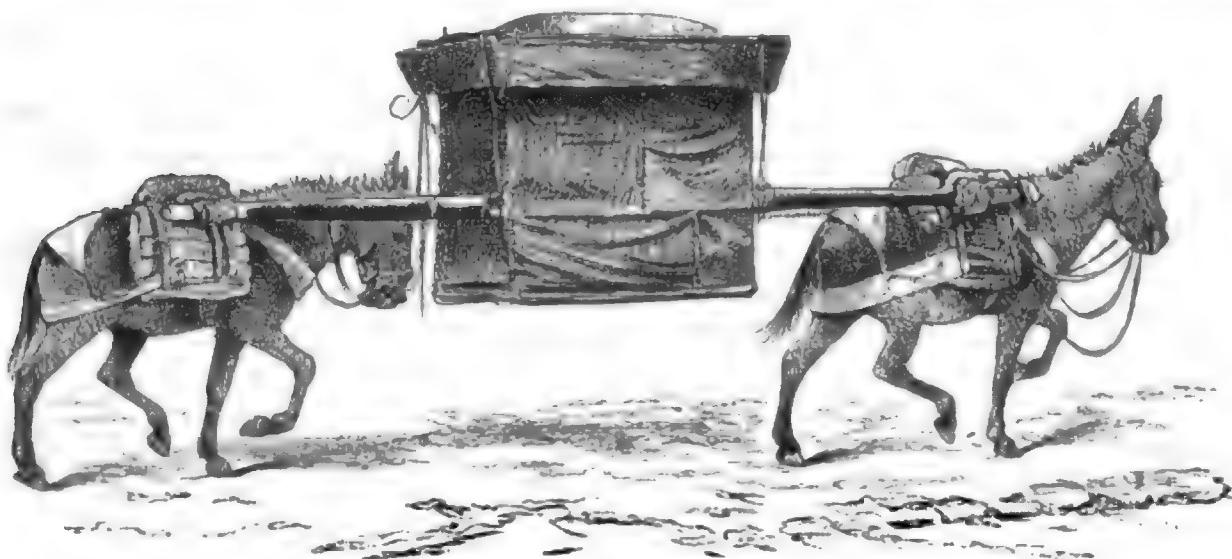
making these journeys is supposed to be transferable, so that it is no uncommon thing to meet Mongols going to Wu T'ai, not on their own account, but for the benefit of others.

This mountain is situated not in Mongolia, but in China, in the province of Shansi, and having heard a great deal about it, I, in company with other two missionaries, set out to visit it. On the afternoon of the eleventh day, after leaving Peking, we found ourselves going up a valley, which became narrower and narrower as we went on. Temples began to be numerous, and just as the sun set, we came upon an image cut out in the solid rock and painted with bright colours. On the same rock also were cut Tibetan characters, and from these and other signs we knew that we were coming near the famous Wu T'ai.

Darkness gradually settled down upon us, and the few people we met kept telling us that we were still a mile or two from the end of our journey. We would ask a man, "How far?" he would say, "A mile or two." We would go on, and still the next man would say as before, "A mile or two." At last we saw, a little ahead, the lights of the small Chinese village where we were to put up—"The hamlet in the bosom of the mountains."

Next morning we found that the name described the place very well. All round were hills, some of them so high that the morning light shone clear on their tops, while in the village below all was shade and gloom, and it was not till late in the forenoon that the sun was able to climb the east hill and look over the ridge down into the court of our inn.

Close to the village a hill rose steeply up, like a cone of loaf-sugar, and, seeing a temple on the



LITTER FOR MOUNTAIN TRAVELLING.

top, we found it to be a shrine to which Chinese resort to pray for children. It seemed to be quite



MANDARIN AND ATTENDANT.

a famous temple, and was hung almost full of its own praises, written on red cloth and silk, the grateful offerings of votaries, who in this way returned thanks for having their prayers answered. In the temple we found only one priest, a Chinaman. He was old, deaf, could not read, and spoke a dialect so different from that of Peking that we could not talk much with him.

From the hill-top we counted about thirty temples. We could see almost no level land, but all up the hill-sides, nearly to the very summit, the Chinese had made terraces and sown them with oats.

The month was October, and the oats had been reaped, carried down, and piled up around the threshing-floors, where men were busy with flails threshing out the grain. There seemed scarcely enough level land to make threshing-floors, yet from the hill-sides good crops had been gathered, and there was abundance of food all along the valley.

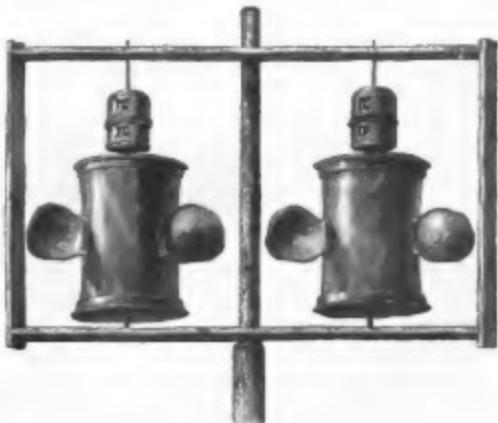
While the brawling of the torrent rose mingled with the sound of the flail, it was a striking view to behold the encircling belt of mountains, the valleys with their streams, the forest on the south, the snow on the north, the

temples flashing back the sunlight from their golden towers, the trains of camels winding slowly along, and the groups of worshipping Mongols, sacred staff in hand, going the round of the temples.

One of the first temples we visited was a curious little upper chamber over the gate of the village. In the shrine, among the other images, was pointed out to us one, which, said the priests, had wonderful virtue. From a little mark on its brow could be drawn out a hair a thousand miles long, and from the body of the image a blaze of light shone out regularly three nights every month. So said the lamas. On the altars before the images were numerous little lamps trimmed and burning. The butter for the lights is supplied from the gifts of devout Mongols. To give butter for the lamps is a common way of making an offering to the gods.

The priests lived in a little court below, and we had tea offered us in a very neat quiet room. The lamas of this temple were educated men, and we found them engaged in copying a large sacred book, in letters of gold, on blue cardboard. The Mongols believe that to write out a sacred book in black ink brings much merit, to write it in red ink brings more merit, but to write it in gold brings most merit.

Among the other temples which we visited was one with a large top or mound. At the base of the top were mounted more than three hundred praying-wheels, which the worshippers set in motion one after the other as they passed round. Inside a building of the same temple, we came upon an immense praying-wheel, about sixty feet high, containing shrines, images, books, and prayers. To the devout Mongol, such a wheel is a most useful invention. It is filled with books and prayers which would take him a lifetime to



PRAYING WHEELS DRIVEN BY THE WIND.

read and repeat. Most likely he cannot read, or if he can read, he cannot find time to read so much, so

he comes to the temple; two or three together go down to the cellar, lay hold on the hand spokes, and with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, round goes the wheel, and each one of them believes he gains just as much merit as if he had read the books, repeated the prayers, and knocked his head to all the gods that grin from the shelves and shrines of the wheel. No wonder that the Mongols travel hundreds of miles to reach so quick a method of making merit!

But the temple of all the temples, at Wu T'ai is P'u Sa T'ing. It stands central among the others, and in it lives the Zassak Lama, who rules all the other Lamas. The P'u Sa T'ing is built along the ridge of a hill, and is reached by a very steep path, at the top of which rises a flight of over one hundred steps. We climbed up and entered. We found a street lined on both sides with houses built in the Tibetan style, and evidently crowded with lamas and pilgrims. The houses and the people did not look clean, and the street looked worse than either, being partly blocked up with piles of wood and argol, to be used as fuel. We were taken to the room of the attendant of the great lama, and a snug room it was, being clean, comfortable, and kept warm by a charcoal fire in a well-polished brass brasier. Near the ceiling, just above the charcoal fire, hung a paper cylinder, like an inverted wheel of life, which kept constantly turning. This also was a praying wheel, and was kept in motion by the hot air ascending from the fire. In this way, whether the lama slept or ate, was at home or abroad, entertained his friends or attended to his superior, the wheel kept continually turning, and merit was always coming to his abode. Such was his idea.

We sent in a present of a New Testament and some tracts in Mongolian, to the Zassak Lama, and said we would call on him if he wished to see us. He sent back a polite message, asking for our welfare and comfort on the journey, begging us to accept a small present in return, and saying he was sorry he could not see us, as he was engaged in preparing for a great festival called the Chám Haren, or Sacred Dance.

Our last day at the T'ai, I spent on the mountains. On one mountain—the central terrace—there is what the Chinese call, "The ten thousand years' ice," what the Mongols call "The ice that never melts." This ice is held in high esteem by the simple-minded pilgrims, and, when at Wu T'ai, some of them go to the hill and carry off a piece to work cures on their sick friends at home. The place was not difficult to find. It is at the foot of a precipice high up on the north side of a steep hill. A spring issues from the rock, the water freezes up in winter, and part of the ice untouched by the sun's rays lasts all the summer through. It is quite easy to see why the ice does not melt: but the Mongols are taught that it is a miracle, and also believe that the ice can work miracles. One lama assured us that the ice was a cure for all disorders and a preserver of general health. If what he said had been true, I could not have been in danger of any sickness for some time to come, because my lunch for that day consisted of Chinese biscuit and a lump of the ice that never melts.

Leaving the ice I climbed the north terrace, perhaps the highest of the five hills. The crest of the hill was speckled with snow, and the view from the top was grand. On every side, as far as the eye could reach, was one vast sea of mighty mountains, some of which, it is said, rise ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. Only one thing was out of keeping—the temples in the valley below, and the gods in the shrines on the hill-tops. Wherever there is a pretty spot in China or Mongolia, therer the Buddhists build their temples and bow themselves to their idols. The shrines on the hill-tops were very rude affairs, enclosures formed by rough stone walls, and containing ragamuffin gods—stocks of weather-beaten wood, blocks of battered stone, and lumps of rusty old iron. The carved wooden gods were so much the worse for the weather, that their features, if they ever had any, were altogether defaced. One, not made of a single piece like the rest, but built together by joiner work, had fared worse than its more humble neighbours. His arms were gone, and his breast, heart, and stomach had all fallen out; strange to say, his head remained; and it was laughable to see such a hollow mockery stare at you with a solemn face. The stone images were sadly battered by tumbling about among the rubbish, and the cast-metal gods mostly had their heads broken off and set carefully on again to stand there till the next storm would send them rolling. Thus God is not only robbed in the valley, but men climb up as near to heaven as they can and insult Him to His face. They put up their wretched images and say, "These are the gods of the hills." It is to these and such-like gods that the Mongols come from far to pay their vows and offer their donations; and all along the road, going and returning, the Mongols asked us if we were going to Wu T'ai to worship; the Chinese, if we went to burn incense. This always gave us an opportunity to tell them about the true God and the true worship. By selling books and distributing them, by preaching and conversation at the T'ai, and on the way, we sought to teach Mongols and Chinese to know and love the God who is not to be represented by images, and who is to be worshipped neither on Mount Wu T'ai nor in Peking, but in spirit and in truth.

We returned by a route different from that by which we went, but along both roads we found evidences of Mongol pilgrimage in Mongol notices printed on the front of the inns, saying that—"The men of this inn are honest and mild, everything is ready and cheap, therefore, O ye Mongols, our brothers, you could not do better than rest here." We put up at one of these inns, and the men may have been honest and mild, but certainly things were neither ready nor cheap; we had to wait a long time for a poor dinner, and pay a long bill for it when it came.

Though the Mongols seem to take naturally to pilgrimages, and travel long distances in their own country without much inconvenience, the travelling through the Chinese territory that separates Wu T'ai from Mongolia, is a great hardship to them. In Mongolia they feed their cattle on the plain and pay nothing for lodging,

in China they have to pay for lodging, cooking, fodder, and, in many cases, even for the watering of their animals. In some cases a large company of pilgrims travel with carts and cattle along the plain till they reach the point nearest to Wu T'ai. Arrived there, they leave their carts and most of their cattle in the keeping of Mongols, and thus, in light marching order, as it were, make the best of their way to Wu T'ai, avoiding in this way the heavy demands that would be made upon their slender stock of money if accompanied by many beasts of burden. On returning once more to Mongolia, they heave a sigh of relief, pay a small fee for the keeping of their cattle, and journey homeward joyously through their own inexpensive country. There is no severer test of the earnestness of the religious devotion of the Mongols than their being willing thus to journey for days through the country of unsympathetic Chinamen, whose language they do not understand, and who lie in wait for their money, ready to fleece them at every turn, charging them even for the water that their horses drink, which, though fair and just according to Chinese custom, the Mongols regard as the height of extortion.

The lamas of Wu T'ai seize every opportunity of strengthening and extending their connection with the Mongols of the plain. Sometimes a party of pilgrims reach Wu T'ai on foot, but are so worn out by the journey that they feel unable to return home. The temple they lodge at sends them home under the care of one or two of its lamas, who receive gifts for their temple not only from the families of the pilgrims they have thus assisted, but also from the devout inhabitants of the neighbouring country to whom the assisted pilgrims introduce them as their benefactors. In many cases the succouring of a company of distressed pilgrims proves a paying speculation.

Not content with this the temples at Wu T'ai are in the habit of fitting out annual collecting expeditions, which, consisting of several lamas, start in spring, travel about with carts and tents in summer, and return before winter carrying with them sometimes large sums of money and driving before them flocks and herds, the offerings of the faithful. These expeditions are numerous and indefatigable, and perhaps there is no tent, rich or poor, throughout the whole length and breadth of the eastern half of Mongolia, which is not visited by such deputations every year. These collectors penetrate even beyond the bounds of the Chinese empire, and carry off rich offerings from the Buriats, who, compared with Mongols, are wealthy. Food, tea, skins, cattle, money, all are eagerly received. One of the considerations that induce men to make these offerings is, that the names of donors are entered on the subscription list, they thus become in some sense patrons of the temple, and they are pleased to think that they have connections with Wu T'ai, and that the next time they visit that sacred place, they will not be going among strangers, but will be received as old acquaintances by those who experienced their hospitality in the desert and were the recipients of their pious gifts.

The lamas of Wu T'ai also seek to increase their influence by a practice which resembles the

granting of annuities. When a Mongol has been rich in his younger days, but in his old age is somewhat reduced in circumstances, and has no son, on whom he can devolve the management of his affairs, he sometimes seeks to escape from the losing battle of life by transferring all his property to some temple at Wu T'ai, on condition that the temple will feed, lodge, and clothe him and his for the term of their natural lives. This arrangement has a great fascination for some Mongols; it relieves them from anxiety about their temporal affairs, frees them from the necessity of labour in their declining years, and permits them to devote the close of their life without distraction to the duties of religion. It is not uncommon for Mongols, suffering from some disease that is considered mortal, to leave their homes, and await death in the temple belonging to their native place; but happy above all others is he considered, who, before sickness has laid its hand upon him, can leave the turmoil of the world, and withdraw himself to the longed for sanctity and peace which he hopes to find in the holy temples among the sacred valleys of the blessed Wu T'ai Shan.

Knowing the intense worldliness, the unblushing wickedness, the thievish dishonesty, and the envy and strife that characterise, with but few exceptions, almost the whole tribe of lamas, one cannot but pity decent, quiet, old Mongols, who, for the peace of their souls, retire to such dens of iniquity. But they do it with their eyes open, after life-long experience of lamas and temples, with all their faults and wickednesses, and, to tell the truth, the abominations do not seem to disturb them.

Mongol Buddhism and holiness have long ago parted company, and it seems possible for men and women living among and partaking in scenes of unblushing evil, to be at the same time experiencing in their souls the effectual consolations of their religion. This seems at first sight almost incredible, but I am convinced it is true, and perhaps no more serious charge could be brought against any religion than this, which holds true of Buddhism, that, notwithstanding many excellent doctrines that characterise it as a theory, its practical effect is to delude its votaries as to moral guilt, to sear their consciences as with a hot iron, to call the wicked righteous, and send men down to the grave with a lie in their right hand.

Enjoy.

ENJOY to-day the flowers that blow
Even though they fade amid their blowing;
Enough for you to calmly know
That God has other flowers in growing,

As fair as those so swiftly going.

Enjoy to-day the flowers that blow
Though you too fade amid their blowing;
Enough for you to calmly know
That God has other gardens growing,
And you to fairer blooms are going.

WADE ROBINSON.

HELON OF ALEXANDRIA.

A JEWISH TALE OF THE DAYS OF THE MACCABEES.

II.—THE DEPARTURE.



CHARGE TO THE FREED-MAN.

THE guests having retired, as well as the members of the family, Helon, whose great agitation of mind had rendered sleep impossible, ascended to a room at the top of the house, in which he had been accustomed to pass the hours he devoted to meditation and prayer. Before him was spread Alexandria, which was rightly called, in the time of its glory, the queen of cities. It was at this hour reposing in profound silence; the busy town, with its five harbours, and six hundred thousand inhabitants. Helon's house was near the Panium, from which the whole city could be seen at one view, not far from the Bruchium, and in the quarter of the Palace, where was also the Museum, with its library of four hundred thousand volumes, and its Academy of learned men, who then made it the very seat of science. Helon had passed several years here, at the feet of the distinguished men who taught there.

Reflecting on these things, and thinking also of the journey he was about to undertake, he exclaimed with emotion :

"For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand;
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my
God
Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

"Yes, in the tents of the wicked," repeated he, "and this name even my people deserve! Poor nation! What matters that thou art here laden with favours and crowned with honours? Thou art in exile!"

He took his harp, and advancing from his turret chamber, stood upon the terrace, and after some plaintive chords, he sang :

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea
we wept,
When we remembered Zion:
We hanged our harps
Upon the willows in the midst thereof."

"Here," continued he, "we must hang them upon the pyramids." Remembering, perhaps, the dispute at their feast that evening, he added : "Nevertheless, blessed be God that Jeremiah sojourned with our forefathers, and instead of going over to the Hellenists, we have continued Aramean Jews."

At this time the Jews dispersed among foreign nations were divided into Arameans and Hellenists: the Hellenists were those who had adopted the Greek tongue, which was then in some degree the universal language; the Arameans were those who continued to make use of the Hebrew language, or rather of the Aramean, of which the Hebrew is a dialect. The Hellenists were contented with the temple at Léontopolis, the Aramean desired no other than that of Jerusalem. With the Greek language the Hellenists had adopted Grecian culture, yet, as they wished to continue Jews, they tried to unite philosophy with the law. To accomplish this they affirmed that the doctrines of the Grecian philosophers were only the productions of truths veiled in the Jewish law, in which they found many allegories, somewhat like those which formed the religion of Egypt.

Helon himself had been seduced by this system. He was advised not to search with laborious study for the pretended allegorical or hidden sense of the law, but to make himself directly acquainted with the Greek philosophy, which offered him the knowledge he desired, and for this purpose he resorted to the Museum. His first instructor was a Stoic, whose requirements were even more severe than those of the law itself, but who did not give him sufficient reason for submission to philosophy, for he taught that the knowledge of God was not necessary. Helon left him, and joined himself to a subtle Peripatetic, or Aristotelian professor, but he found that this man cared more for his pupil's fees than for the rewards and advantages of wisdom, and the young man soon left him. A Pythagorean whom he consulted required him to commence with the study of music, astronomy, and geometry. Helon thought that he might attain to the knowledge he was in search of without taking this long and roundabout method. At last a young Greek, named Myron, whom he had known from childhood, introduced him to a Platonist, in whom he hoped to find what he had so long been seeking. He read along with Myron the dialogues of the philosopher whom his disciples called "the divine Plato." Whilst charmed

by the new ideas which he found in these books, it was only in order to conform to the usages of his mother's house, that he continued to observe the law.

This charm however was not lasting. He perceived that Myron justified the worship of false gods by the aid of the same arguments that were applied by philosophy to explain the precepts of the sacred books. That which gives to falsehood the appearance of truth, cannot throw more light upon truth itself, he thought. The great promises made to Israel, and the solemn warnings of the Eternal God against idolaters recurred again to his mind with greater force. His mother often spoke to him about the abhorrence with which the conduct of the Hellenists inspired his father. He now felt awakening in his soul a feeling of pride which most of the Israelites experience, as the chosen people of Jehovah, and he soon felt distaste for the companionship of Myron, and discontinued to see him. Philosophy now appeared to him only a summary of the thoughts of men, most of them vain fancies, about what relates to God; and he had learnt not only from Plato, but also by meditating on Holy Scripture, that God alone can instruct man in the things which concern Himself, and that there is need of a revelation for this purpose. This revelation he found in the law which Jehovah had delivered to His people upon mount Sinai.

From this time, Helon considered the years during which he had frequented the Museum only as a long digression, and as time worse than wasted. The remembrances of his childhood recovered their power over him, and the desire of seeing Jerusalem, a desire which everything contributed formerly to awaken, was kindled in his soul brighter than ever. Formerly in his father's home he had learnt the names of Canaan, of Zion, of Jerusalem. And later, when Jews came from the holy city to Alexandria, he had always heard them speak with admiration of the land of promise, of those places where the principal events of the history of his people had occurred. When his father entertained him with an account of his travels, he generally began his recital with these words of the song of the sons of Korah :

"The foundation is in the holy mountains :
The Lord loveth the gates of Zion
More than all the dwellings of Jacob.
Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God!"

The last time that his father set out for Jerusalem he had promised Helon to permit him to accompany him the next time. The remembrance of this was revived in him now, and turning towards the country he was about to visit, he continued to sing, accompanying it with his harp :

"O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee!
My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for
thee,
In a dry and thirsty land, where no water is:
To see thy power and thy glory,
So as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.
Because thy lovingkindness is better than life,
My lips shall praise thee."

He had learnt all the psalms in which mention

is made of the promised land, and no sooner had he finished one, than another presented itself to him. He remembered without effort these words of the Psalmist :

"When Israel went out of Egypt,
The house of Jacob from a people of strange
language,
Judah was his sanctuary,
And Israel his dominion."

His own pilgrimage seemed to him a deliverance almost like that which had taken place fourteen hundred years before, and which David celebrated. Then he thought of the forty-third psalm, and he sang, with his eyes raised towards heaven, and with subdued voice, as if he feared to disturb the silence of the night :

"Oh send out thy light and thy truth,
Let them lead me;
Let them bring me unto thy holy hill,
And to thy tabernacle.
Then will I go unto the altar of God,
Unto God my exceeding joy :
Yea, upon the harp will I praise thee,
O God, my God!
Why art thou cast down, O my soul,
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope in God : for I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance, and my
God."

Helon then arose to perform his evening prayer. Since he had resolved to observe the law anew, he had become very rigid in following it, and he even made no difference between the ordinances given by Jehovah and the pious customs which the Jews had learnt from their fathers only. Everything appeared important to him. Before praying he washed his hands, because nothing impure ought to appear before Him, the purest of beings. He next covered his head with his mantle, which had long fringes at the four corners, whose azure colour had a reference to the heavens, and which were fastened in a manner to form five tassels for the five books of the law. These fringes, called *sizith* in the language of the Israelites, were commanded by the law, in order that looking upon them they might remember all the commandments of the Lord, that they should do them, and that they should not follow the thoughts of the heart, and the straying of the eyes, which might make them fall into error.

"Blessed be thou, O God, King of the world," said the young man, "for Thou hast given us thy commandments to sanctify us, and hast ordered us to attach fringes to our garments!"

A moment afterwards he added : "Blessed be thou, O God, King of the world, for thou hast given thy commandments to sanctify us, and hast ordered us to carry signs."

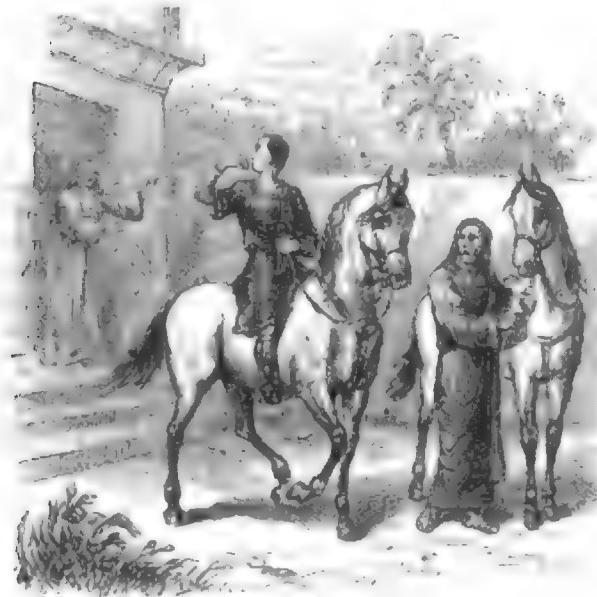
He next bound the phylacteries, called the *phillim*, on his forehead, and his left arm, in such a way, that the strings of the first hung upon his breast, and those of the latter, after being wound seven times round the wrist, passed between the fore-finger and the thumb, and finally three times round the middle finger. These phylacteries were strips of parchment, enclosed in cases.

Four strips were carried on the forehead, and only one on the arm. On all of them were sentences of the law, "As the Lord had commanded": "Put my words in your hearts, and in your minds, and bind them as a sign on your hands, and let them be as frontlets between your eyes?"*

Helon then turned towards Jerusalem, and recited the Krischma, a prayer which is composed of three passages from the books of Moses. He concluded by praising God. Not until after having conformed to all these devotional usages did he descend from the roof to take some hours of repose.

On the morrow very early, he again ascended the roof, and began the day with the same prayers that he had recited before going to rest. Then he roused the servants, made them load the camels, and gave a tender farewell to his mother who was bathed in tears.

Elisama and Helon were mounted on two fine horses, which they intended to sell at Gaza. They had made their arrangements for joining a Tyrian caravan at Pelusium, with which they hoped to arrive in Judea in time enough to accompany the pilgrims from Hebron on their way to the Holy City.



THE FAREWELL.

All was now ready for the start. Helon dismounted to take a last farewell of his mother. He spoke to her a few words of comfort, quoting a verse which he knew was a favourite one, as to putting her trust in the living God. She had again charged him to go to his father's grave, and to make his first visit to the sacred valley of Jehoshaphat. Then with deep emotion she said:

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee!
The Lord make His face to shine upon thee,

And be gracious unto thee!
The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee,
And give thee peace!

"Go, my son," she exclaimed. "God be with thee on the way, and His angel lead thee!"

Things New and Old.

RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT.—The Bishop of Manchester, preaching lately, uttered a warning note on the subject of religious excitement. Religion to-day, he said, could hardly command itself except by outward noise and show. There must be something to see or something to hear. There must be the gorgeous religious spectacle, or the excitement of the eloquent preacher, or this strange novelty parading our streets with drums and bands and shoutings. And yet these were the very things that Christ said did not mark His kingdom. "The kingdom of God," Christ had said, "does not come with outward show." It was not when men were shouting "Christ is here" and "Christ is there," that He was most present. If purity, temperance, gentleness, patience, and sympathy would not persuade men that there was something in Christ's gospel, he did not know what would. What affected him, he knew, was the presence of these graces, and when he saw them he felt persuaded he was standing in the presence of one whose heart had been touched by the spirit of the Lord Jesus; and all the spectacles in the world, and all the gorgeous ceremonies, and all the vested priests and acolytes, would not persuade him Christ was there if he did not perceive the simple outward tokens of patience, and faith, and love, and purity and humility.

LORD WOLSELEY ON TEMPERANCE.—Lord Wolseley, in reply to a deputation from the Gospel Temperance Mission of Blackburn, said that in the Red River expedition, against the advice even of the medical officers who accompanied the troops, he decided that no spirituous liquors should be taken with the force, yet no men ever did harder work or behaved better than the men of that expedition. It was foretold that all sorts of miseries, ills and ailments would befall them, but never was there a body of men more healthy than they were while passing through a wild and desolate country such as that traversed. The doctors who predicted those evils had nothing to do recently in South Africa. His personal body-guard were almost exclusively temperance men, and in lengthened and somewhat difficult campaigns he had never any trouble with them, and by their cheeriness they set an example to the whole force. In reference to the recent campaign in Egypt, Lord Wolseley said further that in the account of Sir Ralph Abercrombie's expedition to Egypt, it was long ago stated that the good conduct, the health, and magnificent bearing of the troops were attributed to the fact that no liquor was issued to them. The remembrance of those words made a great impression upon him. The doctors again told him that it was very necessary that the men should have grog, and he was obliged, owing to great pressure put upon him, to allow it occasionally, but it was given in very small quantities and rarely; yet those men rivalled their predecessors in that country by their admirable behaviour. They were exposed to considerable privations in regard to food and drink, and subjected to many temptations, especially on entering Cairo, where there were grog-shops in every street, and some streets were almost exclusively composed of them; but during the whole time he was in Egypt he never saw a drunken soldier.

* All these precepts the Pharisees of old, and the doctors or teachers, then and now, interpreted literally, without understanding the spiritual meaning and power of the commandments; and so the phylacteries, as the name implies (from φυλάσσειν, to guard or protect), came to be regarded as mere amulets, or charms, to protect from evil spirits.

Pages for the Young.

HELP THE POOR BOYS.



ANY years ago, when the Rev. James Bolton was Minister of St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, Kilburn, one of the District Visitors was making her round of visits in "Cock Lane," which was at that time occupied mostly by laundresses, when she was startled by the piercing screams of a child. On going in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded, she found a number of excited women who had just rescued a poor little boy from the grasp of an infuriated mother, who had endeavoured to plunge him into a copper of boiling water.

On inquiry, the visitor found that the wretched woman had given way to drunkenness, which had driven a respectable husband away from what had once been a happy home, as well as destroyed every spark of love in her own breast for her poor little son, so that when he came to her that day to ask for food or money to buy some, in her rage and fury she had seized him and would have taken his life had he not been rescued in time by her fellow work-women.

Fortunately, for the wretched mother, a policeman appeared on the scene, who protected her until the violent anger of her neighbours had somewhat subsided, or she would have been very roughly handled by them.

In the meanwhile the lady visitor contrived to get possession of the little boy, called a cub and took him away to her own home at some distance. On examination, she and her friends were horrified to find the most dreadful signs of starvation and ill-treatment. After satisfying the cravings of his hunger, it became a serious question for them, how to provide a home and protection for the poor little fellow. They sought the advice of their minister, and he told them of the Maida Hill Home for Orphan and Destitute Boys, and as soon as it was dark, he was taken there and at once admitted.

It was some months before he recovered from the effects of the shocking neglect and ill-usage he had endured so long, and the fear at one time was that his mind was permanently weakened by the dreadful fright he had undergone when his unnatural mother was going to destroy his life; but with God's blessing on the means used, and with regular food and rest he at last began to amend. It was very pleasing to witness the poor boy's satisfaction and gratitude for the treatment he received in the Home. As his strength of mind and body increased, he became one of the most diligent and useful boys, both at school and industrial work, while he delighted everyone who heard him sing, with the exquisite quality of his voice. These and many other pleasing gifts he had received endeared him very much to his friends at Kilburn and at the Home; but when by God's grace he was led to accept the gift of free salvation in Jesus Christ, his influence and example became of the utmost value amongst his companions in the Home.

Soon after this important change had taken place in his heart and life, a brother of the lady who had rescued him returned from New Zealand, on a visit to England. He became interested in John, and kindly proposed to take him back to New Zealand with him. It was thought to be an

excellent opportunity, especially as the gentleman was a Christian, and he had a nice home and plenty of work in that distant colony. Another consideration was this, that John's mother had found out where he was living, and had paid several troublesome visits to the Home, so that it was desirable, if possible, to place him entirely beyond her reach and influence.

It was a great trial for John and his friends to part, but they had the comfort of being able to commend each other to the care of their heavenly Father, who has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Several of his friends went with him to the docks, and John was last seen standing on the bulwarks of the great ship as she was being towed down the river Thames, waving his last sad farewell to those he would probably never see again on earth.

Many months had passed away when the lady heard from her brother, that, after a very pleasant voyage, he had arrived safely at his home in New Zealand, and that John was very useful and happy in his work; but it was about twelve months after he had left England that one of the boys of the Maida Hill Home came to the superintendent, and said, "If you please, sir, there is a black gentleman wants to speak to you." He went, and found a tall well-dressed negro, who with a very smiling face, began—

"Good morning, sir, you Massa Amor?"

"Yes."

"You know Johnnie M——, sir?"

"Yes, do you know him?"

"Oh yes, I know him, I was de cook on de ship, in which Johnnie went to New Zealand, and I promised him that if ebber I come back to England I would come and see you."

Mr. Amor (superintendent of the school) said, "It is very kind of you, my friend, to take such an interest in Johnnie, and to come and find me out in this way. Please tell me all you know about him."

"Well, sir," said the poor negro, "I have been to sea twenty years, and I know many boys, but I nebber knew such a good boy as Johnnie. Soon after we started on de voyage, he come to me and say, 'Can I help you, cook?' and I say, 'Oh yes,' and de gentleman he was with say he was berry glad for him to hab something to do, and so he help me all de day, and was so good. After de work was done, Johnnie would sit down and read de Bible to me, which I liked very much. Sometimes Johnnie cry, and I say, What you cry for! and he say, 'I cry because I shall nebber see my dear Massa and Miss Amor and de little baby again.' Oh, sir, he lub you berry much. I shall always tink of Johnnie and what he read out of de Bible."

As he said this, the big tears rolled down his black cheeks, which showed that John had been the means of awakening in the heart of this poor negro some of the noblest feelings that can animate the human breast. Gratifying as this was to Mr. Amor to hear of the good conduct and influence of John during the voyage, he was yet much more delighted to find, after further conversation with the black cook, that God had evidently blessed the message of His Word by the mouth of his young servant, to the conversion of his soul, and that he was rejoicing in the love of God in Christ Jesus.

It is now more than twenty years since Johnnie left the Boys' Home, at Maida Hill, for New Zealand, but he wrote to his friends from time to time. He has had trials and many disappointments to bear, but God has been his guide and comfort. In one of his letters he described a terrible flood, which swept away his house and his cattle, while he himself barely escaped with his life. In another letter he told of the privations and hardships he and others had endured at the gold fields. Although he had not become rich in this world's goods like many of the colonists, yet he enjoyed "The blessing of God which maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." In the summer of 1882, a former inmate of the Home returned from Australia. He brought

HELP THE POOR BOYS.

several presents, and amongst others, one to Mr. Amor, with a very kind message from John, who was then engaged on some Government work. He said, "I should like to come to England to see my dear friends once more, but I am looking forward to the happy meeting in the better land."

Surprise visits from old pupils are not unfrequent. Not long ago a fine looking soldier, sergeant-major in one of the most famous regiments, called at the school. He was not recognised, till he mentioned the name of "Happy Jack" by which he used to be known. He was shown a portrait of himself, sketched by Mr. Henry Harper, author of "Letters to my Children from the Holy Land," an accomplished gentleman and distinguished artist, who many years ago used to teach the ragged class of which "Happy Jack" was one. The worthy sergeant was much pleased, and left a substantial mark of his regard for the old school, to which he had been indebted for his start in life. Many such "thank-offerings" have been sent or brought by former inmates of the home. A recent examination of the records of the school showed that 572 have had situations found for them in this country; 219 have obtained employment for themselves, or have left of their own accord; 44 have joined the army, 80 the navy or merchant service; 26 have emigrated; and there are about 30 now in the Home. Sewing classes for girls, Sunday-evening classes, savings banks, and other good agencies are connected with the institution, at North Street, Maida Hill, which is well deserving of larger support.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XVIII.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered" (Psa. xxxii. 1). Read Mark ii. 1 to 12. Jesus had now gone about all Galilee, healing and teaching from town to town. *To what city did He return?* The Lord was well known in Capernaum; do you remember *what works He had already done there?* (John iv. 46; Luke iv. 38 and 40.) *How did the people receive Him? How do you know the crowd to have been great?* It was not possible to get in at the door, but there were five men who came to Jesus by another way—who were these? *Why did the friends of the sick man carry him?* What was the matter with him? Observe what trouble they took to bring him in. They climbed up by an outside stair to the top of the house, and lifted some of the tiles from the roof and let down the man lying in his couch, by cords, right in the midst of the people before Jesus;—a difficult thing to do, but not so difficult as it would have been in a house like ours, for in that country the roofs are flat.

What did Jesus see in these men? He saw something more than the couch, and the cords, He saw *their faith*. Would they have climbed up and taken all that trouble if they had not believed that Jesus would heal the poor man? Perhaps Jesus saw also a great sorrow on the man's face, and in his heart,—sorrow for sin! *What did Jesus say to him?* This was not what they expected him to say, but it was glad tidings to the man on the bed. *What does your verse say of him whose transgression is forgiven?* He is indeed "blessed," and this was what made that man rejoice, even though he was not yet cured. But some who were present murmured. Who were these? *What did they say in their hearts?* *How do we know that Jesus read their thoughts?* *What did He ask them?* *How did He prove to them that He had power not only to heal but to forgive the man?* He proved this by his next words, and by the effect of them. Jesus said the word; He said, Rise up and walk; and there,

before their very eyes, while every one was gazing and watching in breathless silence, that palsied man calmly rose up to his full height, and lifted up his bed, and walked away through the midst of them to his own house, glorifying God! What a sight for all those Pharisees and Scribes and scorners! But what I would have liked to have seen would have been the face of that man, for I am sure it must have glowed with thankfulness and love to Him who had forgiven and cured him!

Let us turn now to the people; *what is said of them?* Read Luke v. 26. *To whom did they give glory?* Well might they do this, for they had seen a great sight, a great miracle! This miracle was wrought that they might know that Jesus was truly the Son of God, and had power on earth to forgive sins. It is Jesus, and He alone who can forgive your sins, and my sins, for the Pharisees were right when they said none can forgive sins but God only, but they did not know that Jesus is God, and therefore He can forgive sins. Let us remember that it is to Him we must go, and let us also remember that He has Himself said, "Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out" (John vi. 37). Look out and read Acts xiii. 38; 1 John ii. 12; 1 John i. 7.

Sing,—“Just as I am.”
Or, “Rock of Ages.”

ANSWER TO BURIED PROVERB.

NO. L.—p. 240.

“The eyes of the Lord are in every place.” (Prov. xv. 3.)

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. VII.—p. 192.—FEAR NOT LITTLE FLOCK—Luke xii. 32.

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. F-elix | Acts xxiii. 24. |
| 2. E-lizabeth | Luke i. |
| 3. A-rarat | Gen. viii. 4. |
| 4. R-ighteousness (the breastplate) | Ephes. vi. 14. |
| 5. N-azareth | Matt. ii. 23. |
| 6. O-il | 1 Kings xvii. 14. |
| 7. T-imothy | 2 Tim. iii. 15. |
| 8. L-ebanon | 1 Kings v. 6. |
| 9. I-srael | Gen. xxxv. 10. |
| 10. T-homas | John xi. 24, 25. |
| 11. T-abor | Judges iv. 12. |
| 12. L-azarus | John xi. 43, 44. |
| 13. E-lisha | 2 Kings ii. 15. |
| 14. F-aith (the faith) | 2 Tim. iv. 7. |
| 15. L-evite | Luke x. 32. |
| 16. O-livet | Acts i. 12. |
| 17. C-ornelius | Acts x. 1-5. |
| 18. K-iss | Matt. xxvi. 49. |

NO. VIII.—p. 256.—STAR—EAST.

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|------------------------|----------------|
| 1. S-alom-e | Mark xvi. 1. |
| 2. T-abith-a | Acts ix. 40. |
| 3. A-nania-s | Acts xxiii. 2. |
| 4. R-ea-t | Matt. xi. 28. |

NO. IX.—p. 256.—TIME—YEAR—Eccles. ix. 12.

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. T-imoth-y | 1 Tim. i. 2. |
| 2. I-sraelit-e | John i. 47. |
| 3. Manu-a | Deut. viii. 3. |
| 4. E-a-r | John xviii. 10; Luke xxii. 51. |

OLD HARDWICKE'S MONEY.

CHAPTER V.—AT EVENTIDE THERE WAS NOT LIGHT.



A NEW SON-IN-LAW.

THE next incident which happened in the Hardwicke family was that one fine morning a very elegantly dressed young man, who might have been thought distinguished looking, until he took off his hat and showed a singular absence of forehead—entered Mr. Hardwicke's office, and without any great show of diffidence, introduced himself to that gentleman as his son-in-law, having just married his daughter Maria!

O the storm that burst forth! There was one moment's awful lull, while the enraged father glared on the proofs which the bridegroom adduced in support of his word. And then—in less than half an hour, there was not a clerk, no, not a factory hand in Mr. Hardwicke's employment, who did not know all about it, and was not expressing indignation or sympathy, according to his kind.

"Where was the miserable girl?—the doled simplicity," thundered the angry father. "Let her be told at once—and let her remember for ever—that his house was no longer her home, but that she might go and starve wherever she liked."

The bridegroom made a gallant show of chivalry. "Of course your house is not her home now, she is at my residence," he said with dignity, and then he mentioned a number in a semi-fashionable crescent, where he had engaged furnished apartments on the previous evening.

"Then keep her there—as long as you can!" Mr. Hardwicke laughed fiercely.

And there it was that good Miss Bridget Hislop went to see her, for this, as her brother Alexander remarked, "was a piece of business for women-folk."

She found Maria in a flushed, hysterical state, half-entangled at the exciting character of her own exploit, half-terrified at the novelty of her position, but with no doubt or fear whatever as to her father's ultimate "coming round."

"I know Albert has not much money yet," she said in nervous haste. "One cannot have everything, and I knew that was what papa would look for. But the secrecy was as necessary on Albert's side as on mine,—for his people value birth, and might have made things very unpleasant for him in marrying the daughter of a man in trade. And really since I have felt Albert's influence, I have realised that money is not everything! Pride of birth is quite different from purse-pride. And is not my new name pretty?" she broke off, childishly. "I am sure Maria Pomfret is a good exchange for Maria Hardwicke. And there is such a charm about high breeding! As darling Albert says, women often have it by nature, but men rarely or never. Take a glass of wine before you go, dearest Miss Bridget. I know I ought to offer you tea, but one has not a full command of the service in a strange house. Well, if you are obdurate, will you forgive me for taking a little myself? I have been through so much lately."

Miss Bridget murmured a warning. But Maria smiled superior and emptied her glass.

Would Mr. Hardwicke have remained obdurate, had he been left entirely to himself, as he had been in the case of Frank? In this instance, he had the offenders before his eyes, and within his reach. It is hard to say. As it was, nearly everybody round him was loud in censure of his hardness, and strong in sympathy with Maria, and what was even more offensive to Mr. Hardwicke, with Albert Pomfret himself. The same world which would have given him nothing but respectful condolence for the misadventures of his sons, was hearty in condemning his judgment on his daughter and her lover. Was there to be no young romance because there was elderly wealth, it asked, and thus provoked Mr. Hardwicke's grim rejoinder, that if the young romance had not had an eye to wealth it could easily prove its purity by doing without it! Mr. Hislop, who had a very just estimate—it was a low one—of Albert Pomfret's character and objects, nearly proved the best friend to the young couple, by making an appeal on their behalf, from this very humble standpoint. Mr. Hardwicke at least listened calmly while his old neighbour urged: "She is your own daughter: you will not be able to see her in absolute want: had you not better at once make the best of things as they are, since now they cannot be prevented? Do something for the young man which will compel him to do something more for himself, and then restrain or expand your future indulgence as he deserves. At least make it his interest to do right." But while the more merciful friend was still speaking, an acquaintance came in full of talk about sentiment, and about Albert

Pomfret's good connections and the favour he found in fashionable society. And Mr. Hardwicke became immoveable.

Of course, any person with ordinary clear sight could see how things would go on. The Pomfrets removed to lodging after lodging, each lower than the last in the social scale. They left unpaid bills behind them, but what presently closed the doors of gentility upon them was that they tried to borrow money among their acquaintances. Albert Pomfret's relations had long cast him off, and were not likely to rehabilitate him because he had married a weak, vulgar girl who had turned out a bad speculation. Then a baby came, and then it died just before the birth of another. Good Miss Bridget struggled after the miserable pair as long as she could, trying to befriend them. She knew the husband's proclivities and the wife's weaknesses too well to give them money, but she kept Maria's wardrobe decent, and saw that the babes did not die of sheer cold and hunger. But Miss Bridget was really growing old and feeble, and the terrible tide on which the Pomfrets were adrift was ever bearing them farther away, and into stranger fastnesses of destitution. Mr. Alexander always maintained that his sister caught the cold which finally deprived her of the use of her feet, while searching out their temporary abode in some unpaved No-man's-land in New Cross.

Even after this kindly friend could no longer seek them out and serve them, the Pomfrets still had Reginald. He went to see them when he was in London, and gave them what was substantial help, though it seemed very small in the eyes both of giver and receiver. He could not do more, for his father forbade his naming them to him, and Reginald had yet no independent means of his own. Though for some time past he had worked hard, he had not made up for lost time, and the sins and follies of his youth were telling heavily upon him. His father would have grudged him no luxury now, but Reginald claimed none. Nor did he ever tell his father that he felt his end was near, though from the fashion in which it came at last, it seemed certain that with his medical knowledge he must have long anticipated it. That end found him alone, in a lonely lodging. The story of his inner life during those last years closed in mystery. Mrs. Allan had removed farther still from her former home, and Reginald's brief letters to her and to Mr. Hislop, kindly as they always were, told absolutely nothing of his thoughts or feelings or even ways of life, except that their being written at all proved that he had appreciated and remembered true kindness. He had made no new friends. It seemed as if the life which had once been drifting downward with such terrific force, had broken up at last, in a dull and stagnant pool.

Reginald's death had a marked effect on his father. It has been said that true wisdom is that which recognises the sunshine of each day to be as fair as it will seem when we look back upon it. Mr. Hardwicke had not learned such wisdom, nor any fraction of it. Whatever parental affection had lurked latent in his bosom, now centred itself about the memory of him who had

gone beyond its reach. His grief for Reginald did not soften his heart towards Maria and her husband or the missing Frank. He only cried out bitterly that these should be left while Reginald was taken.

He began to fancy that Reginald would have been a genius if he had lived. He made himself believe that he had been heaping up all his money only for the sake of the future of this son, now so cruelly snatched from him.

"What use was it now?" he asked. "He did not care for it!" he cried. But his money went on making money. He was fast bound to Mammon's chariot, he could not even wish to alight from it. Money-making was the only art or pastime he knew.

He gave up his great showy house. It had been nothing but a torment to him since Maria went away, and by going, removed the screen which had stood between him and the wastefulness and riotous living and immorality, which she had perpetually condoned and hushed up. He fitted up residential chambers over his offices, and wore the souls of his housekeeper and porter by minute economies in gas and lucifer matches. There he pursued his game of money-making far into the night—for it was but a game now, since bank-notes and sovereigns had no more real value to him than counters. And it seemed an unwholesome game. His perpetual fretting and repining, his ceaseless anxiety—not about daily bread but daily gold—destroyed his digestion, and his doctor put him on a diet of mutton-chops and barley-water, such as he might have had given him if he had been an aged inmate of a workhouse infirmary.

A great many second and third cousins began to pay attentions to him. They had made condolence over Reginald's death, a fit opportunity for renewing old acquaintanceship. They brought children with them, and trained the young mind to contemplate the possibilities of "cousin Hardwicke's money."

Mr. Hislop continued faithful to his old friend, though his advancing infirmities prevented him from seeing much of him. He would often have liked to draw Mr. Hardwicke's thoughts to higher things, to have led him by the paths of tender human memories and regrets to true humiliation, and then to the golden gate of Divine Hope. But Mr. Hardwicke was always carelessly silent when the conversation turned this way, or would interrupt with some news of "quotations" or "dividends." Once he said with a harsh laugh—

"I'm nine years younger than you, Hislop!"

He, the lonely old man, worse than childless, sipping his barley-water and mincing his mutton-chop, had planned a huge "works" and warehouse which it would take years to complete, but which, when completed, would suck the whole trade of a neighbourhood to itself, and enable its master to rule the market for his own profit.

"I would give thirty thousand pounds to see that in full working order, Hislop," he said almost pathetically. "That will be the proudest day of my life."

Somehow the mention of a definite sum out of his friend's large fortune, made Mr. Hislop remember that one duty of Mr. Hardwicke's

life was yet to be made manifest, and that was—his will.

A very difficult and delicate duty is will-making, one concerning which advice is often sorely needed, and is but diffidently tendered by those best fitted to give it. Mr. Hislop never approached the subject more nearly than to say—

"I'm afraid our money has done neither of us much good, Hardwicke. All we can do now, is to take what care we can that it shall not harm anybody else."

BOARD SCHOOL DINNERS.

STARVING children! The words appeal to all hearts, for it is rarely their own fault that they are hungry. The Government of our country, together with voluntary effort, provides for the mental exigencies of the young; it remains for philanthropy to do something for the physical. We cannot let their bodies perish for lack of food, while their minds are being strained to the utmost to imbibe what they cannot always "inwardly digest."

These well-worn reflections have been called forth by a sight of the recently-instituted children's dinners in connection with the Board Schools in Portman Market and Lisson Grove, Marylebone. Three lofty and spacious buildings are devoted to scholastic purposes in these singularly poor districts, and it is found, on careful inquiry, that many children who attend suffer from lack of food. Therefore, certain benevolent individuals—all honour to them—have commenced in the neighbourhood a series of dinners, which take place three times a week at half-past twelve o'clock. The Portman Market Mission generously furnishes a dining-room.*

Some sixty or seventy guests are bidden each day, and they are carefully selected by kindly Board School teachers or tender-hearted city missionaries, from amongst the children of parents out of work, or widowed mothers. They do not require to be pressed, but are at the door of the hospitable mission, card of invitation in hand, as soon as they are disengaged from school. Unhappy they who are "kept in;" for the meat will have disappeared and only "bread and gravy" be left when they come. But, as one lad said, "Don't spill the gravy; 'tis too good to be lost," it is evident that the remains of the feast are not to be despised.

Let us introduce ourselves as waiters and see how they fare, and behave. They are not of the city arab or gutter child class, but have all some sort of shoes or boots, and are otherwise clad. True, the feet occasionally peep through the leather, and holes show in the clothing, but as a rule, there is an evident attempt at neatness and respectability in most if not all. It is a very cold day and snowstorms are intermittent, so the door is opened before the meal is quite ready, and the youngsters stream in to the number of

seventy. Some warm their blue fingers at the cheerful fire, before which three heaps of plates are keeping hot; others seat themselves at the tidy tables, on which cloths are spread, and knives, forks, and cups full of water, are placed. While two gentlemen volunteers begin to carve vigorously two rounds of beef, and the ladies add batter pudding, potatoes, or haricot beans, the boys strive to allay the pangs of hunger by singing "Cherry Ripe." This is succeeded by grace, and by degrees a thoroughly good dinner is placed before them all.

At one table are seated the little ones, for whom minced meat and spoons have been provided, and amongst these are some sadly pale faces and attenuated forms—though we flatter ourselves that they already look better for the weekly or bi-weekly meal of meat. It is in the hope that improvement both in size and hue may follow, that the most nutritious food is provided.

Passing from one to another we question them as to their general diet. The responses are invariable.

"Bread. Bread and dripping. Bread and butter," are the replies. In one case alone is "Bread and cheese," mentioned. Meat, never.

Several, whose appearance verifies their words, say, "They have had nothing before to-day."

All the dishes and bread-baskets are cleared, and it is pleasant to see that such as have not eaten the whole of the slice of bread provided for each, relinquish the remainder to the late comers. When we consider how hungry they are, they behave well, and are not clamorous. But here and there amongst them are melancholy instances of the results of poverty. One girl of ten carries in her arms what appears to be a six-months-old baby, but which is a child of two years and three months. It can neither speak nor walk, yet has a sharp little face and a temper! The mother-sister of ten has a four-year-old sister at her side, and she, having lost her mother, has the charge of all. We will visit her home by-and-by. Here, again, is a stunted hunchback of seven, with a face that might almost be "The face of an angel," surmounting the diminutive, distorted body. Clear blue eyes seem to look you through as he replies with perfect self-possession to our queries. He is well kept, and the fair hair is neatly brushed above the clear, well-shapen forehead. He lives with his grandmother, who evidently does the best she can for him. He has been taken especial care of by the willing helpers, and so has another little fellow on crutches, who is not much bigger. He, too, looks intelligent, but has not the far-away glance of the little hunchback.

We are particularly attracted by a fair child of perhaps nine, whose pretty hair is brushed into curls, and whose spiritual face is white. Her frock and pinafore are clean, and she looks altogether as if she were almost a lady. Still, she has neither bonnet nor mantle, and the weather is bitter. And how she eats! although she does not ask for more she swallows to the last mouthful of all that is put before her. She has no portion of her bread for the late comer. Fair, sweet and tender as she looks, almost like a lily, the hand of poverty has clutched her, and she

* 77 Church Street, Edgware Road.

belongs to the "out of work" class, in which there are so many—so many! that it is impossible to feed even their children once a week.

We are thankful to find that most of these children frequent the Sunday-school, and are thus taught to look beyond the squalor and degradation to which poverty has reduced them. It is well to cultivate the intelligence, with a view to self-improvement in this life; but far better to raise the soul by inspiring hope and confidence of a life to come.

We stand by the door to watch the children troop out into the snowstorm. They say with gusto that they have had a good dinner, and they assuredly have. They all appear to look the better for it, and will proceed to the Board Schools with some foundation for their afternoon studies. Teachers have been known to say, that they are made aware of the days when their pupils have had a good dinner by their powers of application, for in vulgar parlance it is added, "It is impossible to learn on empty stomachs." And the said teachers are ready and willing to help on any effort for the good of their scholars.

"What's up?" enquires a labouring man who passes the Mission House just as the children are crowding out.

"They are giving meat dinners to some of the poorest of the Board School children," replies a bystander.

"Will you accept a small donation, ma'am?" says the first speaker, pressing into the room and placing twopence in the hands of the Honorary Secretary. "I wish I could afford more."

This act needs no comment: neither does a letter which contained half-a-crown, received from "One who had known what it was to be a hungry Board School boy."

In addition to the numerous ladies who have been present as aids to-day, two City Missionaries have come with cases innumerable, which they are ready to certify as needy and respectable. Eight of these good men labour amongst the forty thousand poor in these over-crowded districts, and work with the clergy or the ministers in striving to bring souls to Christ; so working, they discover a want that must be seen to be understood, and which they have no means of relieving. All of them rejoice in this effort to feed the children. One volunteers to accompany us to any number of rooms, where sickness, or death, or lack of employment, has reduced the inmates to the brink of destitution. He promises to take us to none of the improvident or vicious, only to such as are laid aside, apparently, by no fault of their own. Here it may be said that the clergy and philanthropists of other parts of this mighty London have already written to beg the good lady secretary who manages, and has mainly originated this excellent work, and her coadjutors to form similar institutions in their districts. To do this, and even to keep going the dinners of which we have seen a sample, funds must flow in from far and near. With the strictest economy, the three dinners a week of which we write, cost five guineas, which, on a rough calculation, is about sixpence a head. It is considered that good meat is the *sine qua non*; for what is wanted is to give vitality to muscle and brain. We

would fain see the same children partake of the fare each day, but this is impossible, when they swarm as they do. As it is, one set dine twice a week, Tuesday and Friday; while on Thursday others reap the benefit of the food.

"I visit five hours a day," says our friend the missionary, "and enter every room of every house in my district, unless forbidden by the inmates. In some houses there may be two or three drunkards, and the other inhabitants respectable; in others the bad may outnumber the good. But in connection with the dinners, each case is thoroughly sifted, and the visits of the ladies bring to light much destitution."

Assuredly they do, if the visits we pay are samples, and it is awful to think that all over London similar scenes are to be met with; not only in the densely peopled east, but here, in the less-described, but not less necessitous west. To begin with the mother-sister already mentioned. We find her alone with the wizened child, sole room-keeper, where are two beds, and some decent furniture. A saucpan on the fire and one or two other matters speak to her being cook as well as housemaid. Happily her father, a scavenger by trade, has just succeeded in getting work, so her serious troubles are over for the present. His earnings are seventeen and six-pence weekly, and he is, consequently, better off than many, though we regret to think that his meagre children will probably lose their meat dinner with his return to work. Still, they are better provided for than another trio of youngsters, whose widowed mother and aged grandmother we find in a small room on the ground floor, half the space of which is consumed by a large fourpost bedstead, on which lies a boy, busily occupied in doing sums and conning the lessons he would gladly say at school if he were able. This industrious lad of eleven has hitherto partaken of the dinners, but is now confined to bed by, it is feared, consumption. Still, his anxiety to pass his next "Standard" is so great, that he not only keeps up with his lessons, but hopes to be "carried if he cannot walk" for his examination. The piece of carpet that serves his counterpane is replaced by our kind conductress by a warm blanket, beneath which we hope the five tenants of the room may slumber peacefully. She also leaves Swiss milk and eggs in the fond hope of staying the insidious disease which is wasting the youthful form. Of the circumstances of the exceptionally respectable women who have to maintain this neat but poor establishment, we learn that the grandmother, aged seventy-eight, receives three shillings a week from the parish, for which they are truly thankful; while the daughter thinks herself fortunate when she earns another three—sometimes it is but one. But of this weekly sum, three shillings must be paid for rent, and then there is the schooling. It needs no great arithmetical genius to compute the remainder on which five persons must exist. But who can compute the gain to the children of the dinners we have lately been considering? Tears flow from the eyes of the aged woman when we present her with two warm caps knitted by a lady eight years her senior.

Emulation is catching; and these "Standards"

excite it. In another wretched room, where sits a mother hard at work, it is hopeful to see the gleam of satisfaction in her eyes, when she explains that "Johnny has passed all his, so far, and is striving hard for the next"; the said Johnny having been, of late, strengthened in his efforts by the dinners.

Our next visit is to another scavenger who has been out of work from a severe attack of rheumatism. Our friend the City Missionary met him one night crawling home after his day's work. The good man helped him to the room into which he conducts us, and where he has visited him regularly during his enforced idleness, striving to lead him to that Saviour who is our only hope, either in riches or poverty. A quiet, inoffensive-looking man we find him, in an unusually neat apartment, who is slowly recovering, but still unable to walk. His wife is out doing a day's washing at the landlord's opposite, one or two of his seven children are employed, the rest have been at the dinners and are now at school.

"I earn a guinea a week," he tells us, "when in work. Five shillings goes for house rent; for we must have two rooms, being so many; ten-

pence for schooling; the rest for food and clothing. 'Tis when we are out of work that the school fees seem hard."

There is most certainly need for wise discrimination in the application of the present law.

And how is this tide of misery and destitution to be stemmed? There are social reformers who would, perhaps, let it exhaust itself; but the Christian philanthropist cannot accept such a solution, he must strive to save these his impoverished fellow-creatures.

It is needless to add more examples, or to assure the benevolent that, as we roam from house to house, we can none of us resist the mute appeals of the widow, the orphan, or the out-of-work; and when we learn what a boon to all are the dinners to the famishing frequenters of the Board schools, we can but entreat the kind reader to further a movement which has for its sole object the welfare of the rising generation.*

A. B.

* Communications may be addressed to the honorary secretary, Mrs. Pennington, 52 Loudoun Road, N.W., or to the treasurer, H. E. Allen, Esq., 44 Marlborough Hill, N.W.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY TO THE NORTH WEST LAND.

IX.

QUEBEC, Saturday, Sept. 11.—Quebec. The next morning we travelled together as far as Hamilton, where I spent an hour or two before taking the cars to Toronto, passing the interval in riding about the city in a tram-car, and sitting in the garden, where I found some beautiful beds of cannae in blossom. Peaches are very abundant in this country, and I got quite a number for five cents. I arrived at Toronto about 1.30, and thence after a pleasant day and night passed with friends, I went down by steamer to Montreal. The steamer "Spartan," which is a very fine boat, started at 2.0 P.M., and reached Lachine at 7 P.M. on the following day. The views on the lake are pretty, and the Thousand Isles are beautiful, but in my opinion the scenery does not equal that of Lake Superior. Running the rapids was delightful. The steam-boat dodged in and out of the rocks most cleverly, and danced over the great waves which sparkled in the sunshine. They cruelly gave us breakfast just at the best part, but most people scrambled through it, and rushed out again to look. We passed some summer houses on islands, each having a little windmill to pump up water, and many great lumber rafts with houses on them.

In Montreal the two buildings that interested me most were the Young Men's Christian Association—a capital specimen of its kind, with well-furnished rooms, library, etc.—and the Sailors' Institute on the quay-side, watched over by an earnest missionary and a lady who devotes herself to the work. The reading-room is open without charge all day, and there are meetings almost every night

for sailors of all nations. Here as in London the Scandinavians have a special room and a missionary, and are reported to be the most earnest of all sailors who come here. These Sailors' Institutes (or Strangers' Rests) are now established in many seaports all over the world, and we long to see their number greatly increased.

After spending some most enjoyable days with kind friends at Montreal, I came down by river-steamer to Quebec, and now bid farewell to the Canadian shores.

In concluding this short and homely sketch, I wish to place before my readers a few facts which may lead some to think more seriously and practically than they have hitherto done on this important subject of emigration.

1st.—Great Britain and Ireland have an area of 121,547 square miles and a population of 35,246,562 inhabitants. Canada has an area of 3,208,343 square miles and 4,324,810 inhabitants.

2ndly.—Of the whole area of the British Islands a large portion is unfit for agriculture, or yields such small returns that farming as a source of livelihood is continually becoming less profitable. In Manitoba and the North West there is a tract of over 2,000,000 square miles of fertile virgin soil, besides the good farming land of the lower provinces, while brick-making, coal-mining, and other forms of industry connected with the ground are being successfully carried on.

3rdly.—In the larger towns of England, especially in the metropolis, there is scarcely a street in which there are not men to be found who could and would work, but cannot find work to do.

In Canada no man with an adequate knowledge of any useful trade and industry to use it need be without good employment.

4thly.—In England, besides those above mentioned, there are probably, in every street, men and women who could and would support themselves and their families in comfort if it were not for the overwhelming temptation which meets them in the ever-present sale of intoxicating liquors. (N.B. It is calculated that if the public-houses in England were placed side by side the line would reach for 700 miles.) In the greater part of the North West (as already stated) and in several towns of Lower Canada these persons may be entirely relieved from this temptation, and need never look upon a public-house.

5thly.—In Great Britain there are hundreds, if not thousands, of children practically homeless and destitute. In Canada (of course in the more settled portion) there are hundreds of farmers willing to offer good homes to promising and respectable children, and train them to an honest livelihood.

6thly.—In Great Britain the average cost per annum, of an adult pauper in a workhouse, is about £17, and of a child in a workhouse, reformatory, or orphan school, from £15 to £21, including all expenses.*

The cost of assisted passage to Canada is from £3 to £4 per adult, and £2 per child under twelve. Add to this from £6 to £8 for railway fare, outfit, first cost of maintenance and expenses connected with personal supervision (a point which should never be forgotten), and for an average sum of from £9 to £12 an emigrant could be fairly started in a new, healthy, and honourable life.

I would ask any one who has seen or read of a Canadian farm-home to compare the life led there with that of a workhouse child, and consider which of the two is the best atmosphere for training in intelligence, independence, and honesty of character.

It must not be supposed, however, that we would advocate the emigration of the aged who are unable to work, or of the viciously idle who are determined not to earn their own support. To do this would be to commit the unneighbourly action of shifting the burden we have ourselves

created, on to the shoulders of the Dominion Government, and to carry on such a system would soon defeat its own object by increasing the number of paupers and by creating a prejudice against wholesome emigration.

We might easily multiply points of comparison, but these will be sufficient. Is it not time for benevolent Christians to give more serious attention to this matter? Could not our guardians of the poor, our clergy and our charitable societies, who are lamenting the mass of poverty and evil with which they have to deal, beatir themselves in the work of emigration as one of the most effectual social remedies? Information on the point may be obtained from the Dominion of Canada Office (Westminster) or from private sources by applying to those in London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow or Bristol who have entered practically into the work.

One caution, however, cannot be too strongly insisted upon. Although combination and organization is of value in this work, it cannot be successful without individual effort and personal supervision. If parties of boys, girls, or adults are taken to Canada and turned adrift with some money in their pockets to make their own way in the world, or even merely introduced to paid agents (however efficient) such as those employed by the Government, the attempt may help to swell the numbers in charitable reports, etc., but it will end in failure, and bring discredit on our country.

We have not yet reached the ideal of emigration, which is the colonization of families on land already to some

extent prepared by those who understand the country, and are willing to give their hearts and lives to the work. This plan seems more expensive at first sight, but in the long run it would pay. The cost of passage money, which is holding many back, may in some instances be met by the emigrants themselves. I have in my mind the case of a woman who, having fixed her eye on the goal of "getting her husband beyond the reach of public-houses," worked early and late, and having at length saved the necessary sum and persuaded him to start well by signing the pledge, conveyed him safely over to the country of her desire. In these days when female intemperance is increasing, could not many husbands be encouraged to do the same for their wives? The cost may also be met by Working Men's Emigration Clubs (starting with a trust-

* The average cost of each adult indoor pauper per annum for all England for 1881 was over £29 (nearly £30) inclusive of all charges, including loan repayments.

worthy set of men under a good leader and admitting only by ballot), the members paying a weekly sum and being sent out in turn chosen either by seniority or by ballot. Or, again, the cost may be met by private loans judiciously supplied. Of course in this method there is a strong element of uncertainty, as there is at present no means of absolutely securing the loan; but the most misanthropically inclined will probably agree that there are among our working-classes many men of honour, and especially men of Christian principle, who do not wish to be supported by charity, and would prefer living without the weight of an unpaid debt upon their conscience. The risk is quite worth running in the case of private loans if accompanied by personal friendship and supervision, though it may not be so for those who have public money in trust, and in the latter case we have no hesitation in saying that half the money now expended in so-called charity would be much better bestowed in the cause of emigration.

In conclusion, we would only pray that all those who take up the work may do it as the servants of Christ, caring not only for the worldly prosperity, but also for the soul-health of those on whose behalf they labour.

Sabbath Thoughts

THE KINGDOM.

"Thy kingdom come."—Matt. vi. 10.

CHRIST says of the kingdom of God that "it cometh not with observation." Its progress is not like that of the kingdoms of this world. They are plainly seen to advance or to decline, and men note the causes of their progress or their fall, and make a science of their observations;—but it is not thus with that "kingdom which cannot be moved," and those who attempt to trace its progress by any eye except that of faith, are sure to fall into error. The kingdom of God does not come most rapidly when accompanied with great outward excitement, or with much worldly prosperity. Neither the church nor the individual is in a truly good state when she says, "I am rich, and have need of nothing"; nor is she in a really bad state when she cries, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." It may well be that in a future state, amidst the light and love of the upper sanctuary, men may be able to trace in a very different way from what they can do now, the causes of progress, the helps and the hindrances of that glorious kingdom,—but its "decline and fall" they will never trace! "His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion endureth throughout all generations."

Throughout all ages of the Christian Church's history, and wherever men have been taught to say Our Father,—this prayer—"Thy kingdom come," has been constantly ascending to the Throne of grace; and as it is the prayer that Christ Himself taught, we are sure it is in accordance with His will. Therefore we ought to

be sure also that this prayer is being continually answered whether we see it or not, and it ought to encourage us to know that His kingdom, in spite of all enemies, from without or within, is coming, and will come more and more. Not in vain is the petition presented. The King of glory sits on a throne to which every suppliant is invited to draw near; he is continually stretching out His golden sceptre, and to each lowly heart His answer, is "according to thy faith be it unto thee."

THE WILL OF GOD.

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."—Matt. vi. 10.

HOW different would this earth become if this petition were fully accomplished, and the will of God were done here as it is on high. When we think of that region where the angels who excel in strength, continually delight to do His commandments, we see how far short our standard falls and how unlike our ways are to theirs.

Yet to every true follower of Christ the will of God is dear and precious, and he loves to think that it was once perfectly done, for thirty-three years, even on this sinful earth. There was One who said, "I delight to do thy will, O my God;" and when even to Him the time came when the question was not of doing but of suffering, when the cup set before Him was more bitter than the heart of man can conceive, it fills us with awe, as we hear that Holy One, in all the mystery of His self-sacrifice for us and for our salvation, uttering those words to His Father which bespoke the reality of His anguish, "Not My will, but Thine be done!"

It is thus that He who took upon Him our nature, has shown us that He can enter into all its difficulties, and "be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." He knows well how hard it is sometimes to say, "Thy will be done." He knows how to help us to say it! In Him, and by union with Him, the Christian can look up to God as His Father, and feel that that will of God which seems so terrible is yet the will of a loving Father, not the fiat of a blind fate. The submission of the fatalist is very different from the resignation of the believer, as different as earth is from heaven, and we pray that the will of God may be done here, as in heaven. Were it so done within us, by us, around us, and towards us, heaven would have begun for us, even on earth, and those words often uttered with heavy sighs in bitter anguish of soul, would become to us a song of gladness, filling our hearts with joy to think that the highest will is the holiest, and that God's will must be done.

"Thy will be done: but thou art Life;
On earth, in heaven Thy Love is seen;
Thou rulest o'er creation's strife,
Thou movest in a strength serene.

Thy will is Life, Thy will is Love,
Thy will is joy of sovereign good:
Oh, lift our narrow thoughts above,
To wait Thy purpose understood."

were then used for this purpose, to Egypt, where little wine is produced. They had gone through Alexandria on their way to Memphis, and they had returned by a different route with horses, cloths richly embroidered, and fine Egyptian linen. Half the inhabitants of Pelusium had come out; some to satisfy their curiosity, others for the purpose of traffic. The departure was fixed for the following morning at daybreak.

Elisama and Helon, followed by Sallu and other attendants, were seeking, at some distance from the fortifications of the city, a suitable lodging-place for the night, when they heard a voice exclaim:

"Thou also art going to Tyre, my dear Helon. Welcome Elisama and Helon!"

It was Myron, the young Greek, whom they had formerly known. He was going to Damascus, and although our two travellers would willingly have not met him here on his journey to Jerusalem, and took care to tell him that they should go with the caravan only so far as Gaza, he nevertheless offered to join company with them to that place.

"Amongst these Phoenicians," said he, "I should die of ennui, sooner than of thirst in crossing the desert. They talk of nothing but their merchandise. I am sure that we shall be the most joyful party of the company, and you may be certain that, if there be need of it, my Grecian levity will come to the relief of your Oriental gravity."

Long before sunrise on the following morning the company was preparing for the departure. Helon's camel was tethered behind the three camels of Elisama, for they thus marched in strings or files of four. Sallu led them; another servant followed in the rear to urge them on. The three travellers mounted their horses. The trumpet sounded a second time, giving the signal of readiness to start.

The caravan is divided into many sections, each of these composed of fifty parties, and is accompanied by a guide, and a man bearing a kettle of pitch, raised on a pole and burning during the night. The principal guide or chief of the whole caravan rode in front, on a horse richly caparisoned, and near him was a camel laden with his treasures. This chief guide is invested with a kind of sovereign power. At his order they begin the march, and at his order also they halt. A litter is borne behind him, on which he sometimes reposes.

The trumpet gave the third signal, and they departed amidst the cheers and salutations of the inhabitants of Pelusium. Our three travellers had placed themselves as near as possible to the head of the caravan, to avoid the clouds of sand, which they must encounter by taking a place more in the rear.

The first day's journey was very short, as is usual with caravans. They proceeded hardly more than an hour and a half, and encamped near the fountain of Gerrha. The merchandise and beasts of burden were placed in the middle, and the tents were erected all around to shelter from the heat of the sun. Sallu unpacked from a camel the things necessary during the journey. He spread a carpet in his master's tent. He brought cushions and coverlets, and did not forget the leather sack which served as a table-

cloth in the desert, when unfolded, after taking away the string which runs through the rings all around.

The three travellers were seated comfortably and quietly in the tent, when suddenly they heard Sallu, who had kindled a fire to prepare the meal, disputing earnestly with Myron's servant, who held in his hand a hare, which his master had bought at Pelusium, and he wished to dress. Sallu resented and exclaimed with indignation, "This animal is unclean: it must not be served for food in our tent!"

Elisama immediately saw the question at issue, and hastened to take the part of the Israelite servant.

"What is this?" asked Myron, quite surprised. "I wanted to get into your favour by sharing with you of this excellent game, and you refuse it!"

"It is not permitted us to eat of it," replied Elisama. "The law forbids us to eat animals which ruminate without dividing the hoof."

"Ye are then worse off than the Egyptians who abstain from eating only sacred animals. We Greeks eat what we like."

"Yes, and ye do what ye like, whatever seems good in your own eyes," replied Helon; "but we have a law."

"The law is written in the hearts of all men," said Myron, "and that is sufficient, I think."

"Hast thou not learnt from Socrates, whose disciple thou art, that something must come to the aid of this inward law, and that a revelation is necessary?" demanded Helon.

After having spoken of the law, they began to talk about the people who had received it. Myron's curiosity was so vividly excited by some of Elisama's words on this subject that he begged the old man to relate to him the history of Israel, during the halts of the caravan. "I will listen to thee," said he, "with the attention that the Greeks gave to Herodotus, when he read his history, at the Olympian Games, to the assembled multitude."

Helon joined his appeals to those of the young Greek.

"What a noble subject for our conversation will it not be; during the pilgrimage we are making to the Passover? What preparation could be better?"

"Well! I consent to it," said the old man, "and in so doing I shall imitate the example of Asaph. Thus he begins one of his psalms:

"Give ear, O my people, to my law,
Incline your ears to the words of my mouth.
I will open my mouth in a parable,
I will utter dark sayings of old:
Which we have heard and known,
And our fathers have told us:
We will not hide them from their children;
Showing to the generation to come the praises of
the Lord,
And his strength and his wonderful works that he
hath done.

For he established a testimony in Jacob,
And appointed a law in Israel,
Which he commanded our fathers, that they should
make them known to their children:

That the generation to come might know them,
Even the children which should be born;
Who should arise and declare them to their
children:
That they might set their hope in God,
And not forget the works of God,
But keep his commandments."

"The history of our nation lives in our poetry," added Elisama, "it is mentioned in our prayers; our law recalls it to us; we possess the narrative of it; our festivals celebrate it; and what still takes place and has yet to happen is connected naturally with, and is the fulfilment of what has preceded in the annals of our nation. We seek wisdom in the revelations of our God, whereas the Greeks expect to get it by the efforts of the mind; thus our wisdom is historical, whilst yours is speculative. What we know of God and of his law, God himself taught our fathers."

The old man related with devout enthusiasm the life of Abraham. He told how the angel of the Lord on Mount Moriah, after having prevented the patriarch from sacrificing his son, said these words to him: "All the nations of the world shall be blessed in thy posterity, because thou hast obeyed my voice." Then he paused, and added with solemn voice: "This promise was repeated to Isaac his son, and to Jacob his grandson. It is a light which shows its brightness from generation to generation. It is a prophecy which concerns all mankind."

On the second day they halted at Casiun; on the third day at Ostracine. Some time before arriving here the caravan crossed a stream, which falls into the Sirbonian bog, the surface of which is covered with sand which the winds bring there continually, and it is impossible at some distance to distinguish this treacherous place from the desert that surrounds it.

Elisama stopped his horse at the edge of the water. "Farewell, Egypt!" said he; then turning to Helon, he added:

"This stream forms the boundary of Egypt."

His voice was excited as if it had cost him much to leave Alexandria behind him, although he was directing his course towards Jerusalem.

"Farewell, O land of Egypt," said Helon in his turn. "If I see thee again, I hope it will be as a new and better man."

"Alas! thou art already much altered, my dear Helon," said Myron smiling, and in a low voice.

The fourth halt was at Rhinocorura, and the fifth at Raphia, which is often considered to form a part of Syria. A hundred years before, Antiochus the Great lost here a great battle with the Egyptians. It was here that Elisama ended his account of the history of his people, of which he had from time to time related the progress, grandeur, and decline. There remained only one day's journey to Gaza, and Myron wished to profit during the last hours he had to pass in the tent of the two Israelites, by learning what he still wished to know of the story.

Elisama undertook this recital the more willingly as he had yet to describe the victories of the Maccabees, and the glory of Hyrcanus, who was then king. The old man ended

thus: "Israel, after having received the law, is put in possession of the promised land; the temple has been restored; and after many trials our people have learnt to observe the will of Jehovah. The time cannot then be far off when all the people of the earth shall be blessed in the posterity of Abraham, and by the son of David. The coming of the Messiah is still retarded by the sins of the people; but if they repent and keep the sabbath, the desired of Israel will come. Thus spoke the Lord by Isaiah, the prophet:

"Keep ye judgment and do justice;
For my salvation is near to come,
And my righteousness to be revealed.
Blessed is the man that doeth this,
And the son of man that layeth hold on it;
That keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it,
And keepeth his hand from doing any evil."

"And the Redeemer shall come to Zion,
And unto them that turn from transgression in
Jacob, saith the Lord."

"Arise, shine! For thy light is come,
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth,
And gross darkness the people;
But the Lord shall arise upon thee,
And his glory shall be seen upon thee.
And the Gentiles shall come to thy light,
And kings to the brightness of thy rising."

During the journey from Raphia to Gaza, the eyes of Helon were constantly turned towards the hills of Judah, which they perceived on their right at a distance.

They arrived at Gaza during the night. Elisama and Helon wished to make the journey on foot to the passover according to the ancient custom. They had found in the caravan purchasers for their horses, and after having taken some hours of repose, they were eager to continue the journey at the dawn of morning.

The rays of the sun threw a ruddy light over the country in which Gaza is situated. The threatening words of the prophet against this city have been accomplished. Gaza, the strong city, the rich town at the time when the Philistines led Sampson thither, whom they had rendered blind, had no longer any gates at the spot where the mighty hero formerly lifted them up, to carry them on his shoulders and place them on the top of the hill opposite to Hebron (Judges xvi. 3). Before Gaza had been smitten, the word of doom had been given to Jeremiah; and the Lord said, "Baldness is come upon Gaza. O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet?" (Jer. xlvi. 5, 6.) The shepherd of Tekoa had spoken yet plainer language:

"Thus saith the Lord:
For three transgressions of Gaza, and for four,
I will not turn away the punishment thereof;
Because they carried away captive the whole cap-
tivity,
To deliver them up to Edom.
But I will send a fire on the wall of Gaza,
Which shall devour the palaces thereof."

Zophaniah also said, "Gaza shall be forsaken!" (Zeph. ii. 4). Zechariah also revealed its destiny:

"Ashkelon shall see it, and fear,
Gaza also shall see it, and be very sorrowful,
And Ekron, for her expectation shall be ashamed:
And the king shall perish from Gaza,
And Ashkelon shall not be inhabited."

What the prophets pronounced against this city, the strongest, as its name implies, amongst the five cities that the Philistines possessed, to the south-west of Canaan, came to pass under Alexander the Great. Its ruins recall to mind also the exploits of the Israelitish heroes, Jonathan and Simon. Helon seemed to behold on the very frontiers of the promised land a monument of the avenging of Israel, and he was plunged into deep meditation.

Myron approached without being seen by him, and said with somewhat sarcastic air, "Thou art in a reverie truly Oriental. Thou art thinking of Jerusalem, art thou not?"

"No," replied Helon, with some sharpness, "I was thinking of this heathen city, which is become bald, as the prophet foretold."

"Your prophet has proved correct, although it was only his dream. As to the rest, I acknowledge that the time I have passed with you has given rise in me to the desire of seeing your temple and Jerusalem: but I must of necessity go to Sidon."

Myron had his own affairs to attend to, and the two Israelites did not attempt to dissuade him from this journey. They expected to meet him afterwards, and both secretly hoped, that, notwithstanding his sarcasm and inconsistencies, he would perhaps become a proselyte. Helon was so persuaded that the wisdom of the Greeks could not give him peace of mind, he ardently desired, having followed along with his friend philosophy falsely so-called, that he might be able to inspire in him the attachment for the law that he himself cherished. Elisama had often seen railers become true worshippers. Israel knew that they were to become a blessing to all nations, so that no other people was in those days more zealous to make proselytes.

Myron and our travellers then took leave of each other in the hope of meeting some time after in Jerusalem.

Two roads conduct from Gaza to the Holy City. One passes through Eleutheropolis, and the plain of Séphéla; this is the easier road, but in taking it they must yet a long time be traversing the country of the Philistines. The other passes through Hebron, and the mountainous country. Elisama preferred the latter, because there are on the road more celebrated places, and a larger number of Israelites are met with there on their way to the feast. They soon reached the mountains of Judea.

"O Land of my fathers! holy land! the land of promise!" cried Helon. "Land of which they told me in my childhood, at length I see thee then!"

"Here is the boundary," said Elisama.

The young man knelt on the sacred earth. His eyes were full of tears; he kissed the land in a

sort of ecstasy. Sallu followed the example of his master. The old man much affected extended his hands, and blessed them both.

How delightful at this season was the land of Judah, in the freshness of early spring; the land which three of its sons now saluted! Elisama remembered the words of the Psalmist:

"Thou visitest the earth and waterest it;
Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God,
which is full of water;
Thou preparest them corn,
When thou hast so provided for it.
Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly,
Thou settlest the furrows thereof;
Thou makest it soft with showers,
Thou blewest the springing thereof.
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness,
And thy paths drop fatness.
They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness;
And the little hills rejoice on every side.
The pastures are clothed with flocks,
The valleys also are covered over with corn;
They shout for joy, they also sing."

Helon responded in the words of another psalm:

"He sendeth the springs into the valleys;
Which run among the hills;
They give drink to every beast of the field,
The wild asses quench their thirst.
By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their
habitation,
Which sing among the branches."

He watereth the hills from his chambers:
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man,
That he may bring forth food out of the earth;
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,
And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread which strengtheneth man's heart.
The trees of the Lord are full of sap,
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted."

"This is the promised land," said they both.

And Helon remembered the words of the prophet: "Thus hath said the Lord Jehovah: In the day that I lifted up mine hand unto them, to bring them forth of the land of Egypt into a land that I had espied for them, flowing with milk and honey, which is the glory of all lands" (Ezek. xx. 6).

They were in the neighbourhood of Beersheba. Helon had heard a hundred times pronounced this proverbial phrase, "From Dan to Beersheba," and now he was very near this frontier city of the south, which is distant from Dan the frontier town of the north, a hundred and sixty sabbath-days' journey, or about fifty-three leagues.

After passing Debir, they at length arrived at Hebron, the city of David's residence during seven years. Helon could almost imagine he heard the chords of the harp which so often accompanied his psalms. Elisama hastened towards the house of a friend that he knew in this town. Everybody was in movement, and seemed anxious for the departure to Jerusalem, which was fixed for the morrow.

Pages for the Young.

JUST A BUTTERCUP.



H dear! how stupid it is down in this meadow!" sighed a Buttercup one bright June morning. "Just to stay in the same place amongst the same people all one's days? I declare life is not worth living."

"What is the matter?" asked a soft little voice beside him. And the fretful Buttercup turned his golden head to see who was speaking. But it was only little Forget-me-not who lived close beside the stream, and she was one of the people whom Buttercup was so tired of seeing.

"I want to go out into the world," Buttercup answered. "But I have told you all this before, and you only say you are quite content to remain where you are."

"The world is so wide, and I believe does not care for wild-flowers," Forget-me-not replied in self-defence. "Better stay where we are, and do our work quietly."

"Now that is really too good!" laughed Buttercup sarcastically, who was in a very bad temper. "The idea of work down here! I should like to know what it is."

"But we must be here for some reason," argued Forget-me-not, opening her blue eyes very wide. "The stream would miss me, I know, for he always says 'good-morning,' and 'good-night,' as he hurries on to join the river, and the birds come and chat to me during the day, and then there is always one's home."

"Oh, well, what does it matter as long as you're happy?" Buttercup interrupted, "my brothers and sisters have never learnt to properly appreciate me. That is one reason why I want to go into the world, so that they may believe in me when they hear the praises of strangers."

At this moment their conversation was interrupted, for a tomtit came to show Forget-me-not how nicely her children were getting on, and Buttercup rocked himself to and fro in a perfect passion of discontent.

A child's voice came singing across the meadow. It belonged to the little girl who lived in the big ivy-covered house on the other side of the wall. One of those happy beings who could go where they liked, and were not bound to stay in any particular spot! She came skipping over the long grass, and the tomtit flew away in sudden alarm with her young family as the child paused beside the stream.

"Oh, what a splendid Buttercup!" she cried. "How beautiful it would look in my garden!" Buttercup bowed gracefully, and then held up his head very high. At last one of his wishes was fulfilled, for all his relations must have heard the outspoken admiration.

"I have a good mind—yes, I declare I will too!" and without more ado, little Mabel carefully dug up the buttercup with a small trowel she held in her hand.

It hurt a little, detaching the roots from the clinging mother-earth, but he comforted himself with reflecting, "Pride feels no pain." And how proud he was when Mabel ran back again across the meadow, and carried him through the door in the high wall which separated the meadow from the garden! He had often wondered what the garden was like, and found it almost as lovely as he expected. Flowers bloomed everywhere, great sweet roses, geraniums, carnations, all his grand distant relatives of whom he had heard so much. Through the trees a lawn was visible, where tennis-balls were being flung backwards and forwards across a net.

Mabel stopped before a circular flower-bed, and putting down Buttercup gently on the grass began to dig a place for him with her trowel. This was soon done, and Buttercup found himself duly installed in the wide, wide world at last.

As soon as he recovered from his first feelings of delight, he noticed that the flowers round him seemed to be all very much excited and flattered no doubt, by a stranger coming amongst them. Buttercup thought, and anxious only to give him a welcome. But the words he heard did not quite correspond to this idea.

"Who is that person?" asked a tall white foxglove, who could never remember the names of any wild-flowers.

"The idea of introducing such a low-bred creature into our select circle!" a geranium said, quivering with indignation, and murmurs of disgust went round.

"Nothing but a weed, my dear, I assure you! And quite the worst kind! Why, I am told that even the cows refuse to eat them!"

Poor Buttercup! Was this the reception he expected?

He hung his head, wishing with all his heart he could change places with one of these garden beauties, if only with that pert London pride, looking so stuck up in her distant corner.

Mabel, who had run off to the tennis-players, now returned, dragging her elder sister by the hand to come and look at her new treasure. The flowers were all silent whilst they waited to hear what would be said. The young lady, who even the white moss-rose thought was as pretty as she possibly could be, broke into a silvery peal of laughter.

"You ridiculous child! Is this what you have brought me to look at? Only a common buttercup, and it is beginning to fade already!"

The flowers all joined in chorus, and Buttercup felt indeed broken-hearted. Not merely to be called "only a buttercup," but "only a common buttercup!" He began to hate the beautiful world that could say such cruel things.

The sun went to shine somewhere else and light up fresh wonders. He could go where he liked, and no one ever said anything against him, except when he would not come out. And the flowers bade one another good-night, and closed their eyes for a good long sleep.

Buttercup felt so weak and languid he soon forgot all his troubles, but when the morning came he found he could not stand upright.

"Dear me! how faded you look this morning!" a Panay said sympathetically. Though she had joined in the others' laughter the day before, she had too good a heart really to see anyone in trouble without wanting to help them.

"Yes, I am afraid I must be going to die!" Buttercup answered faintly. He was too weak to say any more, and the Panay watched him anxiously. It was still quite early in the morning, cool and fresh; what would he do in the noon-tide heat?

By-and-by a gardener passed and stopped to pick up one or two weeds. His quick eye caught sight of the Buttercup looking so forlorn amongst his gay companions.

"I'll warrant that's one of Miss Mabel's whims," he said, "disfiguring the garden with such a nasty weed!" and, stooping down, he seized the Buttercup, roots and all, and flung it far over the wall into the dewy meadow.

When Buttercup recovered from the shock he found himself lying at the edge of the stream in his old home, and the Forget-me-not looking down on him with soft pity.

"I am dying!" he moaned.

"No, no, you shall not die just yet!" Forget-me-not answered, whilst a dew-drop rolled from her wet eyes. At her bidding the stream rippled a little higher up the bank, and gently pushed the Buttercup towards some wet soil.

This was repeated several times, till at last Buttercup's roots could take firm hold of the moist, loosened earth, and he began once more to lift up his head. . . .

"So you are glad to be amongst us again?" Forget-me-not asked that evening, when she had heard all his adventures.

"Yes, indeed!" he answered. "There seems to be no other place for me. Will you teach me what work you find here that I may do it too?"

"Ah, no, I am afraid I cannot!" Forget-me-not replied, shaking her head. "Everyone must find his own work, or it is no longer his."

There was one other question Buttercup asked, very shyly, it is true, for he no longer thought highly of himself. "I suppose nobody missed me whilst I was away?"

"The meadow was not the same place without you!" Forget-me-not answered softly; and though it was too dark to see her face, Buttercup believed she was speaking the truth, and it encouraged him to learn his first lesson in content.

This moral of contentment is one of the sweetest of Christian lessons, and one of the most necessary. Happy are the children who practise it.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XIX.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "The Son of man is come to save that which was lost" (Matt. xviii. 11).

Read Matt. ix. 9; and Mark ii. 13, 14.

Here we read that "Jesus went forth again by the sea-side"—*the side of what sea? What other names has this sea?* "Sea of Tiberias" is the name given to it in John vi. 1, and in Luke v. 1, it is called the lake of Gennesaret. In the Old Testament it is called the Sea of Chinnereth, Num. xxxiv. 11; Deut. iii. 17. It is not a large lake, and if you were to travel there now you would think it very lonely and desolate; but when Jesus lived there it was not so; it was surrounded by large and beautiful villages, pleasant gardens and fruitful vineyards; while the blue waters were brightened by the sails of large ships as well as little boats, where now there are only one or two wretched little fishing boats. But the peaceful hills are all unchanged, and the clear bright waters; and by these shores Jesus loved to walk, therefore they will be always full of interest to His people.

We read that He was "again" by the sea and again surrounded by people whom He taught. From *what place had Jesus last preached to them by that shore* (Luke v. 3). *After that preaching whom did He call to follow Him?* Now He called another to join the little company of chosen men who were to have the great honour of being His Apostles. What was the name of the man at this time called? Two names are given; in Matt. ix. 9, he is called Matthew; in Mark ii. 14, and Luke v. 27 what is the name given? The explanation is that Levi was his name before he was called, and after he became an Apostle he was called Matthew; perhaps Jesus gave him that name as he called Simon Peter, Cephas; if so, it may be for that reason that Matthew in his gospel gives himself that name when telling how Jesus had called him. *Where was Matthew found sitting?* I must tell you that the Jews had a particular dislike to those who gathered the "custom" or what we call taxes; they were employed to do this for the Romans, whom the Jews hated to have for their masters; they were called publicans, and were considered a very bad set of men, but even among them there was one whom Jesus saw to be a believer in Him, and *what did He say to him?* Two little words! "Follow me," but they changed Matthew's whole life! He did not

hesitate a moment; he did not consult anyone; he heard the voice of Jesus, and *what did Matthew do?*

May God enable us to listen to that voice! May He grant us grace to obey that call!

Now turn to Luke v. 29-31. *How did Matthew, here called by his old name Levi, show his wish to honour his Lord? Who were present at this feast?* It seems to have been Matthew's farewell to his old companions, by which he gave them an opportunity of seeing Jesus and hearing him speak. *Who was it that found fault?* Just the men who were always finding fault with what the blessed Lord did! They complained that He and His disciples were willing to eat and drink with men whom they scorned, even publicans and sinners. Ah, how full of wisdom was the Saviour's reproof to these proud ones! *Who is it that need the physician?* Not they that are whole, but the poor, sick, sorrowful ones! It was to them that Jesus came,—not to those who thought themselves righteous! The Scribes and Pharisees were too proud to come to Jesus; they did not seek mercy and forgiveness. *Who did the Son of man come to save?* (Matt. xviii. 11.)

Sing,—"Jesus loves me, this I know."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. X.

My initials an instrument of peaceful labour, which became in the hand of my initials an instrument of death.

1. One whose love for his friend passed the love of women
2. An aged prophetess who served God day and night in the temple.
3. A good high priest who died in consequence of hearing of the capture of the Ark of God.
4. A king whose mother gave him good counsel.

S. B. B.

NO. XI.

One of the only two men who reached Canaan the first time who finally entered it; and the woman who was instrumental in aiding that entrance.

1. The river where Ezekiel saw the Cherubim.
2. The city of Apollos.
3. One of the towns besieged by Sennacherib.
4. The prophet who was Elijah's successor.
5. The god of Ekron.

C. W. B.

NO. XII.

1. The dress which was the sign of the priests.
2. The third command of God by Moses as to the way that the covenant in Horeb was to be received.
3. A cultivated tree emblematic of the Jews, contrasted by Paul with the wild tree emblematic of the Gentiles.
4. A son of Japheth called by Ezekiel "the chief prince of Meshech and Tubal."

The initials give the country from which Saul's chief herdman, named in the finals, came.

G. W. B.

NO. XIII.—A SQUARE WORD.

1. The mountain where Moses died.
2. The country where Bela, the son of Beor, reigned.
3. A wild beast of the forest that devoured the vineyard which God planted.
4. A captain of the host who was made King of Israel.

S. B. B.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE Missionary Conference held at Calcutta, in January last, was the largest gathering of missionaries that ever assembled. It was presided over by the Hon. Sir H. Ramsay, K.C.S.I., C.B., who came thirteen hundred miles to occupy the chair. Six prominent laymen gave their aid as vice-chairmen, and the total number of members was four hundred and sixty, representing twenty-four churches and societies. The importance of women's work in India was indicated by the fact that there were one hundred and sixty-two lady delegates, of whom the majority were missionaries' wives. The last General Conference was held ten years ago at Allahabad. The progress since has been steady in many directions. During the six days' session many topics of great practical moment were harmoniously discussed. The first paper read was "On Preaching to the Heathen," and in the course of the discussion which followed, the balance of judgment seemed to be in favour of the simple declaration of the Gospel message, as more effective than controversy. Some stress was laid on the helpfulness of song as a means to be developed. The value of Sunday Schools as a missionary agency was subsequently urged. The more intricate subject of education occupied a prominent place. There were some who questioned whether the higher missionary institutions had produced all the results claimed for them. Professor Wilson, of the Established Church of Scotland's mission, said there was a movement among the educated Hindus to revert to their ancient national faith in its spiritual form, discarding the idolatrous ritual. The general opinion was strongly in favour of maintaining higher Christian education. It was stated that there are one million children under primary instruction in Bengal, of whom only 33,000 come at all under Christian influence. But there ought to be in that province eight millions of boys receiving primary teaching. Approving reference was made to the work of the Christian Vernacular Education Society, which collects the pupils of many of the Government schools twice or three times a week, and has them instructed in the Gospel by a native Christian teacher. The radical difficulty which besets much of the work was strongly brought out by Miss Greendfield, of the American Presbyterian Mission, who maintained that "the heart of Hinduism is not in the Vedas or the Shastras, but in the home, in the family life and hereditary customs of the people—fed, preserved, and perpetuated by the wives and mothers of India." One day was devoted to the subject of "Native Agency," regarding which the report was not encouraging. When the question of the "Self-support and Self-propagation of the Native Churches" came under review, the most remarkable facts brought out related to the American Baptist Mission in Ongole among the Telugu people. "The missionaries there began with evangelisation first and education afterwards. They have now 20,000 communicants scattered in 600 villages about Ongole. In 1878, 9,000 persons were baptized. The missionaries have always itinerated, but the great success has been the work of native preachers. These preachers are not educated, but they know the Bible and the way of salvation. They have a four years' course of Bible study. Only one out of the 120 knows a little English. They have been so transformed by the Spirit of God that the missionaries listen to their words with amazement and pleasure, sit in their houses, enjoy their company, and love them as much as their other friends. The converts are simple, sincere, and steadfast. They gain nothing by becoming Christians, but are often annoyed and made to suffer loss by the village authorities." Other speakers described the work among the Santals and the tribes in the Assam Valley. It was stated also that in 1850 the first four converts were baptized among the Kols: and there are now 32,000 Christians, besides those belonging to the S.P.G. Mission.

A supplementary meeting was held to discuss the question, What hinders the native brethren of different denominations from forming one church, if they desire it? There is a movement on foot to form one native church to which all native Christians may belong without giving up their

connection with other ecclesiastical organisations, but it does not seem to make much progress.

The statistics presented to the Conference were full of encouragement. Amongst the mass of facts are the following:—

1. The number of Protestant native Christians in India in 1881, exclusive of Burmah and Ceylon, was 417,372.

Increase of do. from 1851 to 1861 was 53 per cent.

Do. do. 1861 " 1871 " 61 "

Do. do. 1871 " 1881 " 86 "

2. The number of Protestant native Christians in India, Burmah, and Ceylon in 1881 was 582,590.

The appearance of French men-of-war off the coast of Madagascar has revived the general anxiety respecting that island. It is stated that the native Government is placed in a position of serious difficulty; that the minds of the people are disturbed; that the movements of an old party, strongly opposed to Christianity and healthful social progress, threaten the revival of evil influences which Christianity and the work of the missionaries have done much to check. The Prime Minister at Antananarivo had called a meeting of all the foreigners in the capital, had announced the rupture of negotiations, and requested them not to venture any distance away, "as many of the people are still barbarous." Meanwhile the Malagasy envoys have been received with much sympathy in the United States.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society has suffered by the incursions of marauding Boers from the Transvaal into the Bechuanaland territory. A large number of people under the rule of the chief Montsoia were members of the Wesleyan Church, and throughout the recent troubles in South Africa maintained a firm attachment to the British Government. These people have been most brutally treated by the Dutch freebooters, who have destroyed all Montsoia's towns except one, together with several chapels, schools, and other property belonging to the Wesleyan Society.

The Religious Tract Society have just commenced work in the great Peninsula of Corea, hitherto almost unknown to Europeans, who have been most jealously excluded. It contains a population estimated at 10,000,000, and its area is 90,000 square miles. Its language is quite distinct from Japanese and Chinese, and until the last few years little was known of the region beyond the few facts ascertained by Jesuit missionaries from China, and through the surveys of ships on the coast. The Emperor of China is suzerain, and receives an annual tribute through an embassy. The Rev. J. Ross, a Presbyterian missionary, at Newchwang, on the Chinese border, having become acquainted with the members of the Embassy, learned the Corean language, and began the translation into it of the New Testament. From the types cut by Mr. Lilley, of Japan, for the Scottish National Bible Society, the first religious tract has just been printed. This was prepared by the Rev. J. Macintyre, the colleague of Mr. Ross, and consists of an introduction to the New Testament, and a catechism of the chief Biblical doctrines.

The tenth anniversary of the Evangelical military church in Rome was celebrated on the birthday of King Humbert. The movement, of which this church is the centre, has proved among the healthiest in Italy. Its work is quietly carried forward by Signor Capellini, subject to the special conditions which the army requires. Many most pleasing incidents attest the reality of its influence even in remote places. "We must fight for the liberty of our souls," said a young soldier on the present occasion, "as we fought for the liberty of our land." Owing to municipal improvements, it has become necessary to remove the headquarters. Funds are required for a building which it is proposed to erect near the new barracks.

THE Salvation Army continues its campaign with unabated vigour. The Geneva Council of State, by a majority of one, rejected the appeal of Miss Booth and Miss Charlesworth against their expulsion. Miss Booth has since visited London, and restated her case in a public meeting. A branch of the Army has encountered riotous opposition at Valence in the South of France.

THE enthronement of the new Primate was the most imposing ecclesiastical ceremony witnessed in Canterbury cathedral for many years. The crowd which filled the building was representative of many classes, from royalty downwards. As the clergy filed in, the notes of the organ were succeeded by the sharper tones of trumpets played by surprised choristers as accompaniment to the chant of the choir-boys. When all had taken their places, the Hallelujah chorus was sung. Then the principal ceremonies were begun with the making of an affirmation by the Archbishop declaring that he would maintain the rights and liberties of the Church. The morning Service was begun, and at the end of the First Lesson the Bishop of Dover, as Archdeacon of Canterbury, attended by the Dean and the Vice-Dean, conducted the Archbishop to the throne, which, with its elaborately carved canopy, was erected by Archbishop Howley. The mandate of enthronement was duly presented to the Archdeacon by the Vicar-General, and was read aloud by the Registrar. This done, the Archdeacon pronounced in Latin the formula of inducing the Archbishop, emphasising the words "induco, installo, et inthronizo." The service then proceeded. For the next ceremony the chief officiating personages had to leave the choir and proceed to the marble chair to repeat the form of induction, but with the addition of the word "metropoliticis." The Archbishop then took his seat in the large stone chair which, though it may not be, as tradition tells, a relic of St. Augustine's time, can claim the antiquity of at least five or six centuries. As his chaplains stood behind the high-backed seat, the several Bishops holding ancient offices attaching to their sees were grouped about him. Returning to the choir by the north aisle the Archbishop was next placed in the Dean's stall in sign of his taking real and actual possession of the See of Canterbury and of all the rights and privileges thereof. The Te Deum was then sung, and the Dean having said the suffrages, to which the choir chanted the answers, a prayer was offered by the Archbishop, who afterwards pronounced the Benediction, first in the choir, and afterwards in passing out to the nave from the steps under the great tower. The long procession, in which more than four hundred clergy had a place, then passed out. The Dean and Chapter afterwards entertained a numerous company. The Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking then, said the Church was called on in a marvellous manner to be free from superstitions, and, having gone back as she had to primitive models and to searching the Divine oracles, and ready as she was to accept reform where there was need of amendment and reform, he found great hope of her future. The pride of England was in her thinking men, and the Church of England had taken this position in the world, that she would never be afraid of thought or intellect, or the working of intellect, because she was persuaded that intellect was of God, and that if true premises were sought and found, and true processes of reasoning applied, the result would be to establish every word that God had given. Glancing next at the great and wonderful things that had been done lately to promote temperance, he urged the importance of the Church devoting itself to brightening and purifying the morals of the people.

THE Central Council of Diocesan Conferences, which met lately at the National Society's House in Westminster, included representatives from twenty-four dioceses. The subjects discussed were mainly of a practical nature, and had some of them a semi-political character. The Executive Committee had a prolonged interview at Lambeth with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

SEVERAL scandalous scenes have recently shown how easily religious considerations may be overborne by popular feeling. The Rev. R. W. Euragh, vicar of Holy Trinity, at Bordesley, a suburb of Birmingham, was recently inhibited for refusing to abandon ritualist practices. His successor, a clergyman from Sunderland, was received by a tumultuous crowd, who were with difficulty held back from violence. Nor is this the only case in which disorder has occurred.

DURING Lent, the usual mid-day service in St. Paul's assumed a more important character. The large congregations—two or three thousand, and sometimes more—which gathered during the busiest hours of the day, may certainly be accounted amongst the new features of our time. There were no preliminaries of choral service. The preacher ascended the pulpit, gave out his text, and unfolded his subject. Then followed a familiar hymn, led by a single voice; and then a few prayers. The Rev. R. Body officiated the last week but one, and was succeeded by the Rev. Canon Knox Little.

AT the suggestion of Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., a Conference on the Building of Congregation Halls and on Mission Work was held at the Memorial Hall, London. Mr. Morley, who presided, urged the desirability of promoting the erection of a class of buildings different from the ordinary churches. It is curious to see our Christian activities coming back once again to the idea of "the meeting-house." Great dangers, he said, threatened the nation unless we could permeate the people with true and sound views. He did not wish any decrease of chapel building, but to have these halls as a supplementary agency, with the largest number of sittings possible. Moreover, he should be thankful if laymen only were to take the services in these buildings. He should like to see the laymen of our churches moved to go out and talk to the people. (Hear, hear.) He had lately met many clergymen, and he found that amongst them, as everywhere else, there was a deep impression that at present the people were not won by either church or chapel. They must, therefore, set some agency to work that would be likely to attract them, and this should be as far as possible disconnected with denominationalism. After some discussion a resolution was carried affirming the desirability of establishing "Congregational halls connected as far as possible with existing churches, and forming the centres of general benevolent activity as well as the ministry of the gospel." In connection with this subject we may note that a very earnest discussion has arisen as to the practicability of more effectively employing laymen as preachers. The amount of religious work now going forward outside the line of the denominations is also attracting increased attention.

AN important meeting, representative of a movement which is gathering influence in the country, was held lately at Leeds, for the purpose of considering how the degradation of women and children can best be prevented. Miss Ellice Hopkins, who delivered a most powerful and pathetic speech, strongly advocated the larger use of industrial schools. She referred also to the efforts of the Bishop of Durham, to bind young men together to "fight against this base and cowardly evil," in a White Cross Army, and stated that at a recent meeting 139 young men—chiefly pitmen—had come forward and enrolled themselves as members.

THE Bishop of Ripon has received the Queen's sanction to his appointment of a Suffragan, with the title of Bishop of Hull. The post has been accepted by Dr. Hellmuth, Bishop of Huron.

THE death of Mr. W. E. Dodge, of New York city, has removed one whose philanthropic fame was not bounded by the Atlantic. It is interesting to note that he was descended from a Dorsetshire family. Mr. Dodge was converted in early life, and gave himself for sixty years to Christian service of every kind. Although bearing the burden of a large business, he gave unstinted aid to many religious and philanthropic schemes—personal labour as well as money. For a long time his contributions to various objects amounted to \$100,000 a year, and not unfrequently, it is said, to three times that amount; that is to say, \$1,000 a day the whole year round. He has left some £70,000 as bequests to various religious and benevolent organisations.

THE death of ex-Governor Morgan is also reported: he had amassed a colossal fortune from a vast grocery business, and had long been known also for his generous philanthropy. He has left bequests to the amount of £200,000 to a number of religious and benevolent institutions, such as the home and foreign missions of the Presbyterian Church (£25,000 each), the Union Theological Seminary (£50,000), Williams' College (£25,000), the New York City Mission, a number of hospitals, and to the fund for supplementing the salaries of clergymen engaged in home mission work.

OLD HARDWICKE'S MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE."

CHAPTER VI.—A GOOD MAN'S EFFORTS.



HEN Mr. Hislop gave that hint to Mr. Hardwicke concerning the disposal of his prop-

erty, he was not offering advice on a subject which he had not considered himself.

Indeed, his own testamentary dispositions had given Mr. Hislop a great deal of consideration and anxiety. It did not seem likely that Bridget would survive him, but he had to make arrangements in the event of her doing so. At her request, he was to leave her enough to prevent her from having to leave the familiar house, just enough to go on living in the easy thrifty way. But even this Bridget would not allow him to bequeath to her altogether. She would only take a life use of it, saying that she would be frightened to have the ultimate disposal of so much money: she had her own tiny fortune, the savings of her teaching time and the accumulation of her subsequent allowances, and this she felt to be within her own power of management, and it would be bestowed on those who should remain kind and true in service to her to the end. Mr. Hislop saw reason in his sister's arguments, and yielded to her wish. Next, he had carefully remembered everybody who had been in his employment, especially sundry faithful old servants, whose long years of service had lain among the lowly duties which win but little wage. To these he thought a fit bequest would be that they should receive as gift a duplicate of what they had earned, whether for five or fifty years.

Of kindred the Hislops had few, and those few were remote and unknown. Mr. Hislop sought them out and learned what he could about them. But he opened no communication with them. It was too late to form new friendships, and he deemed it unwise to disturb the even tenor of homely honest lives by golden hopes and mer-

enary wishes. He found them all humble folk, contentedly earning food convenient for them. There were some at work who were old enough to be at rest, and to them Mr. Hislop assigned a modest annuity, such as in an ideal state of society a life of arduous labour should be able to secure for its own old age. Carefully noting the other kinsmen, he tried to realise what might be the laudable ambition of each lowly life, and, so far as he could, he apportioned each the modest sum likely to make the dream a reality. The first they would ever know of his existence or of his thought of them, would be when they received notice of his bequests. He spared them all temptation to false fawning, all the idle gnawing of hope deferred, all the discontented dreams which spring up in uncertainty.

But after Mr. Hislop had made these few comparatively simple arrangements, the bulk of his property remained intact.

"Permanently endow Mrs. Gray's bed in the Incurable Hospital," suggested Miss Bridget.

Her brother noted that as one thing to be done. But as he did so he could not help wondering how many of the future recipients of his bounty would be reduced to require it, even as poor Mrs. Gray had been. Mrs. Gray was living yet—a hopeless life-in-death. In the disheartenment and loathed idleness of her cruel defeat, disease had fastened upon her, and bound her hand and foot with bonds that could not be broken on earth. Mr. Hislop never ceased to befriend her. He found her a refuge in the hospital, and did not leave her there lonely and neglected. She was resigned and cheerful,—and it was but the greater marvel that she was so, since she had her own homely philosophy regarding her fate. "My mother and grandmother were both at work till the day of their death," she would say, "an' so should I have been, if I had been left alone. It's hard to keep a whole body when the heart inside is broken." And though Mr. Hislop would feign a smile at her forcible words, he knew they were not very wide of the mark.

Then Mr. Hislop resolved to found certain scholarships in the ancient and renowned university which had some local ties upon him, and to which his attention had been anew attracted by Reginald Hardwicke's recent association with it. He took the best advice as to the wisest rules with which to regulate such a benefaction. Even in doing so, he could not help feeling how hard it was to secure that it should reach those to whom it would be a real boon:—how difficult so to bind it down, that on the one hand mere poverty, without due intellectual promise, should not qualify for it, and on the other, that it should not be a trifling prize to some clever and well-to-do schoolboy, who would do as well, probably better, without it. Mr. Hislop remembered, with a sigh,

one or two youths whom he had come across, while his money was making, to whom such a gift would have been fortune in the best sense of the word—youths with rare mental gifts and sterling moral worth, bound from sheer dutiful necessity to the drudgery of money-getting—the one dying early in the harness which did not suit him, the other quietly toiling on into middle age, steadily doing the work put into his hand, and serving the world, as he himself pathetically expressed it, “as well as it would let him,” and accepting as the special trial of his faith, the sight of others doing badly, work which he humbly knew he could have done well. And Mr. Hislop felt that he might justly sigh at these memories. For even in those bygone days, had he not been too busy “making his fortune,” he could have afforded to give each of these lives its best chance, and then their running of the race would have had the stimulus of his watchful approval, and their victory would have had its pleasantest flush of triumph for him! But if the warm hands of Life will do nothing but “get,” then only the cold hand of Death can give, and its chill and its helplessness are on its very gift.

Still, the great bulk remained untouched. And those to whose counsels he had sought concerning his last benefaction hinted at great wants in that same university,—wants which, if supplied, would not only serve individuals, but benefit masses, qualifying them to better serve still greater multitudes. They reminded him that colleges had been founded in ancient times, when the paths of knowledge seemed few and simple, and that while their richest endowments were for teachings which the world had outgrown, or which it was clearly seen could be better procured otherwise, many new requirements had grown up, for which no arrangements, or very inadequate ones, were made.

The end of it was that Mr. Hislop endowed two “chairs,” for the teaching of two branches of science, which their professors assured him were greatly for the enlightenment and consequent help of humanity. They could never get him beyond a quiet hope that they might do a great deal of good for a long time. He had before his eyes a vision of the day when even these much-vaunted sciences, or at least that application of them for which these professorships were intended, should also have grown “out of date,”—when they might even become, as one of their ardent advocates had said of the older “chairs,”—“just so much worm-eaten lumber, stopping the way of true progress.”

As for many of the old-fashioned ways of bequeathing wealth, which a rich man would have followed quite contentedly one or two hundred years ago, so many people were already keenly alive to their folly and danger, that Mr. Hislop was in no danger of falling into them. He was not tempted to found the traditional “Charity School,” for whose mercenary advantages parents are enticed to forego their natural duties and privileges, or where orphans are called by numbers instead of names. He was not tempted to establish an almshouse to which poor old relations or aged servants could be relegated to a life of querulous loneliness by those who should cherish

them at their own fireside. He knew too much to arrange for ever any of those doles which changing manners soon convert into useless and degrading grotesqueness—the loaves and six-pences of so many old city parishes. He would not even build a church when on all hands he saw standing, churches great and fair, almost without worshippers. He had always had a lively interest in temperance coffee-houses, in public libraries, but he said they thrived the best when self-supported.

In the end, he sought out all those forms of good work which seemed in greatest need. Among these were simple warm-handed orphan homes, and rough and ready refuges, and kindly cottage hospitals, and struggling mission services. He divided his fortune among these, who would pour it at once into the gulf of the world’s needs, and perhaps avert those needs for to-morrow, rather than among those who would store it to gather the forbidden rust of usury, and haply breed needs to require it.

But he had one little scheme which he kept long to himself. First he tried to ascertain, by much reflection and calculation, how much money he might still have made, if from the beginning he had recognised the duties around him as he recognised them now. It was impossible to be accurate in such a matter, but at last he allowed his imagination to settle on the sum whose income had been required to maintain his household in its modest state, not a very large sum as money is reckoned in these days, though it would have seemed indeed splendid in his eyes on that evening of his boyhood when he stood on the brae-side and saw the last of the old farm.

So he resolved to leave this money at his own death—or at the death of his sister Bridget, whichever should last occur—in the hands of three of his dearest friends, in trust to do as much good as they could with it, spending it by degrees as suitable claims came under their own personal knowledge always. Of these three friends, one was a poor man who had remained poor; another, one who had been poor, but was now well-to-do; while the third was a man who had been born to wealth and rank. And this trust Mr. Hislop cumbered with scarcely one condition. He believed that the wishes of the dead are best served by the growing wisdom of the living. He did not hope they would make no mistakes,—he did not demand that they should do exactly what he might have done in their place; he only asked that they would take this money of his and distribute it here and there, with warm living hands, and words of wise counsel, and power of judicious supervision. If, before the money was gone, one of the three distributors died, then the remaining two were, to the best of their ability, to choose another to fill his place.

In the end, Mr. Hislop and his sister Bridget died very nearly together, but the old lady was taken first. Her brother went through his few lonely months with great patience and cheerfulness, though by that time he was too feeble to leave his room. His chief pleasure was to hold friendly chats with those three good men, whom he was to enable to do what he now wished he had done himself.

"The Great Book tells us that the only use for Mammon is to win us love, to welcome us to the everlasting habitations," he said more than once. "God is to be our one Master, and Mammon our pack-horse which we keep to run His errands, but if we forget the errands, that we may see him sleek and fine, then we have to leave him behind at last, and who will there be to meet us where we go? You know we don't hear that we may be allowed to wait at Heaven's gate to receive the friends whom our deserted Mammon of unrighteousness may send after us," he added, with a glint of pathetic humour.

They buried him beside his kindly sister when the first snow of a severe winter lay on the ground. The grave was in a little quiet God's acre just outside the rush and roar of London. In his will, Mr. Hislop had placed a strict and narrow limit on his funeral expenses, and to the simple memorial he had placed above his sister's resting-place nothing was to be added but his own name. But it had not been in his power to prevent the newspapers from calling attention "to the demise of another successful self-made man," or from glorifying "his princely benefactions." And writers and lecturers, and even preachers, recorded anecdotes of Alexander Hislop's industry and promptitude, his self-denial and sagacity, and of the noble uses to which he had devoted the fortune he left behind him. "He rests from his labours," they added.

If Mr. Hislop could have spoken from his grave he would surely have said that he thanked God humbly if the money he had made might do some of the good he had neglected to do while he was making it. And he would have reminded them of the context of the words they quoted in his honour—"They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them,"—as implying that the objects to which they have given their life are taken up and pursued by others impelled by their example, that as to himself, he had long seen that he had started at the outset with a mistaken object in life, and that though he might have exercised many virtues and displayed many good traits in the service of Mammon, these might have come out, not only as well, but far better, had he set before him from the beginning that "the chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever."

Alexander Hislop would have said, "Rather write me down an unsuccessful man—one who diligently gathered stones, which cannot satisfy any living soul, while the Bread of Life mouldered at my side. Call me a fortunate man, only in this, that it pleased God to open my eyes to my delusion, and to lead me to throw myself and my past ambitions, and their future results, on that boundless mercy which has both the will and the power to rebuild the waste places, and to make even the wilderness to blossom as the rose."

ANTANANARIVO, THE CAPITAL OF MADAGASCAR.

THE chief city of the great island of Madagascar is situated nearly in the centre of the country, as regards its length from north to south, but nearer the eastern than the western side of the island. It is about 100 miles from the Indian Ocean, to the east, while the Mozambique Channel is nearly twice that distance from it on the west. Antanànarivo occupies a commanding position in the central province of Imérina, for the general level of the country surrounding the city is about 4,000 feet above the sea.

Landing at Tamatàve, the chief port of the east coast, the traveller to the capital is carried by native bearers in a light open palanquin or chair, for there are as yet no roads in Madagascar which can be traversed by wheeled vehicles. In this novel conveyance we travel first for sixty miles southward along the coast, between a continuous belt of lagoons and the sea, sometimes varying the journey by taking a canoe, and charmed by the luxuriant vegetation, and the varied scenery afforded by the calm lake on the one hand, and the ever-restless waves of the ocean on the other. Two days' journey brings us to the small town of Andòvorànto, at the mouth of the river Ihàroka. Here we turn westward and gradually ascend, until, after another couple of days' travelling, the belt of dense forest which surrounds the island is reached. Here the paths are rough and difficult, often varied in the hollows by deep

sloughs of mud, and by long slippery ascents of tenacious clay. These woods—about twenty miles across—are succeeded by a plain through which flows the river Mangòro; and then other heights have to be climbed, the eastern slopes of the highest terrace of the elevated interior plateau. Passing another but narrower line of forest, we emerge on the long rolling moorlike country of the central province of Imérina, whose bare rounded slopes are varied by masses of gneiss, forming enormous "bosses" of rock, and often rising up to considerable heights in the form of Titanic castles and cathedral-like spires.

About ten miles from the forest we catch the first glimpse of Antanànarivo, still about sixteen miles distant. The city stands out prominently from the surrounding country, for it is built on the summit and sides of a long but narrow rocky ridge, which stretches north and south for a mile and a half. This lofty ridge rises precipitously from the plain to the west, south, and east, but slopes down more gradually to the north. Nearly at the highest point, towards the centre of the ridge, stand the royal houses, the chief palace being visible in several directions for nearly thirty miles away. The great square residence of the Prime Minister is quite as conspicuous as the palaces; and many other buildings also break the long wavy line of the crest of the hill.

As we traverse mile after mile of the winding road, now losing sight of the city in the hollows

of the rice valleys, and now seeing it again as we mount the low hills between them, the details of the picture gradually become more distinct; and the dark mass shading the eastern side resolves into a crowd of houses thickly covering the steep slopes.

distant from the southern end of the church. Other Christians subsequently met a similar fate at the same place. The church is erected of the hard white stone of which the whole hill around it is composed, and is designed in a simple "Early English" Gothic style



ANTANANARIVO, FROM THE QUEEN'S ISLAND, SHOWING THE QUEEN'S PALACE ON THE TOP OF THE HILL, AND HER SUMMER PALACE ON THE ISLAND IN THE LAKE.

Antananarivo, or, "The City of a Thousand" (compounds?), as the native name denotes, is by far the largest town in Madagascar, only two or three other places reaching a tenth of its population. It has attained its present important position in the island only within the last hundred years, greatly increasing in size and population since it became no longer merely the chief town of one Malagasy tribe, the Hova, but also the capital of the country, through the Hova making themselves the dominant tribe of Madagascar. It probably contains a population of at least 100,000 people—some think even more.

And now, having reached the last of the numerous low hills which have to be crossed, we have the whole extent of Antananarivo stretching before us, and rising up in much grandeur from the valleys surrounding it. Few capitals indeed have a more picturesque or commanding site than this metropolis of Madagascar; perhaps Edinburgh only of European capitals surpasses it in advantages of natural position.

The southern end forms a steep ascent, rising abruptly nearly 400 feet from the plain, the summit of which is crowned by the spire of one of the four memorial churches erected in memory of those heroic Christian people who sealed their faith with their blood during the long persecution under the first Queen Rànavàlona. This building, known as the Ambòhipotsy* Church, is built in especial remembrance of the proto-martyr of Madagascar, a young woman named Ràsalàma, who, on the 14th of August, 1837, was put to death by spearing, on a spot only a few yards

A mile further northwards rise the numerous roofs of the group of royal houses, all crowded together in a single courtyard. High above the rest are the towers and steep roof of the great palace of *Manjaka-miàdana*. This is an immense building, originally constructed entirely of timber, as were all the houses of Malagasy kings and chiefs in former times. Up to about twelve years ago it was surrounded by an arched verandah in three tiers, supported on massive wooden pillars. But a few years ago these timber surroundings began to show signs of decay, and have all now been replaced by handsome triple stone arcades of classic design, engaged columns with Corinthian capitals being used for the two upper stories. At each angle square towers are built, in one of which is a fine clock and bells.

In the centre of the roof is placed a large gilt eagle or *còro-mahéry* (i.e. "powerful bird"), a figure used as a sort of crest by the Hova Government, probably because Vòromahéry is the name of the class or tribe of Hova occupying the capital and its immediate neighbourhood. Close to this chief palace, at its north-east corner, is the *Trano vòla* or "Silver house," a building about three-fourths of the size of the first, entirely built of timber, with high-pitched roof, and arched verandah in two stages. Except an open space to the north of the chief palace, the royal courtyard or *Ròva* is closely filled with houses, including that called *Manampisoa*,*

* Each royal house has its proper name: *Manjaka-miàdana* means "Reigning peacefully"; *Manampisoa*, "Adding (what is) good"; *Bésàkana*, "Great breadth"; *Misôandro*, "The sun," etc.

* Pronounced Ambòhipotsy, and meaning "White hill."

elegant timber structure of Elizabethan design, built for the late Queen Ràsöhérina, and another house of brick and stone erected for the present Queen Rànavàlona II. (It is the custom for Malagasy sovereigns to build a new house for themselves soon after their accession.)

Quite as interesting, however, as these modern buildings are two or three of the ancient royal dwellings which are still left as relics of the past. These are simple, oblong, timber-framed houses, built of massive upright planking, and with their shingle-covered roofs of extremely high pitch. Each gable is finished by the peculiarly Hova feature of crossing timbers or "horns," which, in the royal houses, project at least fifteen feet above the ridge.

The southern portion of the courtyard is occupied by the royal chapel, a stone structure in the Italian style, with tower and spire flanking the western front. The building is roofed with native slate, and the interior is very handsome with carving in wood and stone, and with stained glass and organ of English manufacture.

But besides these buildings for the use of the living, the palace courtyard also contains the tombs of many former sovereigns. One of a line of seven ancient graves to the west of the great palace is that of Andriamàsinavàlona, a king of about 150 years ago, who consolidated the Hova power in the interior provinces; and to the north are larger stone structures surmounted by ornamental timber houses, and containing the remains of King Radàma I. (1810-1828), who subjugated the greater part of Madagascar, and of the late Queen Ràsöhérina (1863-1868).

Two or three hundred yards from the palaces is the Court of Justice, a stone building in the form of a classic temple, with no walls except at one end, and the roof carried on Ionic columns. By old custom Malagasy judges must dispense justice when not enclosed by walls, but open to all observers.

Northward is the residence of the Prime Minister; a square structure of brick and stone, considerably larger than the chief palace, but not quite as lofty. It has three stories, with recessed arcades on two sides, and the angles finished by towers with ornamental turrets; in the centre is a lofty hall, with an arched glass roof. The whole bears some resemblance to Burleigh House and other mansions of our English nobility, its style being a freely treated Renaissance.

Following the line of hill, other but smaller residences of wealthy nobles occupy the crest of the ridge, and, together with two or three churches, schools, and other buildings, diversify the skyline. Further north, the College of the London Missionary Society stands out conspicuously a little below the summit; and below that again is the Normal and Training School of the same society; both are substantial buildings of brick and stone.

This portion of the capital is called Fàravòhitra, i.e. "Last hill," its former extremity northward, although the houses have now extended far beyond this point. It is now the favourite part of the city, the majority of the English mission families residing there. The highest part is occupied by the Fàravòhitra Memorial Church, a plain stone

building with low square tower. This church is erected on the exact spot where, in the persecution of 1859, four Christian Malagasy of noble birth were burnt alive, as well as the corpses of fourteen others who had on the same day been hurled over the rock of Ampàmarinana.

There are only about half-a-dozen streets, in our sense of the word, in this capital city; the greater part of the houses are reached by narrow paths winding in and out among the little compounds; and sometimes there is no access to a house but by crossing the yard of others, and often only by climbing over the low clay walls which surround them.

No carriage could traverse the roughly paved roads; such things are in fact unknown in this large city, and so the streets are singularly quiet, with no rush of wheels or tramp of horses, while the great majority of human feet are shoeless, and so are almost noiseless in their tread.

In the heavy rains of the wet season, each street is swept by a furious torrent, often forming a series of rapids and waterfalls. In the case of this steepest of all the Antanànarivo roads—the one by which we ascend the eastern side—a long trench has been cut out of the hard red clay soil, so deep that a waggon and horses might easily be hidden from view within it. It need hardly be said that there are no water pipes or gas mains in the streets of Antanànarivo. The want of the former is supplied by the primitive plan of all water being fetched from springs at the foot of the city hill by the women and girls of every household. Long lines of these may be seen in the evenings, ascending the rough paths with their water-pots on their heads or shoulders. At night the streets are dark and almost deserted, but for the lantern carried by an occasional passenger. Few Europeans or respectable natives care to risk their limbs by going without a light along these breakneck paths.

Two-thirds of the way up the hillside we pass on the left hand a somewhat pretentious Roman Catholic church, built of compressed clay, with pinnacles and wooden traceried windows. At a little distance on the right is the neat Protestant church of Ankàdibévàva, a building of sun-dried brick.

A few yards higher is the ancient gateway of Ankàdibévàva, the only one now remaining of several gates formerly guarding the chief approaches to the city. This interesting relic of the olden time is a mass of rude masonry of thin flat stones laid without mortar, with large upright slabs of blue rock at the angles. The opening is a square doorway several feet deep, and in time of war was closed by a huge flat circular stone which was rolled out of a groove inside the gateway. The name means "At the fosse with the great mouth," or opening.

The old gate marks the boundary of the city proper. Until fourteen years ago no houses within the fosse and gateways could be built of clay, stone, or brick, but only of wood or rush, the former materials being deemed displeasing to the idols, and therefore tabooed. The majority of the smaller houses outside the city proper are of hard red clay, with thatched roofs, but inside the city the greater portion of the old timber houses,

with high-pitched roofs, have been removed, and since the repeal of the old law have been replaced by houses of European fashion, in two or three stories, and partly protected by verandahs. Almost the whole of the city has indeed been rebuilt within the last twelve years, sun-dried brick superseding wood and rush, and tiles to a great extent replacing thatch. There is now a large number of handsome and commodious houses throughout the city and its suburbs.

A hundred feet or more below the palace, to the west, we catch sight of the tall campanile of the Ampàmarinana Memorial Church. This is a stone building in a simple Byzantine style, with wheel-tracery windows in the gables; it is built on the edge of the precipice, which here descends at one plunge for a hundred and fifty feet. This place is the Tarpean of Antananarivo, and to be hurled down this rock was formerly a punishment for sorcerers. On the 28th of March, 1849, fourteen Christian people were put to death here in this manner, for it was supposed that their steadfast refusal to obey the queen's orders was the result of some powerful spell which enabled them to resist their sovereign's will. Ampàmarinana means "At the place of throwing down"; the church here was dedicated on the 28th of March, 1875, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the martyrdom which the building commemorates.

Proceeding northwards by the chief road we come to a large triangular space of ground called Andohalo, sloping down gently from the south-east to the west. Here all important public proceedings take place: coronations, and great kabàrys or national assemblies for the announcement of new laws; and here the sovereign appears in state after any journey, to receive the homage and congratulations of all ranks of her subjects. On these occasions the queen always stands on a "sacred stone," a bare piece of rock level with the ground, on the northern side of the triangle.

Andohalo is surrounded by the houses of wealthy natives, the majority of the buildings being new. Near the north-west angle is one of the numerous Congregational churches of the city, a neat structure of timber framing, designed somewhat in the style of the old English timber houses. Opposite the church is the French Consulate (the English, it is much to be regretted, have as yet no consular representative at the capital); and just below it are the numerous buildings of the Jesuit Mission: priests' houses, school, press, hospital, and their newly-erected stone church, a handsome building with towers flanking the chief front, in which a statue of the Virgin and Child is conspicuous. The houses and schools of the Sisters of Mercy are only a few yards distant.

Passing onwards, the road skirts the edge of the precipices forming the western side of the upper city at this point, and here we look down upon the square parade ground of Imàhamàsina, 300 feet below. Here coronations used to take place in former times. To the south-west is an artificial lake, used as a reservoir to supply water power for the Government powder mills; and in the centre is a little island, with pretty gardens and houses belonging to the queen.

Not far off is the Girls' Normal School of the London Missionary Society; and further on, and facing us, is the old stone gateway of the Press of the same society. Looking within, three sides of a square are seen to be occupied by substantial brick and stone buildings, where all the operations of printing, bookbinding and publishing are carried on. From this place many thousands of books in the native language are issued every year, including monthly and quarterly magazines. The Friends' Mission has also a large printing establishment on the Fàravòhiitra hill, and the two presses unite in diffusing a large amount of enlightenment throughout the country, aided by liberal grants of paper, woodcuts, etc., from the Religious Tract Society.

Half-way down the hill, on the left, are the buildings of the Norwegian Lutheran Mission, which has its head-quarters here, although its stations are chiefly in the southern province of Bétsiléo. Schools, college, and hospital are surmounted by a church of sun-dried brick, with lofty tower and short zinc-covered spire.

Lower down still, the Memorial Church of Ambatonakànga occupies a commanding site at the junction of the two chief roads. The stone church here was the first erected of the four memorial buildings, and was opened in 1867. It may be called the mother church of Madagascar, as the first Christian community was founded here in 1832. The original native chapel on this spot was turned into a prison, and here many Christian people languished out their lives, laden with heavy chains, or were taken hence to execution. On the western side of the church is the English burying-ground, where many connected with the former and the present missions are interred, as well as another Englishman to whom Madagascar owes much for his faithful and wise counsel during the reign of the first Radama, James Hastic, Esq., who was for several years British resident at his court.

From the Ambatonakànga church a road leads down through the suburb of Ampàribé ("Place of much sugar-cane") to the parade ground, passing the spacious Congregational church of Ampàribé, where the largest congregation in the capital, or in the island, assembles. It numbers from 1,400 to 1,500, with a membership of above a thousand. The road to the right takes us down to the suburb of Anàlakély ("At the little wood"), where is another large Congregational church. Not far from it is the L. M. S. Mission Hospital and residence for medical missionary, as well as a dispensary, and a training-school for medical students. Here for many years past a stream of healing beneficence has flowed to alleviate the bodily wretchedness of the Malagasy.

On a rounded elevation opposite Anàlakély is the great market-place, called Zomà or "Friday," after the day on which it is held. The most necessary articles of food can be bought here at all times, but on Fridays the place and all the approaches to it are densely crowded by thousands of people, and almost every native product and manufacture can be purchased. In one part of the market a forest of upright timbers shows where wood for building can be obtained, and a little further on are great piles of *hévana*, the

rush used for roofing. Here are stalls for the sale of the great variety of native cloths, of cotton, hemp, aloe fibre, and other vegetable substances, with dark stripes and elegant borders. There are a few silk *lambas*, but the finest of these are not sold in the markets. In another quarter are the articles made of straw, the neat and cheap broad-brimmed hats worn by the Hova, and strong and handsome baskets of all sizes, down to the minute boxes of half an inch cube, made of the finest plait, delicate as thread, and marvels of dexterous handicraft. Articles made of metal—

square compound, is the immense family tomb of the Prime Minister. This is a remarkable structure, built entirely of stone, partly below the surface, and consisting of a great square vault about ten feet high, and surrounded by a stone verandah of columns and segmental arches. The whole is about sixty feet square, and on the flat roof is a curious open arcade. At two of the angles are elegant columnar shafts, carrying the lightning conductors. The interior of the tomb is divided into a number of chambers, all having stone shelves for the reception of the dead.



GUARDS AT THE ENTRANCE-GATE OF THE QUEEN'S PALACE, ANTANÀNARIVO.

tin, iron and brass—can be purchased here; but the best examples of native carpentry must be sought at the houses of the makers. Here we can see all the variety of grains and roots used by the Malagasy for food, rice forming the staple of the former. Besides the hundreds of fowls, ducks, geese, and turkeys, and the piles of beef, there are also a few articles of food which would hardly be found either at Covent Garden or Leadenhall Market, viz., heaps of dried brown locusts, various species of caterpillars and crysalides, certain kinds of beetles, and piles of crocodiles' eggs. In the open space below the market are scores of the fine fat cattle of the country, with enormous humps on their shoulders, and magnificent horns. Close to the market is a church and school-house of the S. P. G. Mission; their chief church is in the centre of the city, and their Children's Hospital on its eastern side.

Proceeding past the market through the thickly populated suburb of Isòtry, we reach the extremity of the long spur or branch which extends from the north-western side of the city hill.

Upon the level top of this knoll, in a large

From this compound we have a fine view of the western side of Antanànarivo, from Ambòhipòtsy, with its spire, at the far south, to Fàravòhitra, with its massive tower, in the north. The cliffs of Ampàmarinana are clearly seen, and over these are the roofs of the royal palaces. The Prime Minister's house, and the spires and towers of the different churches, successively catch the eye as it passes over the wavy outline of the long ridge. We can trace its whole length from north to south, so that from this point we gain one of the best of the many striking pictures which the city presents, view it from whatever point we may.

And here, having surveyed the capital of Madagascar from east to west, "telling the towers thereof, marking well its bulwarks, considering its palaces," we may bid farewell to this "City of a Thousand," glad to think that here the former little band of Christians has become a thousand, nay, many thousands, "and the small one a strong nation," and that "the Lord has hastened it in His," and in our own, "time."

JAMES SIBREE, JUN.

HELON OF ALEXANDRIA.

A JEWISH TALE OF THE DAYS OF THE MACCABEES

IV.—THE ARRIVAL AT JERUSALEM.



FIRST SIGHT OF THE HOLY CITY.

IT was not yet daylight when in all the homes of Hebron people were preparing for the departure. Helon, more composed than on the evening before, as he passed through the streets, called to mind that this was one of the most ancient cities in the world, and that the origin of it might be traced to an epoch prior to the foundation of ancient Zoan in Egypt (Num. xiii. 22). It was formerly called Kirjath-Arba. The men that Moses sent to spy the land of Canaan advanced to its gates, and when Joshua had become master of it, Caleb the son of Jephunneh obtained it for an inheritance (Josh. xiv. 13), according to the promise that Moses had made (Num. xiv. 24). It was afterwards placed in the number of cities for the Levites (Josh. xxi. 13), and was one of the six cities of refuge (Josh. xx. 7). David reigned here seven years and six months (2 Sam. ii. 11). It fell eventually into the hands of the Idumeans. Judas Maccabeus took it from them. He demolished its fortress and burnt its towers. The remembrance of all these events agitated the mind of the young man. His emotion increased when he found himself in the open country where the patriarchs had pitched their tents and tended their flocks. By all the roads and all the footpaths were seen groups of men, women and children, coming to join the crowd going up to Jerusalem. They had scarcely proceeded a sabbath-day's journey when they saw a grove of terebinths, a species of oak. One of these trees is designated by the name of Abraham. Here is the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron,

(Gen. xiii. 18), where the patriarch had dwelt, and where Jehovah appeared to him (Gen. xviii. 1). Here the birth of Isaac had been promised to him, the rite of circumcision instituted, and Ishmael born. In the neighbourhood is the cave of Machpelah, where Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Leah, were buried. And now these places, where so many important transactions had passed, formed the rendezvous whence these children of the patriarchs were to start to go to Jerusalem.

"It is time to set out," said some of the elders to the judge or magistrate of Hebron. The priest has no doubt already asked, according to custom, the watchman stationed aloft on the temple: "Does it begin to be light towards Hebron?"

The priests and the elders led the procession. The Levites were dispersed among the people. At the moment of departure, the cymbals and other instruments of music were heard; all sang:

"I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the Lord.
Our feet shall stand
Within thy gates, O Jerusalem!
Jerusalem is builded,
As a city that is compact together:
Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord,
Unto the testimony of Israel,
To give thanks unto the name of the Lord.
For there are set thrones of judgment,
The thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem;
They shall prosper that love thee!
Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces!
For my brethren and companions' sakes,

I will now say, Peace be within thee!
Because of the house of the Lord our God
I will seek thy good."

It is impossible to conceive the enthusiasm with which this psalm was sung. Helon did not know before this time all that a psalm might be to the people of Israel. Sung by the multitude which was going up to Jerusalem, these words produced in him a very different effect and feeling from that which he realised when at Alexandria, alone on the terrace of his house, he sang them to the accompaniment of his harp. All these men had for some days left their houses and their business, in order to consecrate themselves to prayer, and acts of devotion. They had without disquietude separated themselves from their families. They confided them to Him who had promised that when the Israelites went up to present themselves three times a year before the Lord their God, their enemies should form no design against the country (Exod. xxxiv. 23-24). The God who protected the nation would doubtless extend, they considered, his tender cares to the families that composed it. All appeared full of joy.

The old men, the women, and even the children did not complain of the fatigues of the journey, and yet the distance to be traversed was thirty-six times the length of a sabbath-day's journey. The travellers were received in the towns and villages with shouts of joy. Tables covered with dates, with honey and bread, were placed before the doors of the houses, and some who were hungry and tired went and sat at them a few minutes. At all these places, fresh pilgrims, dressed in their holy-day attire, joined them.

After having traversed a forest, they had to ascend a hill whose slope was covered with vines. In the valley they perceived the pools of Solomon. They slackened their pace in ascending, and sang :

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!
My soul longeth, yea even fainteth, for the courts
of the Lord,
My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living
God.
Yea, the sparrow hath found a house,
And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may
lay her young;
Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts,
My king, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house!
They will be still praising thee. Selah.
Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee;
In whose heart are the ways of them,
Who, passing through the Valley of Baca, make it
a well;
The rain also filleth the pools.
They go from strength to strength,
Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

O Lord, God of hosts, hear my prayer,
Give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.
Behold, O God! our shield!
And look upon the face of thine Anointed.
For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand:
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my
God,
Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield;
The Lord will give grace and glory;
No good thing will he withhold
From them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts,
Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee."

They had now arrived at the pools of Solomon. The fountain of Etham supplies them with water, which a stupendous aqueduct formerly brought to Jerusalem, a distance of ten sabbath-days' journey. All now rested and took refreshments under the numerous palms, which surrounded three reservoirs, situated on the slope of a hill, so that the water flows from the highest basin into the middle one, and from this into the lowest basin.

The celebrated garden of Solomon was near this place in a small valley surrounded by rocks. Here the king found recreation from the cares of royalty, in the midst of fruit-trees that he had planted. No doubt it was from this delightful retreat that he drew his imagery when he said : " My sister, my spouse, thou art an enclosed garden :" and when he adds : " Thou art a spring shut up, and a fountain sealed " (Song iv. 12). We are here reminded of the fountain of Etham, which Solomon is said to have sealed with his own signet-ring. Here also we may recall those words of sad regret uttered by the great king :

" I made me great works, ... builded me houses, I planted
me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I
planted trees in them of all kind of fruits; I made me pools
of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth
trees."

" Then I looked on all the works that my hands had
wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do; and
behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was
no profit under the sun."

After having rested in this place, they proceeded on their way, and soon arrived at Bethlehem Ephratah, little among the thousands of Judah, and yet to which were given distinguished promises : for the prophet said of it : " From out of thee shall he come forth that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting " (Micah v. 2). They crossed the valley of Raphaim, they passed near the grave of Rachel, and the farther they proceeded, their eagerness to arrive at Jerusalem, and their joy increased. The people again chanted this psalm :

" Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised,
In the city of our God, in the mountain of his
holiness.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth,
Is mount Zion, on the sides of the north;
The city of the great King.
God is known in her palaces for a refuge."

It might have been said that they wished to tell all the earth what was the end of their journey. They continued thus :

" We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God,
In the midst of thy temple.

According to thy name, O God,
So is thy praise, unto the ends of the earth :
Thy right hand is full of righteousness.
Let mount Zion rejoice,
Let the daughters of Judah be glad,
Because of thy judgments.
Walk about Zion, and go round about her,
Tell the towers thereof ;
Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces ;
That ye may tell it to the generation following.
For this God is our God for ever and ever,
He will be our guide even unto death."

There was a moment's silence : they expected at every step forwards to see the city. Presently those in the front exclaimed, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem;" and the shout of joy increased as all united in the cry "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou city built on high, we wish thee peace."

They now perceived Mount Zion, and the smoke of the evening oblation which arose from Moriah. Soon they saw many of the inhabitants coming to greet the new comers to the feast. Very near the city one of them approached and embraced Elisama : "And is it thou, Elisama, of Alexandria?" said he.

It was Iddo, an old friend of his family. The old man expressed the delight that this meeting caused in him, and presented Helon to him. Both followed Iddo to his house, where he was delighted to receive them as guests.

What was Elisama's joy, on entering it, to find the brother of his host there, Salumiel of Jericho, the friend of his youth. Salumiel had formerly passed some years at Alexandria : but the two friends had not seen each other for many years, and they now fell into each other's arms, full of gladness at their meeting.

The feet of the strangers were washed according to custom, and afterwards they were invited to ascend to the roof of the house where the evening repast was to be served. It was the custom at the time of the feasts to sup at least once in this place, in order to give those who have not come to Jerusalem before a view of the city. Tables were fitted up on the roofs in all places. Jerusalem resembled an immense camp, for the houses not being sufficient to contain all the strangers, all the streets and open places were covered with tents to receive them. Elisama was invited to sit in the chief place. "Come and place yourself behind with me," said Iddo to Helon. "It is not, I assure you, the worst place, for we see here the open space before the water-gate, where Esdras stationed himself, when he read to the people from the book of the law from morning till noon, after the return from the captivity."

The old men entertained themselves with the glory of the reign of Hyrcanus, and with the victory of his sons over the Samaritans, while the head of the family invited the youngest of his guests to help him in clearing the house of all the leavened bread which could be found there. It was, in fact, the fourteenth day of the month of Nisan, and on this day were taken the necessary precautions to conform to the law or ordinance to be observed at this time of the year : "Seven days shall they eat unleavened bread, and no leavened bread shall be seen in all

thy borders." To this commandment the Lord added this threat : "If any one shall eat leavened bread from the first day to the seventh, he shall be cut off from Israel."

Each one of the assistants held a torch in his hand. The father of the family, placing himself in the midst of them, then uttered this prayer : "We praise thee, O God, king of all the earth, for that Thou hast given us thy commandments to sanctify us, and for that Thou hast ordered us to take away leaven from our dwellings!" They then examined the house, searching all its corners. Here and there they found a morsel of leavened bread, which had perhaps been deposited there designedly. Iddo took it carefully away, put it on a plate, and cleansed the place whence it had been taken. When this was ended, and they had spent not less than two hours in this affair, he considered awhile and said : "Let all leaven which is in my house, and which I have not taken away, be reckoned as the dust of the earth!" The vessel which contained the leavened bread was covered carefully until the morrow, and the hour being far advanced, each person retired to take rest.

"Here I am at Jerusalem then," said Helon, when he was alone in the chamber that had been prepared for him. "Ah! it seems to me that from my heart as well as from this house all leaven has been taken away. I hope that hereafter I shall be able to lead a blameless life, and to keep the whole law."

DAVID AND HANUN.

2 Sam. x.

DAVID had received kindness from Nahash, king of Ammon, probably at the time when he had to take refuge in his country, when fleeing from the anger of Saul. Now, in the day of his prosperity, when he had subdued all his enemies, and reigned in Jerusalem, he did not forget those who helped him in the day of adversity. When Nahash died, and his son Hanun reigned in his stead, David's gratitude to the father led him to show a friendly feeling toward the son, and he sent ambassadors, with a message of condolence, and of neighbourly courtesy to the new ruler. He said, "I will show kindness unto Hanun the son of Nahash, as his father showed kindness unto me."

With the message of peace and friendship, the servants of David came into the land of the children of Ammon. The arrival of these ambassadors was a grave moment in the history of Hanun. They brought from the powerful king of Israel an offer of alliance and friendship. Upon the manner of receiving this offer the future happiness of the young king would depend, and the course of his life, for weal or woe, be determined. If he had a wise spirit and generous heart, he would be touched by the kindly feeling of the king of Israel, and grasp the hand held out in brotherly affection. But there were base counsellors and mischievous advisers at his side,

who prevented any honourable reception of the friendly message. "The princes of the children of Ammon said unto Hanun their lord, Thinkest thou that David doth honour thy father, that he hath sent comforters to thee? hath not David rather sent his servants unto thee, to search the city, and to spy it out, and to overthrow it?"

The unhappy king did not hesitate to receive this sinister suggestion. Instead of indignantly repelling the base insinuation against his father's friend, one whose generous character had been often shown, even towards his enemies, Hanun readily accepted the interpretation of these evil men, and yielded himself to their violent counsels.

But this was without doubt no sudden and hasty purpose; the evil came from an earlier source. Hanun and the princes of Ammon hated the people of God, their religion, their Bible or book of the law, their worship, and all that came from Jerusalem. Jealous of the constant successes of David, vexed by his recent victories over the Syrians and Moabites, they breathed only hatred and ill-will against Israel. Bearing such feelings of aversion, how could they understand the tender and noble sentiments of David's heart? No; man generally judges of man by what he finds in himself. When he wishes to interpret the motive of another, he asks himself, what would I have intended by this move? He is suspicious because he is himself evil in his thoughts. His judgments are the reflections of his own soul; and one may almost always say, "Tell me how thou judgest others, and I will tell thee what thou art."

Alas! what troubles are caused in all times by this readiness to suppose evil, by this tendency to suspect others, and to put harsh and bad constructions upon their thoughts and actions! How much of bitterness and mischief is through this spirit spread through life! How many imaginary torments, imprudent steps, hasty words and unjust deeds, often irreparable, are thus caused! How often has this spirit overthrown, I do not say kingdoms, as in Hanun's case, but the peace and happiness and safety of homes! Loving hearts have been chilled, and friends divided, and bright scenes overclouded, and joy turned to sadness, through this vile spirit of suspicion and jealousy.

Ah! if the men of the world have established as a maxim that distrust is the mother of safety, let us rather say that it is the daughter of injustice, and the mother of torment and remorse. Let us rather say that the safety which it begots is a state of trouble and bitterness and vexation of spirit. Let us say further, that, even in a mere worldly point of view, and using only the language of common life, there is far more wisdom and safety in the loving and loyal confidence of a simple heart, which always believes the best; and in that charity, of which St. Paul says that it "thinketh no evil, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Hanun and his princes resolved then to come to an open rupture with the king of Israel, and to anticipate the evil purposes which they attributed to him. They determined to declare their hostility, and show that they defied his power as well as rejected his offered friendship.

And since, in all ages and lands, it is understood that he that touches the envoy of a king, touches the apple of his eye, they resolved to put affront upon these messengers who were in their power.

"Wherefore Hanun took David's servants, and shaved off the one half of their beards, and cut off their garments in the middle, even to their haunches, and sent them away." Thus it pleased the king of Ammon to treat these men, whose office ought to have made them inviolate and sacred. They were thrust out of the royal palace to be jeered by the courtiers and ridiculed by the mob of the town. Thus it pleased him to place in humiliating and ridiculous contrast the dignity of their persons and the gravity of their character with the mockery of the rabble, and all the ignominy with which his brutal treatment covered them.

Ah, unhappy Hanun! Insult is easy, but its fruits may be bitter. This sort of pleasantry may be the prelude of woes to thee and to thy people. This sort of joy may soon be succeeded by sorrow and suffering. A day of terrible vengeance must wipe out this foul wrong. There may be a coarse and brutal merriment for a few hours in the streets of Rabbah, the king's capital; but soon in these same streets there will be cries of terror and despair rising to heaven with the smoke of the burning city. This insult is such as can bring upon those who gave it, or approved it, the most fearful retribution.

The king and his counsellors awoke soon to a sense of the wrong they had done, and the dangerous consequences of their barbarous conduct. They knew well that an insult like this could not be passed over by the king of Israel, for the tidings of the event would spread through all the courts and bazaars of neighbouring and more remote countries. They had outraged the persons of ambassadors, and thus done despite to the comity of nations. Few even of those who hated Israel would be prompt to side with Hanun in a quarrel not just, and all the wrong was on his side. Yet help was needed against the power of King David, and there might be advantage in taking the initiative in a war that was inevitable. So Hanun sent and hired Syrian troops from various cities; the first time, by the way, that we read of mercenary soldiers, afterwards to be so common in war.

The result of the conflict we need but briefly refer to. David sent out all his mighty men, under the command of Joab, his ablest general. Joab divided the host, giving Abishai his brother the command against the Ammonites, while he went to meet the Syrians. The spirit in which they went forth to this war is seen in the words of the commander, "Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God; and the Lord do that which seemeth him good." Both the Ammonites and the Syrians were signally routed, and Joab returned in triumph to Jerusalem.

The war was thus short, sharp, and decisive. It does not appear that David even waited for the return of the insulted ambassadors. They sent to tell the king of what had happened, and he with kind considerateness told them to tarry

at Jericho till their beards grew, so that they might not be pained by being made the gazing-stock or butt of idle crowds, and reminded of their unpleasant mission. The king knew their feelings, and gave them his sympathy, while taking swift vengeance upon those who had despised and rejected the message of peace and consolation with which they had been charged.

Such is, in outline, the story of David and Hanun. And does it carry no lessons bearing upon higher and more important matters than those which obviously arise from the narrative? Has there not come to us also, from one greater than David, even from David's King and Lord, a message of peace and offer of consolation? There is no one who has not at some time, perhaps often and often, known what the Scripture calls "a day of visitation," a season when a message from God has come to us. How have we treated this message? Have we gladly accepted the offer of peace, and rejoiced in the consolation of the gospel? Or have we, like Hanun, hating the light of the true Israel, and despising the love of Israel's king, listened to evil counsel, and rejected the offered covenant of safety? The words of the gospel, the voice of every preacher, the dispensations of God's providence, the whispers of conscience, the strivings of the Holy Spirit, are all as truly sent by God, as were the ambassadors from David to the children of Ammon. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

This is the message of the great God and King. To them that receive it He gives the promise of consolation. "I will give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him, for he dwelleth in you, and shall be in you." This is the only true comfort and consolation in life, to have the pardon of sin, and peace with God, through faith in Christ; and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, as the subduer of evil, and the source of all good within us, the Sanctifier, the Comforter.

In our times the messengers of the gospel, the ambassadors of the Great King, may not be maltreated as they were in the days of the old confessors and martyrs. But the message itself may still be neglected and disregarded, and so the King be dishonoured. God forbid that of any who read these words it should be said, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." Thou knowest not the time of thy visitation! This was the solemn warning given by the Lord Himself in the parable of "the wicked husbandmen." When the servants of the master were ill-treated, last of all he sent unto them his own son, and they cast him out of the vineyard and slew him. When the Lord, therefore, of the vineyard cometh, what

will he do unto those husbandmen? He will miserably destroy those wicked men. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." "Of how much sorrier punishment suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?"

Cast Thy Burden.

ONE day when thought my outer sense did close,

And held the inner fast,

Before me like some saddening dream arose

A vision of the past.

In due procession earth's long-vanished years

Moved to a mournful clime,

(The groans of men, women's half-stifled tears)

That echoed through all time.

And likewise through all time there seemed to float,

Sweet as an angel's song,

From realms of restfulness, another note,

Unheeded by the throng.

It offered strength out of a boundless store,

Spoke peace for vague alarms,

And bade them cast the heavy loads they bore

Into a Father's arms.

And yet how few the listeners it found

Among the way-worn crowd!

That tender pleading mad excitement drowned,

Or lamentations loud.

Some, heavy laden, unbelieving heard,

Some vented mocking mirth,

And some lived on as deaf to every word

That wooed their souls from earth.

Some nailed at life, whose bitter heritage

Their spirit dared defy,

And fought with fate, and cried from youth to age,

"Nay, I will conquer—I!"

Then, impotent, passed out of human ken,

While others came and went;

And still to-day the voice holds forth to men

A wealth of love unspent.

Alas! our ears are dull, our minds too gross

To take its meaning in;

Or else we only listen hugging close

The secret grief or sin.

So strong, so weak, so strangely loth to fling

The burden from thy breast,

Oh! foolish heart, that will do anything

But seize the proffered rest!

Too hard for thee the struggle; lo, 'tis past,

And strength is thy reward,

When Love no longer vainly whispers, "Cast

Thy burden on the Lord."

Pages for the Young.

LESSONS FROM THE HIVE.



A HIVE of bees is nothing less than a great co-operative association, formed for the purpose of rifling the nectaries of all the flowers growing within a surrounding area of twenty or thirty square miles. The members of this association are not all industrious, some are drones, others workers; but all have a share in the golden treasure accumulated; although the drones are only allowed to have a temporary interest in stores provided by the workers against a cold rainy day.

Bees are like misers, who amass wealth which they are compelled to leave to others: they collect honey with insatiable craving, but are soon deprived of it by the spoiler's hand.

A hive of bees is like a populous city. In the month of June it will contain 30,000 or 40,000 inhabitants.

All these are the offspring of one queen mother, who rules supreme over a united, orderly and loyal community. A queen in her second year will in June lay from 1,500 to 2,000 eggs a day; and probably in three or four years will have been the mother of half a million subjects. Her life extends to four or five years.

Bees have the wonderful power of raising a young queen from any egg which has not been laid for more than about four days; and here is one of nature's mysteries, and a decided proof of Divine providence; that the queen bee, whose existence is so absolutely necessary for the life of the hive, is produced from the egg in seven days less than a common worker bee, and in ten days less than a drone, although her life is eight or ten times longer than theirs. Yet the egg from which she sprang might have developed into a worker bee. No difference appears to exist between any of the eggs laid by the queen in worker cells; but the bees adopt a different mode of treatment in nursing the fortunate grub destined for royalty.

They are taught by a marvellous instinct, when a new queen is wanted, to collect the materials for what is called "royal jelly," a milky-like substance with which they feed or rear her from a common egg.

The drones are male bees. They are larger than the workers, and make a louder humming, but have no sting, neither are they provided with the means for gathering pollen or honey, or assisting in the labours of the hive. Their life is usually cut short in two or three months, when the honey season is drawing to a close. Hundreds may then be seen, maimed and starving, crawling on the ground near the hives, in sad contrast with their fine appearance

and active noisy self-assertion during the summer day, when far and wide they ranged the fields in quest of pleasure.

The worker bees form the great body of the community, and upon them fall the labours of the hive; such as honey and pollen gathering, comb building, etc.

They are the nurses, labourers, artisans and soldiers of the colony.

It would be hard to find in this world of ours a better pattern of industry than the Honey Bee.

Watch a hive into which a young swarm was put yesterday. Already comb building has begun. No delay or loss of time, no squandering of energy is here, as the shining hours are passing.

Look in after awhile at the window of their new home, and you will see clusters suspended from the top like ropes, festoons, or ingenious ladders, by which the rest are passing up and down with fresh material for their "roofs of gold." No sooner are cells built than the queen, on her part, deposits eggs therein, from each of which, in four days, is hatched a small white worm or grub, which, like grubs in general, is very voracious and needs constant feeding. The pollen of blossoms and flowers must now be gathered and mixed with honey into suitable food; which, as the colony increases in numbers, has then to be administered to 10,000 hungry mouths. Not one misses its proper aliment, at the right time, and in full quantity.

Of course, her majesty the queen does not nurse her own children. She has no need to do it, having a large contingent of nurse-maids. The younger bees are the nurses of the family.

What must be the patient activity of these nurses! every cell must be visited and the sweet pap, so nicely prepared, given to every gaping maw, until each grub has grown to fill its waxy cradle. Day after day all this goes on with cheerful alacrity, and the sound of anthem-like music is often heard in the streets of that well-ordered city where all is wonderful, and marks the impress of His hand whose work is perfect.

When the five or six days of nursing are over, the grub or pupa, as it is now called, spins a silken film round itself, and every cell so matured is carefully sealed over by the bees with a light brown perforated lid; thus as it were entombing its occupant, which remains there, wrapped in its soft winding-sheet for four or five days, when its form becomes changed, and at last, thrice seven days from the hour when its embryo existence began, it comes forth, as by resurrection, to a higher life, perfectly equipped for its appointed sphere.

The perseverance of the honey bee is truly indomitable. Deprive them of the rich supply of honey which with vast labour they have filled and sealed as a store for winter—turn them altogether out of their hive; yet if only their queen is with them, and a fitting box or skep be offered, they will enter and begin again to build as actively as before. An appropriate motto for the escutcheon of every hive would be, "Never despair."

Not less remarkable is the cleanliness of the beehive, and the attention given by its industrious occupants to healthful ventilation. How interesting to observe the constant relays of workers at the entrance of the hive, fanning with their wings through the sultry days and nights of June and July. Would that men were all as solicitous as bees for fresh air in their dwellings!

Surely one might say the queen of such a community is highly privileged: the mother of all her subjects, who all in truth regard her with the loyalty and affection due to a good and lawful sovereign. Where is the kingdom in which a queen is held in higher honour than the queen of the honey bees? How they crowd round her, and make way at her approach! Each bee, courtier-like, turns its head towards her majesty; some offer her honey, and all

are ready to allow her to walk over them if she will. And they are ardent patriots too, courageous and undaunted in the presence of foes, and ever ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of their queen and royal city.

Strange then it seems, that at a certain season of the year they become possessed with an irresistible desire to forsake the home of their birth, with all its attractions, and go forth in colonies to settle elsewhere, without casting "one longing, lingering look behind."

When the hive becomes crowded, a swarm, numbering 20,000 or 30,000 bees, headed by the old queen, issues tumultuously with intent to seek a new home. Spies have been previously sent out to view the land, and have returned with more or less of satisfactory intelligence. Before, however, taking a long flight to a place perhaps two or three miles away, the swarm settles on a bush or tree near their old hive as if loth to leave at once the familiar spot. Now is the time for the beekeeper to impress the young body of colonists, by the tempting offer of a new and comfortable domicile, which is usually accepted. If not thus solicited, they are like men in similar circumstances, will not stay where not wanted, but, without further delay, cheerily depart to more inviting fields.

Marvellously do these tiny creatures by their example exhort us in our higher sphere of life and intelligence to improve present opportunities in view of the rapidly approaching future; "redeeming the time because the days are evil."

Like "the ants," they are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in "the summer." Let us "consider their ways and be wise."

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

How brief is its life! Its golden hours speed swiftly, and the countless flowers which to-day are filled with luscious stores, will to-morrow cease to invite and reward the eager searcher. Winter, bespeaking the decay and death of nature, is advancing like an armed man.

"Work for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter, work in the
glowing sun,
Work for the night is coming, when man's work is
done."

C. W. S.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XX.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord" (Psa. xxvii. 14).

Read John v. 1-19. The Gospel of John tells us chiefly of the works of the Saviour in Jerusalem; while Matthew, Mark, and Luke describe His works in Galilee. It is for this reason that we have to-day taken our lesson from John. Here we read of the journey which our Lord now made to Jerusalem; why did He go there? Might the feast not be kept anywhere else? Read Deut. xii. 5. See how careful Jesus was to fulfil God's commands! Read Matt. v. 17. Christ set us an example that we might follow His steps. We are not now expected to take a long journey to

go to the place of worship at Jerusalem, but all the more should we be regular and attentive in our worship of God where he meets with His people.

What is the name of the pool beside the sheep gate in Jerusalem? The meaning of this Hebrew word Bethesda is House of Mercy—a beautiful name! It might well be given to many a house of God, where poor sorrowful people come to worship and pray, and where so often they find mercy. At this house of Mercy what did Jesus find? Where were these poor afflicted people lying? What were they waiting for? Among them lay one who had been waiting for a very long time, how long? Think what a number of years! Jesus knew it; He saw him lie, and knew how many long summers and winters he had been there; how many other sick people he had seen cured; how patiently he had waited, and how often he had been sorely disappointed. Jesus had compassion on him, and what question did He ask him? The man did not give a direct answer, but told how it was that he had not been long before now cured: how was it? Then Jesus gave him a command; what command? And with the word Jesus gave the strength so long wanting, and the man immediately was made whole, and took up his bed and walked. What day was it? It was God's holy sabbath; a day on which men rested from work of an ordinary kind; but the works of Jesus were not ordinary works, and He used often to show forth the glory of God and to make men happy by doing such works on the sabbath.

The enemies of Jesus were on the watch, however, to find fault with him. What did they say to the man? His answer was very simple, what was it? Notice the bitter spirit of their reply—they did not say, "Who was it that made thee whole?" for that would have been acknowledging the miracle, what did they ask? And the man did not know; had it been in Capernaum, he and they would have known very well, but here Jesus was not so well known.

Where did Jesus afterwards find him? We may hope he had gone to give thanks. What warning did Jesus give him? I fear this man was angry at receiving this warning, for we do not hear that he gave thanks to Jesus, but instead of that he went and told the Jews that it was Jesus who had made him whole, which seems most heartless and ungrateful. What did the Jews do? and what did they seek to do? They could not slay him, but they persecuted him, for what reason? How did Jesus answer them? Who was his Father?

This is a sad history. The man had waited long, and Jesus at last cured him, to give us a lesson of patience and hope.

But we find by his behaviour to Jesus that his heart was cold and thankless, and it is to be feared that he went back to the sins against which Jesus warned him.

Sing,—“ Ere another Sabbath's close.”

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. X.—p. 334.—JAEL—KAIL.—Judges iv. 21.

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|-------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. J-onatha-n | 2 Sam. i. 28. |
| 2. A-nn-a | Luke ii. 36. |
| 3. E-l-i | 1 Sam. iv. 18. |
| 4. L-emue-l | Proverbs xxxi. 1. |

NO. XI.—p. 334.—CALEB AND RAHAB.—Num. xiv. 38; Josh. ii. 3.

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|---------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. C-heba-r | Ezek. x. 15. |
| 2. A-lexandri-a | Acts xviii. 24. |
| 3. L-ibna-h | Isaiah xxxvii. 8. |
| 4. E-lish-a | 1 Kings xix. 16. |
| 5. B-aal-zebu-b | 2 Kings i. 2. |

Hislop gave him any hint concerning his duties towards his fortune. Few ever mentioned "Old Hardwicke" without some speculation concerning his "money." But they did not mention it to him, unless it might be with some grandiloquent remark, as if money was a thing which never entered their theories, whereat "Old Hardwicke" would covertly smile. If he had been a poor man, he might have been asked kindly enough if he had made what provision he could for those with claims upon him. If he had been a moderately rich man, he might have been asked, also kindly and frankly, if he had made the best provisions possible. But to the very wealthy, few can speak candidly about money.

It was only after Mr. Hardwicke had had an attack which might well have terminated fatally, and which left his nerves shaken and his mind deadened though sound, that his medical attendant ventured to ask whether his will was made, and finding (not to his surprise, for he was an experienced man, and versed in the eccentricities of patients) that it was not, urged that a lawyer should be summoned at once. He did not wish to shock his patient, whose condition remained precarious, and he softened the suggestion by putting it that it would be only wise to make some sort of provisional arrangement until Mr. Hardwicke should be really restored to health and able to make definite decisions. The physician knew that any such restoration to health was very unlikely, but he also knew enough of his patient, both physically and mentally, to be sure that this was the only way to get him to do this distasteful duty at all. "And whatever sort of will he makes must be better than nothing," thought he, "since even in the most cursory way, he is not likely to order what he does not wish to be done."

"So you think I am dying," asked Mr. Hardwicke, in querulous excitement, when the doctor suavely tendered this counsel.

"We must all die some day," said the medical man adroitly, "and we cannot take our wealth with us, you know."

"Aye, that's the pity of it!" ejaculated the sick man, quite pathetically, and the doctor followed up his hint by volunteering himself to send for any lawyer whom Mr. Hardwicke chose to name.

Mr. Hardwicke named one among the many with whom he had had dealings of various kinds, and he did not name the one of whom he knew most, or who knew most of him. And when he came, Mr. Hardwicke was very explicit in his statements, that he only wanted a provisional will, one to come and go upon, in case of anything unexpected happening. The lawyer reminded him that whatever will was made would certainly hold good until another cancelled it, hinting that if he had any special wish even concerning any one part of his property, he had better incorporate it at once. Mr. Hardwicke answered him testily, and the adviser could realise that his client had no very special wish on the matter, and that his determination not to regard the will as final chiefly arose from his dislike to any thing which gave him a sense of having relinquished hold on his wealth.

Mr. Hardwicke left the lawyer to ask questions and to make suggestions. How to get and how to keep were familiar ideas to him, but how to give up was, strange. Besides, what did it matter? Why should he think of justice and mercy in his disposing of that, from which it seemed to him he was being unjustly and unmercifully taken. But he did think often, with weird delight, that though everybody knew he was rich, there would be some surprise when the figures of his wealth were stated.

His few acquaintances and his distant kindred had heard nothing for years of the missing son Frank, or of Maria and her husband. If Mr. Hardwicke had had any recent news, he kept it to himself, unless indeed he confided it in professional secrecy to the lawyer. The third and fourth cousins were always very strong in reprobation of undutiful children. And as for his acquaintances, the older ones had dropped off one by one, mostly removed like Mr. Hislop, by death, and the newer ones were in the same uncertainty as to Maria's history or even existence, which her fashionable callers of old days had felt concerning Frank's. The prevalent idea was that she had fallen into dire disgrace—for which indeed the kinder hearts put forth one excuse, that she had been a motherless girl—and that she was now living in deep retirement, duly subsidised by a justly indignant father.

The end came, as the doctor had foreseen it would, within a very few days after the making of the will. For a few hours, death stared the rich man so sternly in the face, that even he could no longer turn his eyes aside. A terrible few hours they were. The vicar of the city parish in which Mr. Hardwicke lay dying, was hastily summoned, but he resided at some distance, and by the time he could reach the house all was over. Meanwhile, the lawyer had also been sent for, and as he was found duly at his place of business, he hurried off to his client, and was just in time to get one or two codicils to the will duly executed.

"It have been awful!" groaned the poor old housekeeper, when, as the solemn silence of death settled over the scene, she sat down, as she had not sat for two or three days. "Eh, but it seemed hard when I saw my own old man taken, and me not able to do or to get what they said might have saved him. But I won't murmur again. I thought I'd never get over my first look on my Will's face when he couldn't smile back to me no more as he had done ever and always, but lay white and still, and as if he were a-smiling inside himself over a good secret I should know in time. I thought I'd never get over it, and now it's a blessing to remember it to-day. Eh, this last going away has been awful. It have taken as much out of me as years o' work!"

"Doubtless it will be made up to you," said the prim trained nurse, whose assistance had been secured. "A rich man, like Mr. Hardwicke, is sure to have remembered you!"

The old housekeeper shook her head doubtfully. She knew the world, and she was not a mercenary woman, and she found much more solid comfort in reflecting that surely she might be able to earn honest bread and shelter somewhere for

many years yet, than in any doubtful hopes as to a probable bequest.

Whether or not, the dead man had had any recent news of his daughter and her husband, his death was scarcely made public before Mr. Pomfret appeared on the scene. The kinsfolk could never ascertain whether any communication had passed between the lawyer and him. But there he was; a middle-aged man now, with the record of years of hard and reckless living writ large upon him. Such hopes as there might have been for him in the days of his idle and worthless youth were gone now. Mean shifts, coarse self-indulgences, and brutal indifference had effaced the last traces of the superficial polish and elegance which had won him his foolish wife, of whom he spoke in oily whispers as "my poor unfortunate dear!" Maria was not with him. The pointed enquiries of the cousins elicited the fact that she was in a lunatic asylum. Yes, they had had children, several, who had died, two who survived, one a victim to spinal complaint, and the other, born just as its poor mother's "trouble" came upon her, was "queer." "Poor dear darlings," said their father unctuously, as if he felt how meritorious he was to be able to pity such unengaging offspring!

When the will was opened, one share of "old Hardwicke's money," and that a fortune in itself, was found to be left to Maria and her children. "To be made ducks and drakes of by that worthless fellow," exclaimed one embittered kinswoman. There was no word of explanatory forgiveness which might have carried some healing to Maria's bewildered brain had it been able to receive it. Indeed the whole thing bore the stamp of testamentary conventionality, as well it might, having been done in obedience to the lawyer's suggestion. A similar share was left to Frank Hardwicke "or his heirs or assigns," whereupon the lawyers exchanged significant smiles, thinking that doubtless the affairs of the missing son would make some work for them. The rest of the will still more plainly displayed the source of its inspiration: there were so many thousands to first cousins, all alike, the well-doing and the worthless, the widows of dead first cousins having been either forgotten or neglected, but certainly ignored. So few thousands to second cousins, the distribution being on the same principle. So many hundreds to third cousins. Then followed a few bequests to be expended in costly souvenirs to be given to Mr. Hardwicke's wealthy business connexions. The codicils consisted of sundry legacies to stereotyped institutions which had occurred to the lawyer's mind when hastily summoned to soothe his client's death-bed by suggesting sundry post-mortem investments, which he perhaps fancied might bear some interest for him in his unknown future.

It had been one of the dead man's strange whims that every body likely to have any interest in his property should receive due notice of the reading of his will. So they flocked to his grand dreary city chambers, the crowds of unloving kindred, sordid or flaunting, needy or spendthrift, greedy and grasping, or stolid and astute. Few were on friendly terms with each other, but most knew who the others were, or, at least, could

easily guess, by eager whispers among themselves. But there was one person who puzzled them all, a pale thin woman, still young in years, but with a lifetime of anguish and care stamped on her face. She looked like a lady, but her black dress was poor in the extreme, and was so worn that it could not have been assumed in honour of the lately deceased. Her sad blue eyes seemed rather turned in upon some terrible vision that haunted her memory, than interested in the strange scene before her. Who was she? was asked on all hands, but nobody could answer. She was accompanied by a plain-looking, elderly man, who somehow impressed the observers that he was not there in his own interest.

When the will was finished, a clamour of tongues began. The decorous show of regretful respect which had pervaded the assembly until Mr. Hardwicke's testamentary wishes were known now completely vanished. Of course, nobody was satisfied. Those who had got most, felt aggrieved that they might have had more if others had not got too much. Some of the third cousins, who had been on more intimate terms with Mr. Hardwicke, could not understand why first cousins, whom he had never seen, should be preferred before them, while first cousins could not see any reason why such distant relations as third cousins should be remembered at all. The old housekeeper, who had allowed herself a certain mild expectation, much because she did not like to believe her old master would have entirely ignored her, felt one faint twinge of disappointment, and then bethought her that she had better go and prepare some tea for distribution among the wrangling group. As she left the room, she was followed by the unknown young woman with the sad eyes, while her companion advanced to the lawyers, and producing sundry papers entered into an undertoned conversation with them.

Then the mystery concerning her was soon unravelled. That woe-stricken woman was the childless widow of Frank Hardwicke. He had found his way to Italy, and amid great hardships had there acquired some skill in his beloved art of sculpture. Thence he had gone to America, and had married. There had been some happy days in his life, and amid much struggle, some hope of ultimate prosperity. But privation and over-work had ruined his health and his nerves. With the consciousness that he had fled from bitter antagonism in the very quarter whence one should look for helpful furtherance, the thought of possible failure grew into a haunting terror, which at last wrought its own fulfilment. Just when he was on the threshold of success, he broke down, his brain lost its power, his hand its cunning. It would have been but a temporary disablement, probably ending in fuller and tenderer strength had there been any rest or refuge for him. But there was none, save in the love of the one fragile woman, who sought with superhuman strength to succour and shield him. The very sight of her efforts was the crowning drop of bitterness in his cup, for Frank Hardwicke had never been trained to realise that love, though proud to take, is thrice blessed when it gives. And so with the pride of honour and in-

dependence which had been the wild virtue of his unchastened nature, hot in his heart, Frank Hardwicke had died—a broken man. The widow kept his secret—the secret of the feigned name under which he had worked and aspired. She had said in her bitterness that his cruel father should never know of his failure, nor even when Mr. Hardwicke was dead would she have put in any claim to his estate, but that her failing health made her tremble lest she should fall a burden on her own needy relatives or on public charity. And now she was a rich woman! She would be able to live in a grand empty house, to exchange her poor garments for sumptuous weeds, and to have a cruel leisure to reflect how one tithe of her new possessions might have saved her husband for her love, and his gifts for the service of his kind! Here was a father who had verily given his son a stone instead of bread, and who changed like witches' prayers read backwards, had thus, to blasphemous mockery the Master's beautiful interpretation of human tenderness: "How much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them which ask him."

She was quiet enough, poor thing, sipping her tea in the old housekeeper's little sanctum, and now and then dropping a simple word about the struggles and sorrows of the past, brighter and better than any future earthly joys could be for her. But how the more distant relations pecked and twittered! And how they refused to realise that the furniture and "things" must be all properly valued and dealt with as part of the estate, and not treated as so much plunder to be snatched by the boldest hand and carried off by the strongest arm. Indeed, they examined and discussed the linen and the china and the plate with such pointed and personal interest, that the old housekeeper warned the lawyer that he had better leave his clerks on guard until "the relatives" had gone, nor did she find it possible to prevent some of the ladies from carrying off divers articles—even humble emery pincushions, and sewed kettle-holders—as "relics."

The departing cousins all resented the appearance of Frank's widow, since she was not inclined to make any common cause with them, and seemed likely speedily to withdraw herself and her share beyond their ken. On the other hand, they considerably relented towards Mr. Pomfret. They found him so affable, so ready to receive their sympathy concerning "his poor wife," and to court their advice and attentions for his "worse than motherless" children. And he was so anxious to reciprocate their kindness by interesting himself in their disposal of their bequests. Bewildering bequests they were to most of them, since their one idea about money was that its advent should enable them to live without doing anything ever afterwards. Mr. Pomfret did not profess any very great financial knowledge, but as "a gentleman born" it seemed only natural that he should have friends who did, and they thought it truly gracious of him liberally to give introductions to these, and so "put them in the way" of getting an interest on which they might achieve their grand ambition.

Alas, alas! In five years' time what had

become of "old Hardwicke's money"? Most of it was sunk for ever in bubble companies, in non-existent mines, in useless railroads—serving only to enrich that crowd of idle, scheming reprobates, who flutter round the body politic, and poison its heart and paralyse its limbs. Some of the remoter cousins, with the smaller legacies, had determined "to have the enjoyment of them," and were now in drunkards' graves or prison cells. One or two more, seeing no other method of turning their gains into an escape from industry to comparative idleness, had bought or established village "publics," and spread no less an evil influence because they were their own best customers. Mr. Pomfret now lived in a showy house, the wealth bequeathed to his wife and children securing him the fashionable maintenance and social status from which he could easily entrap and fleece the unwary, as the rich and well-guarded sharper can do so much better than the needy and suspected one. It was not, in reality, his own blame or credit that he was thus upheld in outward respectability. If he could have got the money wholly and at once into his own hands, it would have soon gone, leaving him buried in a second and hopeless ruin, but as it was, he often cursed the feeble and unhappy lives which held him back from what he called "the right style of launching out," and which he would not fail to accomplish the moment the check of their existence was removed.

In some of the households which it had not made higher or happier, they sometimes spoke of "Old Hardwicke's money," generally with a grumble, occasionally with a curse. But nobody ever spoke of Mr. Hardwicke himself. None of the kinsfolk visited his great, gloomy, costly sepulchre in the fashionable cemetery. Perhaps, in a century's time, some of their descendants, knowing little of family history, might point to it as a sort of proof of past family wealth and importance, and so it might find some use at last. But, deserted as it was, from time to time, tiny bunches of humble flowers were laid on its chill gray stone. And if anybody had watched, they would have seen the old housekeeper approach and put them there.

"The poor old master!" she used to say. "At the very last, if he had only had time, I think there were a many things he would have liked to be different! I've often wondered whether I did my duty to him. There's some blunders and sins that get encouraged instead of checked. It was the rich people whom the Master said were in greatest danger of not finding the way to the Kingdom of Heaven, but now-a-days, it is too much the fashion to make believe that they have found it as a matter of course. I can't see why there should not be as plain words spoken about wrong ways of making, or keeping, or spending money, as there are about stealing or drunkenness. The apostle Paul puts all sorts of sinners into one verse, though some of us think there's a mighty differ between our sins and those of others. Eh, it's sad to think how the master put his whole life into his money, and where is it now, and what has it done? Nought but harm, so far as I can hear. Except may-be what

fell to that poor young widow lady who'd had hard experience of what money can do, and what it can't. As she had the kindness of heart to notice and remember a poor old body like me, after only seeing me once or twice, I expect she will turn out to be one of those who lie in wait

to do good. Well, well, loving thoughts and helpful hands can take all the filthiness out of lucre, and it seems as if there was more hope for the master himself, if there is any good to come at last out of

"OLD HARDWICKE'S MONEY."

HELON OF ALEXANDRIA.

A JEWISH TALE OF THE DAYS OF THE MACCABEES.

V.—THE PASCHAL LAMB.

OUR travellers came from a country inhabited by Gentiles ; they must purify themselves before being presented in the temple, and consequently, not being able to assist at the morning oblation, they betook themselves to the valley of Jehoshaphat, where Helon longed to visit his father's tomb. Iddo, in whose house he had died, would willingly have consented to his being buried in his family sepulchre, but the old man had desired on his deathbed that his burial might be in this valley, of which the prophet Joel said : "I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there, for my people and for my heritage Israel" (Joel iii. 2). He, like others, concluded from these words that the resurrection of the dead and the last judgment would take place there (Joel iii. 12), and on this account many of the Jews desired that their bodies should be deposited there.

Elisama, Salumiel and Iddo accompanied the young man, following the course of the brook Kedron. Helon had wished to approach the tomb and water it with many tears which must flow from his eyes; but the three Israelites restrained him, because by so doing he would have been ceremonially unclean, and not being able in this case to assist at the feast, he must have kept it the following month, with those who, not being clean, could not do so in the month of Nisan.

Having returned home they found the tables made ready. They saw the unleavened bread, and the cakes were being brought in which had been prepared for these solemn days. That which was appointed for the priests was decorated with flowers. The father of the family was to carry it in the evening to the temple. They took a slight repast ; then they kindled in the garden a fire, into which Iddo cast the leavened bread which he had shut up with so much care the evening before. In doing it he repeated the prayer he had formerly pronounced.

Scarcely was this ceremony ended, than the beginning of the feast was announced from the height of Moriah by the sound of the trumpet. A thousand trumpets from all parts of the city immediately replied.

It was now the eighth hour. Iddo, wishing to give the strangers the pleasure of an imposing view of the city, caused them to pass by the gate called Beautiful, but it was with difficulty that they went this way, so great was the crowd.

Every head of a family was carrying his lamb on his shoulder, or had it carried for him by a servant. The courts of the Gentiles were filled with goats and lambs which traffickers had brought for sale. The victims must be slaughtered between the two evenings, and all be without blemish, and a year old. The people were divided into three bodies in the court of the Israelites. When the evening sacrifice had been offered, a priest opened all the folding-doors leading from this court to that of the priests, and one division entered. The priests stood arranged in the space which separates the place of sacrifice from the altar. They all had basins of gold or of silver in their hands. Iddo was one of the foremost of the people. He presented his lamb, and mentioned the number of persons who were to partake of it. He then slaughtered his lamb, and the priest who was nearest to him received the blood in his basin, which he gave to his neighbour. The vessel passed thus from hand to hand, till it reached the priest next to the altar, who poured the blood at the foot of it. Each priest, on receiving with one hand a basin full of blood handed to his neighbour an empty one with the other hand. This exchange was made with incredible dispatch.

In ordinary cases the priest slaughtered the victim ; but on the day of the Passover this duty was performed by the master of the house, or by any Israelite, as a memorial that Israel was a nation of priests. The Levites sang during this time the grand Hallelujah, and the priests announced the commencement of each psalm which composed it, by the sound of the trumpet. Each head of a family suspended his lamb to a column with hooks, and removed the skin. The fat was received by a priest, who after having added some salt to it, caused it to smoke upon the altar. When all had finished, the second division was admitted and after this the third. All was done with so much order and dispatch that many thousands of victims were slaughtered between the two evenings.

All the chief men of families, laden with their lambs or their goats, returned from the temple to their dwellings. They hastened to roast the immolated animals in the ovens, two feet and a half wide, and excavated in the ground to the depth of five or six feet. Each animal was pierced by a piece of wood running lengthwise and crossed by another between the forefeet, and thus it was suspended within the oven. They pro-

pared it in this manner in order to conform to what Jehovah had prescribed to Moses: "Eat none of it raw, nor sodden with water, but roasted in the fire." In all the houses of Jerusalem, they were preparing to eat the Passover, and in nearly all, besides the table around which the family assembled, other tables were served in the adjoining apartments where strangers were entertained who thronged to Jerusalem.

Helon entered with emotion into the apartment prepared for him by Iddo. It was magnificently adorned. The women, who only on these days of the feast take their meals with the men, had already assembled. All servants were admitted to partake of the feast; for the difference of rank and the privileges of higher position were then forgotten, in the remembrance that all were alike brought out of the house of bondage and form a part of the people of God. The table was not surrounded with seats or cushions, as was the custom for ordinary meals: it might have been thought that the preparations for the feast were but half finished. About the middle of the second hour of the evening (half-past seven) the guests consisting of nineteen persons (they must not be less than ten, nor more than twenty) took their places standing around the table. All were in travelling apparel, however rich was the raiment. They had their sandals on their feet, which at other times before entering an apartment are taken away by the servants. Their garments were girt, and they held staves in their hands. The father of the family blessed the cup, and after having drunk of it, he caused it to be passed to all the guests. Then he thanked God for having granted them this holy day. After they had washed their hands, the unleavened bread was served, the bitter herbs, a vessel with vinegar, and a dish named "charoseth." It is composed of apples, nuts, figs, almonds, and honey, boiled in wine and vinegar, and not unfrequently made in the form of a brick, to remind the Israelites of their fathers' slavery in Egypt. This is strewed with cinnamon and other spices, to represent the straw and stubble used in the labour to which the Israelites were subjected during their bondage. Divers other food covered the table. The father of the family blessed it. He afterwards took some bitter herbs, dipped them in vinegar, and ate them. The whole company did the same.

At this moment the mistress made a sign to her grandson, a child ten years old, and he knowing immediately what he had to do, addressed his grandfather, saying to him: "Why do people distinguish this night thus from all other nights? All the other nights we can eat leavened bread, but this night we are permitted to eat only unleavened bread. All other nights we can eat all sorts of herbs, but on this we are permitted to eat only of bitter herbs. Generally we can lie down or be seated, now we must stand. What do these things mean?"

The father of the family replied by relating to him the institution of the feast of the Passover, and the going forth from the land of Egypt. He addressed himself to the young lad, but all listened with equal attention. Each one of them had formerly asked his father in the same manner.

These questions and answers recalled to them the most solemn hours of their childhood. The father who replied to his son did what his own father had done before him, and what in Israel all fathers had done for fourteen centuries.

The national feeling was thus blended with the family feeling, and traditions were transmitted with solemnity, and received with respect.

They afterwards sang the first half of Hallel, the great song of praise, consisting of six psalms, from the 113th to the 118th, sung on all solemn festivities. Iddo again blessed the cup, and caused it to be passed around a second time. A second time also he washed his hands. He afterwards blessed the unleavened bread, broke off a piece, wrapped it in the bitter herbs, dipped it in the charoseth, and ate it. He distributed a piece to each of the company, and they ate it after having followed his example and pronounced this prayer: "We praise Thee, O God, King of the world, for that Thou hast given us Thy commandments to sanctify us, and that Thou hast ordered us to eat unleavened bread and bitter herbs."

After these ceremonies the feast began. The father of the family gave thanks for all the food and especially for the Paschal Lamb. The portions for the guests were very large, for it was forbidden to leave anything of this lamb. If any part was not eaten it was to be burnt.

The conversation during the repast was festive and joyful.

"We are here assembled before the Lord our God, celebrating His faithfulness, which is great, and His mercies, which are renewed every morning," said Elisama. "Oh! how joyous are our feasts! What are the Olympian and Nemean games compared with these? How I wish that Myron could witness it. In all parts of the earth where our people are scattered, the children of Israel cast longing looks this evening towards the Holy City, and if they cannot come, they regret not to be in the courts of Jehovah; but when the Messiah comes the sceptre of Judah shall rule over all the earth."

"Hyrcanus assists before the altar of the Lord," said one of the guests, "and great is the renown of the Maccabees. Who knows whether the Messiah will not come from their family?"

"That cannot be," replied Elisama; "for the Messiah must come from the family of David, and the Maccabees are Levites. The Jewish people and the priests have consented, it is true, that Simon should be their prince and high-priest for ever, or till God sends them the true prophet; but though Hyrcanus unites in himself the three offices for which he will be anointed, yet neither in him nor in any of his race can the promises be accomplished."

It was now become late, and the feast could not be permitted to last beyond the first watch of the night, which terminated about an hour before midnight. In the other apartments the song of thanksgiving had commenced. Iddo hastened to call for the silver basins which were used for washing the hands again. The cup went round for the third time, and then they sang the other half of the Hallel. Hands were again washed, and the cup was blessed and sent round for the fourth and last time.

All would willingly have chanted the whole Hallel, which comprised the psalms 120th to the 137th, and sent round the cup a fifth time; but the advanced hour did not permit it.

Whilst they were eating the paschal lamb in the houses of Jerusalem, the priests were cleansing the temple; for scarcely was midnight over, than they opened the gates to the people, who took a pleasure in seeing the splendour of the place, illuminated by a thousand lamps. Towards the morning, the crowd became still larger, to see the solemnities in which on these days of the feast the twenty-four families of the priests took part. Helon had arrived at the hour of cockcrowing. To the pious sentiments which animated him there was joined in him a desire which he had fostered from his youth, that of being found worthy of being admitted one day to the rank of the priests of Jehovah. The young man had not yet seen the high-priest: he saw him at last on this day in all his splendour.

Every Israelite must on the morning of the first day of the feast make an offering for the burnt sacrifice, and the thankoffering. Iddo had chosen for the latter a lamb without blemish and without spot. The fat was to smoke on the altar; the breast and the right shoulder belonged to the priest; the remainder of the victim was cooked in the kitchens of the outer court; and it might be eaten in the rooms belonging to the temple by the people, though the majority of those who sacrificed carried away the portions which they retained for themselves to consume them in their houses or in their tents.

Helon did not leave the temple till after the evening sacrifice, in order that he might witness the cutting of the first fruits of the harvest. Some men of Jerusalem were selected expressly to take part in it, but a great concourse of people accompanied them. At the setting of the sun they went forth from the temple, and betook themselves out of the city to the nearest barley-field they could find. The sixth day of the month of Nisan was begun. The man who was appointed to cut the ears took a handful of them:

"Is the sun gone down?" asked he aloud.

"Yes," replied the people.

"Must I cut these ears with this sickle and put them into this basket?" added he.

He repeated these questions three times, to which the people answered three times in the same manner.

Then they cut off a quantity sufficient to furnish an omer of flour, and carried them to the temple, where the grain was roasted and ground into meal.

A priest had the next day to mix oil with it, scatter upon it a handful of incense, and carry it to the high-priest, who added salt to it, and consumed a portion of it on the altar.

The greater number of the Israelites, strangers at Jerusalem, left it on this day, although the feast was prolonged all the week; there remained, however, a large number, particularly those of the richer sort. Helon, on the contrary, was very close in his attendance at the temple; he assisted at all the ceremonies, in order to learn their full meaning, and to familiarise himself with many customs of which he had before only an imperfect idea. So, having arrived one day an

hour before the evening sacrifice, he came near a place where thirteen chests stood. Inscriptions designated the kind of offering for which each of them was destined. Some served for the money paid for numbering the people; others for depositing what remained of the sum appropriated for the purchase of the victim for sacrifice; and the others for the voluntary gifts. A Cyrenian Jew came at this moment to deposit in one of these chests the tax levied from his brethren in Cyrene. It is in fact written in the law: "When thou makest the reckoning of the children of Israel, according to their number, each one of them shall give something to the Lord, to redeem his person; and they shall not be afflicted with any sore, when thou makest the numbering. Every one who is numbered shall give a half-shekel, according to the shekel of the sanctuary, which is a coin of twenty gerabs; the half-shekel shall be the offering of the Lord. All who pass through the numbering, from twenty years and upwards, shall make this offering to the Lord. The rich shall not give more, and the poor shall not give less than the half-shekel, when they make this offering before the Lord, in order to make an atonement for your souls."

The half-shekel was to be paid to the collectors who sat near the throne. A respite of a year was granted to the poorest persons, but they often preferred to solicit alms from the rich to enable them to discharge their debt. Strangers generally paid it during the last days of the feast. The Jew of Cyrene had come for this purpose; but as he brought foreign money, he was obliged, before paying the sum, to exchange his money for shekels that have on one side the figure of the rod of Aaron, with this inscription: "Jerusalem the holy," and on the other a pot filled with manna, with these words, "Shekel of Israel." The collectors were at the same time changers of money; they had near them their tables beside the chests, and they obtained a certain premium on the sums for which they exchanged Jewish shekels.

Helon was displeased at seeing secular interests mingled with those which hitherto had appeared to him so solemn. He observed also that the great feasts attracted Jews to Jerusalem not only to adore Jehovah, but also to devote themselves to traffic. The court of the Gentiles was changed towards the end of the week, into a vast fair or market, where the most extensive dealings carried on were in cattle. The Jews brought sheep from the pastoral hills of Judah, oxen and bullocks from Galilee; they brought honey from Tekoa, and balm from Gilead. The Phoenicians displayed cloths from Egypt, and all kinds of foreign merchandise. On seeing these things, Helon could not help saying: "Will there never then come a prophet who shall overturn the tables of these money-changers, and drive these merchants out of the temple?"

The feast lasted seven days. The seventh day was observed like the first; no work was done on this day. All those who yet remained in Jerusalem assembled in the temple; in the afternoon they went to the synagogue; after the evening sacrifice, the end of the feast was announced by the sound of the trumpet.

Helon had desired that it might continue longer, so much interest had he taken in it. He ascended to the roof of the house, and he heard a company of Israelites, which had already passed the gate of the city, and which on going away sang the song of thanksgiving (Ps. xxxvi.). Every verse terminates with these words: "His mercy endureth for ever." He heard them very distinctly at first, but as the pilgrims became more distant, the sounds were more feeble and indistinct; after some minutes, he could no longer hear them.

Sabbath Thoughts.

DAILY BREAD.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—Matt. vi. 11.

THIS is the first of the petitions in the Lord's prayer which relates to man and the wants of man. Let us view it in the first place as a prayer for daily bread in a literal sense.

To the poor and needy it is a very real and earnest petition. Each day they are reminded of their need of that day's supply. They do not require to be told to ask for bread, as might be supposed to be the case with the rich. But they do require to be told to ask in faith, believing that their Father in heaven hears and grants their prayer.

It is sometimes hard for them to realise this, but Jesus knew the heart of the poor man, and invited him to come freely and ask, hoping to receive. How many forlorn creatures have blessed Him for this petition! How many are daily making use of it,—thanking Him that they may not only pray for the great and eternal things of His kingdom in heaven, but for the daily food of His little ones on earth! He knows what they need even before they ask, yet He loves to hear their prayer.

But for the rich man as well as the poor this petition is full of meaning. It is good that he should be reminded that though his purse is full, it may in a day be empty! All that he has comes from God, and the Hand that gave can in a moment take away. A lesson of dependence is as needful for the rich as for the poor; and if the latter is to be invited to utter this prayer because he is actually in need, the former is to be reminded by it continually how soon he may be in the same case. The insecurity of earthly happiness, the instability of earthly possessions ought to be always present to the mind of the Christian pilgrim; he is passing on through a world in which he has no right to expect all the luxuries of life,—for these things he has no warrant to pray, but he may and ought to ask like a child from a loving Father the needful gift of His free and undeserved goodness—daily bread.

The first meaning of this petition is a cry to Him who provides for the wants of the body even as He feeds "the young ravens which cry" unto him (Psa. cxlvii. 9). But we are not like the ravens, mere animals, having no wants but

those of the body; body, soul and spirit need to be fed by God with daily food, and it is from Him alone that this food must come, and to Him we must go, not only with our hungry bodies, but with our hungry hearts and souls. Without this food we are miserable, but alas! we are too often ignorant of the cause of our misery, and of the only way in which it can be removed. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?" said the Prophet to Israel of old. "I am the bread of life," said Jesus; "he that cometh to me shall never hunger" (John vi. 35). This is the daily bread for which we are to ask as well as that other food which our Father knoweth we have need of. "Give us this day" . . . day by day the manna must be gathered; old supplies are not enough to sustain us; it may be found each day, but each day it must be sought. "Our daily bread," created for us, intended for us, suited to our varied wants in whatever condition of life or state of mind we may be. There need be no fear that the supply should run short; in our Father's house there is bread enough and to spare, bread for the faithful servants in the house, and for the son who has never gone astray; bread, too, for the poor prodigal who returns perishing with hunger, and cries, "Father, I have sinned!" To him the heart welcome and the father's kiss of love were food more truly satisfying than the fatted calf. It was not merely the bread of the body that he thought of in the far country when the image of his home came to his mind; "Give us our daily bread" had a far wider meaning for him, and so must it have for us all if we would realise what the Lord means to teach when He says, "After this manner pray ye."

As if to carry out the idea still farther, we find Jesus appealing to the fatherly instinct in man as an assurance that this request could not be made in vain. "What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" (Matt. vii. 9-11.)

Christ the Creator.

"All things were created by Him and for Him."—Col. i. 16.

BY Him, for Him, were all things made,
Who once on Mary's lap was laid:
The mighty orbs that sweep through space,
Far as the keenest eye can trace,
By His controlling hand are swayed.

The lilies in a leafy shade,
That bloom their little hour and fade,
Are crowned with sweetnes and with grace
By Him, for Him.

He who, in human garb arrayed,
Once toiled on earth and wept and prayed,

Gave to each shining star its place,

Bade every blossom lift its face,—

Their differing glories all displayed

By Him, for Him.

RICHARD WILTON.

THE KING'S SCEPTRE.

HINTS OF THE WONDERFUL UNITY OF THE WAYS OF GOD IN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. R. FAXTON HOOD.

VI.—THE REJECTION OF THE SCEPTRE.

TWO of the most interesting chapters in the history of the progress of society in Europe are the great Peasant War in Germany, and the conflicts of the Flemings against feudal tyranny. The first story, that of the Peasant War, has, we believe, never received the attention it deserves; it is full of the most romantic incidents, and it tells the story of what has been called the Avening Nemesis, that even-handed justice, which it has been truly said is easier to trace in the course of nations than in that of individuals; how judgment in the long run falls when evil has been done; and reward, with full measure, pressed down, and running over, when the seeds of wisdom and genuine goodness have been sown.

There are few lessons which history reads with greater emphasis than that no class ever long possessed power without misusing it. Throughout those forests of Germany the taxations of people became increasingly oppressive and terrible, and torturings and murders for centuries seemed to terminate every struggle made by the people to throw off their cruel burdens. One of the most fearful signs in the renewed conflict was the banner of the Clouted Shoon, the *Bundschuh*; this was painted with exceeding difficulty; the banner was half white and half blue; the picture of the Saviour on the Cross, before which knelt a peasant, with the inscription, "Nothing but the Justice of God;" and over all the Clouted Shoon. This sign was unfurled, again and again in the forests and wild moors of Germany. Its meaning was obvious; the knightly order alone was privileged to wear boots, and the peasants, in token of their subordinate condition, were compelled to wear rough brogues or shoes, bound round the ankle with leathern thongs. This was the emblem of their heraldry, the sign chosen for the banner. The leaders were often betrayed, and the struggles were again and again renewed, chiefly in the south-east district of the Black Forest. A multitude of stories are before us of the cruelties beneath which the peasants groaned; for instance, a certain baron of Fraunstein in Franconia, caught a peasant boy appropriating some small crabs on the side of a river; having seized the culprit, he sent to the neighbouring city, to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, to borrow an executioner for the purpose of beheading him forthwith; the free city was so discourteous as to decline lending their officer for this purpose, and they even went so far as to suggest grave doubts as to the righteousness of the proceeding; but, from some other quarter, the needful help was obtained, and the boy was beheaded for the offence. A circumstance like this reveals the lawlessness of those ages and regions, but such

incidents are innumerable, and they show, as in a diagram,

"How the tyrant's cruel glee forces on the freer hour."

Some of the articles of these peasant men in the compact which they made with each other, and the demands which they made upon those against whom they made war, exhibit a tone so moderate that it has been called almost tame; and yet there are expressions of manly firmness, determination, conscience, and humanity which command in the highest degree respect for their memory, while at the same time suggesting the difference, always so distinct, between those insurrections which have originated with the Celtic, and those of the Teutonic or German peoples.

The strife of the Flemings with their masters is a much better known story, it has often been told with interesting vigour and grace. The Peasant War was the insurrection of trampled and downcast poverty in all its weakness, but with a strong sense of the wicked injustice it was compelled to endure; the insurrection of the men of Ghent, and of the cities of Flanders, was a series of conflicts for the rights of trade and industry; it is a chapter in the story of national wealth produced by great manufactures, and had interests which brought England and France on the scene. What times they were! and the behaviour of princes to each other assuredly illustrates what was likely to be the conduct of nobles to those whom they regarded as their serfs.

It may not be out of place to quote as specimens of the diplomatic correspondence of the fourteenth century, two letters, the first from Pope Boniface VIII.; the second, the reply from Philip the Fair; they will be found in Dr. Cooke Taylor's *Revolutions, Insurrections, and Conspiracies of Europe*. "Boniface pontiff, servant of the servants of God, to Philip, King of France,—Fear God and keep His commandments. Learn that you are subject to us both in spiritual and temporal matters. If you have the ward of any benefices by the death of the incumbents, you are bound to account for the proceeds to their successors. If you have conferred any benefices, we pronounce your grants null *de jure*, and we revoke them *de facto*. Those who entertain a contrary opinion shall be regarded as heretics." Turn we now to the reply of the king, Philip the Fair:—"Philip, by the grace of God, king of the French, to Boniface, falsely calling himself pope, little or no greeting. Let your great stupidity learn that we are not subject to any earthly power in temporal matters; that the bestowing of benefices and vacant sees belongs to us by right of our crown; that we dispose of the revenues of vacant churches in

right of our royal prerogative ; that our gifts of sees are valid for the past and future ; and that we will maintain with all our might those on whom we have conferred, and shall confer, benefices. Those who suppose the contrary will be regarded by us as dolts and idiots."

Guy, the Earl of Flanders, had affianced his daughter, Phillipa, to Edward I. of England ; Edward was attracted by her personal charms, and, perhaps, not less by the enormous dowry she was to receive as his bride. The marriage was actually concluded by plenipotentiaries on the part of England, when Philip the Fair, King of France, and godfather to the bride, invited her and her father to visit him on their way through Paris ; they no sooner reached that city than he threw them both into prison, declaring that a marriage with so wealthy an heiress could not be arranged without the consent of their superior lord, and that the earl was guilty of felony in contracting his daughter to the enemy of their feudal sovereign. After some months' imprisonment the earl made his escape, but the lady continued a prisoner in the palace until her sudden death, which gave currency to reports not favourable to the character of her captor. This brought about that long series of conflicts in which we have to notice chiefly, that freedom and industry, through many reverses,—gained,—gained in England as well as in Flanders. This was the ultimate cause of that singular naval battle of Sluys which issued in a brilliant victory gained by the mercantile navy of England ; and it is interesting to notice, as showing, even then, English superiority on the sea, that the French were so ignorant that when the English tacked to gain the advantage of the sun and the wind, they raised loud shouts, believing that the English were flying from them ; the French on that occasion were four to one of the English, but all their ships were taken or destroyed, and the French admirals, and 30,000 men, were all either slain or drowned. Thus, after long years of oppression, Flemish industry came to play a conspicuous part in the affairs of Europe, and mightily assisted in the development of the noblest principles of human nature.

Ages rolled along, and, as we yet again notice the vengeance of the Sceptre, continue the lesson of Spanish cruelty and wrong in South America. The tides of that ill-gotten gold poured in upon the Netherlands. Philip II., with his vast resources, was poor and compelled to adopt every unlawful expedient to raise money to sustain his mad and murderous freaks in attempting to subjugate free peoples ; while the grim Spaniards were bankrupt, in the Netherlands it was a common saying, that the war paid for the war. And the consequences to Spain of these great crimes may be seen to the present day, when we behold her lying utterly crushed in black dungeon-grated despair. Thus nations and peoples illustrate the words of the poet.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth and falsehood, for the good or
evil side.
Some great cause, God's New Messiah, offering each
the bloom or blight.

Pass the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon
the right,
And the choice goes by for ever, 'twixt that darkness
and that light."

In human affairs, it has been truly said, we must often be satisfied with approximations, but such approximations as have been indicated in this paper are revelations of a Mind and Will pervading all history. Christianity comes into the world, humanly speaking, poor and helpless. As a faith and life it establishes itself, it struggles for equality, and, through cruel martyrdoms, and ages of iniquitous oppression, it attains to an eminence equal to that of imperial and royal powers, preceded by the signs of dignity, and surrounded by licet or pretorian bands ; it attained to this purely by its moral and spiritual weight, and then ensued by the same weapons its struggle for ascendancy. Thus its great ideas were scattered broadcast over the world, and became fruitful first in the hearts and minds of men, and then in great nations and political societies. The corrupt will, the unhallowed lust of power, the cruel injustice inherent in the nature of man were always in hostility to it ; but it held on its course and made its way, the mustard seed became a great tree, the little leaven gradually leavened the whole lump ; and men, not conscious of its power over them, were yet compelled to yield themselves to the principle of life implanted, and to the tremendous judgment against unrighteousness which it announced. Such is the story of this present paper, that where man has obstinately and inhumanly set himself against the Divine idea which Christianity proclaims an avenging judgment has surely followed. The endurance of man has sometimes lasted very long, but always assuredly there has appeared what poets have spoken of as the Nemesis of nations, an expression perhaps pardonable in poetry ; but which Scripture more distinctly realises as "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Then the soft dew of human tears shed through ages, gathers to a thunder-cloud and ripens to a tempest, and the breath of human indignation becomes as the lightning of God, and men take out of the sealed hand of sleeping judgment the scroll of warning and place in it a spear ; and so is proclaimed, in language which there is no mistaking, the authority of the Sceptre of the King.

We have already referred incidentally to Spain, but the peculiar illustrations of the character revealed in the Sceptre of the King, are too numerous and impressive and pertinent to our subject to be dismissed merely in a passing reference. Spain, as we behold her at the present moment, comparing her condition with what she was four hundred years since, presents a most instructive contrast : perhaps no nation furnishes so melancholy a story of change. For this there are several reasons : first, among the causes of her downfall is to be mentioned that Spain and her sovereigns never understood in what true wealth consisted ; to pour gold into a land without at the same time developing its manhood and moral resources must paralyse and

kill, and the age of ostentation may be none the less the age of poverty. It somehow became the ideal manhood of Spain not to work; to be a noble was the ambition of every person in the seventeenth century; there were 625,000 noblemen (hidalgos), in Spain, starved, ragged, living on an onion and a basin of badly-made broth, perhaps a kind of slate soup. Spain was beggared, industries of all kinds perished. The pride of these nobles assumed ridiculous attitudes, as in the instance of that Spanish hidalgo who, when he stumbled and fell, exclaimed, "This comes of walking on the earth!" In Segovia, in the reign of Charles V., there were 34,000 weavers, in the reign of Philip IV. there were only three or four left. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* some years since, very truly remarked, that "the causes of the ruin of Spain are countless, and the statesmen and political economists may here eternally find for every principle of policy and every form of administration and taxation a precedent how a nation ought not to be governed." Her sovereigns in several instances were eminent in their insanity, most insane of all Philip II. It is almost incredible that he passed a law which amounted to a proscription of agriculture, and that the agriculturist who made bread of his own corn, or sold it in the public market, should be punished by fourteen years' transportation. It is not wonderful that the depopulation of Spain went on. Madrid, in the reign of Charles V., possessed 400,000 inhabitants, in the next century the population fell to 180,000; Seville sank to a third of its population; there were 300 ruined villages in Castille, 200 in Toledo, and 1,000 in Cordova. So, gradually, the mightiest nation in Europe, perhaps the mightiest on the face of the earth, became the meanest. Meantime it was satisfactory to know the aristocracy increased, and a very humorous story it is, that of the Spanish aristocracy; great was the dignity of the hat, the right of the hat, to wear the hat, to remain covered. All things become relative at last, and so it became a point of ambition to have four or five hats, that is, to quarter the arms with many noble families. It has long been a jest in Spain that they have many hats but few heads, more hats than heads. Here was a combination of causes perhaps sufficient to destroy a nation, for how can a nation be great, or wealthy, or strong without industry? and how fatal is it when a whole order resigns its responsibilities, when its pride is not that it is the best but the laziest order in the nation, and that the heraldry which constitutes its eminence is its poverty, laziness and imbecility.

But there was another and even yet more fatal cause—the story of priestcraft in Spain. It came about that in the seventeenth century in a population of 6,000,000 about 200,000 were consecrated to a life of idleness and celibacy; there were 9,000 monasteries, 928 convents, 86,000 priests, 60,000 monks, 33,000 nuns. Then arose the Inquisition, chiefly for the suppression of the Moors and the Jews. The Jews were the most industrious order in Spain, by them its wealth was largely made, and from them money was borrowed. What a happy expedient it was to think of burning your creditor instead of paying

him, and this was done in innumerable instances; then, what availed to suppress the Jews, availed also to suppress Protestantism; and so the mind of Spain was burnt out and destroyed. Torquemada was minister of the Inquisition for eighteen years, during that period he burnt 10,220 persons, he burnt also as absent or dead 6,860 and he reconciled by the rack and the *auto de fe* 97,321. The mind of the nation must have perished in the process. Spain was so happy as to produce an institution called the Inquisition, and a creature, its chief minister, called the Dominican. The Dominicans were monks of the order of St. Domingo or St. Dominic, they were called so because when the saint was born his mother dreamt that she had given birth to a dog, and the interpretation of this pleasant dream was, that this amiable infant was to be a dog to hunt heretics to hell—*Domiini Canes*, the "dogs of the Lord." To this order principally belongs the honour of killing the Reformation in Spain. Dominic himself, the first of the bloodhounds, was a wonderful creature, his life was a succession of miracles. His first miracle was very miraculous, he saw a man falling from a scaffold, the man implored his aid, Dominic said he could not afford it unless he received permission from his superior; so the poor man continued suspended in the air until Dominic's return, he having obtained permission to let him down softly on the pavement. It had been well if all his miracles had been like this, but they were mostly miracles of cruelty. It was a wonderful hunt that of these Dogs of the Lord, black and white was their dress, they were the Black Huntsmen of those ages; they hunted up, not only men and women and children, but rare books, spoils of beautiful learning—they consigned them to the flames, so that it has been wittily said that if any one wishes to form a thoroughly good library, he should choose his books from those in the prohibited catalogue of the Inquisition. The Inquisition had its chief offices in Spain, the chief ministers in its dungeons were Dominicans clothed in black, with the black cloth helmet over head and face, and only the space allowed for the eyes and respiration. It is a horrible story, and it has never been very adequately told; the martyrs of Spain have never received all the homage and reverence they have deserved; how easily and lightly we write down the record of dreadful sufferings; how often girls of seventeen and twenty-one were fastened against those stone figures in the quadrangular scaffold of Seville, and consumed there; the grand merry-making of Spain in her great cities was the burning of a dozen heretics. A young queen was not welcomed to those shores, but she received her congratulations from the blazing stakes where the victims of the Inquisition were consuming. We believe it was Marie Louise from France, just become the wife of King Charles II., who sat upon her throne while the flames were kindling opposite, when a Jewish girl, not seventeen, on the way to the stake, exclaimed, "Great Queen, shall your presence here not change my fate? Consider my youth, and that I suffer because I drew my religion from the bosom of my mother."

What tragic stories are before us! Instead of

reciting them, shall we attempt to picture the procession which was to terminate in such exhibitions? Survey it, then, as it moves forth from the dreary vaults. Dominicans lead the way with the flaunting emblazonry of banners, and torches flaring in the daylight; then follow some victims in ludicrous attire, painted all over with flames and devils and inscriptions of heretic and sorcerer. But these are they who had escaped the flames—one of them gives us an account of all he suffered. He had called the crucifix a mere bit of cut ivory, he was mercifully treated, he had endured the rack, but he was only transported to the galleys in the Havannas for five years, all his goods were of course confiscated to the king; his sentence had been read to him in the church by the Inquisitor, but he must join the procession of to-day. As the march begins the great bell tolls; and so they step forth to the amphitheatre, the king and queen are there to enjoy the pleasant sight. Fluttering along comes the rich damask banner of the Inquisition, then the guards of the Inquisition, the Dogs of the Lord in white and black bearing their crosses; then follow the charcoal-burners, then, with the sadness we cannot conceive, slowly follow the victims, sometimes so many as a hundred were condemned to the fire. Then the High Inquisitor takes his seat over the king, then the king takes off his hat, the great sword is unsheathed, then the sermon, then the riveting of collars and anklets, and for the less guilty, the garotte before the flame; then the fires are lit, and there is a movement among the fans of ladies, there is some excitement among the mantillas, but no pity; the flames rage and leap higher, and as they and the yellow banners of the Inquisition are drifted about by the winds, there are seen black bodies, black burning stakes, hands clasped in prayer, and the wild fury of fire hungering for more victims. Is it wonderful that in the presence of such frequently recurring scenes as this the mightiest nation became the meanest, that the mind of Spain was paralysed, and that men fled to the mountains and became brigands? Thus the country was given over on the one hand to imbecile pride and to the inertia of lazy poverty, and on the other, to superstition revolting to the sensibilities of nature and conscience.

Longfellow, in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and his story of Torquemada, has simply, however vigorously, rendered into verse one of the real incidents and tragedies of the painful chronicle of the earliest inquisitorial ages; the story of a father, a hidalgo of Spain, who, having detected the heresy of his daughter, delivered them over to the Inquisition. The gentle spirit of Longfellow took no pleasure in exaggerating differences of faith, but the story is in fact perfectly natural; the passion of cruelty, like other passions, grows by that upon which it feeds, and cruel creeds and spectacles have a natural tendency to blunt sensibility, whether in its more material or moral emotions. The father, in Longfellow's story, and many such instances might be adduced in fact, not only gave up his children to the flame, but requested that his own hand might kindle the funereal pyre, as some expiation for his sin in having given being to such a pair. Did not Francis

the First say, when he joined in the solemn procession in Paris, when, for the lustration of the city in its various quarters, a number of Lutheran victims were burnt at several stakes, "that if his right hand were guilty of heresy he would cut it off, if either of his children were guilty of heresy he would deliver them to death." So the father in this painful poem. In the description of the scene, the reader will find in verse only what we have already presented in colder prose.

"Then, with his mind on one dark purpose bent,
Again to the Inquisitor he went,
And said: 'Behold, the fagots I have bought,
And now let my atonement be as nought;
Grant me one more request, one last desire,—
With my own hand to light the funeral fire!'
And Torquemada answered from his seat:
'Son of the Church! thine offering is complete;
Her servants through all ages shall not cease
To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace.'

"Upon the market-place, builded of stone,
The scaffold rose, whereon Death claimed his own.
At the four corners, in stern attitude,
Four statues of the Hebrew prophets stood,
Gazing, with calm indifference in their eyes,
Upon this place of human sacrifice,
Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd,
With clamour of voices dissonant and loud;
And every roof and window was alive
With restless gazers, swarming like a hive.

"The church-bells tolled, the chant of monks drew near,
Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes of fear,
A line of torches smoked along the street:
There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet,
And, with its banners floating in the air,
Slowly the long procession crossed the square:
And, to the statues of the prophets bound,
The victims stood with fagots piled around.
Then all the air a blast of trumpets shook,
And louder sang the monks with bell and book:
And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud,
Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the crowd,
Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled,
Lest those imploring eyes should strike him dead!

"O pitiless skies! why did your clouds retain
For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain?
O pitiless earth! why opened no abyss
To bury in its chasm a crime like this?"

What a remarkable and noteworthy parable is that in the prophet Jeremiah, in which the prophet is commanded to go with the cup of the wine of the wrath of God, to cause the nations to whom He sent it to drink of it, "to wit Jerusalem and the cities of Judea, to Pharaoh, king of Egypt, to Edom and Moab, and the kings of Tyre and Sidon. Thus saith the Lord, Ye shall certainly drink of it." And immediately after, when the cup was refused, to the same kings, the same prophet was commanded to say, "Thus saith the Lord, Make thee bonds and yokes, and send them to the kings." Thus four hundred years since the cup of the Reformation was passed round to all the kings of Europe, and it is simply true that where the angel of the cup was refused, and in the very measure in which the cup was refused, followed speedily the angel with the yokes; and to this day,

where the cup of Reformation was refused, there the yoke has pressed most heavily. Spain most cruelly resisted the Reformation, and in her was most literally fulfilled the words of the prophet : " Moreover, I will take from them the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride, the sound of millstones (that is the cheerful sounds of labour and industry), and the light of the candle, and the whole land shall be a desolation and an astonishment." Thus in the rejection or acceptance of the Reformation is most distinctly realised the Sceptre of the King.

Things New and Old.

BOOKS AND PAPERS FOR POOR MINISTERS.—A generous friend places at my disposal a most kindly and suitable present for poor pastors. Always planning some deed of love and charity, this good friend, about Christmas in '80, began to send packages of paper and envelopes to be enclosed in my book parcels, and the kindly river of his benevolence has since then continuously flowed. The gift of writing-paper and envelopes to a poor minister is a boon which he well knows how to appreciate. " You can hardly think how welcome it was," writes one of the recipients. " It is one of the hardships of poverty to have to purchase paper and stamps, and we poor pastors have much writing to do." Another assures me of the usefulness of the present, and of his delight at its fine quality, naïvely adding, " My frugal wife, when she saw it, said, My dear, you must be careful of this good paper, and not use it for ordinary purposes, it ought to last a long while for special correspondence." Of course it is only to the neediest of the Lord's servants that this gift is made, my chief business is with them and their sorrows, and to such my friend's thoughtfulness proves a very great boon. " I untied the parcel," writes a hard-working pastor, " and had the pleasure of taking book after book from it, each one filling me with fresh delight; but when I came to the writing-paper and envelopes, I was indeed astonished. Surely, I thought, this is from one who understands a preacher's needs, for I have to write very frequently on the back of old circulars, and cut open old addressed envelopes, in order to save spending the cash of which I have so little. I most sincerely thank you for your wise kindness to one whose joy it is to preach Jesus, and for the kind provision you have made, enabling me not only to obtain thoughts, but to preserve them."

" My heart is so full," says a poor country pastor, to whom a large parcel of books and garments and writing material had been sent, " that I know not how to thank you. You have lightened our hearts, and made our home glad, and we can only pray that the richest blessing of our ever-gracious God may rest on you and the friends who help you." *

MISSIONARY PROGRESS.—The Decennial Statistical Tables for 1881, of Protestant Missions in India, Ceylon, and

Burma show that the increase in the number of native Christians in the last ten years has been much greater than was supposed. In India proper the rate of increase has been no less than eighty-six per cent.

The General Summary of Results shows an advance all along the line, and in some of the most important items on a progressing ratio of increase. The number of native Christians in India, Burma, and Ceylon was, in 1851, 102,951; in 1861, 213,370; in 1871, 318,363; in 1881, 528,590. In India alone there were, in 1851, 91,092; in 1861, 138,731; in 1871, 224,258; in 1881, 417,372. The rate of increase in India from 1851 to 1861 was about 53 per cent.; that from 1861 to 1871 was 61 per cent.; that from 1871 to 1881 has been 86 per cent.

The number of Communicants is, perhaps, the best test of progress. In India, Burma, and Ceylon the numbers stand thus: For 1851, 17,306; for 1861, 47,274; for 1871, 78,494; for 1881, 145,097. In India alone the numbers are, for 1851, 14,661; for 1861, 24,976; for 1871, 52,816; for 1881, 113,325. Thus the number nearly doubled between 1851 and 1861; it more than doubled between 1861 and 1871; and again it has more than doubled between 1871 and 1881.

The largest actual increase has been in the older missions of the Madras Presidency, where from 160,955 in 1871 the number of Christians has risen to 299,742 in 1881. The highest rate of increase has been in the Panjab, where from 1,870 Christians in the year 1871, the number has risen to 4,762 in 1881. In Bengal, the Central Provinces, and Bombay, the numbers of Christians have more than doubled in the decade. In the North-West Provinces and Oudh there are half as many more Christians in 1881 than in 1871.

The number of central stations in India has increased in the decade from 423 to 569, the foreign ordained agents from 488 to 586, and the native ordained agents from 125 to 461.

Nearly two rupees a year is shown to have been contributed for Church purposes by every communicant in the native churches. The number of native Christian teachers in the educational work of missions has almost doubled in the decade, it being 4,345 in 1881, against 2,294 in 1871. So far as the University Examinations certify to the quality of higher education, last decade Bengal held the lead; but this decade Madras has matriculated 1,185 students against 768 in Bengal; in the B.A. examination, Madras is close upon Bengal, with 148 graduates against 166; Bengal, however, stands to the front still at the First Arts and M.A. examinations. Primary education has made a good stride forward this decade, from 66,329 in 1871 to 117,418 in 1881. The number of male pupils has steadily increased decade by decade; in 1851 there were 63,855; in 1861, 74,875; in 1871, 111,372; and in 1881, 168,998.

As regards women's work, these tables show that in the decade the foreign and Eurasian female mission agents have increased in number from 423 to 1,871 in 1881; native Christian female agents from 947 to 1,944; zenana pupils, from 1,907 to 9,228; and the total number of female pupils, from 31,580 to 65,761,—that is, more than twice as many girls and women were getting regular Christian instruction in 1881 than was the case in 1871. Madras has a larger number of girls in schools than is the case in either of the other provinces. The North-West Provinces have the largest number of zenana pupils. Ten years ago Bengal had more zenana pupils than the other six provinces of India put together. The total number of female pupils in 1851 was 13,995; in 1861, 21,024; in 1871, 31,580; and in 1881, 65,761.

Facts like these should encourage our missionary zeal at home. They not only refute the oft-repeated fallacy, that missions are a failure, but show that they have not lost their aggressive power.

* Mrs. C. Spurgeon's Report of "The Book Fund and its Work." During 1882, 9146 volumes were sent, making a total, in seven years, of 50,770 books, to poor ministers of all denominations, including 167 clergymen of the Church of England, 265 Methodist preachers, 245 Baptists, and 187 Independents.

Pages for the Young.

EFFIE.

CHAPTER I.—THE KING'S GARDENS.


ORK, work, work! from morning till night! I'm downright weary of it. I don't see what good I am in the world either. What's the use of living?" A dreary speech to come from one so young. She sat by the open window darning stockings, with a very gloomy, discontented look on her naturally bright and pleasant face.

"Effie, dear! haven't you finished those stockings yet?" The speaker was a quiet, gentle-looking lady, dressed in rather shabby mourning, who had just entered the room.

"No, mamma! They are so old, they won't bear much more mending. I suppose we shall have to make them last as long as ever they will hold together, though; the children wear out their things so fast. Oh, mamma! I wish we were rich!"

"Effie!" The tone was very low and tender, with just a tinge of reproach in it.

"Well, mamma, so I do! The children want so much looking after and providing for, and I'm tired of it all!"

It was not often that sunny, cheery Effie grew depressed, and her mother felt bitterly how little she could do to shield her eldest daughter from the fierce blasts of poverty. Poor Effie! It was harder for her than for the rest. Two years ago a telegram had come to her at school, announcing her father's sudden and serious illness, and when she reached home it needed but one glance at the darkened windows to tell her that she had arrived too late.

What followed seemed afterwards like a fevered dream. A glimpse at the familiar form; the funeral, with its attendant bustle—all was indistinct and confused. Then followed what stood out clearly apart from the rest of that sorrowful time: a day when Mrs. Carlton called Effie to her, and broke gently the news that henceforth there was nothing but poverty for them to look forward to. Then came the sale, and the removal to a small red-brick house with a tiny garden in front, in a long row of other houses and gardens just like it; a change of residence against which Effie rebelled considerably. She was only fifteen, poor child! and life had looked very bright till then. No wonder she at first submitted rather ungraciously to leave school and undertake the teaching of the younger children. But hers was a brave spirit, and she soon began to look at the bright side of things, and to help those around her to do the same; and now, at the end of two years, it was always to Effie that the little ones went in their difficulties; and even her mother found her heavy weight of anxiety grow lighter as she talked it over with her eldest daughter.

Lately, however, Effie had shown something of the old feeling which she had hitherto so nobly striven to repress, and outbursts like the present had grown rather frequent. It troubled Mrs. Carlton, and she turned away with a sigh as her eyes fell upon the girl's discontented face.

Effie glanced up at the sigh.

"Oh, mamma! I didn't mean to speak so crossly, she said. "I don't know what is the matter with me of late. I am not half so patient with the children as I used to be, and yet I do try to be gentle and loving with them!"

"I know you do, Effie, but you have been working too hard for your strength; no wonder you feel irritable sometimes. You need rest, but I cannot afford to send you away

from home, even if I could spare you; and I do not see how I can lessen your work either."

"Don't talk like that, mamma!" cried Effie, throwing down her needlework, and seating herself on a footstool at her mother's feet. "I am ashamed of seeming so discontented when I know I have the happiest home and the best mother in the whole world; you need a rest far more than I do. But what troubles me is that I am of no use in the world. I worked so hard at school, meaning to be so clever, and do so much, and now—" Effie's voice faltered, and she buried her face in her mother's lap and ended in a sob.

"My darling, I know the discipline is hard," replied Mrs. Carlton, smoothing her daughter's sunny brown hair; "but God is teaching you one of His highest lessons: that doing His will, no matter what it may be, is the noblest possible life. He who has made you what you are, and placed you here, surely knows best the position for which His child is fitted, and He has put you just where you can work best for Him. And noble deeds are beyond no one's reach, Effie. Let me tell you a short parable which may help you."

The girl settled herself to listen, and her mother began:

"The evening breeze swept through the King's gardens and bore on its wings a low, mournful sob. Listening, I heard a tiny voice say plaintively: 'Oh! why am I not like other flowers? The fair rose by my side gives pleasure to all who see her. That tall, white lily is admired by everyone; many a heart is gladdened, and many an eye brightens at the sight of her beautiful blossoms; but I am so plain and so tiny! I can do no one any good! Why should I live any longer?' And the Mignonette drooped wearily as she ceased speaking.

"There had been visitors to the King's gardens that day, and the gardener had pointed out to them the rarest and most beautiful of the flowers. The lily lifted her stately head more proudly, and the rose blushed deeper, as many paused, attracted by their surpassing loveliness.

"But for the lowly plant that grew beneath the shadow of the rose-tree the day had been one of sadness. All had passed her by unnoticed, and twilight found her sorrowful and discontented.

"Morning dawned. To-day the King Himself is coming to see His garden, and to choose the fairest flowers to adorn His palace. The gardener's words, which raised a tumult of hope in many a bright-hued blossom, fell almost unheeded on poor Mignonette. 'I am not fair enough to be noticed, even by the gardener; the King will never see me!' thought she.

"At length the Monarch came. Many, fair and beautiful, were the blossoms He chose, but He paused unsatisfied still. 'These flowers are very lovely,' he said; 'but whence comes this rich perfume? It does not belong to any of the flowers I have chosen.'

"'It is only some common Mignonette that smells so sweet,' the gardener answered.

"'Call it not common! The rarest and costliest plants cannot rival its sweetness. Not alone to beauty shall a place of honour be given; this too is worthy to adorn my palace!'

"Joyfully Mignonette listened to the King's reply. What mattered it now that others passed her by unseen? What mattered it that she was plain and small? *The King Himself had need of her!*"

Mrs. Carlton ceased, and there was silence in the room for a moment. When Effie at length looked up, although her eyes were full of tears, it was with a very bright face that she said earnestly, "I see the lesson, mamma, and I *will* try not to be discontented any more."

At that moment a party of children entered the little garden and stormed the window with cries of—"Effie, is it time to come in?" "Effie, is tea ready?" "Effie, we're 'untry."

A pretty picture they made. Frank, the eldest of the group, a merry, black-eyed boy of nine, was wheeling his youngest sister, Winnie, in his wheelbarrow, which looked somewhat the worse for wear. Behind, stood Hattie and Nelly, two rosy, golden-haired little maidens of five and seven, their bright curls tossed by the wind, and their faces brimming over with childish happiness. But fairest of the group was Winnie, "our little queen," as the other children invariably called her. The name suited her exactly, and no queen ever had more loyal subjects than three-year old Winnie, with her baby grace and dignity. She was very beautiful; the other children were pretty, but Winnie's beauty was something quite different from theirs. There was a dreamy, far-away look in her dark-blue eyes, and a wistful, wondering expression in the baby face, as if the years of her short life had not yet taught her to grow accustomed to this noisy, bustling world, with all its sins and sorrows.

Effie rose brightly, and went to meet the children, and soon her laugh was as merry as baby Winnie's own, as she busied herself with preparations for tea, while the little ones gathered round her, proffering a doubtful assistance. There were no more clouds that day, at all events.

HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XXI.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Man looketh on the outward appearance but the Lord looketh on the heart" (1 Sam. xvi. 7).

Read Luke vi. 1-11.

We read in our last of the feast to which our Lord went up at Jerusalem; after it was over, we find He returned to Galilee; and here again the question of the keeping of the Sabbath was brought against him by the Pharisees. To all outward appearance they were anxious to keep the law, but "the Lord looketh on the heart," and their hearts were full of enmity to Christ.

As the Lord and His disciples were passing on the Sabbath through the fields of ripe corn, *what did the disciples do?* They were "an hungored" (Matt. xii. 1), and there was no law against eating a few ears of corn to satisfy their hunger, on the contrary it was expressly permitted (Deut. xxiii. 25).

But because it was the Sabbath day the Pharisees complained, and said it was not lawful. *What did Jesus answer them? Of whose example did He remind them? What had David and his men eaten when they could get nothing else to eat? Was David wrong in eating the shewbread?* No, he was certainly not wrong, for it was a case of necessity at that time, and the Pharisees knew that very well. Read Matt. xii. 5-8. *What did the priests in the temple do on the Sabbath? Num. xxviii. 9. Did they profane the Sabbath by offering sacrifices?* No, "they are blameless." "But I say unto you," said the Saviour, mark how solemn are His words—"in this place is One greater than the temple!" *What was the saying that they ought to have known the meaning of?* "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice." (Hoshea vi. 6). And then Jesus told them something about the Sabbath which they did not know. *Who is Lord of the Sabbath?* The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." The Son of man is Lord of it. He has changed it to the first day of the week instead of the seventh, by rising from the dead on the first day. He has given it to be an unspeakable blessing to man when rightly kept. It is not a day of bondage, but a day of holy rest, as the Lord's day; those who love the Lord love His day.

Now, we have read how Jesus defended His disciples for doing a work of necessity on the Sabbath; we next read how He defended the doing of a work of mercy. It was again a Sabbath day. *Where was Jesus teaching? Who was among the people? And who were there to watch and to accuse Jesus?* "The Lord looketh on the heart,"—and what did Jesus know? (ver. 8.) Knowing their thoughts, He called on the man to stand forth. *What question did He ask? Did they answer it?* Then Jesus looked round about upon them all—a searching, solemn gaze, "being grieved for the hardness of their hearts" (Mark iii. 5). And what did He say to the man? Now the man's hand was withered, but he did not say, "It is impossible for me to stretch it out," he just did what he was commanded, and what was the result? Jesus gave him the power to do it, as well as the command. It is just like ourselves; we have no power of ourselves to go to Jesus, no power to do what is right; no power to save ourselves; but Jesus who says, "Come unto Me"—gives us power to do so, as soon as we begin to do what He tells us. He says, "Ask, and it shall be given you" (Matt. vii. 7). Go then to Him and ask Him, not merely in words, but with all your hearts, and He will take away your sins and give you His great gift—eternal life!

Well might Jesus be grieved at the hardness of the hearts of men! *What did the Pharisees do in their rage?* Luke vi. 11. See Psal. ii. 2.

Sing.—"O day of rest and gladness."

ALPHABETICAL EXERCISE.

NO. II.

Find out the names of ten well-known places which begin with "Beth," meaning "House of."

1. The place where Jacob saw the ladder ascending to heaven.
2. The place near which Moses was buried.
3. The city where the miracle of the five loaves and two fishes was performed.
4. The place from which water was brought to David.
5. A pool in Jerusalem.
6. The place where the miracle of the fig-tree was performed.
7. The place to which the Ark was brought from the Philistines.
8. The place where Christ was baptized.
9. The scene of one of Joshua's victories.
10. The village where Simon the leper lived.

S. R.

SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

NO. L

I am a word of six letters.

My 1, 2, 4, 6 will give the name of one who became a great Apostle.

My 2, 1, 2. A king of Judah who did that which was right in the sight of the Lord.

My 3, 4, 6, 5. The animal ridden by Absalom.

My 4, 1, 5. That which perfects men's senses to discern both good and evil.

My 5, 1, 2, 4. A cunning hunter, a man of the field.

My 6, 5, 3, 4, 5, 6. One who wrote some of the Proverbs.

One who was dedicated to the service of God from his childhood.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



BLANDINA AND THE LIONS.

HEROIC WOMEN.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.

CHAPTER III.—EARLY CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

WITH the preaching of the gospel there came two great changes over the face of society—a purer and loftier rule of life for all, and the deliverance of woman from her centuries of degradation. The great honour bestowed on

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her who was declared by the voice of an angel to be “highly favoured among women,” was not limited to her. As all women had inherited the shame and sorrow of Eve, so were all to share in the blessings bestowed upon Mary. Christianity was to abolish, not only all distinctions arising out of race and rank in society, merging all in the one great brotherhood, but all distinctions arising out of sex also. Henceforth there was to be not only “neither Jew nor Greek,” “neither

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bond nor free" in Christ, but "neither male nor female" also.

This was first exhibited in the sufferings of the witnesses for the gospel's sake, which formed so prominent a feature in the history of the early Christian centuries. Previously to the coming of Christ, the noble army of martyrs had admitted none but men within its ranks. Prophet after prophet had indeed been raised up throughout the many centuries which had preceded the rising of the gospel light, who bore God's message to His people, and sealed the faithfulness of their witness with their blood; but in the entire muster-roll, from Abel to John the Baptist, the name of no one woman is included. But when, in the person of Mary, a woman had been permitted to hold so high a place in God's kingdom, all her sisterhood were advanced to honour with her. Thenceforth women were allowed to share the greatest of all earthly privileges, the offering up of their lives for their Saviour and Lord. "The very women," says Eusebius, speaking of the patient endurance of torment and death by the early Christians, "the very women were as courageous as the men; many of whom, undergoing the same conflicts, reaped the same reward of constancy and virtue." It would be of course impossible to recount the hundredth part of the instances in which agonizing torture and death were endured with heroic constancy by women in those terrible times. A few striking instances only can be given; and in selecting these care must be taken to record none but such as rest on trustworthy testimony. Many martyrologies have been interpolated with what is, to say the least of it, very doubtful matter, and many more are undoubted forgeries.

In the persecution under Severus, A.D. 202, occurred the martyrdom of Perpetua. It is related by Eusebius, and bears all the evidence of a genuine narrative. She was a Carthaginian lady of good family, and married to a man of high station in the city. Life must have been very sweet to her. Her father was a pagan, but was fondly attached to her, and she as fondly requited his attachment. She herself said that the blow which was given him by the procurator's officers, when he attempted to interfere for her protection, she felt as though it had been given to herself; and when he came to her on the morning of the public shows, threw himself on the ground, tore his beard, and implored her to take pity on him, "she was ready," as she says, "to die with sorrow." She had also an infant at the breast, to which she clung with the fondness of a mother for her first child. But none of these considerations could induce her to deny her faith. When she was accused before the procurator Hilarian of being an Atheist, as the phrase was in those days—that is, of denying the existence of heathen gods—she simply and without hesitation admitted the truth of the charge. When the procurator, moved with compassion, urged her "to sacrifice to the prosperity of the emperors," which hardly involved direct idolatry, though it would have been glossed over as an admission of it, she simply answered, "I will not do so." "You are a Christian then?" rejoined Hilarian. She answered in a clear voice, "I am," and was then

condemned to be thrown to wild beasts in the amphitheatre.

When the day of her martyrdom came, Perpetua entered the theatre singing a hymn; and her resolute demeanour, and that of her fellow prisoners, so irritated the procurator, that he commanded that they should be scourged before their exposure to the wild animals. Then these latter were turned into the arena, their fury having been excited to the utmost by blows and hunger. Perpetua was cast before a wild cow, which tossed her high into the air. She fell on her back, and instantly rising as well as she was able, gathered her garments round her to cover her person, insensible apparently to the injuries she had sustained. She then stood quietly awaiting another attack from the furious animal; but the people, moved probably by her undaunted heroism, shouted out that she had endured enough, and that an end should be put to her sufferings. She was led accordingly, with such of her fellow martyrs as had not been already slain, to the centre of the amphitheatre, and there the sword of a gladiator set her spirit free for ever.

Here was an instance of a woman, young, high-born and rich, bound to earth by the strongest ties of family affection, who nevertheless yielded all up with unhesitating devotion for the sake of Christ. Yet her heroism did not exceed that of the slave woman Blandina, who underwent martyrdom at Vienne, in Gaul, during the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

The ordinary charge brought against Christians in that, as well as in other persecutions, was that they were guilty in secret of abominable crimes, such as it would sully our pages even to mention. To these Blandina simply answered, "I am a Christian, neither have we committed any evil." Having been condemned to death, she and her fellow sufferers, Maturus, Attalus, Sanctus, and several women, among whom her own mistress was one, were exposed to different kinds of tortures. Some were torn by wild beasts, some were seated in an iron chair, and roasted over a fire; some had red-hot plates of brass applied to the most sensitive parts of their frames. Blandina was bound to a stake, and thus exposed to the assaults of wild beasts. In this position she appeared to the other sufferers to resemble our Lord suspended on the cross; and the earnest prayers which she continued to offer up throughout their agonies "infused," says Eusebius, "much alacrity into the contending martyrs." But none of the wild beasts would touch her,* and at the close of the sports she was taken down from the stake and remanded to the prison, to be reserved for another contest. She was again brought out on the last day of the show, and again exposed to the wild animals. She was first scourged with the terrible flagellum, which tore the flesh from the bones; then roasted in the iron chair, as Attalus had been on the previous occasion; and life not yet being extinct, the bleeding body was thrown into a net, and cast before a wild bull, which tossed and mangled it. Having now become quite insensible through

* Such picturesquo traditions are naturally seized upon by artists.

pain, the final blow was dealt her. Throughout these protracted agonies, not one cry of anguish nor entreaty for mercy had been extracted from her. "Even the Gentiles," writes Eusebius, "confessed that no woman among them had ever endured sufferings as many and as great as these."

In these two instances we see how little rank or education had to do with the firmness of the martyrs. The same may be said of youth and age. In the persecution under Maximin, a young girl, named Theodosia, displayed fortitude which could hardly have been exceeded had she been strengthened by the longest life of Christian discipline. Her offence was that she had approached the tribunal where some Christian prisoners were being tried at Cesarea, and saluted them, intending, in all likelihood, to ask their prayers in her behalf, as was a frequent practice in those days. "For this, as if it were some impious and atrocious deed," writes Eusebius, "she was seized by the soldiers and led away to their commander." He appears to have been more than usually merciless and savage; for he had her tortured with dreadful and horrible cruelties, furrowing her sides and breasts with the instruments of torture even to the very bone. And as these had not entirely destroyed life, he finally ordered her to be flung into the sea. But all the tortures, as in the instance of Blandina, failed to move her constancy, and she "exhibited a cheerful and joyful countenance to the last."

In the Decian persecution, an aged woman named Apollinia, displayed the same determination which this young girl had evinced. Her persecutors brought her forth, and when she refused to deny Christ, they first dashed all her teeth from her jaws, and then kindling a large fire, threatened to cast her into the same, unless she recanted her belief. Thereupon she stood up, and making a pause, as though considering whether she should consent or not, she suddenly herself leaped into the fire and was burnt to death.

In the same persecution, as if further to illustrate the same truth, three women were brought together before the Roman tribunal, all of different ages. The first was Ammonium, a virgin; the second, Dionysia, who was the mother of many children, but who did not, as the martyrology says, "love them more than her Lord;" and the third, an aged and venerable woman, named Meruria. Ammonium, whose case was taken first, was ingeniously tortured again and again for refusing to comply with the forms urged upon her. But no impression could be made upon her, and the judge, ashamed to torture prisoners to no purpose, and to be defeated by women, condemned them all three to be slain by the sword without further suffering.

In the persecution under Maximin, a number of Christians, who had assembled in the city of Gaza to hear the Holy Scriptures read, were brought before the judges and subjected to all manner of cruel punishments. One of these, a woman, whose name has not been recorded, having exclaimed against the emperor for committing the trial of prisoners to such cruel judges, was first scourged, and then placed on the rack, where her sides were galled and lacerated by the engine. But these cruelties could not quench the courage

of the Christian women present; another of them cried out from among the crowd, "How long will you thus cruelly torture my sister?" The judge, inflamed to greater fury by this question, ordered the woman to be seized. She was brought forward, and commanded to offer sacrifice. Upon her refusal, she was dragged to the altar by force; but, still adhering to her resolution, she had no sooner been conveyed thither than she kicked down both the altar and the brazier in which the fire was burning. Exasperated to the utmost, the judge commanded more dreadful tortures than had yet been used to be applied to her. All having failed, he bound her and the former sufferer, whom she had called her sister, together, and ordered them to be cast into the sea.

But the severest trials to which Christian women were subjected in those times, were such as the historian would gladly throw a veil over. The threat of exposing them to licentious outrage was the deadliest weapon in the armoury of their persecutors, and we can attribute it to nothing but the direct interference from Heaven, that it did not frequently succeed in inducing women to deny their faith. Sometimes indeed, in the last extremity, women killed themselves, as the only resource against dishonour. Rufinus tells us of Sophronia, a Christian lady, who was married to one of the most illustrious of the Roman senators, in the time of the Emperor Maxentius. His brutal debauchery knew no bounds, and spared neither high nor low. Sophronia, who was exceedingly beautiful, had the misfortune to attract his regard. Without the smallest scruple, he commanded his guards to seize her, and carry her to his palace. Her husband, who was probably not a Christian, did not venture to offer resistance. Sophronia perceived that there was no hope of escape, and asking permission to retire a moment to her chamber, to arrange her dress before going out, took a knife and plunged it into her heart.

A similar story is told of three ladies in Antioch—a mother and two daughters. They were illustrious for their wealth, family, and reputation. The daughters, who had been highly educated, were noted for their beauty, and all three were Christians. When the persecution under Diocletian broke out, they concealed themselves. But search was made, and their place of retreat discovered. The soldiers who had been sent to seize them, having secured their prey, prepared to convey them to Antioch. Knowing the fate for which they were reserved, which indeed they were openly informed would be their doom, they resolved that it would be better to die than surrender themselves to such wickedness. Requesting the permission of the guards therefore to withdraw for a few moments, they cast themselves into the river, which was hard at hand, and all three were drowned. In other instances there are records and legends of wonderful deliverance, where the Providence of God seems to have opened a way of escape for them, even in the last extremity.

But whether in death or life these heroic women are among the noble army of martyrs of whom the world was not worthy, and who have obtained a good report through faith.

HELON OF ALEXANDRIA.

A JEWISH TALE OF THE DAYS OF THE MACCABEES.

VI.—THE PRIESTHOOD.



paring to remove the cattle which he had not been able to sell. Helon, who was walking on the roof of the house, called to mind the lamentations of Jeremiah: "How is the populous city become solitary?" He gave way to a state of melancholy which he could not overcome, when suddenly the smoke of the sacrifice arose on Mount Moriah, and the sounds of a solitary trumpet were heard.

"Ah!" said he, "for the priests the festivals are never ended!"

At this moment Elisama approached him. Helon made known to him the thoughts of his mind. He acknowledged to him that he wished to be admitted to the number of those who might continually serve on the festivals of the Lord.

The old man embraced him in his arms.

"Thou art right, my son," said he to him, "to wish to revive in the house of thy fathers the priesthood, which has been discontinued more than four hundred years. The wealth that we have acquired in the land of Egypt has never been able to console me for being deprived of the privilege we owe to our birth of being able, as Levites, to minister before the Lord in the temple."

He blessed the young man, and accompanied him the next day to the fortress of Baris, of which the palace of Hyrcanus formed a part. Elisama had long known the high-priest. He laid at his feet the rich presents intended for him, and made known to him the desire of his nephew. Hyran received him graciously, and promised to admit Helon as soon as the genealogy of the family was certified on the registers. These registers being at Joppa, the two Israelites resolved to go there without delay.

Well girded, with sandals on their feet and staves in their hands, they set forward early the next morning. Soon after they had gone forth from the gates of the city they found themselves on the territory which formerly fell to the lot of the tribe of Benjamin. A fertile plain, the only one in the neighbourhood of the city, lay before them. Very soon they arrived at the royal valley, so named because it was here that the king of Sodom met Abraham, as he was returning from the defeat of Chedorlaomer and the kings that were with him. And here also Melchizedec, king of Salem, who was priest of the Most High God, and also sovereign, brought him bread and wine, and blessed the patriarch. "What remembrances are there not connected with these places!" said Elisama. "To preserve them there is no need of a statue like that which Absalom caused to be set up in this valley to fix in it the remembrance of his name" (2 Sam. xxviii. 18).

The reapers were actively employed in the works of the harvest. Elisama remarked to Helon that they were keeping the commandment of Jehovah, not to finish the reaping at the ends of their fields, but to leave it for the poor and for the stranger. Where the harvesting was already finished, the poor were gleaning the ears as corn which had not been taken away (Lev. xix. 9, 10). Passing near a barn they saw with pleasure that care was taken not to muzzle the oxen which trod the corn. Sometimes they came near the men who were gathering the sheaves, and said to them: "The blessing of the Lord be upon you: we bless you in the name of the Lord" (Ps. cxxix. 8).

Having traversed three times the length of a sabbath-day's journey, our pilgrims arrived at Hanathot. This small town was not exactly on their road, but it was the place where Jeremiah was born, and they wished therefore to pass by it. They were shown the field of Hanameel, which Jeremiah bought when the army of the king of Babylon was besieging Jerusalem, and of which he enclosed the contract of purchase in an earthen vessel, to make the people know in the name of the Lord that the dispersed should be led back into the country of their fathers, and that they should again buy houses, fields, and vineyards (Jer. xxxii.). In fact, on their return from the captivity, there were found one hundred and twenty-eight men of Hanathot to rebuild the city (Neh. vii. 27). It was one of the four towns given to the Levites in the land of Benjamin. It was here that the ancestors of Helon had formerly dwelt. He left the place with regret, but he must proceed on his journey. They next saw Beth-shemesh, where the ark, which the Philistines of Ekron had placed upon a waggon, was drawn by the young oxen they had fastened

to it; and Modin, where formerly dwelt Matathias, the father of the Maccabees, with his five sons. In later times Simon caused to be constructed here a magnificent tombstone over the grave of his father, of his mother, and of his brethren. Elisama and Helon admired this monument, its seven pyramids, its columns, the ships, and the other allegorical figures carved there in stone. Some hours after, they arrived at Lydda. In a direct line it is only forty times the length of a sabbath-day's journey from Jerusalem, but by the course they had to travel it was much longer. Here terminates the district of Ono, rich in corn, and commence the fertile pastures of Sharon, which extend northward from the sea. They passed the night here, and the next day they had to proceed only half the distance they travelled the previous evening, to arrive at Joppa, the Beautiful, situated close to the sea-coast, and on a rising ground, whence may be discerned one of the towers of Jerusalem.

Scarcely had they arrived at the house of the friend where they intended to lodge, than Elisama inquired respecting the residence of the scribe who kept the genealogical registries of his family. Great was his disappointment on finding that he now lived at Ziklag. Helon regretted somewhat the less that inaccurate information had been given them at Jerusalem on this subject, because he might owe to this circumstance the pleasure of seeing the south-west side of Judah. Accompanied by the son of his host he visited the port where formerly was landed the cedar-wood that Hiram had sent to Solomon.

"Dost thou remember about Jonah, that it was here he embarked in a ship going to Tarshish?" asked Elisama when he saw Helon come back.

"Thou reminst me," said the friend that had received them, "of a heathen man that passed through this place not long ago with a Phoenician caravan. The wretch had the assurance to ask me if the history of our prophet was not an imitation of the Greek fable of Andromeda, exposed, said he, in this place to a sea-monster, and delivered by Perseus. I do not know the fable, but the impiety of the insinuation annoyed me not the less."

"When did he pass by here?"

"It may be about three weeks ago."

"This can be no other than Myron," said Elisama. "This young man made the journey with us as far as Gaza. The Greeks are scoffers, but their lot will some day be like that of the inhabitants of Samaria."

After leaving Joppa, the two Israelites passed by Guezer, which Pharaoh, king of Egypt burnt, after having taken it from the Canaanites, and which he gave as a marriage portion with his daughter to Solomon, who rebuilt it. Then they went through Nob, whose priests and inhabitants were slaughtered by Saul, because Abimelech had there given to David the loaves of the shew-bread, and the sword of Goliath; also Gath in the tribe of Dan, of which the Israelites and the Philistines disputed the possession a long time. They arrived late in the evening at Ziklag, the favourite abode of David, which the king Achish had given him, after it had been burnt by the Amalekites.

The genealogist who kept the registers received Elisama and Helon as beloved kinsmen, and lodged them in his house. The people of Israel were divided, from the earliest times, into families, each of which comprised several houses. Each house appointed one of its members to keep the genealogical registries. They held this office in much estimation, especially in the tribe of Levi, because the Levites enjoyed numerous privileges. In order to be admitted into the rank of priests, it was necessary by the father to be a descendant of Aaron, and have a mother of blameless life. The list of the ancestors of Helon in Egypt had been carefully kept: Elisama was furnished with documents sufficient to establish his pedigree. The mother of the young man was the daughter of a priest, and as her family dwelt in Judea, it was necessary to complete her genealogical table.

The name of Helon was carefully written under that of his mother. By her he was of the course of Abia, and by his father of the course of Malchia. When all this proceeding was ended, Helon thought himself happy in not having met with any obstacle to the desire he had formed. He compared his own lot with that of the children of Habaiah, Hakoz and Barzillai, who, on the return from the captivity, were not found on the registers when their genealogy was searched for, and who in consequence were rejected for the priesthood. In comparing their lot with his own, he felt very great satisfaction.

The travellers returned to Jerusalem through Lachish, Liboa, and Sacho. They had been away for five days. Who could describe the emotion which agitated the mind of Helon until the moment when he was to present himself before the Sanhedrim to ask for admission into the priesthood? The day fixed for this solemn occasion being come, he ascended very early into the upper chamber of Iddo's house, and having recited the krischma with great emotion, he added, kneeling before Jehovah, these words of David, which expressed so well what was passing in his mind:

"Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts,
And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to
know wisdom.
Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Make me to hear joy and gladness,
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
Hide thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.
Create in me a clean heart, O God,
And renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence,
And take not thy holy spirit from me.
Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation,
And uphold me with thy free spirit.
Then I will teach transgressors thy ways,
And sinners shall be converted unto thee."

Elisama accompanied Helon to the temple. He blessed the Lord in his heart that the office of priest was at length going to return into his family, and he felt himself happy now more than ever, that he, as well as his father and brother, had resisted the pressing solicitations that had

been made to them of exercising these functions at Léontopolis. After the morning sacrifice the high-priest ascended into the council-chamber. It was here that Helon was to appear before him and before the Sanhedrim. The high-priest presided in the assembly. He bore the title of Nashi or chief. On his right sat the father of the council, and on his left the Chakam or Wise Man. Sixty-eight other councillors completed the assembly. Helon's genealogy was examined; his descent from Aaron having been recognised, that portion of the law was read which refers to the reception of priests (Lev. xxi. 16-23). It forbids admitting to the priesthood those who had any bodily defect. Helon, having none, was admitted. If they had discovered in him any defect specified in the law as cause for exclusion, they would have clothed him in black garments, and it would have been forbidden him ever to offer sacrifices. As, on the contrary, he complied with all the prescribed conditions, they committed him to the care of a Levite to be clothed in the white garments of the priesthood (Exod. xxviii.; Lev. viii.). They afterwards read to him from the law the rules which he had to observe hereafter (Lev. xxi. 1-8): then the high-priest said these words to him: "Blessed be God, that no defect has been found in the posterity of Aaron! Blessed be God that He chose Aaron and his sons to exercise the priesthood in his temple!" All the members of the council replied, Amen.

After these ceremonies the young priest was conducted into the court of the priests, where he was received by those already in office.

The rank to which Helon belonged by his birth was to be assigned to him the day after the commencement of his ministry. Elisama offered a thank-offering, and invited the whole course of the rank of Malkija to the festivity which was to follow. "The old man of the temple" was not forgotten. A priest was thus called of the rank of Jehojarib, who from the age of twenty assisted before the Lord, and who was at that time nearly a hundred years old. He formerly discharged the functions of Chakam in the Sanhedrim; but some years ago he had resigned this office, and giving up his property to his grand-children, he was admitted to the number of those priests who always dwelt at Jerusalem, and who supplied the place of anyone of the priests who was prevented discharging his duty. He continued in one of the chambers of the court of the Gentiles, and never went from the temple; serving the Lord day and night, and waiting for the coming of the Messiah.

The old man accepted the invitation offered him (not in order to partake of the repast, for he thought that at his age it was no longer becoming to take part in a feast even in the temple), but to express his joy to the young priest of seeing him admitted into the courts of the Lord. The guests being not yet all assembled when he retired, Helon followed him as far as Solomon's porch, and there, sitting by his side, he related to him, at his request, the history of his life, and the circumstances which had induced him to desire being admitted into the priesthood. The old man listened with silence, then he

said to him, alluding to one part of his account, "My son, the Hellenists are not wrong in having sought for allegories in the law; for our worship certainly contains hidden wisdom, and we read in the Proverbs of Solomon that the secret of the Lord is with the pious, or with them that fear Him. Their sin consists in this, that they have sought to discover the secret meaning of our ceremonies by the aid of heathen wisdom. Here is the place which Jehovah has chosen. It was on this mountain of Moriah that Abraham desired to sacrifice his son. The place in which we are was the threshing-floor of Araunah, near which stood the angel of Jehovah stretching his hand over Jerusalem. David bought this threshing-floor; he built an altar here, and offered sacrifice on it, and here his son afterwards built the temple. The temple of Solomon was raised in the times of rejoicing; it was destroyed in the midst of lamentations. This temple, on the contrary, was built with tears, but 'the glory of this latter house shall be greater than that of the former' (Haggai ii. 9), for 'the Lord whom we seek, and the angel of the covenant whom we desire, shall enter into his temple' (Malachi iii.). He shall stand in this porch where we are, He shall walk beneath these roofs, and thus He shall fill this house with glory. It is in this house also that thou hast to serve Jehovah, O my son; pray to Him then, as Solomon did, and say to Him, 'Let thine eyes be opened to the prayer of Thy servant, and to the supplication of Thy people Israel, to hearken unto them in all that they call for unto Thee!'" (1 Kings viii. 52).

With these words the old man left him. Helon rejoined his own company, but, entrapt in thought with what he had just heard, he paid scarcely any attention to the conversation taking place during the feast. The repast ended early: for the course of Malchiah had to prepare, on the evening before the sabbath, for entering upon their duties. About the ninth hour all labour had ceased in the city: the commencement of the sabbath was announced by the sound of a trumpet; the priests who were going to discharge their duties were enclosed in the temple.

On the morrow, after having bathed and put on their sacerdotal robes, they assembled to cast lots for the division of the offices assigned to them, that each might know his duty for the day. The lot fallen to Helon was to remove from the altar of burnt-offering the ashes of the preceding day. The crowing of the cock announced the time for taking them away.

"Take great care," said one of the priests to his young companion, "not to touch the vessels of the temple before having washed thy hands and thy feet."

He cleansed himself again, and with trembling set himself about the discharge of this first function of his ministry, which continued all the week.

The day following, whilst employed in his duty, he observed near the gate of Nicanor a woman whose time for purification was come, and who, with her lately-born son in her arms, had just presented a lamb of a year old as a burnt-offering and a young pigeon for her sin-offering. The priest made propitiation for her, and she

was cleansed. Helon sought to understand the meaning of this ceremony, when he saw the old man, who had guessed his thoughts, come near him :

" My son, for thee also," said he to him, " did thy mother offer a burnt-offering, and a sacrifice for her sin-offering ? "

" I know it," replied the young man, " but I cannot discover what Jehovah wished to teach us by this ordinance."

" Doest thou remember the purification which was necessary when thou becamest unclean some days ago by touching thy father's grave ? "

Helon was silent, not understanding the meaning or bearing of this question.

" Know then," continued the old man, " that by his birth man defiles those who rejoice that he is born, and that at his death he defiles also those who weep at his tomb. Can he who defiles according to the ceremonial law, on entering into life and when departing from it, be himself pure by nature ? "

Helon's countenance expressed the terror with which he was seized.

The old man continued : " Did not David say : ' I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me ? ' And did not God threaten the first man, saying to him : ' In the day that thou eatest of the fruit of the tree thou shalt surely die ? ' What do we need more in order to know that man is born in sin and that the wages of sin is death ? The mother is unclean during forty days, when she has brought a son into the world ; and eighty days, when she has given birth to a daughter, because woman first sinned. She brings a lamb for a burnt-offering, a turtle-dove for a sin-offering, and not until she is reconciled by the blood of these innocent animals is she permitted to appear before Jehovah. A red heifer, without blemish, that has never borne the yoke, is brought before the priest. Another priest leads it out of the Holy City, and it is killed in his presence. He dips his finger in the blood and sprinkles it seven times, turning towards the front of the temple. Then they burn the young heifer in his presence, its skin, flesh and blood, and throw upon it cedar-wood, hyssop, and red cramoisi thread. A third priest collects the ashes and carries them to an appointed place. All three are rendered unclean. When any one has defiled himself by touching or coming near a dead body he takes the ashes of a young heifer sacrificed for his sin, mixes water with it, and a man who is himself clean sprinkles it, on the third and the seventh day, upon him who is unclean ; and while thus the man, unclean by having touched a dead body, becomes clean, the man that touched the water of sprinkling becomes unclean. Thou seest, then, that by our death as well as in our birth there is nothing but defilement in us ! "

The old man, having thus spoken, moved away, but Helon followed him with looks of surprise and an expression of astonishment.

Some days after, he was able to renew the conversation which to his regret had been so suddenly interrupted.

" I hope," said the old man to him, " that thou hast perceived from all these ceremonies and symbols that all men are sinners. Is Jeremiah

still the favourite prophet of thy house ? " asked he a moment afterwards.

Helon having replied affirmatively, he added : " Dost thou know the meaning of these words written by him ? ' Behold the days are coming, saith Jehovah, that I will raise up unto David a righteous branch, and he shall reign as a king ; he shall prosper, he shall execute justice and judgment in the land. In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell in security ; and this is the name by which he shall be called : THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. What do these declarations mean ? "

" Instruct me in this," said Helon.

" They relate to the Messiah. Sinful man cannot live on this earth under the curse, and exhibit that righteousness which is acceptable to God ; therefore Jehovah Himself will be our righteousness in the Messiah. From the days of our first parents the prophets have not ceased during four thousand years to fix the attention of men upon Him, and they will continue to announce it until the consolation of Israel, which we expect is come. On account of our hardness of heart this is proclaimed in two ways ; audibly by the words contained in our holy scriptures, and visibly by the sacrifices, which are prophecies of another kind. How often does not Jehovah declare that He has no pleasure in sacrifices and burnt-offerings ; and indeed He has no pleasure in them when they are not presented with reference to the Messiah, who will be the true victim. Isaiah prophesies that He will be punished for our sins, and that the chastisement which brings us peace will fall upon Him. But these are things that can scarcely be taught by men ; ask God to instruct thee, and to be thy teacher."

" Why art Thou Cast Down, O my Soul ? "

WHAT is it ails thee, heart ? why dost thou weep ?

All my sweet hopings are withered and strewn,
Sweetest communion we ofttime did keep,

Now they have left me, and I am alone.

Barren the earth appears, gazing around,

Barren the heavens seem, gazing above,

Dead is the music that joyed me with sound,

Silent for ever the whispers of love.

Hast thou forgotten, heart ? God is not dead !

Gloomy and dark may the present appear,
But from the present thou soon shalt be led

Into a daylight unspeakably clear.

Over thee, under thee, close at thy side,

Never a moment He leaves or forsakes ;

Trust Him, abide in Him, leave Him to guide,

Follow the way that in wisdom he takes.

Waker, or dreamer, or what am I now ?

Oceans of loveliness—oceans of light !

Heaven itself to my vision doth bow.

Glory on glory unfolds to my sight.

Why so disquieted ? why so cast down ?

Hope thou in Him whom thou shortly shalt praise ;
Soon shall the croes be forgot in the crown,

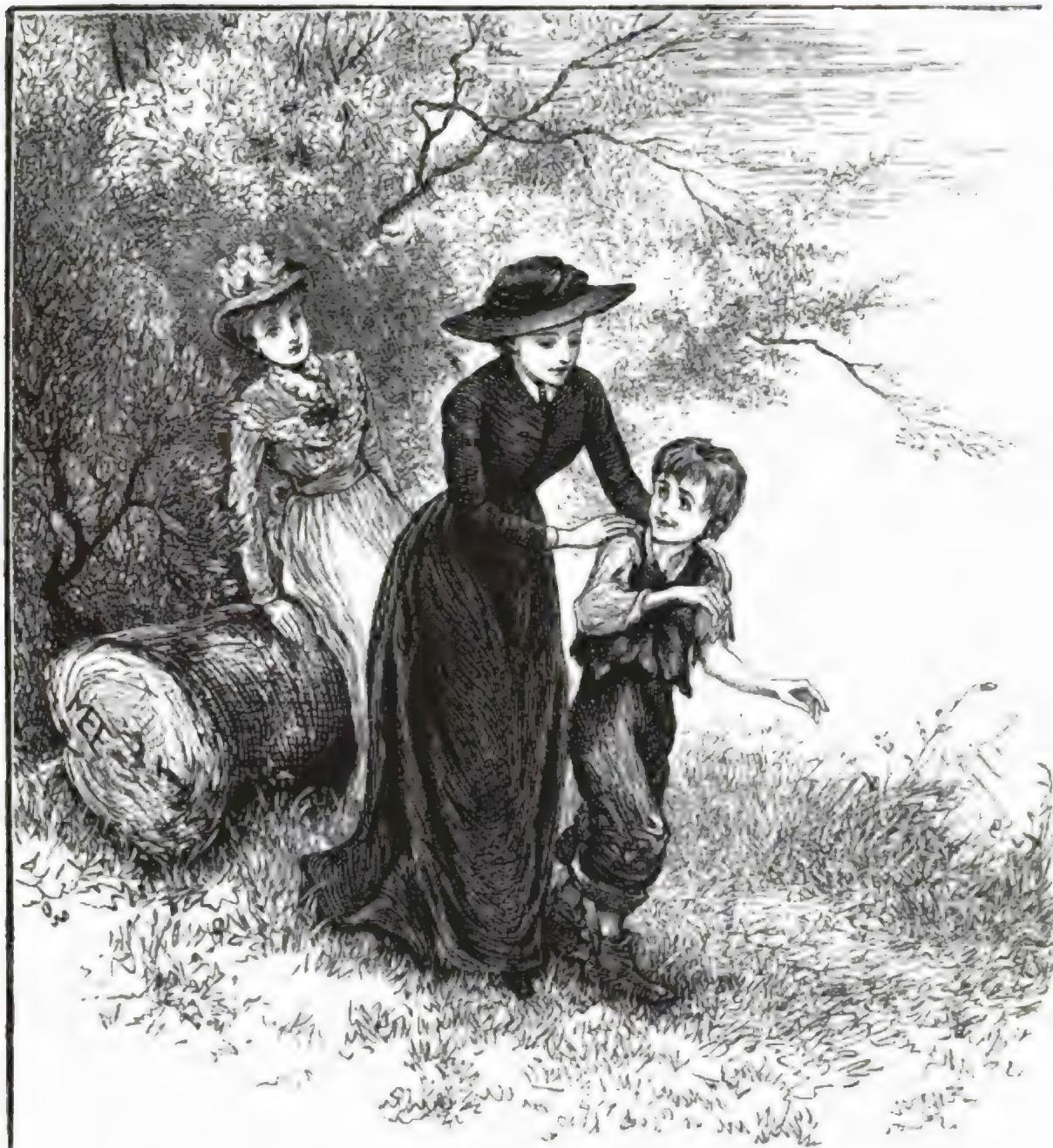
Darkness be lost in Eternity's days !

WADE ROBINSON.

THE STORY OF A DAY.

BY MRS. MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "LIFE'S AFTERMATH," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—DAYSPRING.



"TELL ME YOUR NAME."

THE blinds were all drawn down in the pretty picturesque houses which, since the Suspension Bridge has spanned the Avon's dun-coloured waters just below Clifton Observatory, have sprung up, where not many years ago the birds and the squirrels had it all their own way in the Leigh woods.

They have not altogether given up their old haunts even now. The nightingale still sings her song of rapture in the dim shadows of the valley to which the songstress of the night has given its name; and the squirrels still leap from

bough to bough of the gnarled oaks, which are left standing on the grassy ridge opposite the houses I have mentioned.

The glory of the June morning is so radiant, that it is a pity to think of the sound sleepers in "Menton," the suggestive name of one of the houses, with a pretty gabled roof and pointed windows.

Alas! what do not late sleepers lose, and how little they guess what early risers gain on a morning like this, when it is a joy to be alive, and the beauty of the earth is like the beauty of

a child, awakening with the birds from a night of rest and happy dreams.

The sun has been up for nearly three hours. At this time of year the dawn breaks at two o'clock. Everything is touched by the power of the sunshine, and kindles into living beauty. The dewdrops are changed into diamonds, the young leaves on the trees are purely green as emeralds, and the oaks—still brown—glow like bronze, and the beeches like silver. Up the valley, the woods climb in every shade of colour, and the birds sing their matins out of the fulness of their thankful little hearts.

A soft blue haze yet lingers under the gigantic rocks above the river, and the wooded heights of Blaize Castle, and the outline of the hills, which guard the channel's mouth, are but faintly seen. There is a charm in that tender haze, for there is ever a fascination in a scene when imagination has to fill in the details of a fair picture and make it her own.

The Venetian blinds in Mentone flap gently against the window panes, for the windows are not quite closed, and the morning breeze stirs them as it comes with its message from the woods.

The gentle click against the glass had a soothing rather than a disturbing effect on the sleepers, in the room which faces all the loveliness I have tried to describe. A tap at the door was repeated three times before there was any sign of waking from either of the two pretty beds which were placed at different ends of the spacious room.

At last the occupant of the bed nearest the window sat up, and asked, in a sleepy, incoherent way,

"What is it? Who is there?"

The door opened then, and a tall, graceful figure came quietly into the darkened room.

"Hilda! it is such a lovely morning. Do come out."

"Oh," with a prolonged yawn, "what time is it?"

"Nearly six—do come—you said you wished to be called."

"Did I? well, draw up the blind, and call Lena."

Beatrice advanced to the window, and pulled up the blind by the cords, with a sharp noise, which made the occupant of the other bed exclaim crossly, as well as sleepily,

"Do be quiet, Hilda."

"It is not Hilda—it is I, Beatrice—look, Lena—what a glorious morning; get up and come out."

"What nonsense! I am sure I sha'n't. I wish you would not come and wake me;" and Lena rolled round again and said no more.

As Beatrice stood and looked out on the morning, with loving, wistful eyes, the morning seemed to smile at her. The masses of her golden hair shone in the light; and as she turned at last and faced Hilda, who had gone so far as to put on her dressing-gown, for an expedition to the bathroom, she said:

"Beatrice, as you stand there with your back to the window, your hair makes a light all round you, and everything else is dark. You look so solemn in that plain black dress—I never can believe you are as young as Lena, and only two years older than I am."

Beatrice laughed a low, silvery laugh, and answered: "I daresay not. I feel older than a child like you, with your kitten ways and saucy manners. Come, I will give you twenty minutes to dress, and then I expect you to be ready."

Hilda was wide awake now, and, seizing Beatrice by the waist, danced off with her down the long corridor, rapping sharply at a door as she passed where one of her brothers slept as soundly as his sister Lena.

Before seven o'clock the two girls had left the house and turned in the direction of the village of Abbots Leigh. The freshness of the morning quickened their young footsteps, and Hilda sang snatches of song as she darted hither and thither to gather some stray hyacinth, left of the May-time, and straggling boughs of hawthorn, for May had only melted into June a few days before.

The two girls sat down at last on the trunk of a fallen tree, and Hilda decorated her hat with leaves and flowers; while Beatrice sat with folded hands, looking out across the gorge to the great gray rocks, streaked with a wide band of red, and shining in the light.

"Beatrice," Hilda asked at last, "what are you thinking about? You are always thinking; I wish you would talk more. Do you know, Beatrice, you have lived with us for a whole year—for you came on the first of June—and yet, though we all like you and some of us love you, we do not know you. Even I don't know you."

Beatrice turned her grave sweet eyes on her little cousin, and said:

"My life, before I came to you, was a sad one, sad with a sadness I do not like to put into words; I try to forget it, and live every day as it comes, thankfully, that the present is not what the past was."

"You do not alter your black dress at all. I heard mother say the other day that your mother had been dead more than a year, and she wished—"

"Oh, Hilda, don't!" Beatrice exclaimed. "I cannot, cannot bear it. Let us talk of something else."

"Poor Beatrice," Hilda said, nestling close to her cousin; "I won't ask any more questions, if you will tell me one thing: is Uncle Maurico alive?"

"Yes—"

Then there was another silence, and the girls were so still that a little brown rabbit sat erect close by, and looked at them askance with its bright eyes, and did not seem afraid.

"It is time we went home now," Beatrice said at last, "though I should not mind staying here all day, if we had a kettle to boil, and some tea, and— Hark, Hilda, what noise is that?"

"Some one crying—some one hurt!" Hilda exclaimed, springing up, and looking down over the edge of the plateau where they were seated.

"I cannot see any one; but let us call, perhaps there will be an answer."

"What is the matter?" Beatrice said, in a clear, ringing voice, and then there was a sound of scrambling and struggling just below, and a very rueful face appeared through some thick branches of maples, and a voice said:

"I have fallen down, and my basket full of lilies is rolled away, and—"

In a moment Hilda had sprung down the first steep ledge of rock to the top of a precipitous path, which, winding up from the middle road or path, runs through the Nightingale Valley.

"Take care, Hilda!" But Hilda only jumped down the quicker, and reached the face—which was really all that could be seen—except one dirty, grimy, little hand which was clutching the bough of a tree for support.

"Here, catch hold of my hand," Hilda said, "and I will soon pull you up. Now then," and in another minute the face was found to belong to the body of a boy of some indescribable age. For little waifs and strays, who are prematurely old in the ways of the world, which is commonly a hard world to them, do not show their age by rosy lips and round cheeks, or the clear depth of innocent eyes.

Nothing could be less in harmony with the early summer morning than this little pinched, wise, tan-coloured face at the top of a mass of nondescript clothing, which most completely concealed any form or outline. Everything was too big for the wearer. The boots were odd ones, but both far too long for the feet which were encased in them, so that they turned up, Chinese-like, at the toes.

The trousers were very big and loose, and hung in a fringe over the little thin legs, which peeped through innumerable rents. Above these was a waistcoat, held together by one big button, and a shirt-sleeve of striped blue cotton, puffed out like a balloon, on one arm, while the other was naked to the shoulder, where a suspicion of blue stripe told that the shirt had once possessed two sleeves. If a hat had been set on the lanky thin hair which covered the oblong-shaped head, it had gone the way of the basket, and was no more seen.

"Come," Hilda said, "help yourself to climb up to the place where that young lady stands," pointing to Beatrice, and then she burst into a merry laugh, as she said—

"Did you ever see such a little scarecrow, Bee?"

It was impossible to resist an answering laugh, but Beatrice checked herself, and stooping over, held out the handle of her large sun-shade, and said—

"Help yourself with this, Hilda, and take care."

At last both Hilda and the boy stood by the side of Beatrice on the grassy plateau, and Hilda threw herself down exhausted, while the boy, without a word, was scuttling off into the wood behind them.

"I say," Hilda exclaimed, "have you nothing to say to me for helping you? After all, I believe you are a scarecrow and not a boy."

The boy or scarecrow would certainly have disappeared in another minute, had not Beatrice overtaken him, and putting her hand kindly on his shoulder, said—

"Do not go away without telling us who you are, and if we can help you."

The little pinched face puckered up into a variety of lines and wrinkles, and Beatrice did not know whether these were preparatory to laughing or crying. It proved to be the former,

for a little cackling sound, unlike the music of childish laughter, was accompanied by the words—

"My! you are a joke."

"Why am I a joke?" Beatrice asked, with a smile.

"'Cause you bothers about me. Why should you?"

"Well, it is only natural I should bother about you. You cried out for help, and that young lady climbed down the steep bank to help you. Neither she nor I would like you to go away and know no more about you. Where do you live?"

"In Chap's Court, down in Bristol, close against the Cut."

"Who do you live with?"

"Grannie. I came to look out for lilies to sell to Mrs. Bull, and as I was climbing up I rolled back, and lost the old basket, and the flowers, and my cap and everything."

"And are you going home now?" Beatrice asked. She had a purse in her hand with a little silver clasp, and she opened it and looked in all the pockets, while Kit's eye followed every movement.

"No," she said at last, "I have not even a penny to give you, or I would do so. But, Kit, I shall not forget you, and I hope you will be a good boy."

The little odd face was turned up to the grave sweet one as if asking,

"What is it to be good?"

Then he made a funny grimace, and said :

"I've been to church, I have, and heard 'em sing."

"I am so glad. What did they sing?"

"Don't know; summat about the blue sky."

"Ah! and the Friend for the children who lives there," said Beatrice, "who loves Kit—Jesus the Lord."

Kit's astonishment seemed boundless: "Loves me!"

"Yes, Kit, He loves everything but lies, and bad words, and cheating, and He hates them." Kit looked doubtful, and now Hilda joined them, saying, "Come back to-morrow, and we will be here, and then we'll give you a new basket, and you can get some more lilies. Only don't expect me to tear my dress again for a child who can't say thank you."

The boy fastened his eyes on Hilda's face and his mood changed; the puckers and wrinkles ended this time in tears, and, evidently much hurt in his feelings, he wriggled away from Beatrice's grasp, whose hand was still on his shoulder.

"Tell me your name," Beatrice said; "if ever I come to Chap's Court, who shall I ask for?"

"Kit," was the reply; "old Grannie Greene's Kit;" and then the final wriggle was accomplished, and the little ragged figure was lost to sight.

"Well," Hilda said, "he was not worth the trouble we took about him; it will take me an hour to mend my dress. Just look here." And she held up a yard at least of torn flounce from the bottom of her pretty pink cotton dress.

"An ugly little scarecrow like that was not worth this, I'm sure. Now, in a story he would have been a pretty little fellow, rather brown, and dirty perhaps, but with liquid brown eyes, and a dimpled chin, and masses of hair like yours, Bee. But, Bee, it is strange to think of all the different

things which happen to different people in one day. Just fancy a circle drawn round Bristol and Clifton, extending as far as Abbots Leigh on one side and Westbury on the other, including you and I, Beatrice, and every one in the house, mamma, and Kit the scarecrow. Did you ever think what an immense history might be made out of the single day? Some glad, some sorry, some ill, and others well; some starving, and others with more to eat than is good for them; some making money and some losing it, and some with a large rent to mend, and all for helping a little ugly scarecrow to climb up the rock. I daresay it was all a lie, and that he had no basket to lose."

"I think I believed him," Beatrice said; "but, Hilda, what you say about the day is what I have often thought about. When we were in the thick of our worst troubles, I remember I used to try and picture to myself the happiness the same day brought to some people, the very day which brought sorrow to me. These sharp contrasts of life, of daily life, would be too terrible if we did not know that we only see a part, a tiny part, of the great whole, and that our dear Lord's love makes it all one great harmony, and brings good out of evil. That at last the beauty will not be spoiled by any dark shadows or ugly spots, but all will be perfectly lovely, and all complete in Him."

Hilda put her arm within her cousin's, and so they walked through the wood towards home. It was eight o'clock now, and the first beauty of the early day was passed. The blue mist had all rolled away, and the great St. Vincent Rock stood out sharp and clear in blazing sunshine. The birds had sung their matins, and were silent. The dew was all dried up, and the gossamer spider's web was no longer like a string of tiny sparkling diamonds. The dream of the morning was giving place to the reality of the day, when man must work and labour, each in his appointed task. Amongst them the old postman, who was turning into "Mentone" as the girls approached the gate.

Hilda sprang forward.

"I will take the letters," she said. "One for me, one for mother, a lot of stupid ones for papa, and one for you, Beatrice. How cross Lena will be that there is not one for her. Yours has the Bristol postmark, Bee. Who is it from?" But Beatrice was gone!

CHAPTER II.—NOONTIDE.

"Where is Beatrice?" Mr. Mansfield asked, as he glanced round the boys and girls who were assembled for prayers. "And Lena? Where is Lena?" he said more sharply.

"In bed and dreaming," was the reply of a boy of fifteen.

Mr. Mansfield fitted his glasses on his nose, and read a psalm, and then a prayer. The whole service did not occupy five minutes, and then the servants went out of the room and Beatrice passed them as she came in. Two college schoolboys were hastily swallowing buttered toast and coffee. Hilda was leisurely tapping an egg, and two small boys, who had at present lessons at home from

Beatrice and Lena, were consuming porridge with great appetite.

The place before the urn was still vacant, and when Beatrice came in, and went through the usual ceremony of kissing the top of her uncle's bald forehead, he looked up from his letters and said:

"It is not often you are late, Beatrice; take Lena's place, and give me my coffee." A second quick glance at Beatrice's face, and Mr. Mansfield saw traces of tears upon it—recent tears. "This really is intolerable," he said, "that Lena should never come down at the right time. If you have a headache, my dear, let Hilda pour out the coffee."

Hilda, who was deep in her letter, awoke to the consciousness now of being wanted to fill Lena's place, instead of Beatrice. She was by no means unwilling to have the honour, and had just established herself behind the cups, when Lena came in.

"What are you doing, Hilda?" she said sharply, with a very cursory good-morning to her father. "Look how you have spilled the milk; do go away."

"Lazy-bones and rolling stones
Gather no moss, and end in groans."

Walter, the youngest of the College boys, sang in an undertone, while Mr. Mansfield said in an irritable voice—

"This habit of yours, Lena, is a very unfortunate one, and I do beg you will endeavour to be down in decent time. With your mother in such delicate health, and enforced absence from the family circle at meals, you, as the eldest daughter, ought to try to fill her place." Lena's lip curled.

"Beatrice or Hilda are much more competent to do so it seems."

"Douglas," to one of the little boys, "if you say another word I shall punish you."

Little Douglas, who was heard to murmur "Cross patch, draw the latch," was by no means daunted by this, and insisted on finishing the rhyme.

"Papa! I wonder you allow the boys to behave to me like this! How can I have any authority over them?"

"Authority," said Bernard, the eldest brother, "I should rather think you hadn't; better not try it on with me," he murmured as he left the room.

"People who lie late in bed are always cross," Hilda said, as she vacated her place, carrying her father his large breakfast-cup of hot coffee. "Aren't they, dad? Now Beatrice and I were out by seven o'clock: it was so delicious, and we had such fun with a little scarecrow of a child called Kit. Father, I suppose we may go to Westbury to luncheon, and play tennis this afternoon at the Dorringtons'. It is no use bothering mother about it."

"No, no; don't carry any discussion into your mother's room, she has had a very poor night," and Mr. Mansfield sighed. He might well sigh, the wife and mother had literally broken down from unshared burdens and heavy responsibilities. The usual symptoms of these "break-downs" were manifest—sleepless nights, loss of strength

and appetite, and a general decay of power. Up to the last, Mrs. Mansfield had held her place in the household, always ready at the breakfast-table, always full of interest in her children's joys and troubles. The boys' scrapes at school, impositions and accidents at football or cricket, housekeeping cares, servants' delinquencies, tradesmen's books, social duties, calls, visits, and correspondence—all had fallen to one person, and that one person was the mother.

When Beatrice Harcourt, the child of her only sister, came to "Mentone" a year ago, she was perfectly amazed at what she saw of her cousins' daily life. It never seemed to occur to Lena at nineteen, or Hilda at sixteen, to spare their mother. They had a sharp and not too respectful manner to her; "they never even ask Aunt Cecil if she is tired," Beatrice thought. "To spare her by running upstairs for a book, or a mislaid letter, never seems to enter their heads."

If Mrs. Mansfield did ask Lena to write a note, or see a servant, or do some shopping, so much discussion was often the result, that a weary "I would rather do it myself!" was the frequent end of it. And yet these two girls loved their mother; they would have indignantly denied that they failed in affection as daughters; and when the collapse came, the weight thrown on them by their mother's withdrawal from her home duties was proportionably heavy.

Beatrice Harcourt, who had nursed and ministered to her own mother for so long under the most trying circumstances, was at first surprised beyond all words to see the indifference her cousins showed to the comfort of theirs.

Hilda was abundantly demonstrative; would call her mother "darling," and "sweet mother," and Lena would also at times be very effusive; but these girls knew nothing of heart service, nor of the love which shows itself by sacrifice, after the great type of sacrifice, which should be ever present as a motive power in Christian hearts.

Beatrice found, to her surprise also, that her aunt did not like any disparaging or doubtful remark to be made about her children by others. If she suffered, she suffered in silence; and it is a question whether Mrs. Mansfield really traced her illness to the true cause. She was a little querulous and irritable, as invalids are apt to be. No one perhaps knew how, when the bell rang for breakfast, she longed to spring up, and dress and hasten down to take her place at the table. Nor how often the repeated calls for "Hilda" and "Lena," and the boys' vociferous cries for more hot milk or toast, with assertions that they should be late for school, smote painfully on the mother's ear.

It did not occur, as it might have done, to Mrs. Mansfield, that, loving and tender mother as she had been, she had failed in teaching her children to forget themselves for others, for their parents especially. It is said that the horizon mounts with the eye of the climber, and there is no doubt that, while we are content to bound our views by the high wall of selfishness, we do not see the real beauty of that wide field of life which stretches before the eyes of those who climb steadily day by day up the difficult but

often flower-strewn paths of self-forgetfulness and continual remembrance of others.

Some, I may say many, in these days crave for wider spheres, as they call them, for hospital nursing or for the hundred and one schemes for the employment of women which abound in these times—all good in their way, all useful in providing work for the unoccupied, and acting as a safety-valve in the pent-up energy of more ardent natures. But I fear the maidens of our time are not the home-loving daughters which are as a crown of rejoicing to their parents. Their chief interests do not centre at home, their brightest side is not turned there. Girls sit absorbed in books by the fire in winter, or go forth daily, bat in hand, to lawn-tennis in the summer, and the ministry to fathers returning tired from business, mothers burdened with social and family claims, brothers wanting sympathy and kindly interest in the work or play, is forgotten, and in many homes lost sight of. Then the mothers, like Mrs. Mansfield, break down, and the father grows moody and dissatisfied, and the boys—ah! the boys—the turbulent and often troublesome brothers, they go astray, and clouds gather in the once clear bright eye of boyhood, and sad indeed is the sequel. Might not the sisters often do much to help the brothers in the right way, and do they not often fail?

When Beatrice knocked at her aunt's door that morning the "come in" was more than usually feeble.

Mrs. Mansfield's breakfast had scarcely been tasted, and she had evidently been crying.

"Oh, Beatrice, is that you? I want you to write some letters for me, and will you set the girls free to go to Westbury to the Dorringtons' and take Douglas and Paul a walk, and—"

"Aunt Cecil," Beatrice said, "I came to tell you that I want very much to go to Bristol. I have had a letter from my father; he is—"

Beatrice's voice failed, and the tears fell upon the envelope she held in her hand.

With a quiet, short sob she recovered herself, and said :

"He is going to sail from Bristol this evening, and he wants to see me first."

"You cannot go into Bristol alone, Beatrice, and the girls want to start at twelve o'clock. They are asked to luncheon at the Dorringtons', and—"

"Aunt Cecil, please, I must go. I promised my mother that if ever I could do anything for my father I would do it, and I must keep my promise."

"He broke your dear mother's heart," Mrs. Mansfield said; "he was a perpetual cause of grief and trouble."

"I know it, Aunt Cecil, but he is my father, and I cannot desert him."

"Well, really, Beatrice, I am too weak to contend the point. I shall never, never be any better. Dr. Greene wants me to go to Bournemouth, but how can I do it? I think the effort would be more than I could bear."

"Perhaps, Aunt Cecil, the change would be useful; but I know how hard it must be to rouse yourself, and—"

"Ah, Beatrice, I did not want rousing, and I

had plenty of energy when I had health. But about your going to Bristol. How long will it take? If the girls go out to luncheon, there will be no one to keep order, and the boys don't like the little ones to be there. Douglas and Paul must dine in the nursery, I suppose."

"I will wait till after luncheon, if you think it better, Aunt Cecil."

"Thank you, dear. And could you write these letters, and see that this book Mrs. Henderson lent Hilda is returned—the child is so careless!"

Beatrice gathered up her letters, and went to the schoolroom, where she taught the little boys in the morning. Both Lena and Hilda professed to help her to do this, but it generally ended in profession. To-day they were much too occupied with their preparations for tennis, and discussions about their dress;—for a luncheon-party at the Dorringtons' was quite a different matter to an every-day tennis-party!

"I wish I had not gone out before breakfast," Hilda said, yawning; "and Lena will never be ready by twelve o'clock, and we ought not to be a minute later, or we shall get to Hillside in such a furious heat."

"It is a shame that we cannot have the pony-carriage. That the pony should be lame to-day of all days. If papa had been in a good temper, I would have asked him for the brougham, but he was so fearfully cross."

"You made him cross," said little Paul, "cause you were so late."

"Paul, go on with your copy," Beatrice said, as Lena exclaimed:

"You ought to be sent to bed for your impertinence, but you are a spoiled baby."

"I am not a baby." Paul began wrinkling up his face for an outburst of crying, which Beatrice could hardly stop.

It was rather hard to have so many interruptions in the schoolroom, and it was a relief when the two sisters departed to get ready for their hot walk over the Down.

Hilda, however, returned to kiss Beatrice, and say—

"I know you have had some bad news, and I am so sorry. We are horribly selfish to think only of our own pleasure; but I am going to turn over a new leaf, and teach Douglas and Paul all next week, and give you a holiday."

Beatrice returned Hilda's kiss warmly, and said:

"I hope you will enjoy your tennis-party, Hilda, and we will have another walk to-morrow."

ON TAKING OFFENCE.

"So sensitive! Such tender feelings!" we say of ourselves.

"So dreadfully touchy!" our friends say of us. It is sad, dear friends, but true, that when we think we have had our feelings cruelly wounded, our friends are very apt to describe the occurrence as our losing our temper, and taking offence at nothing.

It cannot be denied that some of us are wonderfully easily wounded, and have a marvellous

faculty for spying out insults, though we may have to hunt so far for them that they are quite beyond the sight of ordinary onlookers. Some people who do this assume a meek and "put-upon" expression, and a melancholy tone of voice, as though they would let the world see that they are accustomed to ill-usage and can bear it; they know they are going to have their feelings lacerated; they have never been appreciated, so it is only what they expect. Others put on a more warlike air, and seem always ready to take up arms at the faintest suspicion of offence; they are always ready with a retort, and remind one of the proverbial Irishman, who, thirsting for a fight, trailed his coat on the ground behind him, crying: "Will any gentleman oblige me by treading on my coat-tails!"

It is really extraordinary how some people find injuries in everything their friends do or say. The most trivial remark is an intentional insult; an innocently meant joke is a cruel sneer. If they do not receive more attention than any one else they consider themselves slighted. Mr. Fitz-Jones is terribly offended. Mr. Smith has given a party to which he was not invited, although a near neighbour had an invitation. It is a slight which he cannot put up with, from such an old acquaintance too; and the next time they meet, Mr. Fitz-Jones gives his friend a very cold bow, and hurries past him, quite forgetful of the fact that Mr. Smith's rooms are small, and that he was invited when a dinner-party was given a month ago, while the offending neighbour was overlooked.

This is a sample of how unnecessarily people feel themselves affronted, when a little reflection, a moderate amount of common sense would show them that no offence is at all likely to have been intended. It would perhaps seem a little hard to say that this extreme sensitiveness—politeness bids us call it so—is generally the result of overweening vanity; nevertheless this very frequently is the truth. We are most of us more or less conceited, and are too apt to consider ourselves the standard of excellence by which to measure the rest of the world, and any remark which could be construed into a difference of opinion on that point naturally wounds our vanity, or otherwise hurts our feelings. Since we are excellence personified too, it follows that we should expect every one else, not only to acknowledge the fact, but to treat us with a consideration and attention beyond our fellows, and if we, the excellent of the earth, should be for a moment overlooked, or even treated as though no better than the common run of mortals, is it likely that we should not feel affronted?

Some one has said that every one has three distinct and often widely different individualities: first, what he thinks himself to be; second, what others think him; third, what he really is. We self-approving mortals should get on much better in the world if we were not so exclusively occupied with the contemplation of our own virtues, but could spare a thought occasionally for our conduct as it must appear to an unprejudiced observer, still more for our conduct as it really is, which, after all, is the main point, whatever others may think of us.

It is a fact I have frequently noticed, and which bears out my theory, that vanity and this sensitiveness are very nearly allied; that persons who are always on the alert for fancied slights, and treasure them up in their memories, have an equally good memory for, and are quite as quick at detecting, a possible compliment.

It is often so with people who take offence very easily; they are thinking about themselves all the time, and looking out for what others will think of them. Probably when they imagined a deliberately planned offence, the others were not thinking of them at all, or were, at any rate, quite too indifferent to their existence to be planning insults. The best advice that can be given to such people is that which St. Paul gave to "every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think."

Some others take offence or not just according to whether or not the person speaking happens to be a favourite. If Mrs. Jones is friendly with Mrs. Smith, any little jokes or expressions of opinion are taken as they are meant, all in good part; but once let Mrs. Jones have her sensitive feelings injured, and take a dislike to Mrs. Smith, all these unlucky speeches, forgotten as soon as uttered, are brought up against her, and Mrs. Jones, whose memory for ordinary matters is very poor, displays an extraordinarily retentive memory for such things.

Probably the majority of us in our young days have had a longer or shorter period of low spirits, when we considered ourselves "misunderstood" by all our friends. There are some boys and girls who really enjoy a short period of thinking themselves lonely, or believing they are going to die young; but in later life, when school-days are over, this form of vanity is both wrong and hurtful. If we are misunderstood it is often our own fault. Before allowing ourselves to take offence it will be found very salutary to cast an honest introspective glance, and in the presence of Him who looketh at the heart, and not at the outward appearance, inquire, "Is this accusation just? Is it possible that I am in fault?" If we are full of good-will to our neighbour, and our actions correspond, depend upon it we shall be understood, and when people speak angrily or slightly to us there is almost sure to be a cause, possibly in our own conduct, possibly in their circumstances, which would be quite sufficient to account for it, if we would only look for the cause instead of being up in arms directly at the fancied slight. We want a little more humility, to bear a little buffeting for our faults, and to take it patiently; and we want a little more generous patience with others, to believe that though they appear to be altogether in the wrong, there may be circumstances which we do not know of, to account for this conduct.

The subject has one other side. Ruskin says, "If you look for curves you will find curves; if you look for angles you will find angles." This is most true of the treatment we receive. If we go about expecting rudeness, there will probably be something in everybody's manner which may be interpreted as such; but he who makes it evident by his manner that he expects to be

politely treated will rarely meet with anything but courtesy and kindness.

Some people can never go into a rough place, a ragged school for instance, without hearing some rude speech from the boys there. Others may go into the lowest neighbourhoods, and never meet with anything but the most perfect politeness. I had noticed this fact for long before finding any cause for it; till I perceived that the one class approached those who were likely to be rough with a sort of humble deprecatory air, as though expecting to be roughly received, and the people they were visiting, apparently thinking it a pity to disappoint them, gave them the sort of greeting they evidently expected. The other class went up politely and cordially as though to their equals, and taking a polite reception for granted, invariably received it. The former found the angles they expected, the latter looked for curves and found curves.

If occasions of real offence arise, when wrong and injustice are carelessly and selfishly done, what shall we say then? Let us not exaggerate them, but strive the more for a larger measure of that charity which "suffereth long and is kind," —which "seeketh not her own, and is not easily provoked."

DORA HOPE.

Only!

ONLY a shred of hair set in a ring;
Yet how I prize that lock of silken hair!
I do esteem it as a priceless thing,
And evermore the precious bauble wear.

Only a little chair, long vacant now,
But memory often fills the empty seat;
A fair, sweet child, with calm and sinless brow,
I see in fancy sitting at my feet.

Only the portrait of a childish face,
The silent shadow of a vanished form,
Pressed often to my own in glad embrace,
With loving prattle and fond kisses warm.

Only some broken toys; but oh! to me
They are the relics of a happy past;
Kept as a treasure under lock and key
Mementos of a time too bright to last.

Only some little garments worn and old,
Gazed at in secret sorrow now and then;
Guarded as misers hoard their darling gold,
And hide the treasure from the eyes of men.

Only two tiny shoes, worn-out almost,
You would not deem them worth a passing thought;
But oh! they conjure up a rushing host
Of sweet, sad memories that come unsought.

Only a little bed; how oft I bent
To kiss the lovely tenant sleeping there;
My heart was happy in its great content,
Nor reck'd the sorrow it has had to bear.

Only a little while, but short at best,
And Time will wast us to the other shore;
Partings and death no more shall rack the breast
In that blest home, the Land of Evermore!

JOHN ATKINSON.

Pages for the Young.

EFFIE.

CHAPTER II.—NEW SCENES.



HE long June twilight was fast drawing to a close; and the silent square was quite deserted, except by the lamplighter as he went his evening round. The lamplight fell on the open windows of a large and handsome house, and glimmered faintly through the seemingly deserted drawing-room, whose solitary occupant was almost hidden in the deep shadow of the corner where she sat.

Suddenly the door opened, and a gentleman entered.

"Why, Trixie!" he exclaimed. "You surely are not sitting here in the dark?"

"Oh, papa, how you startled me! I will ring for the lights if you want them."

The reply was peevishly uttered, as the girl crossed the room to give the required summons.

"There, that is better!" said her father, as the servant left the room again. "But, Trixie, I do believe you have been crying! What is the matter, my child?"

"Oh, nothing, papa! Only London is so dull and quiet at this time of year, and I had a headache, and felt rather lonely and miserable."

"Poor child!" said her father. "And so you have been crying in the dark to mend matters. I don't know what to do for you; I cannot arrange to take you away from home just yet. Have you any old schoolfellows whom you would like to invite here for awhile?"

"No. I don't care much for any of the girls I know; they are so uninteresting," Trixie answered rather ungraciously.

"Well, I don't know what is to be done then," said Mr. Lonsdale, musingly. "Ah, I have it!" he added after a moment's pause. "There is your cousin, Effie Carlton. It would be a real charity to ask her over. I wonder I never thought of it before!"

"Effie Carlton! I have not seen her since we were both little children," said Trixie. "I wonder if she is nice? She will be some one fresh, anyhow. Aunt Carlton is quite poor now, is she not, papa?"

"Well, yes, I believe they are somewhat reduced since your uncle died," said Mr. Lonsdale, with an uncomfortable sense of neglected duty, as he remembered how often he had intended to inquire into his sister's circumstances, and see if she needed help, but had omitted to do so through pressure of business.

"I will write to her at once," he added, rising and going into the library, where he settled himself at the desk to fulfil his promise.

But writing was not an easy task after more than two years' silence. It was so long since Mr. Lonsdale had seen his sister, that he had scarcely realised till now the fact of her altered circumstances, and certainly had never dreamt of the hard struggle to make ends meet which went on from day to day in Effie's home. However, the invitation was written and posted at last, and Trixie impatiently awaited the reply, hardly knowing whether to hope or to fear that her almost unknown cousin would accept it.

The next morning the arrival of Mr. Lonsdale's letter caused no small excitement in his sister's little household. At first Effie protested that she could not be spared from home, but her mother overruled all her objections, feeling that this was just the opportunity for rest which she had long wished to obtain for her daughter.

So the invitation was accepted, and a few mornings later a somewhat gloomy little group stood on the platform of the railway station, awaiting the starting of the train for London.

The few moments before the last hurried good-byes must be said are generally dreary and uncomfortable, and it was as much as Effie could do to hide the tears which, in spite of all her efforts, obstinately refused to be kept back. With an April face she kissed her mother and the children, keeping up bravely until she came to Winnie, when her small majesty's wondering question: "What 'oo kying for?" put an end to all self-control, and the smiles vanished in a flood of tears, as she took her seat in a third-class carriage, and the train began to move.

It was late that evening when the unbroken stretch of houses and streets on either hand told Effie that she was nearing her destination, and her heart beat faster as she thought timidly of the approaching meeting with her almost unknown uncle. And now the train was slackening its speed as it crossed the Thames. Far below flowed the black current, eddying swiftly round the pillars of the bridge, and the rows of lamps along the embankment threw their reflection into the water, serving only to make the opposite bank look darker by contrast. A moment more, and, with a shrill whistle, the train passed out of the gloom into the brilliantly-lighted station at Charing Cross.

Bewildered and dazzled by the noise and glare, Effie stepped out on to the platform and looked about her. People pushed past her on every side, all intent on finding their luggage or making their way out, and she was beginning to entertain misgivings lest her uncle had failed to meet her, when, to her relief, a tall gentleman came up, saying pleasantly, "Found at last, Effie! I was afraid you were not here."

"Oh, uncle! I'm so glad you have come!" she cried; "but how did you know me?"

"You are too like your mother for me to mistake you, child," replied Mr. Lonsdale, with a touch of pain in his tone. The sight of Effie had called up old memories of the fair-haired sister who, years ago, used to share his boyish troubles and get him out of many a scrape. How could he have neglected her so long?

But a London railway station is not the place for reveries, and her uncle soon placed Effie in the carriage which was waiting, while he went to look after her luggage. In a few minutes he had seated himself beside her, and they were driving rapidly along the busy streets. Mr. Lonsdale seemed preoccupied, and, after a brief interchange of remarks about the journey, they became silent, and Effie busied herself with speculations as to the probable character and appearance of her cousin Beatrice.

Suddenly the conveyance stopped in front of a large house.

"Here we are!" said Mr. Lonsdale, helping Effie out and leading her up the steps into the hall. A girl about her own age stood at the door awaiting them. "Come at last," she said, kissing her as she entered. "I am so glad you are here," she added as they mounted the broad staircase and she showed Effie to her bedroom; "I am downright tired of being alone; it was very good of you to come."

In a few moments Effie was ready to go downstairs. Trixie met her in the hall and took her into the dining-room, where a substantial tea was prepared. Effie felt uncomfortably shy, but, thanks to Mr. Lonsdale's inquiries

about her mother, and her cousin's frank, unaffected chatter about things in general, the meal was at last concluded. Then the two girls went into the drawing-room, and a rather awkward silence ensued.

Trixie broke it at last: "So you're Effie!" she said. This fact being undeniable, Effie assented, and replied, smiling—

"And you're Beatrice, I suppose?"

"No, I'm not!" retorted that young lady, "I'm Trixie!"

"Well, there's not much difference, is there?" said Effie.

"Yes, there is!" answered her cousin. "All the difference in the world! People who are called Beatrice ought to be orderly and well-conducted, and altogether grown-up, whereas nobody expects a Trixie to be sensible!"

Effie laughed. Certainly her pretty cousin did not look either "orderly" or "grown-up" just now, as she half lay in the easy-chair opposite, idly playing with the fancy-work in her hand. She made a pretty picture. The crimson-covered chair threw up in relief her white dress and slender, graceful form; her face was flushed with the excitement of receiving her guest, and her brown eyes lighted up brightly when she spoke. Yet now and then, when she thought herself unnoticed, she wore an expression of listless weariness, very different from the joyous life of the moment before. Effie's quick eye soon detected this. As yet, she felt that she could not understand her cousin. She puzzled over her in her own room that night; Trixie ought to be one of the happiest girls in England, with such a home and so many privileges; and yet that weary look on her face did not indicate a very complete happiness. Was it because she was motherless? Then Effie's thoughts wandered to her own mother and the little group she had left at the station that morning. How the children would miss her—especially Winnie—and at the remembrance of Winnie, Effie buried her face in the pillow and cried herself to sleep for very home-sickness.

EVENING.

THE day has run his course with might,
And evening has put out his light;
Now silent night with darkness deep
Has brought to us the time of sleep;
Oh gracious God! hear our behest
And grant to us a good night's rest.

For all the good that Thou hast sent;
For gracious help and nourishment;
For keeping us with watchful care,
And giving what we asked in prayer;
We thank Thee, Lord, most heartily,
With grateful lips acknowledge Thee.

We kneel with penitence and pain
Now to confess our sins again;
Forgive us, Lord, through Thy dear Son
The ill that through our good has run;
We fly for refuge to His side,
He strength and comfort doth provide.

Now send us slumber long and deep,
Our tired eyes refresh with sleep;
Cover us with thy goodness kind,
And wake us with a peaceful mind—
Then will we thank Thee, Father blest,
For this Thy gift—a good night's rest.

E. G. EDERHEIM.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XII.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day, "Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts" (Psa. lxxv. 4).

Read Mark iii. 7 and 8; Luke vi. 12-19.

After the healing of the withered hand, and the furious outbreak of rage which it occasioned on the part of the Pharisees, Jesus "withdrew himself," and where did He and His disciples go? Who followed Him? Where did the people come from? When the night came, after His busy day of work, where did Jesus go? What to do? How long did He continue in prayer to God? Think of that night, for it was a memorable one! Think of the hours passing on one after another in silence, while the stars shone down upon Jesus as He kept watch, and poured out His soul in prayer to His Father in heaven! He was about to do a great work the next day, and we may suppose that He was asking God's blessing on what He was going to do, and was asking God to bless the men He was going to choose. So then, when the morning sun shone out upon the mountain-side, Jesus came down from His lonely place of prayer, and who did He call? He called His "disciples," that means those whom He had taught; and out of them how many did He choose? What did He call those whom He chose? "Apostles" means men sent; Jesus taught His disciples, Jesus sent His apostles. They could not be sent till they had been taught; for they were sent to be the teachers of others, that those who never saw Jesus might learn about Him and know the gospel which He taught.

Now let us see whom Jesus called, and think what an honour to be so chosen! Psa. lxxv. 4. First there were the four fishermen of the lake, name them. When did Christ first see these men? John i. 35-42. When did He call them to become fishers of men? Matt. iv. 19. There were two pairs of brothers; what surname did Jesus give to the first of all the Apostles? He gave a surname also to the second pair (see Mark iii. 17), what is the meaning of it? "Sons of thunder," for their words were so powerful. Who is the fifth-named apostle? see John i. 43 for mention of his first call. Who is the next? I may tell you that some people think that Bartholomew was another name for Nathanael, see John i. 45-47. Next comes Matthew—where had Jesus first called him? What was his other name? Thomas comes next; we shall hear more about him afterwards. Then follow three of whom little is said, and who comes last? Ah, that dark name! Judas Iscariot the traitor! Read what Jesus said of him, Matt. xxvi. 24. Little did that noble band of faithful men think what a serpent was in the midst of them. He was just like the rest outwardly. He had the advantage of hearing all the good words of Jesus, and of seeing all His good works. No one but Jesus saw his heart, and we may believe that Jesus would have rejoiced over him if that heart had become changed.

Jesus now came down from the place where He chose these men, and He stood surrounded by them, in the midst of a great multitude. Why did all these people come? What did they seek to do? When they touched Him it is said that virtue went out of Him; that is, healing power. Jesus had power to heal everyone that came, however many they might be. And Jesus was willing: He never turned a deaf ear to any of them. And now that He is in heaven, do you think that Jesus has less power or less willingness to heal and to help all who go to Him in faith? No, dear children! He is "Jesus Christ the same yesterday and to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8).

Read Heb. iv. 16; John xiv. 14; 1 John v. 14.

Sing,—"My faith looks up to thee."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WAS DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—Herder.



"AND HE SAID UNTO HIM, FEAR NOT."

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me."—2 Sam. 1. 26.

THERE is something very touching in the friendship between Jonathan and David. In David's life there was much he had to be ashamed of, all of which proceeded out of his own evil heart. There was also a great deal for which he had to be thankful, and all that he owed to the goodness of God. Many as the pleasant

things were for which he had reason to thank God, there had been none pleasanter than the friendship of Jonathan. Had it not been for this he could scarcely have endured the trials of the earlier period of his life, and he justly felt that God had given him in the friendship of Jonathan a set-off to his many troubles. When, however, we speak of friendship as one of the pleasant things open to us on earth, it is only too necessary to discriminate. It is not every kind of friendship that proves a blessing; as, for instance, the friendship which may be formed between evil

men with a view to encourage each other in an evil way. There is plenty of so-called friendship of this kind, friendship that can never do any good to either of the parties between whom it exists, but, on the contrary, is sure to do them harm. These are the friendships which are formed on the highway of sin: originating in evil associations, kept together by similarity of taste for wrong things; and ending, not rarely, in quarrels and antipathies as violent and pronounced as the brief-lived friendship may have been close and intimate. There are no such enemies as quondam friends of this sort when once they fall out,—as if the close contact of a moment only serves to reveal to them something in each other to add bitterness to the subsequent estrangement. The pleasant friendship of David and Jonathan was in sharp contrast with this kind of friendship. It was not sin that brought the two young men together, nor was it sin that kept them together. The origin of the friendship between them illustrates that wonderful Providence by which God leads us to the most important events of our lives in strange and unexpected ways. When Saul sent for David to his father Jesse, after the combat with Goliath, David little knew that he was being summoned to a place where he would come for the first time into contact with what would make much for him both of the bitterness and sweetness of his subsequent life. Saul was there, and Saul was destined to be the source of much bitterness to him; but Jonathan was there also, and in Jonathan there was provided beforehand the bough overhanging the waters of Marah, the indipping of which into the bitter waters would do so much to sweeten them.

In the account of the first rise of their friendship (1 Sam. xviii.) it is said that no sooner had David done speaking modestly and unaffectedly about himself and his combat with Goliath, than "the soul of Jonathan was knit unto the soul of David," and "Jonathan loved him as his own soul." To understand this we must remember the kind of spirit there was in Jonathan himself. He had once set upon the Philistines' army with the same simple faith in God that David had shown, animated by that kind of bravery which springs from self-forgetfulness in the presence of the highest of all motives. As he listened to the youthful David so modestly recounting the story of his combat with Goliath, as if not a particle of credit was due to anything but his simple faith in God, Jonathan recognised in him a kindred spirit. Mere sympathy in earthly tastes is no sufficient basis for a true and lasting friendship, it was the spiritual sympathy of minds ready to serve the Lord at all hazards that drew Jonathan and David so powerfully together.

David was but a youth and ruddy withal, not possessing at that early age the physical powers which are as generally envied as they are admired. But though he was only a stripling, there was in his soul that faith in God out of which come all the qualities which make a man not only formidable to his enemies, but stanch and loyal to his friends. The friendship which thus arose from their resemblance in faith and spiritual character rapidly ripened. The more Jonathan saw of David, the more he became

drawn to him; and the first outward expression of his friendship was remarkable: he would have his friend lay aside his shepherd's scrip and be seen in Jonathan's garments, that all men might recognise him as Jonathan's second self. Then and there that covenant of friendship was made between them which was exposed to so many adverse influences afterwards, but outlived them all. It has been called a romantic friendship, and so it was in some of the circumstances. But it was much better than a romantic friendship, which often ceases when the romance dies away; it was a friendship whose foundations were laid in God, to whom both clung as the one supreme object of faith, love and obedience. Does not this supply us with a golden rule in the formation of friendships? Each of the two friends found in the affection of the other that which he did not find in his own family. The insane rage of his father Saul against David supplied Jonathan with the opportunity of showing his fidelity to his friend. He warned David of it when Saul had determined to kill him, and although it was as much as his life was worth he interceded with his father to spare David and not "shed the innocent blood." David owed his life to Jonathan then, but not then only. Saul's madness was revived by David's valorous exploits against the Philistines, and he tried to slay him "with his javelin in his hand."

David fled, and during that flight took place the interview between him and Jonathan by the "stone Ezel," which drew out Jonathan's friendship in such lively colours. Although he had an enemy on the throne in Saul, David knew that he had a friend at court in Jonathan—a friend that "loved at all times," in the hour of David's distress as well as in the hour of his triumph. Worldly friends can show us favour when things are going well with us, and yet how readily they can turn their backs upon us in the dark and cloudy day! Jonathan was not a friend of that kind. There was no need for David to remind him that the friendship between them was of a more sacred kind: "Thou hast brought thy servant into a covenant of the Lord with thee." David did not want Jonathan to do a dishonest or wrong thing for his sake, but so far as his cause was an honest and good one, he asked Jonathan—and not in vain—to serve him, though the risk of doing so might be great. There is no more touching exhibition of true friendship in the Bible than that given in the account of the conversation between the two friends, and the renewal of their covenant, at the stone Ezel (1 Sam. xx.) Neither of them would ask the other to be a friend farther than conscience allowed, for they both feared God, and yet David was bold to ask, and Jonathan was ready to grant, the utmost that one true friend could ask of or grant to another. Saul charged Jonathan with being a traitor to his father in being the friend of David, but how unjust the charge was, the record of the conversation by the stone Ezel showed. How tenderly Jonathan tried to shield his father when David told him that Saul was seeking his life! Jonathan was as remarkable for filial attachment to his father as he was for trueness to his friend; and it was always with reluctance he could be led to conclude any-

thing unfavourable to his father. Even when obliged to do so, he pleaded that it was not his father's own true self that was acting so. A very important point to be observed in this Bible description of a model friend! A true friend can never be made out of a false son. Jonathan would never have been the loyal friend he was to David, if he had been such a son to Saul as Absalom was afterwards to David himself.

There was but one meeting after that interview between Jonathan and David (1 Sam. xxiii.), far away in the wilderness of Ziph, when Saul was pursuing the latter. There it was that the religious basis of their friendship came out with the greatest clearness. Jonathan directed his friend to God in that gloomy hour as the fountain of truest comfort in his distress—"he strengthened his hand in God." David, although a believer in God, was becoming weak in faith by reason of his many troubles; and Jonathan never did the part of a true friend better than when he did his best to rouse David out of his unbelief, and to be a helper of his faith in God. One likes to think it was so these two friends parted, never to meet again on earth! It was a very pleasant recollection for David, how his friend had helped him, in the best way friend can help friend, by helping his faith! How unlike many whom the world calls friends, and who by their remarks and conversation and sneers seem only to be bent on taking away from those whom they call friends any faith they have! From such friends may the good Lord deliver us! There is unbelief enough in our own hearts without others, under the guise of being our friends, fostering it! Count him a friend indeed, who, in all that he says and does, is manifestly trying to help your faith. But see ever the spirit of a deadliest enemy in anyone who says one word, or does one act under the guise of friendship for the purpose of weakening your soul's faith in the living God! Who are the real friends and who the real enemies "the day will declare." Ahithophel was a friend of Absalom, but what kind of a friend he was who strengthened his hand in the devil, Absalom discovered in the end! But David could look back with unmixed pleasure and thankfulness on the friendship of Jonathan, because Jonathan had ever been a friend who "showed himself friendly" in "strengthening his hand in God!" The friendship which thus originated was not only a faithful but a lasting one. While life lasted, it lasted: and though Jonathan was removed from David's side by death, there was something that could never be removed from David's heart, the memory of a friendship which had been as a spot of purest sunshine in the trials of his chequered life!

Nor should we fail to notice the unselfishness of the friendship on which David looked back with such pleasure and thankfulness. If ever one man had reason for being jealous of another, Jonathan had reason to be jealous of David. For Jonathan was the heir to the crown, and yet knew that David was anointed to be king over his head. Still, so far from keeping him in the background, Jonathan put his own robe upon David, and was glad to see him "accepted of all the people." In many friendships the thought is rather of what they may be made to yield to self.

It angered Saul even to madness that Jonathan should thus choose the friendship of the son of Jesse "to his own confusion;" but it was a great joy to Jonathan to say to David, "Thou shalt be king over Israel, and I shall be next unto thee!" How few are such friendships, and how little to be valued are friendships of any other kind. The only question between these two friends was how they could best "by love serve one another."

But great a blessing as such friendship was to David, it was attended by one drawback, which comes out most touchingly in David's elegy recorded in this chapter, "Very pleasant hast thou been unto me, my brother Jonathan." Even so, the time must come when the things that have made life most pleasant to us, can be no more than a bright spot in the memory, numbered among the things that were, but are not! The dearest and truest friends are only lent to us for a time—precious loans from God—to help to make our journey through the wilderness more lightsome. But they must go from us, and if we had nothing else, how woeful it would be. Tried and true was Jonathan, and yet even on Jonathan David dared not lean; the bloody heights of Gilboa revealed it to him, if he did not know it before, that even the choicest blessings God can lend to man on earth are only lent, and that if a man has nothing to make life pleasant to him but the countenance of a human friend, however true, life must very soon cease to be pleasant. Human friendships have their place in cheering us on the way, but even the truest and best of them must never be put out of its place. Jonathan loved David too truly to allow him to confide merely in his friendship. The last time he saw David on earth, he had aimed at one thing, "to strengthen his hand in God," as if to remind him that Jonathan with all his good offices would soon be gone—but that God would be left to be to him more than Jonathan ever could be. Let us, in forming our friendships and making our attachments, ever bear this in mind. Our pleasant things on earth must never be converted into idols. God *lends* the sunshine, but He *gives* Himself, and only as the earthly blessings lead us to a more simple and childlike dependence on Him, can we enjoy a happiness which it is beyond the power of change or decay to affect. David and Jonathan after all were not "divided in death." Their friendship was based on that which lives, though man may die, and for ever lives as a bond of union between those who stand upon it. Nor can friendship ever be to man all that he longs to find in friendship, if that be wanting which assures him that what is begun on earth will endure throughout the ages of eternity in heaven.

The Bible model of true friendship between man and man therefore is so drawn as to lead our thoughts to that friendship which has not the one drawback which all earthly friendships have. I do not say that we have a *type* of the divine friendship between Christ and His people in the friendship of Jonathan and David. We have, at any rate, a very beautiful illustration of it. In the friendship of Christ alone we have in perfection what in a degree we see in the friendship of Jonathan and David. Here indeed we have the

friend who consents to be our friend only in God, and the friend who being our friend in God is ever faithful and true; the unselfish friend who consented to be uncrowned for a time that we might be crowned, who stripped Himself that He might clothe us—nay, clothed Himself with our rags that we might be clothed with His righteousness, and that He might see in us, and have others see in us, His second self. Christ went further for us than Jonathan did for David; for while Jonathan for David's sake provoked His father's javelin, Christ for our sakes endured His Father's wrath. If David, looking back on a friendship which had gone to such lengths for his sake, exclaimed, "Thy love to me was wonderful!" how much more must we say so, when we think of Him who, "though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor," and of the love which, "while we were yet sinners, died for us." There is something in this friend whom God has provided for us which cannot be found in any mere human friend, however wise and loving and true. Jonathan after all, though he loved David as "his own soul," had very little power to help him. But the Lord Jesus Christ has all power in heaven and earth to keep His friends; there is no rival power that can restrain Him, or oblige Him to give by stealth the help He dare not give openly. Besides, having "died unto sin once, Jesus Christ dieth no more," but is "the same yesterday and to-day and for ever." We have to mourn over the loss of the tried and true who are taken from us here, but we can never have to

mourn over the loss of this Friend, "he ever lives to make intercession for us." And what is the teaching given to us in the record of the human friendship—broken at last, however true—but that we seek above all things the friendship that, when once it enters a man's life, enters it for ever. The pleasures of friendship are great, if it is real friendship like that between Jonathan and David, but they are marred by one or two important things; they cannot do for us all we want, and even what they can do for us, they can only do for a time. They cannot secure the pardon of our sins and peace with God and a bright hope for eternity. But this is exactly what the friendship of Jesus can do for us. We have all we want, therefore, when it can be said that "our soul is knit to the soul" of Jesus, "and that we love Him as our own soul." Whatever is good and strengthening and refreshing and pleasant, in earthly friendships, let it lead us to that Divine and heavenly friendship which combines all the elements of a perfect friendship in itself, and stamps them with its own eternity. David lost his Jonathan, but the saint never loses his Saviour. David, speaking of the love of Jonathan to him, "wonderful" as it was, came to the point at which he had to speak of it as a thing that had been, but was not. We, revelling in the riches of Christ's wonderful love to us, ought to be perfectly happy, because we know that it is ours to possess a Friend who is unfailing, and to rejoice in a love which knew no beginning and will know no end.

GEORGE DESPARD.

"Oh, that I had Wings like a Dove."—*Psa. Iv. 6*

O H for thy wing, thy burnished silver pinion,
Thrice happy pilgrim of the tranquil air,
That lightly soarst at thy will's dominion,
So far above our human sweat and care!

Now by a sudden sunbeam caught and kindled,
Thy plumes flash back a momentary gleam;
Now to a flitting speck thy form is dwindled,
And now thou passest like a happy dream.

Beyond the broadway's pomp, the alley's meanness,
The gauds, the glare, the tumult, and the crush,
In some blest world of shadowed awaying greenness
Thy calm voice deepeneth the holy hush.

And I turn back with slow, reluctant paces,
To add one day to days that went before,
A haggard face 'mid million haggard faces,
A stormy drop flung in the ocean's roar.

Oh, I am sick of straining and of groping,
Of heights to gain that crown the height possessed;
Oh, I am sick of hungering and of hoping;
Yea, I am sick of everything but rest.

Weary of losing, wearier of winning
The shrivelled laurel and the caulked pelf;
Of ends that only bring the new beginning—
Weary of all men, weariest of self.

Must life reel on for ever and for ever,
No moment's truce to this eternal fray?
No pause, no lull, no respite from endeavour
For eyes too tired to weep and hearts to pray.

Lend me thy wing, thy burnished silver pinion,
Thrice happy pilgrim of the tranquil air,
And it shall waft me at my will's dominion
Beyond the pulse of human moil and care.

Away, away from all that hate and love me,
From tears and laughter, sympathy and sneer;
Only the sweet, dumb skies to bend above me,
Only the leaves to whisper in mine ear.

No echo from the world to overtake me,
Breathing of cark and fret and restless scheme;
No weary moan, no anguished cry to wake me
From the deep drowse of my eternal dream.

Weak wish! base words, recalled as soon as spoken—
Base words that did my truer conscience wrong!
Only by fight the force of fear is broken,
Only by bearing is the back made strong.

God placed me in His ranks, His truth's upholder—
I would not have one foe the less to smite;
God's fingers bound the burthen on my shoulder—
Praised be His goodness that it was not light!

O blessed fight that teaches me assurance!
Ennobling victory, steadyng defeat!
O gracious weight that gives my soul endurance!
O love of God that made my lot complete!

Rest is not here, but when yon wave is breasted
Rest shall enfold me, limb and heart and brain,
Sweeter that here, each onward step contested,
I yearned and wept and prayed for it in vain.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.



EVENING.

THE STORY OF A DAY.

CHAPTER III.—AFTERNOON.

WHEN Beatrice Harcourt had crossed the Suspension Bridge which spans the river Avon, just below the observatory hill, she turned to the left, and went down a steep path known as the Zig-Zag, which led her to the road which runs along the river-side to the Bristol wharves and docks. The Pump-room, once the resort of the invalids of a hundred years ago, and those who were attending on them, has disappeared, and Saint Vincent's Parade, lying under the shadow of the more fashionable Windsor Terrace and Paragon, is dull and deserted.

Here, in days long since past, many fair, consumptive girls were brought by the advice of doctors to drink the waters. Bands played, and there were all the accustomed devices to attract the robust as well as the invalid, and help them to pass away the long days.

Now all that is over. Fashion has changed, and what was once thought salubrious is now condemned as unhealthy. The road is almost entirely given up to business traffic, and a railway runs to the mouth of the Channel on both sides of the Avon.

On this lovely summer day, with the tide at its height, the river wore its brightest aspect; and steamers from Ireland, and ships from other parts of the world, were coming up in quick succession; fiery little tugs, as their avant-couriers, clearing the way for the larger craft, and showing the superiority of mind over matter; little steamers effecting so much in a small space, and guiding vessels of heavier bulk as they willed, unresisting, to the docks.

Beatrice went on towards the landing-stage, where every one was busy and active. No one had time to think of the heat of the sun, which was now scarcely past its meridian, and lay with unclouded radiance on the roofs and towers of the city of Bristol. At the wharves the vessels were unloading their freight of various kinds.

Dumb-driven cattle from Ireland, liberated from their prison houses in the holds of the ship, exhausted with heat, and the crowded space, where they had hardly been able to breathe, seemed scarcely able to use their recovered liberty, and staggered helplessly about.

Horses were chafing and fretting against the bridles thrown over them, as they stepped on *terra firma*, and a few Irish hay-makers, who had come to look for employment on the sunny slopes of the rich Gloucestershire meadow land, seemed the only living things who were hilarious and jocund, after the hot voyage.

Beatrice looked round on all this busy scene with thoughtful eyes. Under what a different aspect had the day begun for her in Leigh woods, and for the hot struggling throng on which she was looking—and yet for her that day was full of significance.

It was a year since she had seen her father, and she dreaded the meeting inexpressibly. He

was connected in her mind with the saddest memories, and she would have shrunk from contact with him had not her mother left him to her as a legacy.

"If ever your father wishes to see you, or if ever you can help him, promise that you will do it for my sake." Beatrice had promised, and now, as she made her way to the Lion Hotel in the Hotwell road, she was going to fulfil her promise, but with a sinking heart. Her father! Always so self-complacent, always on the eve of some great achievement, spending money or rather the ghost of money, unmoved in debt and difficulty, continually changing houses, and dragging his patient wife about the world with no special reason, free in his way of living, careless and godless, the memories which gathered round him as his figure rose up before his young daughter's eyes filled them with tears.

"Pity him, and pray for him," her poor suffering mother had often said, and when she had received her sister's promise that she would give her child a home, she had still left her husband, as it were, to Beatrice.

"If ever you can help him, do it for my sake."

As Beatrice inquired in the hall of the hotel for Mr. Harcourt, these words sounded in her ear.

"Yes, for your sake, dear mother, I will do all I can; for your sake I have come here to-day."

"Mr. Harcourt!" said the sharp, smart little barmaid; "first floor, number nine. You can walk up, miss."

Beatrice did as she was told, and, ascending the dirty, well-worn staircase, stopped before the door with a large white figure IX painted on it.

Beatrice had to rally all her courage before she could tap at the door, but at last the gentle knock was given, and a voice—ah! how familiar it was—said,

"Come in."

"My dear child, is that you?" was her greeting. "I really wondered whether you would come."

Mr. Harcourt was very handsome and gentleman-like in appearance, and few who looked at him could have imagined how much suffering and sorrow he had caused in his home. He had squandered his own and his wife's fortune in speculation, every one more unsuccessful than the last.

Then he speculated on borrowed capital, and got deeper and deeper into the sea of debt and difficulty. I cannot say that he suffered in his own person, he always continued to keep himself in all he needed, but Beatrice could recall many times in her young life when she and her wretched mother were almost starving.

From place to place they wandered, and the dreadful weight of debts everywhere preyed on Mrs. Harcourt, and hastened her end.

It is, I am afraid, a too common story in these days, when the mania of speculation and gambling (for it is nothing less) with stocks and shares ever gets hold of a man; it is like a disease

which resists all the remedies of skilful physicians.

It was no wonder that Beatrice looked grave and sad for her years; she had seen so much in her short life, of all the misery which money troubles, brought on by wilful disregard of the laws of God and man, could cause, and all the irritation and bad temper which they, more than any, are likely to provoke.

"Well, my dear!" her father said, "I did not like to present myself at your uncle's mansion, but I could not leave England without saying good-bye. At last I have heard of something greatly to my advantage: a relation in Brazil has offered me a post as inspector of mines, and I am going out at once. Indeed my steamer sails this evening for Cork, and I go from there. If, as I expect, I shall make a fortune, you must come out and share it—oh, Bee?"

"If you make a fortune, father, you must try to pay off old debts," Beatrice said bravely. "There are so many, many tradespeople who suffered."

"Ah, my dear, the dead past must bury its dead," was the careless reply. "How like you are to your mother. I hope they are kind to you at your aunt's."

"Yes," Beatrice said, "but Aunt Cecil is very much of an invalid now, and can do very little."

"You surprise me; an active, jolly little thing, she used to be, very different from your dear mother, who was always a fragile creature. Well, now! shall we take a stroll? See here," and Mr. Harcourt put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a handful of sovereigns. "Is there anything you fancy, Beatrice? If so, let me give it to you. You are dressed like a nun, I declare," he added, surveying the plain black dress with its white collar and cuffs, and wide black hat. "Come and let us choose a black satin for you. Satin is so much worn."

"Oh! no, no, father," Beatrice said, shrinking back. "I don't want anything, and if you are so rich, do please let some of the money go to that kind Mrs. Barton at Dover, who was so good about the rent when dear mother was ill."

"All in good time, my dear, when I have made my fortune, you know."

"Pray for him, and be patient," these words of her mother's seemed again to sound in her ears, and Beatrice only said:

"I will come out with you, father, but not to go to any shop, as I want nothing."

Father and daughter went out together, and their appearance was so striking as to attract attention even in the neighbourhood of the Hotwells.

Mr. Harcourt was singularly handsome, and Beatrice had a certain stately grace about her, which was not lost on her father.

He talked pleasantly enough to Beatrice when they reached College Green. The bell was ringing for service in the Cathedral, and he asked her if she would like to go there, as she refused all his other offers.

"Oh, yes, father, so very much," was the earnest reply.

There is always something soothing in turning out of a busy thoroughfare and noisy street into the quiet of the house of God.

The Psalms for the fifth evening of the month seemed to speak peace, and no prayers were ever more earnest than those which the daughter sent up for the father from whom she was about to part.

"The Lord sitteth above the water-floods, yea, the Lord remaineth a King for ever. The Lord shall give strength unto His people, the Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace."

"You are a very good child, Beatrice," her father said, as they passed up and down the College Green together. "If it will make you happier, I will give you a ten-pound note to send to Mrs. Barton at Dover. You can register the letter, you know," and Mr. Harcourt took out his pocket-book and carefully singled, from a thick bundle, three five-pound notes. "There, will that please you?" he asked. "I want to do something for which you will say 'Thank you,' and get a smile if I can."

Tears came instead of the smile, as Beatrice, clinging to his arm, said:

"Oh, thank you, father, I will send them all to Mrs. Barton, but"—she hardly liked to cast any shadow over the evident pleasure in his face—"but, dear father, is the money yours?"

"What a little prude it is!" he said, laughing. "Mine, of course; is not possession nine-tenths of the law? I have to take a consignment of engineer's tools, and lots of other things out with me, and of course I could not do this without money."

"Have you paid for the things, father?"

"Paid, yes; or how could I get them on credit? That is, I have paid for most of them."

Ah, the old story, Beatrice thought; well, she could do no more, and taking the notes in her hand she put them in her purse, and, looking up at her father, said:

"I must go home now, father. Kiss me, and say good-bye."

So they parted, father and daughter, perhaps to meet no more on earth; but in some inexplicable way the heart of the father was touched, and there arose in him, awakened by his child's hand, a longing to lead a more honest and honourable life, serving God and man with sincerity of aim, and, repenting for the past, make a fresh start in the future.

"Good-bye, my darling," he said, "you will come to me if I make, as I hope, a home in a new world. And do not forget to do as your mother did all her life—pray for me, for I need it."

So they parted, Beatrice walking slowly up Park Street, and not daring to turn her head to look at her father.

He watched her till the passers up and down that great thoroughfare of Bristol and Clifton hid her from his sight.

Then he brushed his hand across his eyes, and, with a deep sigh, went to the Sun Hotel to complete his preparations for departure.



MEMORIES OF DUNKELD.

THE Christian history of Dunkeld stretches back to very early times. According to Holinshed, St. Columba along with St. Kentigern paid a visit to the place, and continued there six months, "teaching and preaching to the people of Atholl, Caledon, and Angus, who came in great numbers to hear their godly instruction." Whether he actually visited Dunkeld or not,—and the fact is disputed,—it is certain that he extended his mission work to the region about the river Tay. A church was established at Abernethy as a result of his labours on Tayside.

A very humble religious house, made of wattles, was erected at Dunkeld in A.D. 570. It has been called a monastery, but was really a missionary college of the Culdees (which probably means "servants of God"), who were followers of Columba. From thence the brethren made evangelistic tours through the surrounding districts, and in the institution itself young men were trained for the same work.

In 729 Constantine III., King of the Picts, substituted a stone building for the house of wattles, and increased the endowments. In A.D. 597 St. Columba died, and was buried in Iona. In the eighth century his remains were probably disinterred and enshrined, and removed to Ireland, where they remained until the troubous times of the Danish incursions. A portion of them came into the hands of Kenneth M'Alpin, who deposited them in the church which he built at Dunkeld in 848, and henceforth St. Columba became the patron saint of the city and its church. Kenneth intended his church to be an inland Iona, the representative of the Columbian Institution for the Scoto-Pictish kingdom. Dunkeld continued to rise and Iona to decline in importance. "Tradition," says Dr. Reeves, "stamped Iona with sanctity, but royalty invested Dunkeld with power."*

Many of the Abbots of Dunkeld seem to have been men of high rank and influence. Crinan was the son-in-law of Malcolm the Second, the father of "the gracious Duncan," and of a long line of sovereigns of Scotland and of the United Kingdom, of whom, according to one reckoning, our present Queen is the 27th. Another of the Culdee Abbots was Ethelred, Earl of Fife, son of Malcolm the Third.

Early in the twelfth century the Culdee establishment was superseded by the Romish church, by an act of royal authority. A bishop was substituted for the Abbot, Canons for the brethren, and the church was turned into a cathedral. It was a long time before the people reconciled themselves to the change. In 1407 the bishop had to flee from his palace, and in the following year, to build a castle for the protection of himself and his cathedral. It was not till 1477 that the diocesan synod could venture to meet at Dunkeld.

Between the suppression of the Culdee establish-

ment and the Reformation there appear to have been over thirty bishops. Glancing down the list, we find the names of men who held high offices of state, who were employed in negotiations and missions of moment, and who were connected by family ties with royalty. Those who claim our attention in this article were the men who took a leading part in the erection and completion of the cathedral, who were specially noteworthy for their work in the diocese, their religious and literary character and fame, or their conduct at critical periods in the national history.

The choir of the cathedral was built by William Sinclair, the eleventh bishop of the Romish period. The nave was founded and raised, as far as the second row of arches, by Robert Cardney, the eighteenth bishop, and was finished by Robert Ralston the twenty-third on the list. Thomas Lauder, the twenty-fourth, built and adorned the south gate, finished the cathedral in 1460, and dedicated it to St. Columba in 1464. In 1469 he built the chapter-house, and he built also the steeple.

William Sinclair was distinguished in other ways than as a cathedral-building bishop. He was a man of war. In 1317 the English attempted to land on the coast of Fife, and the sheriff of the county, "at the head of 500 troops, hastily collected, fleeing before them, Sinclair rode out of his palace at Auchtertool and met the fugitives, upbraided them for their cowardice, and, throwing aside his rochet, and seizing a spear, cried, 'Let all who love their country and their king, turn again with me.' He then fiercely attacked the invaders and drove them back to their ships, with the loss of five hundred men, besides many who were drowned by the swamping of some of their boats."* King Robert Bruce was so delighted with the feat that he declared he should henceforth be his own bishop. He ever afterwards bore the designation of "The King's Bishop." His statue, minus the head, is in the east aisle of the cathedral. The marble slab which covered his grave is on the floor of the Duke of Athole's pew. Sinclair made a burying-place for himself in the centre of the choir.

Of John Ralston we are told, that so zealous was he in the work of building the cathedral that he personally carried several burdens of stones out of the quarry of Burbane every day. He died in 1400, and is buried in the choir, to the north of the great altar.

Robert Lauder had some rough work to do when he entered on his episcopate. The diocese was plundered on all hands. He had to get authority to imprison and hang the most outrageous offenders. On one occasion he was compelled to give up a prisoner. He was assailed when celebrating Mass in the cathedral, and had to discontinue the service and hide himself.

George Brown, the twenty-sixth bishop of Dunkeld, did much, like those who had gone before

* Introduction to Adamnan's "Life of St. Columba."

* Marshall's "Historic Scenes in Perthshire."

him, to beautify and enrich the cathedral and the see. But he also signalised his episcopate by dividing his diocese into four deaneries; by increasing the number of parishes and building churches for the new ones. He was a stern disciplinarian, and punished offenders by imposing heavy fines upon them, but never applied the money to his own use. "The oil of the wicked," he said, "will never make my face to shine."

George Brown's immediate successor, Gavin Douglas, was the most distinguished in the list of pre-Reformation Romish bishops. Of royal lineage and connections, a man of affairs and a poet of no mean order, he has special claims on fuller notice. He was born at the end of 1474, or the beginning of 1475. He was descended from King Robert the Third. His father was the third son of the great Earl of Angus. His nephew, who succeeded to the earldom, was the husband of the Queen Dowager. Douglas had the advantage of a liberal education, and probably studied canon law and theology abroad. Poetry, however, was his favourite study.

Most of his poetical works were written when he was Provost of St. Giles, and Rector of Heriot Church, Edinburgh, after he had taken holy orders. The three which have come down to us are King Hart, the Palace of Honour, and the translation of Virgil. The two first are allegorical poems, which seem to have suited the taste of the times, and to have been listened to with delight by men whose lives did not correspond to the teaching of the poet-priest.

King Hart represents man. He is in the bloom of youth, his castle is the Palace of Pleasure. Queen Pleasaunce assails him with her ladies. He weds her. Age at last attacks him, and he takes leave of youth with much sorrow. Conscience chides him. Queen Pleasaunce leaves him. Reason makes him his own master. Decrepitude overtakes him, and, after making his will, he dies.

In the Palace of Honour (which was written when he was about twenty-seven years of age), his purpose was, under the similitude of a vision, to represent the inconstancy and vanity of worldly pomp and glory, to show, as we are told in a life of him quoted by Dr. Mackenzie in his Scots Writers, "that a constant and inflexible course of virtue and goodness is the only way to true honour and felicity, which he allegorically describes as a magnificent Palace, situate on a very high mountain, of difficult access. He illustrates the whole with a variety of examples; not only of those noble and heroic souls whose eminent virtues procured their entrance into the blessed place, but also of those wretched creatures whose vicious lives have fatally excluded them for ever, notwithstanding of all their worldly state and grandeur."

His translation of the *Aeneid* was "the earliest attempt made in any part of our island to render classical poetry into the language of the country."^{*}

In 1515 the Queen appointed Douglas to the then vacant see of Dunkeld. The appointment was ratified by the Pope, but opposition sprang up, the Bishop designate became the victim of intrigue, had to suffer imprisonment for a time,

and only after effecting a compromise with his rival was he able to take peaceable possession of the diocese which had been assigned to him more than a year previously. With the single interruption of a mission to France, on which he was sent, along with others, to renew the ancient league between the two nations, he devoted himself for some years to the duties of his office. Among other useful works which he accomplished, was the completion of the Tay Bridge, opposite his palace, begun by his predecessor.

In 1520 we find him in Edinburgh taking part in rough scenes as a mediator between hostile parties. In the absence of the Duke of Albany six others had been deputed to manage the affairs of the kingdom. These deputies devolved their power upon the Earl of Arran, who shortly after summoned a convention of the States to meet in Edinburgh. On the day appointed, several of the chief nobles were assembled in Archbishop Beaton's house before the session of the convention. They agreed that while Angus was at large, no free Parliament could meet. In his difficulty Angus sent his uncle, the Bishop of Dunkeld, to inquire what they had to lay to his charge, and to express his willingness to submit to the convention. In an interview with Beaton, Douglas appealed to him to persuade the others to accept Angus's proposal. Beaton, who was as deep in the plot as any of them, and had put on armour to assist them in person, excused himself—blamed the Earl of Arran, who, he said, was offended with Angus for many reasons, and concluded, "There is no remedy, upon my conscience I cannot help it." In the heat of his declaration he beat upon his breast, and made the iron plates of his coat of mail, under his cassock, rattle. Whereupon Douglas said to him, "How now, my lord, methinks your conscience clatters. We are priests, and to put on armour is not consistent with our character."

Further efforts on the part of Douglas failed. A hot skirmish between the partisans of Angus and Arran, resulting in the triumph of the former party, took place. Archbishop Beaton fled to the Blackfriars church, and would have been slain but for the intercession of Douglas, who during all the time of the action had been praying in his chamber for the preservation of his friends. A regard for his sacred office and the canons of the church kept him from mingling in the fray.

Troubles increased in Scotland, and, perceiving the enmity of the Court to the house of Angus, the bishop retired into England, where he resolved to remain till he saw what turn affairs took. An opportunity offered itself presently, of which advantage was taken, for proscribing him. He resided in London, where he was well received in literary circles. Among others he was intimate with Polydore Virgil. Circumstances led the bishop to begin a history of Scotland, but before he had made much progress with it he died, in April 1522, and was buried in the Savoy.

George Crichton, the twenty-ninth bishop, has obtained an unenviable notoriety from the advice which he gave to Deane Thomas Forrest, vicar of Dollar, the martyr, who was afterwards burned on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh. Thomas was brought

* Spalding's "History of English Literature."

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DUNKELD. (*The Parent Larches.*)

[From a Photograph.]



before the bishop for preaching every Sunday to his people from the Epistle or Gospel for the day. The bishop informed him that he heard he did not take the cow or the uppermost cloth, or coverlet of the bed (burial dues), from his parishioners, which was very prejudicial to the churchmen, but that he preached to them. He wished the vicar to take the dues, lest his preaching should make the people think he (the bishop) should preach also. He further admonished the vicar to preach any good Gospel or Epistle that set forth the liberty of the holy church and leave the rest.

Thomas said he did not think the people would complain of his not taking the dues, they would give him anything he needed, and he would do the same to them. He found no Gospel or Epistle evil. "I thank God," rejoined the bishop, "that I never knew what the Old and the New Testament was. Therefore, dear Thomas, I will know nothing but my breviary and pontifical." It is said that he added he had prospered well enough without the Old and New Testament.

In Reformation times the order was given to purge the cathedral of all monuments of idolatry, but neither to hurt, nor break the desks, windows, doors, the glass, nor ironwork. No respect was paid to the limitation of the order. The building was completely sacked, it was only not set on fire.

The post-Reformation Protestant bishops were nine in number, the last of whom, John Hamilton, whose father was Archbishop of St. Andrews at the Reformation, survived the Revolution Settlement in 1688, conformed to the new order of things, and died as one of the ministers of Edinburgh and Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal.

The choir of the cathedral is now the parish church, where the service is conducted according to the Presbyterian order of the Church of Scotland.

Among the monuments which attract the attention of the visitor, none perhaps equals in general interest the one to the officers and men of the Black Watch, who have fallen in war since the creation of the regiment till the close of the Indian mutiny in 1859. The first muster of the regiment took place in May 1740, in a field between Tay Bridge and Aberfeldy.

Of a different kind is the interest which attaches to the monument of the Wolf of Badenoch, fourth son of Robert the Second. He was a man of ferocious temper, who was excommunicated by the church for his misdeeds, and constrained by his father to appear barefoot and in sackcloth at the Blackfriars church at Perth in presence of the assembled nobles, and promise to indemnify the Bishop of Moray, in whose diocese he had committed the grossest depredations. The monument is in the vestibule of the choir. The figure is recumbent, and there is a lion at the feet.

The ecclesiastical history of Dunkeld does not exhaust the interest of the place. It has been the scene of many stirring events in the general history of the country. The Roxans approached it. The Danes attacked it. In Pictish and later times it was sometimes a royal seat. It was the scene of memorable events in the course of the Jacobite struggle. The army that was tri-

umphant at Killiecrankie in July 1689 suffered disastrous defeat in the following month at Dunkeld. In the rising of 1745 Prince Charles was proclaimed as James VIII. at the Cross. One of the seats of the Athole family is at Dunkeld. The Queen has paid several visits to it. One of them was to show sympathy with the widow of the sixth Duke, who held an important office in the Royal Household, and was an intimate friend of Her Majesty.

At the north-west end of the cathedral are the two first larches which were ever brought to Great Britain. Mr. Menzies brought them from Switzerland in 1737. They were first placed in flower-pots in a greenhouse, and then planted out in the open air where they now stand.

Nor does the history of the cathedral exhaust the religious interest of the place. The name of Dunkeld is honourably connected with other important movements, ecclesiastical and spiritual, than are specially connected with the history of the cathedral. The Haldanes visited the place in the course of their evangelistic labours, and established a Congregational church, which still exists. The Presbytery of Dunkeld played a notable part in the struggle which issued in the great disruption of the Church of Scotland in 1843. Mr. Mackenzie, the minister of the parish at the time, one of those who resigned their livings and formed the Free Church of Scotland, was the son-in-law of the great Dr. Chalmers, the leader of the movement.

The scope of this article does not admit of our tracing these collateral associations, nor does it admit of our expatiating on the surpassing beauty of the surrounding scenery. It is a place equally attractive, however, for different reasons, to the lover of the sublime and beautiful in Nature, the student of history, and the Christian. There is no reason why the threefold character should not exist in the same person. When it does, a visit to Dunkeld will be one of rare interest and enjoyment.

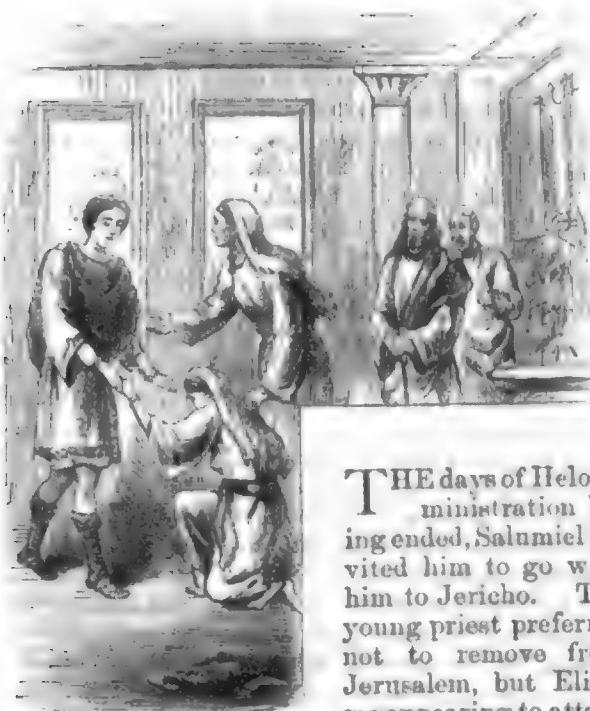
JOHN KELLY.

HELP THE BLIND.—Blind beggars are proverbially objects of pity, and on the whole are helped beyond their deserts. A large proportion of blind beggars are lazy fellows who could but will not work. Yet many who give alms to these idlers could help really industrious respectable poor people who work for their living. "The Association for the Welfare of the Blind," 28, Berners Street, founded by a blind lady, Miss Gilbert, and supported by many benevolent friends, provides support for a large number of blind work-people, on business principles. Goods of a useful kind, mats, brushes, cane chairs, baskets, wicker cages, wool-work, and numerous articles, are made at the workshops of this institution, and sold at the usual market prices. The best materials are used, and the best work turned out, as all will testify who have patronised the establishment by making purchases. It is not necessary to visit the place, any one sending for a priced list can mark the order, to which the manager will see that every attention is given. It is a truly charitable act to encourage the industry of those who but for this institution would labour under peculiar disadvantage in obtaining employment. In the gospel narratives it is notable how much reference is made to the blind, and this may well remind us how our helping them comes to be a part of Christian duty. All such institutions or societies appeal strongly to our sympathy.

HELON OF ALEXANDRIA.

A JEWISH TALE OF THE DAYS OF THE MACCABEES.

VII.—THE ESENES.



much importance to this journey, Helon consented to make it. Moreover, he had been told that the oasis of the Essenes was on that road, and he expected to find some interest in visiting it. Being informed of this, the old man of the temple communicated some information to him.

"My son," said he to him, "I have been young as thou art, and have allowed myself to be seduced by all kinds of doctrines, and I have suffered much when I found out that I was mistaken. May my experience be profitable to thee! Israel and the temple fill thee with enthusiasm; the Hellenists are the only people whose errors thou condemnest, and yet how many errors agitate our nation and are even introduced into the temple! Seven sects now are disputing together, and add the fancies of men to the revelation of God. I will not mention to thee concerning the Proselytes of the Gate who are dispersed among all people without exception. God be praised that their number increases! Let us pray Him also to preserve them ever from the ways of the Gentiles. Thou knowest that the Hellenists have allowed themselves to be led astray by allegories. The Essenes, who rigorously observe the law, imitate foreign customs within the body of Israel; they boast of the so-called wisdom they have drawn from very old books, and they despise the temple of God. The Pharisees are distinguished for their zeal in the faith of our fathers; but they place oral tradition on a level with the written law, and they maintain this opinion with as much pride as they showed levity when adopting it. The Sadducees justly reproach them; but they themselves reject the prophets of Jehovah, and they prefer the

disciples of Epicurus to those of a Master who spoke from Mount Sinai. The Samaritans expect the Messiah, as we do; but the desolate mountain of Gerizim pleases them more than that of Moriah. In fine, there is a class of Israelites, which I cannot call a sect, for it comprises the most pious and select souls that sigh for the promised Messiah, and who, turning away from the deceptive words of men, will listen only to the voice of God, such as is made known in His word and in His temple. I rejoice to be of their number; Elisama is also; most of the Aramean Jews, dispersed in foreign countries, form also a part of them; but very few of them are found in Jerusalem. I have put thee on thy guard, O my son, may Jehovah do the rest!"

On the morrow, at the rising of the sun, Iddo took leave of his guests, whom he had accompanied as far as the Water-gate. The journey they were about to make was a distance of one hundred and fifty stadia, or eighty-four times that of a sabbath. They crossed the brook of Kedron, and ascended the mountain of Olives, from which on one side is a fine view of the city, whilst on the other side is seen the plain of the Jordan. Here also were seen arising the vapours which the Dead Sea exhales, and there the smoke of the sacrifice which they were offering in the temple.

"Look," said Elisama to Helon, stretching his hand towards Moriah, "it is as Moses has said, the glory of the Lord appears to all the people; for fire comes forth from before the Lord, and consumes the burnt-offering and the fat on the altar" (Lev. ix. 24).

Then pointing to the thick vapours which obscured the east, he added: "But thou seest that also the Lord thy God is a consuming fire: even a jealous God" (Deut. iv. 24).

Upon the eastern slope of the mountain is the town of Bethany, the delightful situation of which forms a strong contrast with the desolate aspect of the desert plain of Jericho, into which they entered soon afterwards.

"It is in the midst of this desert that the Essenes dwell," said Salumiel. "They have already prayed some hours for the return of the heavenly light, and this prayer which they make every morning is also granted in the request."

"Thy Essenes!" said Elisama, interrupting him.

"Why is their way of living found fault with?" asked Selumiel. "Their old men know no greater enjoyment than that of being in the society of those who think like themselves. Why does this desire not commence before age is become advanced? If the Greeks always remain children, why may the Essenes not form a people that have at all ages the tastes of old age?"

"Yes, but they do not come to the temple."

"I know that the Pharisees reproach them with

that, and I will not try to justify them, but thou knowest that they observe with the more care all the other commandments, and appeal, on this point, to passages of holy writ which assert the ineffectuality of any ritual of sacrifices."

The conversation on this subject continued for some time, but the two old men suddenly became silent, and discontented one with the other. Helon, who desired to know more concerning the men he was about to visit, remarked that if Myron was present he would undoubtedly compare the Essenes to the Pythagoreans, just as an analogy is found between the Pharisees and the Stoics, between the Sadducees also and the Epicureans.

"Thou art right," replied Salumiel, "there is much in common between the Grecian Pythagoreans and our Essenes. Both practise community of goods, both hold in abhorrence all luxury and effeminacy; both love white garments, forbid to take an oath, revere old age, enjoin silence for a stated time on those who wish to be admitted into their society, forbid the drinking of wine, offer only unbloody sacrifices, and assert the uncontrollable rule of destiny. They agree besides in this, that both believe the soul alone to be immortal; while the Sadducees deny that anything of man is imperishable, and the Pharisees, admitting the immortality, maintain besides the resurrection of the body. We must not be surprised at these analogies, for some assert that Pythagoras was at Babylon at the time of our captivity. For my own part I consider the Essenes to be those who have preserved most faithfully among all Jews what we know of Divine things. I may mention in proof of this their scrupulous observance of the law, the care they take in observing the sabbath, their high estimation of Moses, whom they venerate above all men, and their attachment to agriculture."

"What is their origin?" asked Helon.

"Some suppose them to descend from Jonadab, the son of Rechab, who lived before the captivity: others, from the Israelites who fled into the desert with Judas Maccabaeus; while others assert that they came from some of the sects of heathen or Egyptian philosophers. For myself, I hold them to be of very high antiquity."

While they were thus talking they perceived at some distance behind them an old man advancing towards them.

"That is an Essene," said Salumiel. "I know him by his white clothing, and by his manner of spitting only behind him."

Some minutes afterwards he reached our travellers, and salutations were exchanged.

"Wilt thou guide us to the oasis of the Essenes?" asked Helon.

"Follow me," he replied abruptly.

"What is the number of your people?" continued Helon, endeavouring to engage him in conversation.

"There are four thousand of us in the country."

"Why dost thou travel without any wallet?"

"I come from a distance, curious youth, to assist at the trial of one of our body. There must be four hundred of us to pronounce sentence, and if I have no provision for the

journey, it is because we have everything in common, and I find brethren in the places I pass through."

"Who is the transgressor that ye are going to judge?"

"A man who has scarcely completed his probation, and was not able to keep the secret imposed on him."

"In what consists this probation, may I inquire?"

"We give to him who wishes to be received among us a white garment, a girdle of peculiar sanctity, and a spade. He must labour for a year, after which he is admitted, but for three years not admitted to the common table. If he is during all this time temperate, industrious, chaste, and just, he is admitted to take an oath of tremendous sanctity; he participates afterwards in the bath, in the common meal, and all the secrets of the society."

The gravity of this Essene, the solemnity of his voice, his extraordinary appearance, together with the sombre aspect of the country, all combined to produce a deep impression on Helon.

At length they beheld a cultivated spot in the desert. A fountain sprang from a rock; cultivated fields extended around; some cottages were constructed beneath palm-trees. It was an oasis. The sight of it was attractive, and yet the feeling experienced at the sight of it was not without dread: for all around were seen frightful cliffs, plains of sand, and at a distance the vapours of the Dead Sea. This horrible solitude presents a view of the soul of sinners, say the Essenes, and the dark mist is as the menace of chastisement which awaits them.

A large number of strangers had arrived to take part in the trial. The greatest stillness reigned amongst them, notwithstanding the importance of the business which brought them. The punishment which was to afflict the guilty man was banishment from their community. What rendered this punishment especially terrible was, that the unfortunate man, having promised by the oath required of him never to accept food from anybody, and, consequently, being now deprived of that which he had in common with his brethren, had no other resource than that of sustaining his life for some days on the roots and herbs of the fields, till he died miserably.

They arrived about the fifth hour (eleven o'clock), the time when they took their meal in common. The Essenes had risen before daylight, and had conversed only concerning Divine things, until the time when they asked in prayer that the sun might return. They had afterwards begun their labour, and bathed a second time, and having girdled themselves with the sacred linen dress, they assembled in a hall, the entrance to which is forbidden to all who do not belong to their society. They then passed into the place where they took their meals, and sat in silence. They did not conform to the Oriental custom of reclining at table. A piece of bread was placed before each guest, and the kitchen-servant brought to each a plate of vegetables. A priest prayed before and after the meal, during which not even a word was heard. When they

had finished, they laid aside the holy garment, and returned to their work, which they pursued until the evening.

The Essenians of this oasis belonged to the higher class, to whom marriage is forbidden, so that no women are seen amongst them. In the inferior classes marriage is permitted, but with strict limitations. To the people of this sect are intrusted many children for education, but they are recruited chiefly by people whom great misfortunes have disgusted with the world, and who seek an asylum among them. The Essenians abstain from trade of any sort, because they consider money a source of corruption. They have no servants, each administering to the other; and they make use of no oaths; that which they take at their admission renders every other superfluons. Our travellers were not admitted to partake of the frugal repast of the Essenes. They were served in another room with the bread and vegetables of which their meal was composed. They were, however, not alone; for a multitude of sick persons came to this desert for relief, having faith in the secret wisdom of those who had studied the art of curing in the books they had received from their fathers. They chiefly inculcated temperance, self-command, and the subjection of the body to the soul, and thus they performed some wonderful cures. One of them consented to serve as a guide to the three Israelites to the boundary of the desert: he in fact accompanied them to the foot of a mountain which is situated at its outlet, and there hastily taking leave of them, he turned suddenly, and took the road back to his brethren.

Scarcely had the travellers advanced many steps in turning the mountain, which seemed to bar their passing, than they discovered "the garden of God," the plain of Jericho, of which the Jordan watered the fertile lands. They perceived the towers of the city. They had lately come forth from a solitude where death seemed to reign, and they were entering into a country in which were abundance and life. Very soon after they had entered the town, they saw a mansion that surpassed all the others in size and in beauty. It was the house of Salumiel, who was invested with the office of an elder in Jericho. He had scarcely bidden his guests welcome in the outer court, and invited them to enter, when his son met him carrying in his arms his new-born grandson. The joy of the old man was indescribable.

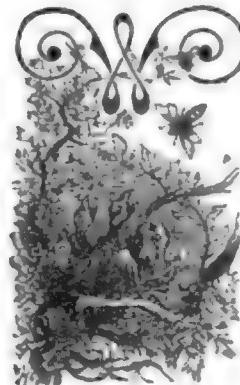
"You see," said he to his guests, "that I am not very fit to belong to the higher class of Essenes!"

Then he asked permission to go into the armon or house of the women, whilst the servants attended to them. This name is given to the women's apartment, who in all the East inhabit a separate part of the house. Salumiel caused them to prepare for supper, and when the dessert had been served, his wife, and Sulamith, his daughter, came to give a formal welcome to the friends that came from Egypt, a condescension by which the master of the house wished to honour them. Helon was astonished at the beauty of the young daughter. The old man noticed his surprise, and smiled at his emotion.

Pages for the Young.

EFFIE.

CHAPTER III.—TRIXIE.



HEN Effie rose and threw open her window early next morning, things wore a different aspect. Even a London square looks bright with a cloudless summer sky above it; the dingy city sparrows evidently thought so, for they chirped their loudest, merriest notes, without even a passing regret for the green fields and shady woods so far away. Following the sparrows' example, Effie resolutely determined to banish home-sickness

and be happy too, and when her uncle entered the breakfast-room she greeted him with such a bright face that he exclaimed, "Why, Effie, you are a veritable sunbeam! I expected a pale, tired young lady to make her appearance an hour hence, and here you are already, looking as fresh as a daisy after your journey!"

Breakfast-time was spent in discussing plans for the day, and then began a round of sight-seeing, to which Effie brought such a keen sense of enjoyment, that she now and then succeeded in filling even her cousin with enthusiasm. Everything was new to her, and her genuine girlish delight at each object of interest was a very different thing from the conventional approval with which most of Trixie's visitors viewed them.

"How you seem to enjoy it all!" said Trixie rather wearily, as they drove along the Thames Embankment to Westminster.

"Enjoy it? How could I help it, with such a view as that before me?" replied Effie. In front were the stately Houses of Parliament, and beneath their shadow the grey time-honoured Abbey stood, grand and peaceful, amid the sea of busy city life surging up almost to its very walls. The river sparkled in the morning light, and on the opposite bank the red-brick buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital relieved the picture with a dash of brilliant colour.

"Yes, I know it is very beautiful," said Trixie, "but you enjoy it so differently from most people. They would find it their duty to discuss the style of architecture, and the period to which each part belonged, whereas you seem to love it just because it is so beautiful!"

Trixie was right; Effie loved beauty for its own sake, and no acquaintance with the rules of art could have given her such fresh, true instincts of appreciation as she unconsciously possessed.

The days slipped quickly and happily by. Rest and freedom from care brought back the colour to Effie's pale face, and her bright, sunny influence was fast driving away the listless, dissatisfied expression from Trixie's brown eyes. Mr. Lonsdale felt it too; he grew accustomed to look for Effie's little attentions and pleasant greeting on his return from business each evening, and was glad to see that these silent lessons were taking effect on Trixie. Thoughtful little services, too long neglected, were now taken up again almost unconsciously, and she was gradually growing less self-absorbed and more anxious for the comfort of others.

Yet the change did not come all at once. Effie came one evening into the drawing-room, and found her cousin lean-

ing wearily back among the sofa-cushions with a book in her hand.

"How tired you look, Trixie! Shall I read to you while you rest?" she said.

"No, thank you," Trixie answered in the old peevish tone; "I'm tired of books; I would rather be quiet."

Effie settled herself in silence. In a moment her cousin suddenly broke it:

"Effie, you seem so happy! How is it you never get discontented?"

Effie laid down her work and crossed to Trixie's side.

"I do sometimes," she answered in a low voice; "though I am trying hard not to. But you never do, surely, Trixie, with such surroundings as yours?"

"I can't understand it," Trixie went on, ignoring the question. "You have to work hard, and to do without things that are a matter of course to me—forgive me, but I can't help seeing—and yet you seem far happier than I. But then you have something to live for. When you came, aunt wrote and said it would not be easy to spare you, and that the little ones would miss you dreadfully. Oh, Effie, I wish I were like you!"

"Like me? You little know, Trixie, how wicked and discontented I have been lately. I have been longing for a life like yours, with plenty of time for study, and opportunities to do something great in the world, and hating the little everyday duties which were always wanting doing and never finished. It was only just before I came away that mamma was talking to me about it, and she did me ever so much good; she always does!" and Effie's voice had a whole world of affection in it. "I wish you could see her, Trixie! I know she would help you," she added.

"I wish I could! Nobody ever tells me my faults, or cares about them either. My life is so useless and uninteresting. Papa is away all day, and I've nothing to do but read story-books, and practise, and do fancy-work. I'm tired of it all!"

Just the very words with which Effie's own complaint had ended only a week or two before. Her list of troubles had certainly been a more substantial one than Trixie's, but she felt deeply condemned for her discontent. Here was this girl, brought up in the midst of luxury, with endless advantages if she had cared to use them; pretty and indulged, and yet unsatisfied still; and, after all, despite the threadbare carpets and the faded furniture at home, Effie would not now have changed places with her cousin for all the world. She felt very rich as she thought of the mother who was even then working the harder that she might rest, and of the little ones who were sure there never was such a sister as theirs; and a tender pity erased the last remains of envy, as she contrasted Trixie's lonely life with her own.

Perhaps the thought gave a special tenderness to her touch, as she gently smoothed her cousin's hair, for Trixie looked up.

"Do that again, Effie!" she said. "It is so nice; your touch reminds me of mamma's. I can just remember her stroking my hair and kissing me before she died. I was only a child then!"

Effie half smiled at the last remark, notwithstanding its wistful tone. The slight form and girlish face on the sofa did not look as if the boundaries of childhood were even yet left very far behind.

Trixie went on:

"You have some one to care whether you do right or wrong, and that makes all the difference."

"But, Trixie, there is your father!" said Effie, surprised.

"Oh, yes, there's papa; but he is away a great deal, and—" and silence said the rest.

It was strange how this father and daughter had drifted apart. In his way, Mr. Lonsdale deeply loved his wayward

child; he spared no expense to gratify her wishes; he was proud of her beauty and winning manners, and liked to see her well-dressed and happy; but he had never tried to understand the girl-heart which unconsciously yearned for his sympathy; and while he saw her faults and privately lamented them, he little dreamt of the depth of feeling and the desolate heartache which came sometimes over his motherless daughter, and would have accounted for the peevishness and fitful moods which often puzzled him so much.

Effie felt the indifference in her cousin's tone.

"Trixie," she said gently, "I'm sure uncle cares about your difficulties far more than you think. But you never seek his sympathy; you always tell him there is nothing the matter if he seems troubled when he sees you looking tired or unhappy. He would be far more to you than he is if you would let him; and—don't be vexed with me for saying so, Trixie, but I think you might be more to him than you are, too. Remember, he has no one but you!"

"I'm not vexed, Effie; I like you to talk to me, and I believe you are right, for I have noticed how pleased papa seems when you do little things for him,—things I never thought he cared about. I will try to do better! Oh, how I wish I had you here always!"

"You will get on better, fighting your battles alone, Trixie dear," Effie replied. "But as for work: I don't wonder you find the days long and wearisome if you occupy them as you say. Why don't you study something? And if you want some work that will really interest you and do good to others as well, there is plenty to be found. For instance, couldn't you teach a—"

"Now, I know what you are going to say!" interrupted Trixie. "You want me to take a class in the Sunday-school, and teach some dirty little street arabs, and get fevers and all sorts of dreadful things. I can't do it, Effie, so it is of no use asking me. I'm not good enough, either!"

"I certainly should be very sorry for you to 'get fevers and all sorts of dreadful things,'" said Effie, laughing. "I only mentioned teaching as one kind of work which you might do; there is plenty besides that perhaps you would like better. But, Trixie, if we all waited till we felt ourselves 'good enough' to work for Christ, there would be very little accomplished in the world!"

And there the conversation ended for that day. It was often renewed, however, and the friendship between the cousins grew daily stronger and closer as time went on.

CHAPTER IV.—BAD NEWS FROM HOME.

Effie heard from home almost every day; at one time it was a boyish untidy note from Frank, making up in affection what it lacked in grammar, and ending with the pathetic appeal: "Do come back quick; everything is horrid without you!" At another, a page or two from Hattie and Nelly, in their best large-hand, and not the less valuable in their sister's eyes that the letters were very crooked and the spelling very extraordinary; for loving hearts had guided the stiff, inky little fingers in their unaccustomed task. Best of all were the letters from her mother; Effie felt as if it were almost worth while being away from home to receive them.

But Frank's appeal was to be responded to sooner than any one had anticipated.

"Only a short letter for you to-day, to judge by its thickness," said Mr. Lonsdale one morning, handing Effie an envelope addressed in her mother's handwriting.

She carried it to her own room; somehow those home letters were too precious to be opened before her uncle and cousin; but her face changed as she read the few hastily-written lines it contained.

"Winnie is very ill," wrote her mother, "and requires my attention night and day. I am so sorry to shorten your holiday, my child, but we cannot do without you. Come at once."

Effie's face grew more and more troubled as she read. The brief note aroused her worst fears, for Winnie had always been fragile and delicate, and had little strength to battle against illness. She did not give way to her sorrow, but quietly rising, she began to pack her box; that done, she went downstairs in search of her uncle, her white, still face telling its own tale.

"Effie! what is the matter?" exclaimed he, as she entered the room.

"Uncle, I must go home. Winnie is ill, perhaps dying!" and she handed him the note.

"My poor child!" he said when he had read it; then, with that practical sympathy worth so much more just then than words, he told her to follow him into the library to consult the time-table and find out how soon she could go.

That very morning Effie left for home. Her uncle took a first-class ticket for her, and provided every comfort for travelling; but it was with a heavy heart that she settled herself among the cushions, wishing she were at her journey's end instead of at its beginning.

Scarcely more cheerful were the father and daughter who stood on the platform, watching the train out of sight.

"How we shall miss her!" said Trixie as they turned away.

"Yes, she carried brightness with her wherever she went," replied Mr. Lonsdale. "The house will be desolate without her."

Trixie secretly resolved that it should not be desolate if she could help it. She had seen of late how little she had done to brighten her father's evenings, when he came home wearied with the day's business cares and worries; and never again would she be the same inconsiderate, selfish girl as of old. There was many a struggle before old habits entirely gave place to new, yet Trixie went bravely on, and was rewarded by the new bond of love and confidence which gradually arose between her father and herself, and by the happiness and contentment which took the place of the old discontent.

The little red brick house looked smaller than ever to Effie when she reached it that evening, and opened the door with a sense of relief that no drawn blinds proclaimed her too late. As she entered the passage, her attention was arrested by voices from the front room.

"You shan't have it!"

"I tell you I shall!" came in angry tones through the half-open door. Effie entered to find Frank and Hattie in hot dispute over a story-book to which they both laid claim. The two disputants stopped suddenly as they caught sight of their sister in the doorway. Her appearance was a signal for peace; and they rushed upon her as if they never meant to let her go again.

"Oh, I am so glad you're come. Mamma's upstairs all the time with Winnie, and we're dreadful lonely," said Hattie; while Frank expressed his feelings in a brotherly hug that spoke volumes.

The welcome was very sweet to Effie. The little room was rather untidy, and had that empty, unoccupied look which is always noticeable when there is serious illness in a house; and, after the luxury with which she had been surrounded, the carpet looked more worn and the furniture more faded than ever; yet this was *home* after all, and there was not a shade of discontent in her face as she returned the children's warm greeting.

Her boisterous reception had made her forget for the moment the reason of her hasty return; but now she remembered it, and stole quietly upstairs to the sick chamber. She entered softly, and paused just inside the

door. Winnie was tossing restlessly in bed, in an uneasy sleep, moaning now and then as if in pain; at the bedside sat Mrs. Carlton, leaning her head wearily on her hand. She looked up as Effie entered, and the weary expression disappeared as she rose to welcome her. "I am very thankful to have you at home again, my child," she said, in a voice that told of anxiety borne alone, which would be lighter now there was someone to share it with her. Then Effie heard how Winnie had drooped and sickened, the doctor at first seeing little to fear in her childish complaint; how, when she had passed the crisis of her illness, she seemed unable to rally, and now that the fever was abating she grew daily weaker in spite of all his efforts; how every time he came he had looked graver than the last, and that day had said that the little one's strength was almost gone; it might hold out another day or two, and then,—and the kind-hearted doctor's voice had been full of sorrow as he stopped abruptly and went hurriedly away, promising to come again early in the morning.

As Mrs. Carlton paused, Winnie stirred and opened her eyes.

"Me wants Effie! Where's Effie?" she said pleadingly.

"Go to her; she has been calling for you like that all day," said Mrs. Carlton.

Effie went to the bedside. "Effie's here, darling," she said tenderly, smoothing the golden hair that lay loosely on the pillow. The little one gave an inquiring look and appeared satisfied, for she put her tiny hand in her sister's, and lay quite still for a few minutes; then the blue eyes slowly opened, and the baby voice said faintly: "Effie! tiss Winnie, dood-night!" The girl stooped down to comply, bravely keeping back the tears as she did so. "Dere, I'se doin' to sleep now!" said Winnie, contentedly, and, still holding her sister's hand, she closed her eyes, and, for the first time that day, sank into a quiet, refreshing slumber.

Gently disengaging her hand, Effie went quietly downstairs to send the children to bed, and to prepare for a night of watching. It was getting late when she came up again, and with difficulty persuaded her mother to leave Winnie and take the rest she so much needed.

When all was quiet, she turned down the light that Winnie might sleep better, and settled herself in an arm-chair to think over the day's events. Everything was confused and dream-like. Could it be only that very morning that she had said good-bye to her uncle and Trixie at the station? Did she really go to bed last night, happy and light-hearted, unconscious of the great sorrow hanging over her? All that might have been years ago, so far away it seemed. Then her thoughts came back to the present, and the doctor's words flashed through her mind as if written in letters of fire:—"Another day or two, and then!"—It was no dream then; Winnie was dying;—the baby sister whom she loved with such intense, almost idolatrous, affection. She sank on her knees by the bedside.

"O God! anything but this!" she murmured in a low tone of bitter agony, as she buried her face in the clothes. "I will do anything, bear anything, but not this! I cannot spare her! She must not die! Oh! Winnie, Winnie!" and the girl's bravely pent-up sorrow found vent in passionate though stifled sobs.

As she knelt there, the memories of the past few weeks came crowding in upon her. Very small and insignificant, in the shadow of this sorrow, seemed the troubles she had thought so great a month or two before. How she despised herself for the discontented complaints in which she had indulged then. Her lot had in reality been so bright, so untouched by trouble, and yet she had scarcely known how happy it had been till now. She had felt the care of the children a burden, and now one of them—the fairest of all—was going to be taken away. Was this the way God had

chosen to teach her? Oh, it was cruel, cruel of Him to take away her darling—and the girl's whole frame shook vulnerably with the sobs she was striving to repress.

A terrible conflict was going on within her, and for awhile the issue was doubtful. "Winnie shall not die! I cannot, will not, let her go!" she cried defiantly; and then slowly she grew calmer, as a picture rose before her mind of One who in His infinite sympathy became "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" for her. The memory of that great love and mighty sorrow came with soothing power to her rebellious heart. She felt no longer alone; Christ Himself was sharing her trouble, and, when at last she lifted her head, the moonlight, shining through the half-closed blind, shed its pale glory on a face which, though tearful and sad, was very calm and peaceful.

She rose from her knees and went to the window; outside, the moon shed a radiance almost as bright as day. The unseen world seems near on such nights as these, and Effie felt the quieting influence of the scene before her. The Golden City might not be very far distant after all; somewhere in the blue depths of that starry sky, she pictured the home to which the angel of death might soon call her little sister.

While she was still gazing dreamily into the moonlit street, Winnie woke for a moment. The sound of her name brought Effie to the bedside in an instant, but when the little one saw her sister beside her, the tired eyes closed contentedly, and she fell asleep again.

Thus the night wore on. When, early in the morning, her mother came to relieve Effie, she was surprised to find Winnie still quietly asleep. All the flush of fever had left her, and in the grey morning light the pale, still form looked almost deathlike, the faint but regular breathing alone giving sign of life.

"There is a great change since last night, Effie," she said uneasily. "Whether for better or worse I cannot tell. I wish the doctor would come!"

Before long he came. As he entered, Winnie woke, and her gaze wandered anxiously round the room, as though in search of someone, then rested as if satisfied when she caught sight of her sister.

"Well, how's my little patient this morning?" said the doctor, approaching the bedside, and feeling her pulse. Winnie recognised her old friend and playmate, for she was a special favourite of his, and she answered for herself: "Baby's better! And Effie's tum home!"

He turned his head away, and his voice was suspiciously husky as he said, "Mrs. Carlton, baby is better; this change is little short of a miracle. I believe God is going to give you back your little girl after all!"

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XIII.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word" (Is. lxvi. 2). Read Matt. v. 1—12. In this chapter and the two next chapters, we have one of the most important discourses that was ever uttered in this world,—our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. We are not told the name or position of that mount; it is of far greater moment for us to know what Jesus said at this time, than to know where He said it. This lesson therefore has no connection with our usual subject, the Journeys of our Lord. But I would like you to imagine yourselves on that day going with your parents among the great multitude of Christ's followers, and climbing up that hill from rock to rock, from height to height, till you got as near as you could to the blessed Jesus. Then, how you would have watched and listened for every word He said, when He "opened His

mouth!" How you would have tried afterwards to recall His words, and remember what you heard! Perhaps you would have written down some of His sayings, and would have been sorry you had forgotten others of them. Now here you have it all before you, plainly set forth,—the very words of Jesus,—of Him who spake as never man spake! Let us lift up our hearts to God, and ask Him to enable us to understand those words and lay them up in our hearts and practise them in our lives!

The Lord begins His discourse, from the third to the twelfth verses of this chapter, by telling us who are blessed. His words must have astonished many of His hearers, for observe He does not say, "Blessed are the rich, blessed are the great, blessed are the learned;" who are the first whom Jesus calls blessed? (v. 3.) and the second? (v. 4.) the next? (v. 5.) the fourth? (v. 6.) the fifth? (v. 7.) the sixth? (v. 8.) the seventh? (v. 9.) the eighth? And the ninth? (v. 11.) Nine there are here whom He who knows all things, knows to be blessed, happy people. Will any of you try to learn by heart all these verses? If I knew you, I would offer you a reward for learning and saying them quite perfectly, but you will have reward enough by having your minds and hearts made rich with the pure gold of Jesus' own words.

What I want you to observe is that not one of those whom the Lord counts blessed are so because of their outward circumstances, but only because of their hearts being right. You, therefore, cannot say, "I am not likely ever to be blessed or happy; I am only a poor little ignorant creature!" Far from this, you may learn from the voice of Jesus Himself, that it is the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, and even the persecuted and afflicted, who are really those that are blessed in God's sight; may God grant that whatever be your outward state of life, your state of mind may be that of His own blessed ones!

Now each of you in turn may look out the following verses, which throw light on one after another of the words of our Lord.

Read Matt. v. 3. Now repeat the text for the day. Isa. lxvi. 2. Read Isa. lvii. 15. "Theirs is the kingdom of heaven," see Luke xvii. 21.

- Read v. 4. Isa. lxi. 2. John xiv. 18.
- Read v. 5. Psa. xxxvii. 11. Matt. xi. 29.
- Read v. 6. Psa. civ. 9. Isa. xli. 17.
- Read v. 7. Psa. xli. 1.
- Read v. 8. Psa. xxiv. 3, 4.
- Read v. 9. Rom. xiv. 19. Jas. iii. 18.
- Read v. 10. 1 Pet. iii. 14.
- Read v. 11. 1 Pet. iv. 14. 2 Cor. xii. 10.

Sing,—"Children of the Heavenly King."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIV.

1. Most fertile corner of a fertile land.
2. A strong ass bowed—burdens on either hand.
3. A simple Bible word which *truly* means.
4. *These*, scattered o'er the field, the gleaner gleans.
5. *Thus* must we seek Thee, Lord, at Thy command!
6. Who would not fly, *foul king*, thy treacherous hand!
7. *She*, weeping for her children, ceaseth not.
8. *Daughter* return, why share a wand'rer's lot?
9. Yea, *this* hath found where she may lay her young.
10. Plotter, thy heart with wounded pride is wrung.
11. The aged mother of a son far-famed.
12. An unjust judge who innocence claim'd.
13. Unto *thy* life are added fifteen years.
14. *This* prophet mourns his people's sin with tears.
15. Safe shalt *thou* be when dawns the day of war.
16. *Thou* sawest future wonders from afar.

M. E. E.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



THE PURSE HAS FOUND ITS OWNER.

THE STORY OF A DAY.

CHAPTER IV.—EVENTIME.

CHAP'S Court, an abbreviation of Chapman's Court, was not precisely the place in which any one would choose to spend a long summer day. The heat there, shut in by closely-packed houses, was suffocating. The population of Chap's

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Court was about ten times as numerous as it ought to have been, and 'Kit' had done wisely to get up with the sun, and make his way to the Leigh woods. He was a sharp little person, prematurely wise in the ways of the world, his world of Chap's Court, and he thought he had taken "a rise" out of two or three of his small fellow-labourers in the water-cress trade, to depart to the Leigh woods, and keep his mission there to himself.

For Kit had heard a lady say to Mrs. Bull, who

Price One Penny.

kept the small greengrocer's shop where he and other inhabitants of Chap's Court disposed of their water-cresses, that lilies of the valley grew in the woods on the other side of the river, and that she believed, though so much smaller than those which were cultivated, that they had a sweeter perfume.

Kit, as I have said, had sharp ears and sharp wits. So he had determined that instead of hunting in some little brooks in the Ashton fields for the water-cresses, he would get some lilies of the valley, and sell them to Mrs. Bull for a good price.

Once Kit had been successful, and had received what seemed to him at least a very large sum for his lilies. Twopence a bunch. It seemed too good to be true. And he had the shilling safely in his mouth, before the other little rags-muffins like himself had arrived with their cresses at Mrs. Bull's shop.

That was a proud day to Kit, and the shilling was invested in a real "tuck in," such as in all his little life he had never known before. Old Grannie, who was no more his Grannie than she was of a dozen other little fellows who, waifs and strays as they were, curled up in one of the cellars of Chap's Court, which she rented, and paid her odd pence from their earnings, whether from the sale of cresses, or the sweeping of crossings—old Grannie knew nothing of Kit's success, and as a matter of course she would have known nothing of his failure, had not the old basket been hers.

Kit had hidden the fact from her all day, for she had been out charring, but at four o'clock she was safe to return, and then she was as safe to ask for the basket and tell Kit to take it to Mrs. Bull for three pennyworth of potatoes, and to the Sheep's Head for a noggin of gin, and to the fish stall by the Cut for two red herrings. For Kit was so far a favourite of old Grannie's that he was useful to her and trustworthy after a fashion. It is true that she beat him over the shoulders with an old broom-stick, and if in a great access of indignation, heightened by a noggin of gin, she did on occasion throw a cup or mug at his head, still, had you asked her, she would have said, "Kit was not a bad sort, and she rather liked the brat, he was so uncommon sharp."

Poor, poor little Kit, that radiant summer day had passed but slowly with him; he had gone to the wharves and back again several times in the hope of picking up, as he sometimes did, a few coppers by carrying goods to and from the ships for some heavily-laden passenger, or for one of the sailors. But all this hot day trade was slack, and Kit did nothing to speak of. At last, quite tired out, for an expedition to Leigh Woods at dawn, and the want of any breakfast owing to the failure of his mission, was rather an exhausting business. Kit curled himself up, under the shadow of some logs of timber which lay on the landing-stage, and gave himself up to dreams, day-dreams, but strangely clear, and so much less confused than dreams generally are.

Kit dreamed that once more he was in the Leigh Woods, and the birds were all singing and there were not only a few lilies in patches here and there, but the ground was covered with them, big beautiful lilies, like none he had ever seen before.

The odd thing was, that he did not want to gather them, he lay down amongst them and they were his. He wanted no money and no food, for he was satisfied in a strange and unusual way. Then he heard a voice calling him; and looking up he saw the grave sweet face of the young lady in black, and the merry laughing face of the other young lady, who tore her dress in the effort she made to help him.

He wanted no help now, it was all rest, and cool shade and full of delight. Kit remembered one of those young ladies had called him a scarecrow and laughed at him.

She did not call him a scarecrow now, and looking down he saw he was in new clothes, white and pure as the lilies, and that this wonderful change in himself did not surprise him; he thought it was quite natural that he should not be dirty little Kit any more, but clean Kit, bright and clean.

The little active brain, which had worked so cunningly to make shift and get his daily bread, was at work now in sleep, though he did not know it, and, filled with the images of the morning beauty, rehearsed them again for him.

And the grave lady with a sweet voice as she said "Tell me your name," and then some one he could not see said, "I give him a new name."

Kit was quite sorry when by the jostling of some men, who came to take the logs away, he was disturbed from his sleep.

It was rather hard to be kicked and told to move off, and be called a lazy cub, but Kit arose, shook himself and his rags into place, and saying to himself,

"I'll go right back again, p'raps I shall see them, and p'raps I may get the sixpence."

The Cathedral clock and the city church clocks all over Bristol chimed five, as Kit, for the second time that day, set off for Nightingale Valley. He was very hungry now and faint, and as he passed the bakers' shops he did long for a loaf, but he remembered what the lady said about the Friend of children, who hated cheating and lies, so he hurried by that he might not be tempted. He went through College Green this time, and up Park Street, past the smart shops, and not so very far before him was Beatrice, though neither knew it.

At the crossing by Victoria Square Kit paused, a little uncertain which way to take, but he pushed on, his little ragged figure unnoticed, and at last he reached the Suspension Bridge. And here a new difficulty presented itself, one he was not prepared for. He was running through under the great stone arch, with the iron arm making a roadway from earth to sky, when a voice called him back:

"Here, young 'un—hi, stop! Where's your penny?"

"I've not got a penny."

"Then you stop, and turn the way you came, that's all."

"Please, sir," said Kit to the man at the gate, "I want to go across to the woods."

"Dare say you do," was the cool reply.

"I came over Bedminster Bridge this morning, and I want to go back very particular, sir."

The old gate-keeper assumed a stolid air, and

busied himself in giving return tickets to two ladies.

Something in Kit's dejected, disappointed face struck the old man at last, and he said :

" What do you want over the bridge, you look half-starved ; here," and he threw him a bit of stale bread which had been left from his dinner. Kit's eyes twinkled, and he ate it up, hard as it was to bite, as a hungry dog snaps up a bone. Emboldened by this kindness, Kit ventured to say, with one of his funny contortions,

" Do 'e let me go over, do 'e now, sir."

" Well, cut along then, but you must go back 'other way by Bedminster or the ferry, mind."

Kit was off like a shot, and his weary little feet never faltered till they had carried him by a side path down Nightingale Valley, in the track of his morning expedition.

Kit's perseverance was crowned with success, he found the old basket caught in its descent on the bough of an overhanging maple, and he came upon a new bed of the lilies of the valley, betrayed by their fragrance. He gathered a large bunch and laid them carefully in the basket, and then climbed up, not by the precipitous path which he had chosen in the morning, but by a more beaten track which led him to a green knoll where two or three old oaks stood, and before which Mentone and many other pretty houses were built.

Kit wished he could find his lady again with the sweet voice ; he wished he knew whether she lived in one of those houses.

" It would be a joke to see her again."

Thus meditating, something bright caught his eye in the grass. He darted towards it, and found it was the purse in which the lady had looked in vain in the morning for a sixpence.

" There's nought in it now," he said, " but paper." And Kit's dirty little fingers were soon feeling curiously the texture of the bank-notes which Beatrice had put into her purse.

" What's they, I wonder, there be three all alike ;" and then Kit examined the multitude of little lines, and the big letter in the corner.

Kit could read plainly printed letters, for he had been occasionally to the Ragged School down in Redclyffe Street, and he knew a large A and B and C when he saw them, and he could spell a few words. But these letters puzzled him, though, after much cogitation, he thought the first must be F, and the second, I. What could it mean ?

I need not say Kit had never heard of a bank-note, much less never seen one. And yet he felt a conviction that these bits of thin paper must be of value, or the lady would not have put them in her purse. Her purse it was, of that he had no doubt, he had studied it so carefully when he saw the pretty slender fingers dipping into all the pockets in vain. And now what should he do with it ? Where could he take it ?

If he only knew which house belonged to the lady, but how was he to tell ?

Close to the gates of Mentone was a heap of stones, which had been left there by some workmen who were making a rockery in Mr. Mansfield's garden. Kit perched on these, determined to wait in hope.

Many groups of happy girls and boys passed by,

their baskets full of treasures from the woods. Some looked at him, a little scarecrow perched on the stones, but none spoke to him.

At last a carriage came swiftly up the road, drawn by a pair of spirited horses. It was full of people, and Lena and Hilda Mansfield were in it, their friends at Westbury having brought them home after their tennis party.

A gentleman was driving, and a young man was on the box.

The horses pranced and curveted and seemed to dislike to take the turn into the gates of Mentone, past the heap of stones.

" Open the gate wider, you boy, will you ?" the gentleman called, " and look sharp."

Kit stumbled down from his stones, leaving the basket behind him, but grasping the purse in his hand.

The gates of Mentone were ornamental iron gates, opening in the middle, and one division had blown back a little, and Kit was to push it to its place.

" Look sharp," the gentleman called again, and then before he could control the horses they had bolted on, into the drive, and alas ! knocked down poor little Kit, while a wheel passed over him.

The screams of the girls in the carriage brought out the servants, and Mr. Mansfield, and the boys.

" Who is hurt ?"

" Nobody," the gentleman who was driving called out. " Mansfield, you should have your gate fastened back securely."

But now another voice was heard ; it was Beatrice's. She had been retracing her steps in the hope of recovering her lost purse, and, returning after a fruitless errand, arrived just as the carriage had turned in at the gates.

" Somebody is hurt," she said ; " it is my poor little boy. Hilda—Hilda, come and look at him."

" It is the poor little scarecrow," Hilda said. " Is he dead ? How dreadful !" They had all gathered to the place now, and the young man, who had been on the box of the carriage, was bending over Kit. He was a doctor, with a large tender heart, and poor Kit was at that moment of as much interest to him as if he had been a prince.

" Where shall I take him ?" he asked, lifting the poor little insensible form in his strong arms.

" To the hospital," Mr. Mansfield said.

" Have you no room here ? I should like to examine him first. He is very seriously injured."

" Well, really, I don't know."

" Oh, Uncle Henry," Beatrice said, " there is an empty room over the stables."

" Show me the way then," said the young doctor in a peremptory voice ; " there is no time to lose." The servants were kind and helpful, and soon Kit was laid, at the coachman's desire, in his bed.

He opened his eyes then, and the little clenched hand unloosed its hold of the purse.

When he saw Beatrice's face leaning over him he said :

" It's yours ; I found it ; I was watching for you to come. I know you'd come. Ain't it

good, though, that you've got it all right." Then, more dreamily,

"It's only got paper inside." Then Beatrice exclaimed.—

"Yes, it is my purse. I have been all the way back to Clifton to find it. Thank you, dear Kit."

A smile of satisfied desire passed over Kit's face, and then he relapsed into unconsciousness.

The kind young doctor stayed with him, and did all that he could do. But Kit was beyond earthly help.

"He would have died on the way had I removed him to the hospital," he said. "The wheel has passed over his spine, and he cannot live long."

About ten o'clock, when the nightingales were beginning to sing their best and sweetest, one of the servants brought in the old basket and the gathered lilies.

Hilda too came timidly in, and looked down at Kit.

The doctor and Mr. Mansfield's niece had taken off all the rags, and washed the little grimy face and hands, and clothed Kit in one of Paul's night-gowns. The Kit of Chap's Court seemed to have vanished, and a very different Kit come in his place.

He did not suffer—they thought—but on his face was the unmistakable shadow of death.

Beatrice sat by, his hand in hers, and she sang to him the hymn he loved. The hymn of which fragments only had remained in the poor little waif's head.

Only fragments, but the Friend of little children was near Kit.

There was another interval of consciousness, and then Kit said,—

"Is He here?"

"Who do you mean?" Beatrice asked. "Who do you mean, Kit?"

"The Friend you told me of, the Friend of little children."

"Yes, dear," Beatrice said. "He is here, He won't forget you, Kit."

"That's good," was the answer.

It was as if his dream, as he slept under the timbers, had come back—the white pure dress which his poor little hand unconsciously stroked, the lilies which Beatrice had laid near him.

"I hear music," he whispered. "Hark!"

"The nightingales are singing their hymns to God," Beatrice said.

But Kit heard singing sweeter than the nightingales. The face of the poor tired little child of poverty grew bright as they looked at it, with the light "that is never on land and sea." And before midnight had struck out from the church towers of the city, where the feet of Kit would never more pursue their weary way, Kit was at home—in the Home for Little Children, made ready for them by the hand of Infinite Love.

So the day closed, and left behind it, as every day leaves, its own story in the narrow circle of an individual life, or the wider field of nations and peoples.

Day unto day uttereth speech; let us all listen for the lesson and try to learn it.

One day, with all its rainbow hues of joy, its clouds of sorrow, its stings of earthly care,

its wounds of deeper meaning. One day!—oh, wondrous thought!—with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

The story closes here, the little story of little lives slightly touched with varied colours. But on the whole, perhaps, true to the likeness of days that have been, or days that shall be, in the salient points of each one of us in the lesser details.

Mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, children of rich and poor—the loved and the loving, the cared for and the neglected—as each day goes by, remember it was yours to use, a gift from God, and that it can never be won back.

Surely that thought is a grave one for us all in our

"Trivial round, and common task;"

and we may all try to take each day as it comes from God, and wreathing it about with the fair flowers of patience, purity, and love, lay up for ourselves treasure in the heavens, when the Eternal Day-spring has dawned, and sorrow and sighing have fled away!

AMONG THE MONGOLS.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A.

V.—A MONGOL COURT OF JUSTICE.

ONE evening after sunset, a Mongol came furtively into my tent, and after a few commonplace remarks, asked, in an earnest whisper, if I had any medicine good for wounds. I said I would like to see the wounds before giving medicine for them, and asked what sort of wounds they were and who had them. It turned out that the wounds were not yet inflicted, that the visitor was to be tried for theft next day, and as part of the examination was by scourging, he wanted to be prepared for the worst. In his own name, and that of a friend, he also preferred a very earnest request that I would give him some medicine to make his flesh able to endure scourging without feeling pain! If I could not furnish him with this, perhaps I might give him something to "tighten up his mind," so that he would not confess under torture! After quite a long and confidential conversation as to his guilt and prospects for the morrow, he rose to go, asking me to tell no one of his visit, because he was in custody, and allowed to go about only by the kindness of his keeper. Next morning early, I had another visitor on the same errand; like his neighbour he wanted something to heal his possible wounds, to harden his flesh, and to brace up his mind.

In the early morning a large tent of blue cloth fluttered gaily in the breeze. It was pitched just beyond the temple limits. The whole half-year's secular business of the tribe had been transacted in the temple buildings, but criminal proceedings could not be taken against culprits within the hallowed ground. Within the boundary it is not lawful to beat and whip men; so the thieves had to be examined outside the little footpath made by devout Mongols who travel round and round the sacred precincts by way of religious duty.

No one appeared to know exactly when the court would begin ; but after a while stragglers seemed to converge towards the conspicuous tent, and the rumour got abroad that the mandarins had gone out to begin business.

The tent was open at both ends, and with the exception of a contracted space down the centre, was packed full of mandarins of various ranks. Around the mouth of the tent was the disorderly crowd of spectators, who pushed each other about, and talked away among themselves without any seeming restraint. At the tail of the tent was another and smaller crowd, kept in a little better order by the angry commands of "stand back," shouted at short intervals by one or other of the dignitaries sweating under the heat that found its way through the cloth of the tent. The tail of the tent had been opened to secure coolness by circulation of air, but blocked up by a sweltering crowd at both ends, the circulation amounted to little; and the discomfort of the judges within was only exceeded by that of the trembling culprits who were led up and made to kneel before them. Behind the little table, on which were laid official papers, sat two or three mandarins with buttons of various kinds, but no one appeared to claim higher rank than his neighbours, and no one was seen to be specially presiding. Any one that liked seemed to say anything he liked, and frequently more than one spoke at once; and on more than one occasion a prisoner had to attend to the different sets of remarks made to him by two different mandarins at one and the same time. The noise of the two crowds of spectators outside, and the free and easy way of contemporaneous speaking inside, made it difficult to keep track of what was going on. It was hardly possible both to see and hear; so a good many of those really interested in the proceedings did not attempt to see, but knelt down outside the tent, and with bended head listened attentively through the cloth. Beyond the crowd in front of the tent sat a row of laymen and lamas, all looking very solemn and sedate. These were the prisoners waiting to be tried. No one seemed to watch them, and they were not handcuffed or bound in any way. They simply sat and waited till an attendant came and called them forward.

One case tried was that of two lamas. The reading of some charge or evidence or other could be heard indistinctly amid the hum and bustle, and then the elder lama was led out in front of the tent and lay down in full view of the court. As the crowd fell back, a whip, a couple of rods, and the leather sole of a shoe, became apparent. The lictor asked which he was to use, and on being told to take the whip, proceeded to administer thirty lashes. The whip was really a formidable weapon, and looked alarming; but the whipper stood so close in towards the culprit that almost all the force of the thong was spent on the grass. This was farce enough, but this was not all. One, two, three, five, eight, nine, ten, eleven, thirteen, seventeen, twenty—counted the sturdy lictor, bringing up his whip with great display, and letting it gently down—twenty he counted, and as he counted twenty-one, an official standing near by shouted thirty. Thirty, with tremen-

dous emphasis shouted the lictor, and then rested his whip, as if his arm had been quite worn out with the great exertion. "Oi yo, yo," sighed the victim as he got up, and the whole crowd of spectators laughed aloud; the sufferer joining in the laugh as soon as he got his face turned away from the court. Everybody seemed pleased, and what seemed to please them most was the counting—twenty, twenty-one, thirty. The turn of the younger priest came next, but his was a more serious affair. He was uncovered, and his infliction was with a rod that left a mark at each stroke. The count too was carefully looked to, and, when it jumped from three to five, the lictor was ordered to stop and be careful as to how he counted. This lama got his full complement of thirty strokes, and good strokes too.

Another case was that of cattle stealing. Several men were implicated, but the din and bustle made it impossible to hear whether the accused confessed and were punished for the deed, or did not confess and were whipped to make them tell the truth. Doubtless Mongols accustomed to the proceedings knew all about what was going on, but an unaccustomed spectator, hustled about, could only guess. One of the culprits was an old man with a decent dress and respectable look; and one of the buttons inside the tent could be heard shouting to him : " You are an old man, more than sixty, your life is almost past, you should know better by this time than to steal; if you are poor and hungry, beg; begging is better than stealing; if you beg, people will give you food." Then after a little : " After this will you be deterred (from stealing)? Will you be careful? Will you amend your ways?" He was then led forth and had thirty slight lashes with the whip, without being deprived of the protection of his trousers. Concerned in the same case was a young lama who came next in turn, and was punished severely with the rod. No miscounting,—no laying it on light for him. He was about twenty years of age, and, according to the expressed verdict of the unofficial mob, just the sort of fellow to steal. The officials were evidently of the same mind, and took care that the scourging was no sham. Once they stopped the lictor, and threatened to have him whipped if he did not hurt the prisoner more. The young lama got fifty good ones, and seemed to get up with difficulty. Perhaps too he was tenderer than his neighbours, for he manifestly suffered severely.

Then came a complicated business of the theft of a single horse. Four or five prisoners were called up, and a long examination ensued. Several persons were beaten, among them the well-dressed, respectable-looking son of a man of official rank. This young man was the most decent-looking fellow among the prisoners. He had his thirty lashes by way of examination, and might have had more, if another man had not confessed under his torture that he alone was the thief, and that the decent-looking young man was falsely accused. The man who confessed was the same who had come to me by night for medicine. His confession admitted that he had stolen the horse, and tied it up in the mountains till he should be able to convey it away secretly;

but in his absence the wolves had come and devoured it; so he was none the better for his theft! His unsuccessful experiment was the cause of no little mirth to the official and unofficial spectators.

Another case was peculiarly Mongolian. A young lama was brought up accused of causing a prairie fire, which ran for miles and scorched a caravan of Halbas, encamped with their camels and loads of tea in the long dry grass. The accused admitted the charge, but pleaded that it was unintentional: and appealed to the mercy of the court, reminding them that he was a quiet and orderly subject, and the sole support of his father, an old man aged eighty years. The court was evidently satisfied with the explanation, but the law must be magnified, which was supposed to be done when thirty nominal lashes were laid on lightly, not even his coat being removed; and the count being so cooked that though *thirty* was counted, hardly more than fifteen were administered.

A few more cases followed, and then the greater part of the spectators dispersed, remarking that what was to come next was a civil suit, at which they evidently did not expect to see much beating and whipping, which seemed to form the main attraction.

It must not be supposed that these beatings constituted the sole punishment of the thieves. Sentences of imprisonment were passed afterwards.

During the course of the proceedings I had been endeavouring to distinguish the governor-general of the tribe; but in the crowd of mandarins in the tent, no one seemed to claim much higher rank than his neighbours. Returning towards my tent, a fat Mongol in a greasy old dress called me to him, passed salutations, conversed a little, then let me go. He had a couple of attendants hanging around near him, and an old lama came up as we were speaking. Two days afterwards, meeting the old lama, I asked who that mandarin was who had been talking to me. It had been the governor-general *ineq.* He had deputed his duties to the inferior mandarins; and while they were sweating in the crowded tent, bullying thieves, and speaking down each other, he had been enjoying himself lounging around.

Towards sunset I had another visit from the prisoner who, the night before, wanted medicine for his wounds and bracing for his mind. How changed he seemed. He had had sixty strokes, and was to be sentenced to something or other, he did not as yet know what; but he seemed happy and radiant, and smiled all over. The anxiety and uncertainty had gone, he had confessed and been condemned; but though acquitted he could not have seemed much more relieved. Though severely beaten he had not received wounds, his mind did not now want any bracing, and it was evident that his confession had been an excellent tonic for his mental constitution.

A good many cases of theft were left untried at the close of the day, and how they were settled does not appear. The tent was not pitched again, and next morning early the governor-general took his departure, conspicuous in his

two-horse cart guided by a mounted driver, and preceded by a horseman carrying the seals of office in a box strapped on between his shoulders. This was the signal for a general scattering. Many Mongols had returned to their homes before; those that were left now disappeared; the traders from Peking and other places, who had come for the occasion, departed to travel round the country; and the temple, which for a week had swarmed with men, and had had its pastures adorned with scores of hobbled horses, resumed its normally deserted appearance, not to be again disturbed till the summer sacred festival would attract its crowds of traders and worshippers from the four quarters.

Sabbath Thoughts.

FORGIVENESS.

"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."—Matt. vi. 12.

FORGIVE! forgive!" Many a one would have placed this petition first of all in approaching the Father. And there is many a one also, who from ignorance of God, and ignorance of himself, would omit this petition altogether.

The Lord who gave this prayer knew how much need there was of forgiveness. He knew the hearts of men,—He knows our own hearts even now. He sees those who deceive themselves, who say "we have no sin,"—for the "truth is not in them." He sees also those who fear that with an offended God there is for them no forgiveness. For each and all of these the lesson is plain, when He teaches them to say, "Forgive us our debts." We all need forgiveness. We may all ask for it, and may hope to receive it through Jesus Christ, "in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace" (Eph. i. 7). That atoning blood was not yet shed at the time when Jesus taught this prayer; but its virtue was set forth in type and in promise from the earliest times when God revealed His will to us, that the sons of men might never despair of forgiveness, and might realise from of old that "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered" (Psa. xxxii. 1).

"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." These words reveal the character of those whom God freely forgives; their hearts are no longer hard, proud, revengeful. The forgiveness of God melts their hearts of stone, and gives them a new nature. They are, or ought to be, "kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven them." (Eph. iv. 32.)

Where this healing water does not flow, it may well be questioned whether the bitter spring within has ever been cleansed by Divine forgiveness. In such a state the man dares not offer a petition so awful and so searching as, "Forgive us, as we forgive."

FOUR PALACES AND THEIR STORY.

II.—PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG.



LUXEMBOURG CLOCK.

NOTHING is more suggestive in Paris than the changes made in the names of her streets and public buildings. A new form of government brings new titles, not only to men, but their abodes. A king and his offspring intitulate one series; an emperor and his generals or their victories another; a republic comes, and tries to wipe them all out, and replace them by such names as are seenly in the sight of men who take *Liberté, fraternité, égalité*, as their motto.

The palace of the Luxembourg appears to have derived its original name from the Due d'Épinay-Luxembourg, who inhabited it, when a private mansion, in the sixteenth century. Then Marie de Medicis bought it, erected the palace, and "called it after her own name." These proud and ambitious Medici seem to have had a hand in all the French palaces, for was it not Catherine who began the Tuilleries? None the less, when it became the inheritance of Gaston de France, Duke of Orleans, Marie's second son, the name of Medici was expunged, and the Palais d'Orléans substituted. The Orleans family reigned long therein, but not for ever. Nothing lasts, especially in France. In the terrible revolution of 1792, the palace became a prison, after which it was called the *Palais du Directoire*, because the sittings of the Directory were held there. Then, with Buonaparte as First Consul, it was Palace of the Consulate,—afterwards of the Senate, and then became a chamber of peers! But peers soon yielded to the people again.

"The clock pavilion" of this same mutable Luxembourg is adorned with allegorical figures of Eloquence, Justice, Wisdom, Prudence, War, and Peace! What a satire it is, and what does the big clock think of it all, as it continues its monotonously momentous work of warning generation after generation of the flight of time? Its

hands still give solemn warning that, whatever the fate of nations or individuals, Time still marches majestically on towards eternity.

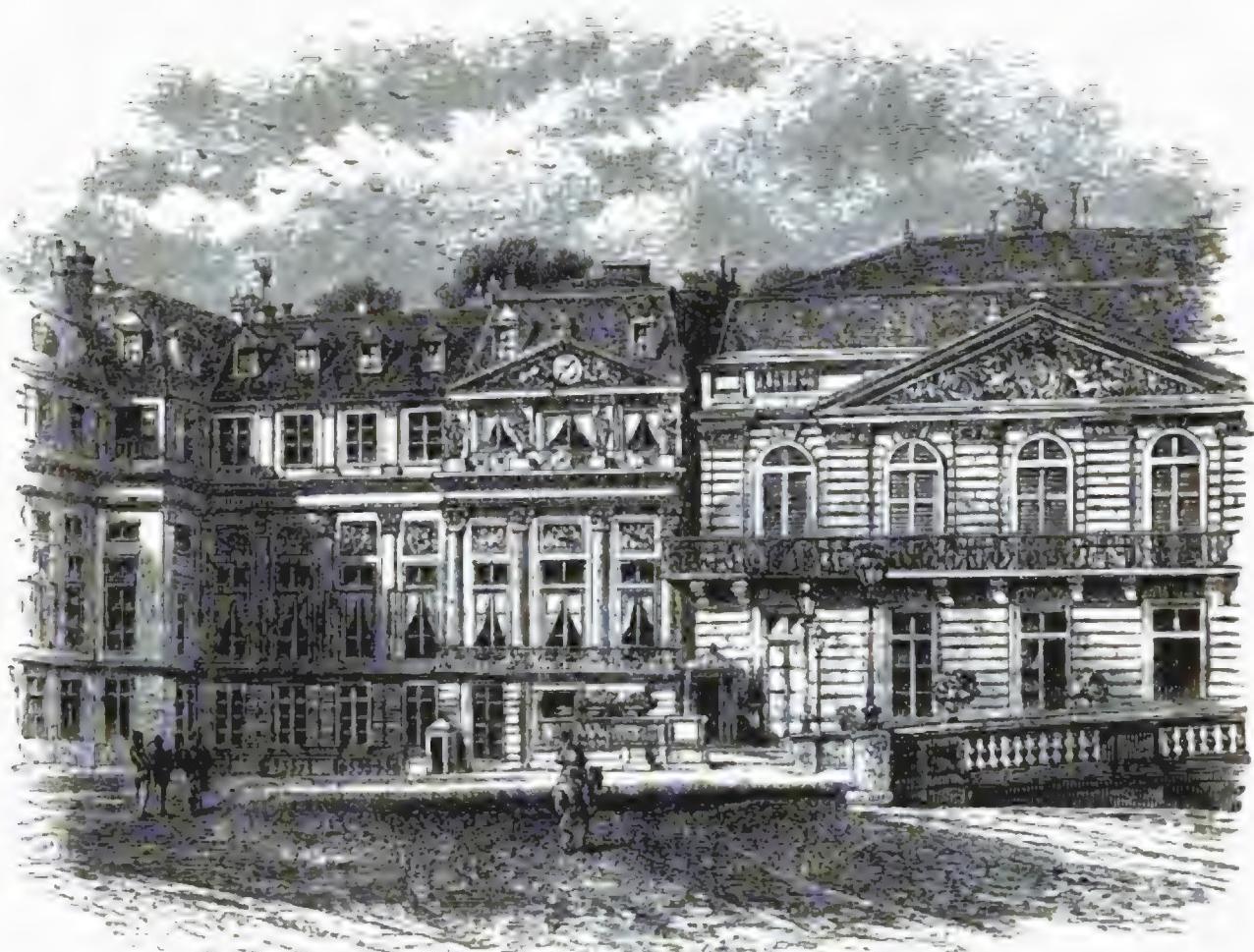
This beautiful palace has stood through many of its ages, and we trust it may be permitted to stand through many more; even though its uses and its names be diverted into more channels still. We look with admiration on its grand court, cupolas, pavilions, corridors, columns and pilasters, and reflect on the instability of man, and the stability of their works—if, we must add *sotto voce*, it does not please them to destroy the said works. This is as apparent in the gardens as the palace. These, planted by Desbrosses when the building was converted into a palace, have undergone many revolutionary troubles. When the hapless Louis XVI. was beheaded, many of the finest trees were cut down, not to symbolize his fate, but to make room for carts and a fair, which, however, did not replace them; for the land was left desolate until kindlier hands again fertilized it. But the gardens are very beautiful, and we can but rejoice in their being open to the public. It is pleasant to see children feeding the swans, while their elders wander amongst groves of chestnut trees, or sit about where fountains and statues adorn the scene. The once princely place is a strange medley of art and nature, royalty and revolution. The statues mutilated by one generation have been replaced by another; and modern sculptors have, perhaps, rejoiced in a fatality that benefited them. Amongst more than a score of these works of art, representing queens and other female celebrities, and adorning the terraces, we pause before Mary Stuart and Joan of Arc, the one beheaded, the other burned to death; and each reading a lesson of the times in which she lived. The said times are supposed to improve, yet human nature, with its passions, seems much the same now as then, and we speculate on what might have been the fate of a Marie Amélie or an Eugénie, if they had been brought to trial, instead of escaping to England.

The traces of revolutions are as apparent within the palace as without. The only wonder is that it has held its own at all, since its powder magazine was blown up in the reign of terror of 1793. As sally succeeds to sally, we see statues of rulers of every denomination. No sooner does the form of government change than the symbolic marble changes also. It is easy and innocent to stick the bust of a president where that of a king or emperor stood; or to remove one picture from a frame, and replace it by another. It has even been found possible to cut out the head of the first Napoleon from a painted ceiling in the Salle du Trône, representing him led in triumph by Victory, to paint in Henri VII. instead—to efface that hero, and restore the emperor and so on. What child's play it seems, but how significant. Yet is there, doubtless, food for this ambition, "by which sin fell the angels,"

even in the survey of a palace like this. The crimson and gold of state look well till they are tarnished. The splendid halls, with their allegorical pictures of men that have been; the great library filled with the works of the sages

III.—PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.

We steam pleasantly down the beautiful Seine, and gaze admiringly on the bright banks of that calm river. How cheerful and bright it



PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.

of generations; the galleries, chapels, columns—all fill the imagination of the uninitiated with a desire to experience what it actually is to "dwell in marble halls." And even the initiated are not willing to leave them.

While we moralize the aforementioned galleries swarm with people. *Ces drôles d'Anglais*, as the Parisians call us, are everywhere. We hear their vernacular, and pause to listen to their criticisms of modern French artists, to whom, by the way, one of the salons of the Luxembourg is dedicated. Not only are we anxious to remember the names and histories of the men and women who have lived in this Luxembourg since Marie de Medicis, and the artists who have memorialized them by picture or statue; but we struggle to add to our mental catalogues those of the living artists who have filled these galleries. The painter must be alive—happy man!—to be represented here; when he is dead, he is promoted to the Louvre.

What the palace now is, we see in part—an uninhabited show-house. Where "noble lords and ladies gay" once schemed, coquettled, lived delicately, and departed this life variously, sight-seers congregate, and the common people wander.

all looks. We forget the desolations of a war not so many years ago; and soon we land at the pretty town of St. Cloud.

We suddenly emerge from beneath overarching trees quivering with the glad thanksgivings of the birds, upon a scene devastated by rebellious man. Another burnt palace greets us; not, like the Tuileries, surrounded by the volatile crowds of a gay capital, but a blackened ruin in a sweet, sad solitude.

Seated on two low pilasters that adorn the broad flight of steps in front of this whilom palace, we are silent from the very oppression of thought; not even a fragment of a blind remains, as in the Tuileries, to suggest that these unroofed walls, unceiled chambers, and unglazed windows were formerly portions of an abode of kings.

And this was once the favourite summer retreat of the Dukes of Orleans, and was purchased by Louis XVI. for Marie Antoinette, who delighted in it. As the wheel of fortune turned, it became the resort of the Napoleons and of Louis Philippe, and here some of the most striking events of modern French history occurred. It was here, in the Orangerie, that the Council of Five Hundred held their sittings; and hence the

first Napoleon, on the 11th of November 1799, expelled them with his armed grenadiers. Like Cromwell, he took the law into his own hands, and, like him, by arbitrary resolution laid the foundation of his own power. And of these two iron-handed men, what remains? Let this charred ruin answer the question for one at least; for within its then compact walls was signed, in 1815, the capitulation of Paris, after which Napoleon never again entered an imperial palace. It seems an office for signatures; for here, also, in July 1830, Charles x. signed those famous ordonnances that lost him his crown. After all, what mere baubles and playthings crowns and sceptres are! Like the toys in the fair, down below, in the avenue of chestnuts, they are pledged, staked and gambled for by men who see nothing beyond their own gain or loss.

And the French themselves fired this palace during the late war, scarcely knowing what they did, or what they wanted. Statues, pictures, Sèvres china, Gobelins tapestry, books, mosaics, all given to the flames, and no one the better for it. It has not even resumed its original destination, as the residence of a rich commoner, for it was first built and tenanted by Jerome Goudy, a financier, and occupied subsequently by his descendants, amongst whom were four bishops of Paris. As naughty children destroy their playthings, so is this destroyed.

We sit musing and gazing long, in melancholy silence. Even the most frivolous would be driven to reflection here. Where music and laughter resounded, nothing but the songs of birds: where kings held their court, only the stillness of death.

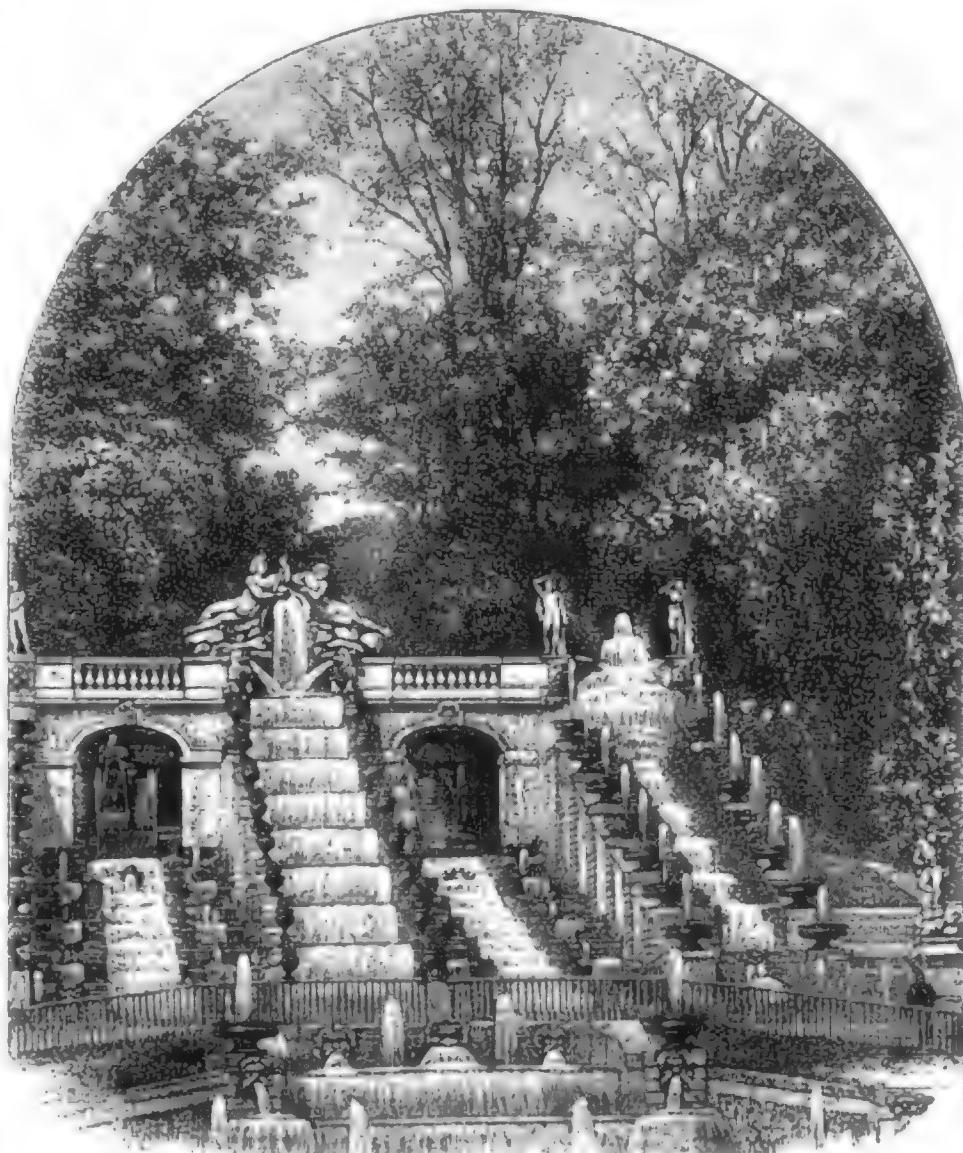
Hush! There is a sound of distant voices, which jars upon the ear as a sudden call does on the brain during a first sleep. We are aroused from our waking dream of kings and emperors to watch a gay cortége wind up the shrubbery, and ascending the steps two by two spread round the ruin. It is a wedding-party. The bride and bridegroom come first, the former in her delicate bridal dress of white silk, her veil and crown of myrtle. Her long train sweeps the sward, and it would seem that wreaths and bouquets of virgin

white were showered upon her, so plentiful are the blossoms by which she is adorned. She is followed by her maidens in various bright costumes, escorted by their cavaliers, who are in turn succeeded by a string of friends, all gaily attired. It is the wedding of some well-to-do citizen, and the party have come to St. Cloud to celebrate it. We follow them at a distance while they remark upon the ruin, and tarry a few minutes before it. But they soon wind off to the left through an arch of trees, and the late oppressive solitude is alive with laughter.

They have entered a *plaisance*, a green drawing room, a *Salle de Diane*, with trees for walls, sky for roof, and sward for flooring. What a picture they make as they form a sort of circle in this ball-room of nature, the dark-eyed bride the centre-piece. It is one of Watteau's paintings suddenly inspired with life, and all the figures set in motion. It is the *Decameron*.

The ruined palace, with its phantom noblesse, fades before this joyous bourgeoisie, and we are set a wondering what will come next.

Our "next" is to leave the bright scene with reluctance, and wander away into the splendid avenues, and up the grassy slopes.



CASCADES OF ST. CLOUD.

"Will you show us the way to the Lanterne?" we ask of an old woman who is watching a baby in a perambulator, on a delightful eminence overlooking the palace.

"The Lanterne is destroyed; but that is the way to the hill," she replies, leaving her charge, to point with a lean and withered finger towards a spot still higher than that on which she had placed herself.

"Can this be a human being, and how old must she be?" we ask one another involuntarily.

We certainly never before saw so antiquated a specimen of mortality. Her wrinkled flesh hangs about her poor cheeks; she is toothless, and her eyes look as if they must leave their sockets before their time. She seems a hundred years old. Yet the child holds out its arms and screams lustily as she moves away from it in answer to our question. Let us be thankful that love is stronger than decay. The mistletoe grows from the dead apple bough, and the infant clings to this most unsightly grandame.

How strange are the ever-shifting pictures of life! We leave the bridal party in their leaf-wrought place of reception, and find the one-year old child and the centenarian on the height above. Contrasts as striking as those of the palace that was, and the palace that is.

The demolished Lanterne was built by Napoleon I. in imitation of the temple of Lysicrates at Athens. The view from its site is magnificent, it must have been still finer from its summit. The Seine with its varied scenery—distant Paris, the town of St. Cloud—the woods,

and surrounding champaign, form a lovely prospect. We sit down at intervals to contemplate it, thankful that the turf is dry. Half-way down the hill we take to philosophising again, when we catch sight of the church, seated, like ourselves, on a height overlooking the ruined palace, a silent spectator of deeds good and bad. The sacred edifice recalls St. Clodoald, to whom it is dedicated, and we take to wondering whereabouts the saint concealed himself when he escaped from his murderous uncle, King Clotaire, into these woods, and turned hermit. He was name-father to a pretty town and beautiful woods, and had his countrymen lived peacefully as he, assuredly the palace would never have been burnt.

A dark cloud, a momentary hush in the woodland choruses, a pattering amongst the trees, and down comes the rain. The brightness fades, and the ruin looks blacker than ever. We hurry down the hill, in through the woods, past the water-works, to the disconsolate booths of the Fair of St. Cloud. Here we are soon on our road to Paris. Our day has been an epitome of life. Gliding down the peaceful river beneath a blue sky, in the morning—wandering through the noontide amid varied scenes of beauty and decay—overtaken by clouds and rain as evening advances—drawn by weary horses over iron rails, under a gloomy heaven, as night comes on. But light and welcome await us at the close of our trip. So may it be when life shall end: the light of heaven and the welcome of angels.

ANNE BEALE.

HELON OF ALEXANDRIA.

A JEWISH TALE OF THE DAYS OF THE MACCADEES.

VIII.—THE BETROTHAL.

TWO days after the arrival of the strangers, the eight days before the circumcision of the child were accomplished. At the hour of morning sacrifice at Jerusalem, the ceremony was to take place in the house of Salumiel. A married man and a married woman served as witnesses. More than ten persons were required to be present; but there was a much greater number; for the heads of some of the families of the priests that dwelt at Jericho were invited, as well as some elders and acquaintances of Elisama. They chanted one of the Psalms which announces the alliance that God made with Israel; then the song which Moses composed after their deliverance from bondage in Egypt. The grandfather afterwards circumcised the child, whilst the father was pronouncing these words: "Praised be Thou, O God! King of the earth, who hast given us thy commandments to sanctify us, and who hast ordered us to enter into the covenant of Abraham!" All present replied: "O Lord, even as Thou hast permitted this child to enter into the covenant of our father Abraham, grant

him also to observe Thy laws, to enter into the marriage-state, and to practise good works."

Salumiel laid his hand on the head of the young boy, and addressing the father, asked him what his name was to be. The circumstances under which a child was born generally influenced the choice of the name given to him. The father, wishing to associate with this child the remembrance of the visit of those friends from Egypt who were present at the circumcision, replied, "His name is Mizraim."

"Jehovah, our God, and God of our fathers," said then the old man, "strengthen this infant, and preserve him to his parents. His name shall be called in Israel, Mizraim, son of Abisrah, the son of Salumiel."

The boy was then carried back to his mother. The friends who had been invited stayed all the day with Salumiel, who treated them generously.

The women celebrated the feast in the Armon: Sulamith did not appear that day. Helon had seen her only once on the preceding day, but her image remained continually imprinted upon his

mind. He retired like the others to rest, but he could not sleep, and tired of seeking rest in vain, he arose as soon as daylight commenced, ascended the Aliah, or upper chamber, knelt before the God of his fathers and prayed. Afterwards walking on the roof, he gave himself up to a thousand diverse reflections:

"Oh! how great was my delight," said he, "when for the first time I saw Jerusalem, when I saw the temple and the priests; when my sole desire was to be a priest of the Lord, as my fathers have been! Can it be that some few weeks have sufficed to lessen the charm that these things had caused in me!"

His thoughts then took another direction. He called to remembrance the ceremony of the former evening, and the prayer that is repeated every time a son is circumcised; by which is asked that as the child enters into the covenant made with Abraham, he may also attain to the observing of the law, the entering into the state of marriage, and the practising of good works; thus placing marriage amongst good works and the law. Some words uttered by Elisama on different occasions since their departure from Egypt, recurred to his mind, and turning towards the Armon, he said, "Can I have really understood them?"

At this moment he felt some one touch him gently on the shoulder. He turned about: it was Elisama himself.

"Let us ascend into the Alia," said his uncle to him: "I have for several days intended to converse with thee on a very important subject." They entered.

"When we left Egypt," continued the old man, "thou desiredest to see the country of thy fathers: thy mother had also another wish. Thou art of that age when the youth of Israel marry. Thou holdest, no doubt, like ourselves, that we should not form alliances in a family of Hellenist Jews, and amongst those of the Aramean Jews of Alexandria there is none whose alliance would be honourable for us. Besides, thy mother ardently desires that her daughter-in-law should be like herself a native of the promised land. I have been thinking of this. What is thy opinion of Salamith, the daughter of Salumiel?"

Helon fell at his uncle's feet: "Is it possible," cried he, "that such happiness is destined for me?"

"May Jehovah bless you both," replied Elisama. "I have already settled the conditions with Salumiel in Jerusalem, and we have kept silence only to see whether Salamith would please thee."

"Is it possible that it can be so?"

"Salumiel desires to have thee for a son-in-law. He is very glad that his daughter's husband is to be a priest, and, moreover, that he does not come empty-handed."

"Oh! give him my whole fortune."

"He is speaking at this moment with Salamith."

Salumiel arrived at this instant. Helon fell at his feet, weeping; for he could not help shedding tears of joy.

"Follow me into the large hall of the Armon," said the father of the maid; "I have

known sufficient to justify my introducing thee into it."

He led them, in fact, into this place, where no man a stranger to the family had yet penetrated.

Then he went to look for his daughter, whom he found completely veiled, and accompanied by her mother and brother.

"If you are truly inclined to grant this favour to Helon, my nephew," said then Elisama, "to give him Salamith, your daughter, for a wife, tell me; if not, let me know, that I may turn to the right or to the left."

Salumiel, father of the maid, and Abisnah, her brother, replied, saying: "This thing proceedeth from the Lord; we cannot speak unto thee good or bad. Behold, Salamith is in thy hands; take her, and go thy way, that she may be the wife of Helon, thy nephew."

Elisama and Helon immediately bowed themselves to the earth, and Elisama said:

"I will pay thee for thy daughter ten thousand shekels."

"I will give them to her for her dowry," replied Salumiel, "and I will add to them ten thousand more."

He then addressed his daughter, and said: "Wilt thou go with this man to Egypt, or dwell with him in Jericho, according as the Lord shall decide?"

"Yes," replied Salamith, weeping.

Then the mother conducted her towards the young man. She bowed down before him, and he took her by the hand and raised her up. The father, the mother, and the brother of the bride, together with Elisama, blessed them both.

"May you multiply a thousand times, and may your posterity possess the gate of their enemies!"

They invited again the friends who had assembled on the preceding day.

"Jehovah has given me two sons on these days," said Salumiel to them, "a grandson and a son-in-law. Rejoice with me, my friends, and bless the God of our fathers."

Then the feast table was laid out. How can we describe the happy days that Helon passed in the company of Salamith! He discovered in her continually some new excellences, and it seemed to him that nothing was wanting any longer to increase his happiness. "With such a spouse," said he to himself, "I shall be able to keep the whole law, and lead the life of the just."

However, the solemn Feast of Weeks drew near. The Fiftieth Day is another name given to it, because it takes place fifty days after the sixteenth day of the month of Nizam, which is the second day of the feast of the Passover. It falls on the sixth day of the month of Nivan.

After the festival of the first fruits, they reckon the days every evening at the time of supper. The master of the house rises with the rest of the company, and says: "We bless thee, O God! King of the earth, who hast given us Thy commandments to sanctify us, and who hast ordered us to count the days of harvest!"

Then he announces how many days were gone by, thus conforming to this precept: "Thou

shalt reckon seven weeks, and thou shalt begin to reckon these seven weeks from the time when thou beginnest to put the sickle to the corn ; then shalt thou keep the Feast of Weeks to the honour of the Lord thy God " (Deut. xvi. 9, 10).

Helon wished to travel to Jerusalem, on account of his priestly office. Abisuah and his wife must go there to present their new-born child in the temple ; Sulamith was glad to accompany her brother and sister-in-law ; and Salumiel and Elisama were enjoined, as were all Israelites, to appear three times in the year, at each of the great festivals, before Jehovah.

They departed together with others that were ascending to the feast, and on this occasion taking a shorter road than that which passes by the oasis of the Essenes.

At a verdant spot which they reached for rest, a Galilean approached Salumiel, and asked him if Elisama and Helon from Egypt were with him. Being introduced to them, he told them that a young Greek of Alexandria, named Myron, whom he had seen at Damascus, desired to tell them that he was unable to return into Egypt before two weeks, and that he should be happy to make the journey to Jerusalem with them, if their departure did not take place before that time. Salumiel reflected immediately on everything that had been told him by this Greek ; and although Helon did not wish to be distant from his betrothed during the time which must pass before his marriage, he requested Myron to tell the Galilean, who was to set out at once, that he would meet him at Dan, the frontier town of the Israelites on the north, in order to conduct him to the wedding.

On his arrival at Jerusalem Helon went to see the old man of the temple, who congratulated him on learning that he was about to become master of a family. He spoke thus :

" This feast of the Fiftieth Day will hereafter appear to thee remarkable : for it is the harvest-feast, and the heads of families beyond all others know what gratitude is due to God for the rain, the dew and the sunshine with which He favours the earth, and for the fruits which He causes it to bring forth. But it is also the feast of the law ; for on these days it was given us on the mountain of Sinai, in the midst of thunder and lightning. Ask of God, my son, to reveal to thee the highest meaning concealed in these two subjects of the festival. Remember that a time will come when Jehovah will bestow His blessings over all the earth, and establish His kingdom on it, and when the spirit of the Lord will teach men to understand and practise His law. May these reflections cherish thy devotion during these days ! And now if thou art clean, go and assist at the evening sacrifice ; for the trumpet has already sounded to invite us to it."

Things New and Old.

THE REV. DR. ANDERSON OF MORPETH.—An interesting fact is stated about the late Dr. Anderson, who recently died greatly honoured and beloved, at a ripe old age, the father of the Presbyterian Church in England. In his early life

he was minister at St. Fergus in Aberdeenshire. Shortly before his death a gentleman in Aberdeen wrote and asked the Doctor for a copy of a small collection of hymns which he had composed and printed for the use of the Sabbath scholars in his old parish, something like fifty years before. His correspondent stated that in the city school in which he taught they were preparing a suitable selection for their own use, and asked to be furnished with copies of two of his old pastor's (portions of which he quoted) if the book itself were not obtainable. The inquiry for them, however, after such a lapse of time, when the "bit bookie" had been long out of print, and only one copy was preserved among the treasures of the manse, together with the accurate quotation of them by one who had learned them as a boy, causes us involuntarily to exclaim with Cowper, when he heard that a lady had committed to memory one of his poems, which he had forbidden Lady Hesketh to show to any one, or allow to be copied :—

To be remembered thus is fame,
And in the first degree.

And better even than that, it is a verification of the Old Testament command-with-promise, " Cast thy bread upon the waters ; for thou shalt find it after many days."

THE COST OF A WAR.—It has been calculated that the wars of the Second Empire cost France 1,267,276 inhabitants. The excess of deaths over births during the Franco-Prussian war amounted to 547,988, and the whole excess of deaths over births was for the five years of war of the Second Empire 614,340, to which must be added to make up the loss the number of births lost to the country by the war, and the loss of 1,634,662 French men and women by the cession of Alsace and Lorraine.

THE VICEROY AND THE BABY.—A characteristic anecdote is related of the late Lord Lawrence, when as the new Viceroy he was returning to the country in which his best years had been passed. He was in bad spirits, partly from sea-sickness, partly from the lack of friends and congenial natures around him, partly from the feeling of the heavy responsibilities which he had assumed in comparatively weak health. A lady was returning to India with her infant child, which she utterly neglected, and the baby took its revenge upon the passengers generally by squalling day and night alike. They complained in no measured language to the authorities. " Steward, throw that baby overboard !" was a cry which came from many a tempest-tossed and sleepless berth. But the nuisance continued unabated. At last the new Viceroy, perhaps because he saw in the child, half-unconsciously, a slight resemblance to his lost Bertie, gave it a large share of his attention, and would take it for hours together on his knee, showing it his watch and anything that would amuse it. The child took to him, as he to it, and to the great relief of the passengers was always quiet in his presence. " Why do you take such notice of that child ? " asked one of them. " Why, to tell you the truth," said the Viceroy, " that child is the only being in the ship who I can feel quite sure does not want to get anything out of me, and so I take pleasure in its society." How much of the kindness and simplicity of a great nature is revealed by this simple story.

LEICESTER LIBRARIES, OLD AND NEW.—There cannot be a greater contrast than that which is displayed in the character of the two public town libraries of which the thriving town of Leicester may boast. The new free library exhibits its thousands of volumes ranged from floor to ceiling in a lofty room, rising like strata in a quarry, the floor of which is strewn with periodicals and papers, and peopled by a promiscuous assemblage of readers. Upstairs is a fine reference library, in which the fair bindings and

uniform serial volumes make a noble show, and where the student may read in silent luxury.

But in another part of the town, in a quaint old building adjoining the old guild-hall, is a dark picturesque room containing the public library of our forefathers, the only one available for upwards of two centuries. It arose on this wise. After the Reformation in England, it was perceived that its growth depended much on the influence of the press and the spread of learning, hence the advocates of reform became founders of schools and small libraries. The remains of the latter are found in very many parishes and places. In the middle of the reign of Elizabeth some religious books were placed in the belfry of St. Martin's church by a favourer of the new learning. These were added to, and by the year 1628 the collection was thought worthy of having a salaried keeper appointed and paid by the municipality. In 1632 good Mr. Angell, the Puritan public preacher, agitated the question of a house being built for a library, collections were made throughout the county, the Bishop of Lincoln warmly recommended the project; and hence arose the curious dark chamber in which the rows of stately dark folios and dumpy quartos now repose in slumbers rarely disturbed.

The pride of the collection was the celebrated early Syriac Codex of the Scriptures, but this no longer belongs to the old library, for it has been removed for safe custody to the muniment room at the new buildings. There are some fine black-letter copies, one of the Geneva Bible of 1553, the Bishop's Bible, Walton's Polyglot, the writings of the Reformers—Luther, Zwingli, Oecolampadius, Melanthon, Peter Martyr; of the Fathers, of the English divines of the sixteenth century, of the continental scholars, of the schoolmen, and a few classic writers. One cumbrous volume, which probably originated at Nuremberg, has not, I believe, been followed or copied, it is—"The travels of the holy Patriarchs, Prophets, Judges, Kings, our Saviour and His Apostles, as they are related in the Old and New Testament, with a description of the towns and places to which they travelled, and how many English miles they stood from Jerusalem," etc.

We do not suppose that a visitor to the old library would be so fascinated by the contents of these volumes as with the form. There is considerable interest in handling and beholding the works of the great masters of thought in the very shape in which they first presented themselves to the judgment and thought of the world. Many of them are the very letters and pages which have made epochs in the history of thought and action. They laboured, and we enjoy, in other forms and pleasanter ways, the fruits of their literary toil. A traveller through the thriving central town of Simon de Montfort and Robert Hall, may find acceptable relief in the cursory examination of this little Jacobean library, which is always and easily accessible without charge.—S. R. P.

MALAY PROVERBS.—Our northern proverb, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire," is "Freed from the alligator's jaws to fall into the tiger's claws." "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," is "When the junk is wrecked the shark gets its fill." "The creel tells the basket it is coarsely plaited," is equivalent to "The kettle calling the pot black." "For dread of the ghost to clasp the corpse," has a grim irony about it that I like.

Certain Scriptural proverbial phrases have their Malay counterparts. Thus, the impossibility of the Ethiopian changing his skin or the leopard his spots is represented by "Though you may feed a jungle fowl off a gold plate, it will make for the jungle all the same." "Casting pearls before swine," by "What is the use of the peacock strutting in the jungle?" "Can these stones become bread?" by "Can the earth become grain?"—*Miss Bird's Golden Chersonese.*

Pages for the Young.

EFFIE.

CHAPTER V.—"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."



EN days later, the children were in a state of wild excitement, for Winnie was that afternoon to make a royal progress to the front parlour. Hattie and Nelly's dolls had been arrayed in their best for the occasion, and though one of them was armless, and the other had lost an eye, which rattled noisily inside her head whenever she was moved, they presented a gay and festive appearance, notwithstanding these personal defects.

For half an hour the children had been waiting on the stairs; at last the bedroom-door opened, and it was only the remembrance of Effie's repeated injunctions not to make a noise that kept Frank from giving a hearty cheer as his mother appeared with Winnie in her arms. Never had royalty a more enthusiastic reception, and never was there a happier or more contented family than they, as they gathered round the tea-table that afternoon, all vying with each other in paying attention to the wants of their "little queen," who was in no small danger of being spoilt amongst her devoted subjects. She was too weak yet to do more than lean back quietly in her mother's arms, watching her brother and sisters, but she was rapidly mending, and as Effie's eyes fell on the fair, tiny form, and she noticed the faint colour which was gradually returning to the pale cheeks, a look of quiet thankfulness stole over her face, telling its own tale of sorrow, conflict, and victory.

But the joy of the day was even yet uncompleted. Directly after tea a knock was heard, and Effie opened the door to find herself face to face with her uncle.

"Why, Effie, child, how surprised you look!" he said, as he saw her start of glad astonishment. "Didn't I tell you I should be coming over some of these days?"

Mrs. Carlton had recognised her brother's well-known voice, and the welcome she gave him showed very plainly that years and separation had done nothing to alter her love. He had been wondering during the whole journey how he should meet the sister he had neglected so long; but a single glance at her face sufficed to settle that question for ever, and the greeting was very much what it had been when, long ago, he came home from college, all impatience to see her and renew the intercourse which absence had only made him prize the more.

When Mr. Lonsdale had made the acquaintance of the children, and won their favour by the unlimited supply of candy with which his pockets were filled, they were banished from the room to enjoy their spoils, whilst Effie took Winnie upstairs, leaving her mother and uncle to have a long, quiet talk together. Even she was never told all that passed during that hour, but when at last her mother called her into the room, her gentle careworn face looked almost young again, and so radiantly happy that her daughter knew the brother and sister had at last renewed the familiar intercourse of the old days when they were all in all to each other.

"We called you in, Effie, because I have something to say to you," said Mr. Lonsdale. "When I came away, it was with a special commission from Trixie. She wants you

back again, and I have never ceased to miss my little sunbeam. You have already worked wonders for Trixie; the dear child is growing daily more thoughtful and considerate, and is improved in every way; but I should very much like her to have your influence always upon her. You would have time and opportunities to continue your studies, and should be to me as another daughter. Will you come?"

Effie flushed, and her face grew troubled as her uncle went on. When he paused, she asked falteringly,

"Do you wish me to go, mamma?"

"My darling, you must please yourself," answered her mother. "I should miss you exceedingly, but the leisure and advantages you would have are just what you have been longing for. If you would like to go, you need not hesitate on my account."

"Mamma, I could not bear to go away! Please don't ask it. I am perfectly happy and contented at home!" Effie replied earnestly.

"I am afraid you are right, Effie," her uncle replied, reluctantly. "It would be hard for your mother to do without her right-hand supporter. But the studies will have to go on at home, nevertheless."

"It is all right, Effie!" said her mother, smiling; and then she told her how Mr. Lonsdale had insisted on sending the children to school, and providing masters for her studies if she decided to stay at home.

The assistance had been too earnestly offered to be declined, and Mrs. Carlton allowed the burden of poverty, which had weighed so heavily on her for nearly three years, to be removed, with a quiet, thankful joy.

Mr. Lonsdale was obliged to leave early next morning, but the intercourse thus renewed between him and his sister was never again broken.

Effie, too, heard frequently from her cousin: long, confidential letters, such as only girls can write, merry and light-hearted, but breathing an earnest spirit of anxiety to live and work for Christ, and an energy and activity very unlike the listless Trixie of other days.

"I am happier and busier than I have ever been in my life," she said in one of these letters; "and I often pity myself as I was in the old days, when fancy-work and reading novels were my chief occupations. Do you remember the indignant way in which I met your suggestion that I might take a Sunday-school class if I wanted something to do? The 'dirty little street children,' with whom I so hotly declined having anything to do then, are a source of constant interest to me now. I have learned to appreciate my father, too. Poor papa! I was a perfect bear to him in those times, and I used to make everybody miserable by my discontent. I can never thank you enough, Effie dear, for showing me my foolishness. It was your example and words that first led me to seek a higher, better life."

Effie stopped reading. Very humbly she remembered the days to which Trixie referred. The old repining because she could not be and do something great; her mother's parable of the lowly plant that yet was not too lowly for the King to notice; her surprise when she found that her petted and indulged cousin was not perfectly happy; and, last of all, that terrible time when the most tenderly loved of the children she had sometimes felt a burden was lying between life and death—all these memories of the past came crowding back.

"Trixie would never have written these words if she had known me as I really was," she thought; "how much teaching I have needed, before I learned the lesson of contentment. I think I have learned it at last though, and I do mean in future to do, bravely and faithfully, the work that God has given me, however insignificant, and never murmur any more!"

And Effie kept her word.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XXIV.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Jesus came and spake unto them saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth" (Matt. xxviii. 18). I have chosen this verse for you to-day because in the passage we are about to read we find two very remarkable proofs of the power of Jesus, and one bright instance of a man's faith in that power. Now read Luke vii. 1-17.

On coming down from the mountain where He had spoken such wonderful words, Jesus went to that town where He dwelt at this time—*what town?* Here, as you may remember, He had done many great acts of healing. *Can you remember any of them?* All the people of Capernaum had heard of Jesus, but there was one there, a stranger, a Roman, a Gentile, who not only heard of Him, but believed. This man was a centurion, that is, the captain of a company of a hundred soldiers. They were brave, strong, fierce warriors, these Roman soldiers, and their officers were often full of pride and scorn for men of other nations; but this centurion was very different. He was a kind-hearted man; his servant was "dear unto him." And he was a humble-hearted man; he did not think himself worthy to come to Jesus. *Who did he send to ask Jesus to heal his servant?* Observe these "elders of the Jews" were most anxious that his request should be granted; they "besought him instantly" that is *earnestly* (see R. V.). *What reason did they give to prove that he was worthy?* *What had the centurion done for them?* *What had he built?*

Jesus went with them; but soon he was met by other messengers, friends whom the centurion had sent. *What did they say?* *Did the centurion want Jesus to go into his house?* *Why not?* *Why did he not go himself to Jesus?* *What did he ask Jesus to do?* *What did he expect would happen if the Lord only said the word?* Now mark why this Roman officer expected a word from Jesus would be enough. He knew how by his own word as an officer he could make one man go and another come, and could make his servant do what he told him to do. In the same way he knew that Jesus by a word could make one disease go and another come, even as servants who obeyed his voice. I told you this was to be a lesson about the power of Jesus; I think this centurion gives us a lesson. When Jesus heard it He marvelled. *And what did He say about this man's faith?* Yet the centurion was a Gentile!

When the messengers returned, in what state did they find the servant?

Now for the second instance of power given to Jesus. *To what city did He go?* *Was He alone?* Going up the rocky path with all this crowd around him, Jesus met a woeful company going down. *Whom were they carrying?* A man, a young man, cold and pale in death! His mother was there weeping bitterly for her only one; he heard her not. But there was One who heard! One who had compassion! How tender was His pity as He said to her, "Weep not!" Then He touched the bier, or open coffin. There was a pause of breathless wonder. "And Jesus said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother." No wonder they were strangely moved. No wonder a great fear came on them. Well might they ask, Who is this that bids the dead arise? A prophet, and more than a prophet. It is He whose voice shall one day be heard so that all that are in the graves shall hear it and shall come forth! (John v. 28, 29.)

Sing,—"O Jesus, I have promised."

All the hymns are taken from the *Hymnal Companion*, last edition.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE Baptist Societies usually lead in the van of the May Meetings. This year the Salvation Army took precedence, and occupied Exeter Hall for two entire days. Mr. Booth, who presided, replied to the latest strictures on the organisation which he directs. He stated that they had now in Great Britain 1,202 officers, 491 corps, with an annual local income of £12,000, and that sitting accommodation was provided in their "barracks" for nearly half a million. Apart from premises for which they paid a yearly rental of £21,000, they owned property worth £150,000, upon which, however, there were mortgages amounting to £54,000. Three years ago the value of their property was only £17,000. Abroad, as well as at home, the Army was progressing satisfactorily. Objections having been taken to their form of government, he explained that it meant the voluntary subjection of individuals to the direction of the most intelligent, devoted, and capable persons of the Army. The contributions on the first day amounted to nearly £10,000, which included several donations of £1,000 each.

The meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society had the Hon. W. E. Baxter, M.P., as chairman. The report stated that the total amount received from all sources had been £80,722 9s. 10d., or more than £8,000 in advance of the gross receipts of any previous year. But owing to an increase of expenditure, and an extra expenditure incurred in connection with the mission to Africa, there is now a debt of £2,910. Many encouraging facts came under review. We have heard much of India lately, here is a statement relating to China: "Forty years ago China was a sealed country. Then no missionary durst stand up in any city of China to preach Christ, and even twenty years ago there were only five spots in the whole empire on which the foreigner might pitch his tent. To-day the missionary may go and preach the gospel in every province, and in almost every city, town, and hamlet in the land. Forty years ago there were only six church members in the whole of China; to-day there are twenty thousand, and a Chinese Christian community of from thirty to forty thousand." The meeting was addressed by the Rev. Dr. Bevan, the Rev. A. G. Jones, of North China, the Rev. S. Vincent, of Plymouth, and the Rev. James Smith, of Delhi. We may add that the work of the Baptist missionaries on the Congo assumes a new importance, and is beset by new perils, now that fresh efforts are being made to extend French influence in that direction. The chain of stations is now complete from the mouth of the Congo to the waters of the Upper River at Stanley Pool. There are eleven missionaries on this line. In all their work they have carefully refrained from identifying themselves in any way with trading or commercial enterprise. "Nga-Liema, the great chief of Ntamo, had been expecting," writes one of their number, "as large a present as Mr. Stanley had given; but I told him, once for all, that he must distinguish between our Mission and the Belgian Expedition. We did not come to buy ivory and to trade; we came to teach his people about God, to give medicine to the sick, to teach the children, and to be his good friends."

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, K.C.S.I., presided at a soirée in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society. His speech touched various points of great interest, but the testimony he bore to the moral influence of Christianity in India was especially valuable. Many facts recently reported evidence the progress of missions in that country. The statistics show, as we have seen, a steady advance. But numbers, we know, are sometimes deceptive. The old objection may still be whispered, that the work is superficial, and the native character not radically changed on Christian profession. Sir Richard Temple meets this depreciatory criticism by facts from his own observation, and few men are better qualified to speak from actual experience. Buddhism and Hindooism he regards as "waning and declining towards their ultimate fall;" but Mohammedanism is likely to last longer, as having a more rational foundation. Caste binds with iron fetters still, but those fetters

are secular rather than religious. As to the missionaries, the average of ability "is improving year by year." Their relations with the natives are most satisfactory; they are in the van of every benevolent movement, and their counsel and aid is continually sought. "The character of the native Christians," said Sir Richard Temple, "is also satisfactory and worthy of the care that has been bestowed upon them; for I say—and there are hundreds of magistrates and merchants and other independent European witnesses who will bear me out in my assertion—that the native Christians are thoroughly well-behaved, that they are all the better in every walk of life for the Christian education and training that they have received. You will say, 'In what does this goodness consist?' I say it is shown in this, that they, without any exception, educate their children, and that the children so educated receive enlightened education in the greatest and sharpest contrast to the morally unhealthy and degrading education in which the heathen children are brought up. Remember, that it is a difficult thing in any country, even in our European countries, to induce every man to send his children to school. The native Christians of India, now to be numbered by hundreds of thousands, and before very long to be numbered by millions, send their children to school without any difficulty and without any exception whatsoever. (Cheers.) Again, in the attendance upon their churches the native Christian congregations are not surpassed in regularity by any congregations in Europe. You will find statistically that the proportion of communicants is remarkably great. You will also find that these native Christians are not, as some people at home may have told you, mere hangers on upon the skirts of the missionaries, or mere persons who live from hand to mouth; no, they are industrious peasant proprietors, holding their own little bits of land which they cultivate, in their own villages; they hold the faith in hereditary tenure from one generation to another, and they have been often tried in times of mutiny and rebellion and have never apostatised. (Cheers.) Scandals to the Christian faith arise undoubtedly, but such scandals have never come from the native Christians. I say, taking them for all in all, these humble, unpretending people set an example that is worthy of imitation by their Christian brethren in Europe. (Cheers.) One word more about the native Christians. They support their ministry. They are poor, yet they are industrious; they are people who never drink, who never run into excess, who have their small savings, though they have not the advantages of the organisation of friendly societies, like we have in England, yet, nevertheless, every man saves a little, and out of that little he gives to the support of his minister, to the building of his chapel, and to the organisation of his church."

The stations of the London Missionary Society in India were recently visited by the Rev. Wardlaw Thompson and Mr. Albert Spicer as a deputation from home. Mr. Spicer's services were acknowledged on his return in a congratulatory address presented by the directors. In his reply Mr. Spicer said he had been impressed by the greatness of the distance between the stations, and the consequent isolation of the missionaries. These occasional visitations set the electric currents of Christian sympathy in motion, and do much to evidence the oneness of Christian purpose throughout the world.

A RESOLUTION was adopted at the recent Missionary Conference in Calcutta, commanding the mission-field of the East to the churches at home. "From all parts of the Indian Empire the cry is heard that there are abundant openings for labour, but no labourers ready to take it up." An earnest appeal is made for "more missionaries, men and women."

The Young Men's Christian Association held its thirty-eighth anniversary under the presidency of the veteran Earl of Shaftesbury. The report stated that during the year 1,456 new members and associates had been entered, and that the total number of members is now 2,332. These

numbers are, however, of less account than the influence exerted. The spiritual life of the association has also kept pace with its increased membership. More than fifty meetings are held weekly, in connection with the three London centres, some of the meetings being conducted entirely by the members themselves. The income of the year amounted to £8,000, but the expenses exceeded that sum by £2,000, and there was a mortgage of £11,000 on Exeter Hall. Towards that deficiency the sum of £5,500 had been raised, of which £1,000 was conditional on the whole amount required being obtained. Speeches were delivered by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., on "Christian Audacity;" by the Rev. Canon Wilberforce on "Christian Thoroughness;" and by the Rev. Jackson Wray on "Christian Pleasure."

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Reformatory and Refuge Union brought together a large gathering. The Earl of Shaftesbury took the chair. The platform was nearly filled by children connected with the various refuges, who sang a number of pieces. Under the head "Rescue Work" the report said that 403 boys and girls had been dealt with by the Boys' Beadle during the year. Since the foundation of the Union 3,964 such children had been provided for by the Boys' Beadle. The Shoeblocks' Beadle had dealt with 369 boys during the past year. The female missionaries had under their care 928 new cases, and had besides again aided 156 cases previously assisted. Thousands of children were being trained in Homes to virtuous and honest lives, who, although living in moral danger, could not have been sent by a magistrate to Certified Industrial Schools. The Council were glad to be able to report the addition to their classified list of twelve Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies during the past year. Mr. E. T. Kennedy gave an address to the children present. Amongst the other speakers were Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P., the Rev. C. Julius and Dr. Donald Fraser. The Earl of Shaftesbury urged that we ought largely to multiply refuges as the great antidote to the reformatory.

The Ragged School Union held lately a conference, for the purpose of considering the best means to be employed in consolidating and, if possible, furthering its work. The Earl of Shaftesbury, who presided, said that since the formation of the Union forty years ago, upwards of 300,000 children had been rescued from the streets and placed in satisfactory situations in the country or the colonies; and seeing the good work it had done and was doing, he trusted that strong efforts would be made to increase the sphere of its usefulness. Mr. H. R. Williams then read a paper on "The Ragged School Union and its Work," which stated that at present, apart from all other operations carried on for the benefit of the poor, there were in connection with the Union 208 Sabbath afternoon and evening schools with an average attendance of 36,734 children, presided over by 3,157 teachers. The Duke of Westminster moved, and the Earl of Aberdeen seconded, a resolution heartily recommending the Ragged School Union to public favour. This was supported by Mr. John MacGregor, and unanimously carried. A paper was next read by Canon Fleming on "Religious Instruction." Mr. S. Morley, M.P., proposed "That under the present condition of public elementary education it is all the more necessary to support and encourage the establishment of Sunday-schools and other modes of imparting religious teaching among the classes living in the most destitute and crowded localities." This resolution also was duly discussed and adopted. Professor Leone Levi afterwards read a paper on "Charity and Thrift." Lord Cairns moved a resolution which was approved, pointing out how important it is to provide the poor with better dwellings, and to encourage the establishment of penny banks and a well-regulated system of emigration.

The annual meeting of the Thames Church Mission was presided over by the Earl of Shaftesbury. There was a large attendance, and a number of boys from the training ship "Cornwall," North Sea fishermen, and sailors of various nationalities were present, enlivening the proceedings by their singing. From the report it appeared that though there had been an increase of income during the year, the work had grown more rapidly. Thirty-six thousand services had been held, an increase of 7,500 upon the previous year. Thirty-six thousand six hundred copies of the New Testament and 224,600 English and foreign tracts and 56,000

magazines have been distributed on board outward-bound vessels; 15,000 of these Testaments and 25,000 tracts having been given to the soldiers going out to the war in Egypt. Special prominence was given to the new work which had been undertaken among the deep-sea fishermen in the North Sea.

There is no change in the situation in Madagascar. The Ampamarinana Memorial church was crowded to excess on the occasion of a special meeting held by the people to offer "prayer for their native land." A native pastor presided. The feeling shown was very deep.

The dissemination of Christian ideas by the ordinary channels of communication is always worth observing. There are now some fourteen thousand Chinese residents in the Sandwich Islands. A large number are employed in the plantations. The majority of these people are Hakkas, from Hongkong, and the neighbouring mainland, where the Basle Mission is carrying forward a successful evangelistic work. Thus it comes about that the Chinese population is frequently receiving additions, from among the Christian Chinese under the care of Dr. Lechler, at Hongkong. Some months ago about fifty came, each bringing his church-certificate. They are very careful to preserve these certificates, unless they become attached to some local church. It is estimated that there are now about 300 Christian Chinese on the islands, they are scattered throughout the group. The largest number are at Honolulu, and Kohala on Hawaii. A vigorous mission, under the direction of Mr. F. W. Damon, is now in operation amongst them. Chinese services are regularly held now at five different points. Next to the regular preaching of the gospel there is no more effectual method of influencing the Chinese, than by teaching the adults the English language. An evening school is attached to Dr. Damon's church at Honolulu, which is taught three or four evenings each week. At this school over 300 have been taught the rudiments of the English language. From among the pupils of this school have come forth several noble Christian men. One, who came as a Coolie, to Honolulu is now a successful merchant and rice-planter. He is a deacon of the Chinese church in Honolulu. More than this, he has remitted funds to China, built a school-house in his native village, in the vicinity of Canton, and supports a Christian teacher. The Chinese church in Honolulu is a handsome edifice, and cost, with the site, about £12,000. About one-half of this amount was contributed by the Chinese merchants and others of Honolulu. "There is nothing," says the Rev. Dr. Damon in a recent letter, "of that strong race-prejudice existing on our islands, that most unfortunately prevails in San Francisco, and the United States generally. An English steamer sails to-day for Hongkong, with more than one hundred Chinese passengers on board. Among them I know that there are some Christians. These will return to tell the story of the Cross; thus, as in the days of Paul, the spread of Christianity is carried forward by those who are voyaging from one port to another. I can bear my testimony to the permeating influence of gospel-truth, as it is being published abroad. There is a strict law forbidding the importation and sale of opium in the very smallest quantity. Arrests are often made, smugglers are frequently fined and imprisoned. Some argue it best to license the drug, but public sentiment demands the prohibition."

The question of a Jerusalem bishopric has been revived by the proposal of the Emperor Frederick William to withdraw from the arrangement by which it was established forty-two years ago, after much controversy. It will be remembered that while the Archbishop of Canterbury consecrated the bishop, the English and Prussian Governments alternately nominated; and the necessary funds were provided from joint resources. Meanwhile, the persecution of Jews in various places is awakening a new interest in Palestine. Many refugees have sought a home in that land, and receiving no sufficient help from brethren of their own faith have looked in other directions. The agents of the London Jews' Society have found both their work and their influence greatly increased. A proposal to found Jewish colonies under Christian direction is now being discussed. There are at the present time 20,000 Jews in Jerusalem. One single fact may indicate the nature of the changes in progress. In 1868 there were in Jaffa only seventy orange groves; there are now 370; and the new developments of industry are elsewhere encouraging.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



A DAUGHTER'S CONFIDENCE.

THE YOUNG LAIRD.

A STORY OF THE SHETLAND ISLES.

CHAPTER I.

A LIGHT hand tapped on the study door, and a girl's voice asked, "May I come in, Padre?"

The minister laid down his book instantly, and a smile lightened his somewhat sad face as he answered, "Certainly, my lass, come in!"

The girl advanced into the room, though not so confidently as usual; but the minister was not

aware of a shy, half-frightened expression in his Jean's serene eyes—a look altogether new to her.

She was his only daughter, and the eldest of his family. For some years she had been obliged to take a mother's place in the Manse, and that had added a dignity to her demeanour which became her well.

Jean was never "one too many" in the study, and, however much occupied her father might be, he soon made himself ready to give her his whole attention. She knew very well how much of his heart was here, and always went to him with the utmost confidence, knowing that her joys and sorrows were sure to meet with the deepest sympathy.

However, on the occasion upon which I introduce Jean to you, her usual assurance was somehow at fault, and she showed it by timidly seating herself on the hearth-rug at her father's feet, instead of perching, after her usual method, on his knee or the arm of his chair.

Mr. Morham closed his book, perhaps a little glad to exchange the profound thoughts of his favourite divine for lighter and sweeter communion! His hand dropped tenderly on Jean's hair, and he said, "Well, daughter mine, have you got all your boys to bed, and do you feel your responsibilities lightened a bit in consequence?"

She laid a hot cheek on his hand and answered softly, "All my *little* boys are at peace until to-morrow, and Jim is safe for an hour or two with his new fiddle. But I don't know when Lowrie will return from the fishing—he is a most uncertain youth, Padre. And then—there's that—that big boy Don. He—he has only just gone home, and—he is a—a dreadful responsibility."

"Only just gone home! I said good-night to him two hours ago."

"Yes, Padre, and I suppose he meant to go then, but I chanced to be in the garden, and he came there. It is rather dull at the Ha' now that dear Mrs. Grierson is no longer there—and so he—and so Don stayed longer, Padre."

"Poor lad! no doubt he feels lonely enough in the big house all by himself. Ah! what a good granny the Lady* was to him. I only hope Don will guide himself as ably as she guided him; but I fear, I fear!"

"Oh, I don't think you need fear for Don," Jean said eagerly. "He is not an idle boy, whatever else he may be, and he has such heaps of plans made for improving the cottages and helping the fishermen. He is going to start a Working Men's Library, and he showed me a beautiful poem he has written, which he means to recite at the next Penny Reading. Indeed, Padre, I think your boy Don is going to be your right hand, after all."

"I wish his plans for improving Barda generally would begin nearer home, Jean," replied the minister with a smile and then a sigh.

"What can be improved in Don?" she asked, adding—"I haven't seen anything that I would like changed in him except, perhaps, that dandy way he has of dividing his hair down the middle of his forehead. I don't like that. He got it in London when he was last there. I observe Don always brings some little bit of nonsense back with him from mighty Babylon."

"Yes; he brought something worse than 'parted curls' home last summer. Something worse than 'nonsense,' foolish boy."

Jean glanced up anxiously, and asked in a whisper—

"What was that? how is it that I have not seen it?"

"I hope you never will, daughter mine. But we won't talk of that just now. Tell me about the plans, and the poem."

"There isn't anything more to tell about them, Padre, though we did talk over heaps of things about Barda and the tenants, and the Ha' and you, dear, and the boys, and—and ourselves."

"Was all this talking done after I bade Don good-night at the gate?"

"Yes." The little word was spoken very softly, very falteringly; but the minister was obtuse for once, and merely said—

"What an inconsiderate boy he is, to be sure! And did he really keep you out of doors all that time in your present dress? A heavy dew falling, too. Really, Don is very thoughtless."

"He gave me his plaid. I did not feel cold—and the—the time didn't seem long. I—we—had so much to—to confess to each other, Padre."

"Eh? What, Jean?" and the minister suddenly stooped over the head drooping at his knee. He strove to look into his girl's face, for the tone of her voice as well as her last words had revealed something totally unexpected; but Jean drew his hand across her eyes, and would not look up.

Neither spoke for a minute. Mr. Morham was taken completely by surprise, and Jean did not yet know how she could tell what she wished to say. Presently her father spoke very tenderly.

"My lassie, if your mother had been alive there would have been some one at hand to watch over you and guide you, and warn you to keep guard over your own heart."

Jean lifted her face quickly at those words, and her eyes filled with tears as she answered:

"Oh, you are father and mother both. And I came to tell you what—perhaps mother would have guessed at once, but what no one can speak better to me about than you. I want to tell you at once, Padre, that Don—your boy Don—and you like him though he is such a big foolish boy—has asked me to be his wife!"

"Jean, my little lass!" was all Mr. Morham could say, but he drew his daughter to his heart, and she knew that his whole soul went out to her in that silent caress.

There was a long pause, and then Mr. Morham said:

"I don't need to ask what you said to Don, my dear; I know what your answer was. I ought to have remembered that you two could not be bairns always, and were likely to become lovers. And yet, the thought of such a thing never crossed my mind. What a blind, blundering old bat I am!"

Jean glanced at her father a little uneasily, and murmured:

"You like Don very much, I know, and you think he is clever and good. Is not that enough?"

The minister sighed, and shook his head.

"Yes, I love the boy as if he were my own," he said. "His father was my friend, and Don has been like a son to me. I have educated him, and watched him grow into the bonny man he is. Yes, man! not boy any more. Alas!"

"Are you not pleased? Oh, Padre, we thought you would be so glad."

"I could wish that this had not been," the father answered gravely.

"Why?" Jean exclaimed in alarm; "why should

* The wife of the Laird is known in Shetland as *The Lady*.

you wish that we had not learned to love each other so? Surely you will tell me."

"Not just now, my lass, I must talk to Don first."

Jean's lips trembled and she falteringly asked, "Do you withhold your consent then, Padre?"

"Oh no! don't look so frightened, I cannot prevent your engagement, for your hearts are bound already. I have blindly allowed you every facility for growing attached to each other, and therefore I dare not oppose you now. And but for one reason I could not have wished anything better for both. Well! well! I'll speak to Don and see what can be done."

"But, Padre, I came to ask your blessing. I thought you would share my joy. Oh, I was so happy, and a little cloud has come over my gladness."

"Pray that the cloud may disappear soon. And Jean, darling, I can bless you notwithstanding the regret in my mind. I can bless you and Don together."

"Then it will be all right," the girl exclaimed joyfully. "It must come all right if you can say, 'God bless my bairns!' Say it, you good old Padre. 'God bless my bairns, Don and Jean.'"

"Don and Jean," echoed the minister.

"Yes. Don and Jean! Don't they sound right together?"

"Perhaps. It is a new combination, lassie, and I don't quite take to it yet! But you know I sympathize with you, and I shall pray earnestly that Don may soon remove the one difficulty which lies ahead. I need not remind you to pray for him too. I wish he did it for himself."

Jean laid her face pleadingly on her father's and whispered: "He is a good boy, Padre, though he does not talk much of religion and all that. I am sure he wants to do right and please God."

"He has yet to be tried, my dear. But we will not say more about it just now."

"Good-night," said Jean. "I shall have happy dreams to-night in spite of the little cloud."

The minister smiled, but when she had gone he murmured sadly to himself,—

"Yet to be tried. Ah! I fear. I fear tried and found wanting. My poor little Jean!"

CHAPTER II.

Folk said that Donald Grierson, the young laird of Barda, was a young man to be envied. Perhaps he was. The isle of which he was sole proprietor was not a valuable possession, and the few tenants who lived on it did not pay their rents very regularly, but the young laird troubled himself very little about that. He had an income derived from a more profitable source than the rocky isle which he loved with a love out of all proportion to the benefits he derived from it; and he could, therefore, afford to indulge the natural generosity of his heart by overlooking the shortcomings of his poor tenants.

Don had been very much his own master all his days, for his father had died when he was an infant, and his young mother, being pretty, selfish, and fond of worldly pleasures, had soon contracted a second marriage, and at the same

time exchanged life at the quiet old Hall, for a home in London. There she soon became absorbed in a whirlpool of fashionable life, and had few thoughts to spare for her Shetland boy, who fortunately had found good substitutes for parents in his father's mother and the minister of the parish.

Don's disposition was naturally good, and he had not abused the liberty which those two friends had given him during his boyhood. He was fond of study, and his education had progressed well under the tuition of Mr. Morham.

The Manse being the only "gentleman's house" in Barda, except the Hall, it naturally happened that the two families were much thrown upon each other for society, and in that way a very close bond had been formed between them.

The young laird was prime favourite with the minister's boys, who had been indebted to Don for many a holiday, and many a bit of pocket-money. To be sure, he not seldom had led them into scrapes also, but he always contrived to pull them through triumphantly, and as the scrapes were incurred through nothing worse than boyish heedlessness or love of fun, the minister had been content to shake his head, and say, "Take care, Don, take care."

The ladies had not always judged so leniently, for ladies, as a rule, have an unfortunate habit of judging an action by its consequences rather than from its cause. So when Don had persuaded the Manse boys to go off sailing on a stormy day—or otherwise led them into some rash exploit—Mrs. Morham had loudly affirmed that the young laird would come to no good, and the Lady had shaken her head and entertained dire forebodings regarding her grandson. But Don had survived all accidents, and his morals were by no means impaired either, when sorrow fell upon the two families in quite another way.

Mrs. Morham died, and, two years later, Don's kind old granny slipped quietly out of this life into the next, and thus the Ha' and the Manse were left without their heads. Those ladies had spent many hours together over domestic affairs, and the ailments of the fisher-folks, for they were notable housewives, and doctors to boot. But they were something more also. They were large-hearted, religious women, clinging with feminine tenderness to the old-fashioned creed of their fathers, and drawing from that source, wisdom and strength, which alas! are seldom derived from the faiths which men build upon a newer and more intellectual foundation.

The religion which is the mainspring of a life (a successful life I mean) cannot fail to commend itself, and the example of old Mrs. Grierson and the minister's wife had left a lasting impression upon many besides the members of their own households. I think, however, that no one, of all those who had benefited in that way, had put the lessons of religion so taught to such good account as Jean Morham.

Being an only daughter and eldest child she had early learned to conduct herself with the dignity of a grown woman, but it was the spirit of piety which enabled her to assert that dignity in so gentle and astute a manner that it ruled

the boys, including Don, without allowing them to know that they were being ruled. They were all Jean's obedient servants, and never desired to rebel against her authority. When she raised her eyebrows and said softly, "Poor boy," the youth so addressed felt his delinquencies to be an uneasy burden, and straightway got rid of them. It was believed in the Manse that Don would rather be shot from a cannon's mouth than cause Jean to elevate her eyebrows and say, "Poor boy!" Yet she was two or three years his junior, and certainly not half his size!

At rare times the young laird had gone up to London to visit his mother, and he had always been welcomed kindly enough by her husband as well as herself. But there was something wanting in her love. Perhaps it was the warm personal interest which forms so large a portion of a true mother's affection, and which makes the children feel that their concerns are very near their mother's hearts.

Don was very sympathetic and social. He had been nurtured in an atmosphere of warm love, therefore his visits to London had been few and brief, and the pleasures of the city never gave him such enjoyment as he derived from his boating expeditions among the rocks of his native Isle. Yet Don was foolish enough to yield to a vice which has its root in the high-pressure system of city life; and, short as were his visits to London, he yet contrived to carry from it to his simple country home a taste for that which has wrecked a multitude of promising lives. Unfortunately his life was not such a busy one as it ought to have been. He was not idle, or fond of idling, and when out with his gun or rod he studied nature closely. He interested himself in the lives of the fisher-folk so that they early had learned to look upon their young laird as their best friend; but in spite of all that Don's life lacked aim, and the routine of busy work which engrosses a man's thoughts and keeps him "out of mischief."

Also his heart had not stirred with the Divine impulse which is the beginning of all noble action, and it was not wonderful that the minister, knowing the young man's character well, should fear for him under these circumstances. Mr. Morham was singularly unworldly in his aims, and when he became aware of a mutual attachment between his daughter and the young laird, his first thought was of Jean's happiness—not the fact that she would be Lady of Barda, and an important personage in Shetland society. As we have seen he was not by any means elated by the news she had brought, and he sat for a long time after she left him pondering anxiously over Jean's engagement.

But though he had such mingled thoughts on the subject, Don had no doubts whatever regarding it or himself. His strength of body had imparted a great measure of self-reliance to his character, and he believed entirely in his own power to do whatsoever he chose to set about doing. He could put the curb upon himself, he was very sure, whenever he found that any wish or taste was gaining too strong a hold upon him.

Don did not know how insidiously a besetting sin lays its hand upon the reins of self-govern-

ment and usurps authority before its victim is aware of his own weakness. He did not know how strong is the chain which a seemingly frail and harmless "weakness" can bind around a man,—how imperceptibly its links are cast about him.

It had not occurred to Don to think seriously of the little "weakness" he had imported from London. It would be time to do that when it began to show some sign that it meant to take a hold upon him.

As I said Don had no doubts, no fears, and left the Manse garden with a light heart after bidding Jean good-night. He knew that her father loved him, and he never supposed for one moment that Mr. Morham would offer any objections to their marriage.

"I know, of course, that I am not a regular out-and-out good sort of fellow," he said to himself as he took the path to the sea-shore, not caring just then to return to his lonely home. "No, I don't make any pretence of being a pious man. But Jean knows I mean well. She knows I wouldn't do a mean thing for the world. She knows I try to help the poor folks, and to be a decent sort of friend to anybody I come across,—that's about all I am. And it satisfies Jean,—at least it has been enough to make her love me. She thinks a heap of me, dear little soul! and it must be my care never to give her cause to think less of me." There Donald paused, and a flush came to his brow, as memory presented before him a picture of himself which he would not have liked that Jean Morham had seen.

He pushed his fists down his jacket pockets, and held his head less erect as he strode over the pebbles and muttered to himself, "I suppose she heard about that last affair. She must know, for nothing could occur in Barda without being retailed to every person on the isle. Yet she has never hinted at it, or shown the least disapprobation—and that is not like Jean if she knows. Oh, well. It isn't such a big crime, only something to make a laugh about. I'll tell her myself how I lost my head, and I daresay she will lift her eyebrows, and say, 'Poor boy!' as usual when I get into a mess. But I'll take care she never sees me make a fool of myself."

Just then Donald's musings were interrupted by a ringing "coo-ee" coming to him from the water, and looking up he saw the Manse boat speeding landwards. Although the *Dim* of a Shetland summer evening pervaded the atmosphere it was not difficult to identify the boat and her occupants. Young Lowrie Morham was at the helm and was steering somewhat recklessly, considering the stiff breeze which was blowing, and the amount of sail which the boat carried. Fortunately for the Manse boy his companion was older and more experienced, and was keeping a wary eye upon tiller and sheet.

Don answered the call of his young friend, and then stood still where he knew the boat would come in, saying to himself at the same time, "Lowrie is getting too fearless. I must caution Olé to be more careful when they are out alone. The boy thinks his recklessness resembles my daring—but—there is a difference, Lowrie boy!—a vast difference!"

THE LOOKS OF JESUS.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D., OF MANCHESTER.

"And he looked round about to see her that had done this thing."—*Mark v. 32.*

THIS Gospel of Mark is full of little touches that speak an eye-witness who had the gift of noting and reproducing vividly small details which make a scene live before us. Sometimes it is a word of description : "There was much grass in the place." Sometimes it is a note of Christ's demeanour : "Looking up to heaven, He sighed." Sometimes it is the very Aramaic words He spoke : "Ephphatha." Very often the evangelist tells us of our Lord's looks, the gleam of pity and melting tenderness, the grave rebuke, the lofty authority that shone in them. We may well believe that on earth as in heaven, "His eyes were as a flame of fire," burning with clear light of knowledge and pure flame of love. These looks had pierced the soul and lived for ever in the memory of the eye-witness, whoever he was, who was the informant of Mark. Probably the old tradition is right, and it is Peter's loving quickness of observation that we have to thank for these precious minutiae. But be that as it may, the records in this gospel of the looks of Christ are very remarkable. My present purpose is to gather them together, and by their help to think of Him whose meek, patient "eye" is "still upon them that fear Him," beholding our needs and our sins.

Taking the instances in the order of their occurrence, they are these—"He looked round on the Pharisees with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." (iii. 5). He looked on His disciples and said, "Behold my mother and my brethren" (iii. 32). He looked round about to see who had touched the hem of His garment, (v. 32). He turned and looked on His disciples before rebuking Peter. (viii. 33). He looked lovingly on the young questioner, asking what he should do to obtain eternal life (x. 21), and in the same context, He looked round about to His disciples after the youth had gone away sorrowful, and enforced the solemn lesson of His lips with the light of His eye (x. 23, 27). Lastly, He looked round about on all things in the temple on the day of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem (xi. 11). These are the instances in this gospel. One look of Christ's is not mentioned in it, which we might have expected—namely, that which sent Peter out from the judgment hall to break into a passion of penitent tears. Perhaps the remembrance was too sacred to be told—at all events, the evangelist who gives us so many similar notes is silent about that look, and we have to learn it from another.

We may throw these instances into groups according to their objects, and so bring out the many-sided impression which they produce.

I. *The welcoming look of love and pity to those who seek Him.*

Two of the recorded instances fall into their place here. The one is this of our text, of the woman who came behind Christ to touch His robe,

and be healed : the other is that of the young ruler.

Take that first instance of the woman, wasted with disease, timid with the timidity of her sex, of her long sickness, of her many disappointments. She steals through the crowd that rudely presses on this miracle-working Rabbi, and manages somehow to stretch out a wasted arm through some gap in the barrier of people about Him, and with the pallid, trembling finger to touch the edge of His robe. The cure comes at once. It was all she wanted, but not all that He would give her. Therefore He turns and lets His eye fall upon her. That draws her to Him. It told her that she had not been too bold. It told her that she had not surreptitiously stolen healing, but that He had knowingly given it, and that His loving pity went with it. So it confirmed the gift, and, what was far more, it revealed the Giver. She had thought to bear away a secret boon, unknown to all but herself. She gets instead, an open blessing, with the Giver's heart in it.

The look that rested on her, like sunshine on some plant that had long pined and grown blanched in the shade, revealed Christ's knowledge, sympathy, and loving power. And in all these respects, it is a revelation of the Christ for all time, and for every seeking timid soul in all the crowd. Can my poor feeble hand find a cranny anywhere through which it may reach the robe? What am I in all this great universe blazing with stars, and crowded with creatures who hang on Him, that I should be able to secure personal contact with Him?

The multitude—innumerable companies from every corner of space—press upon Him and throng Him, and I—out here on the verge of the crowd, how can I get at Him?—how can my little thin cry live and be distinguishable amid that mighty storm of praise that thunders round His throne? We may silence all such hesitations of faith, for He who knew the difference between the light torch of the hand that sought healing, and the jostling of the curious crowd, bends on us the same eye, a God's in its perfect knowledge, a man's in the dewy sympathy which shines in it. However imperfect may be our thoughts of His blessing, their incompleteness will not hinder our reception of His gift in the measure of our faith, and the very bestowment will teach us worthier conceptions of Him, and hearten us for bolder approaches to His grace. He still looks on trembling suppliants, though they may know their own sickness much better than they understand Him, and still His look draws us to His feet by its omniscience, pity, and assurance of help.

The other case is very different. Instead of the invalid woman, a young man in the full flush of his strength, rich, needing no material blessing. Pure in life, and righteous according

to even a high standard of morality, he yet feels that he needs something. Having real and strong desires after "eternal life," he comes to Christ to try whether this new teacher could say anything that would help him to the assured inward peace and spontaneous goodness which he longed for, and had not found in all the round of punctilious obedience to unloved commandments. As he kneels there before Jesus, in his eager haste, with sincere and high aspirations stamped on his young ingenuous face, Christ's eyes turn on him, and that wonderful word stands written. Jesus, beholding him, loved him.

He reads him through and through, knowing all the imperfection of his desires after goodness and eternal life, and yet loving him with more than a brother's love. The sympathy does not blind Jesus to the limitations and shallowness of the young man's aspirations, but the clear knowledge of these does not harden the gaze into indifference, nor check the springing tenderness in the Saviour's heart. And the Master's words, though they might sound cold, and did embody a hard requirement, are beautifully represented in the story as the expression of that love. He cared for the youth too much to deceive him with smooth things. The truest kindness was to put all his eagerness to the test at once. If he accepted the conditions, the look told him what a welcome awaited him. If he started aside from them, it was best for him to find out that there were things which he loved more than eternal life. So with a gracious invitation shining in his look, Christ places the course of self-denial before Him; and when He went away sorrowful, he left behind One more sorrowful than himself. We can reverently imagine with what a look Christ watched his retreating figure; and we may hope that though he went away then, the memory of that glance of love, and of those kind, faithful words sooner or later drew him back to his Saviour.

Is not all this too an everlasting revelation of our Lord's attitude? We may be sure, that He looks on many a heart—on many a young heart—glowing with noble wishes and half understood longings, and that His love reaches every one who, groping for the light, asks Him what to do to inherit eternal life. His great charity hopeth all things, and does not turn away from longings because they are too weak to lift the soul above all the weights of sense and the world. Rather he would deepen them and strengthen them, and His eternal requirements addressed to feeble wills are not meant to quench the smoking flax, but to kindle it to decisive consecration and self-surrender. The loving look interprets the severe words. If once we meet it full, and our hearts yield to the heart that is seen in it, the cords that bind us snap, and it is no more hard to count all things but loss, and to give up ourselves, that we may follow Him. The sad and feeble and weary who may be half despairingly seeking for alleviation to outward ills, and the young and strong and ardent whose souls are fed with high desires have but little comprehension of one another, but Christ knows them both, and loves them both, and would draw them both to Himself.

II. *The Lord's looks of love and warning to those who have found Him.*

There are three instances of this class. The first is when He looked round on His disciples and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! (iii. 34). Perhaps no moment in all Christ's life had more of humiliation in it than that. There could be no deeper degradation than that His own family should believe Him insane, not His brethren only, but His mother herself seems to have been shaken from her attitude of meek obedience, so wonderfully expressed in her two recorded sayings. "Be it unto me according to Thy word"—and "Whatsoever he saith unto you do it." She too appears to be in the shameful conspiracy, and to have consented that her name should be used as a lure in the wily message meant to separate Him from his friends, that He might be seized and carried off as a madman. What depth of tenderness was in that slow circuit of His gaze upon the humble, loving followers grouped round Him! It spoke the fullest trustfulness of them, and His rest in their sympathy, partial though it was. It went before His speech like the flash before the report, and looked what in a moment He said, "Behold my mother and my brethren." It owned spiritual affinities as more real than family bonds, and proved that He required no more of us than He was willing to do Himself, when He bid us forsake father and mother, and wife and children for Him. We follow Him when we tread that road, hard though it be. In Him the mother may behold her son, in Him we may find more than the reality of every sweet family relationship. That same love which identified Him with those half-enlightened followers here, still binds Him to us, and He looks down on us from amid the glory, and owns us for His true kindred.

That look of unutterable love is strangely contrasted with the next instance. We read (viii. 32) that Peter "took him"—apart a little way I suppose—and began to rebuke him. He turns away from the rash apostle, will say no word to him alone, but summons the others by a glance, and then, having made sure that all were within hearing, He solemnly rebukes Peter with the sharpest words that ever fell from His lips. That look calls them to listen, not that they may be witnesses of Peter's chastisement, but because the severe words concern them all. It bids them search themselves as they hear. They too may be "Satans." They too may shrink from the cross, and "mind the things that be of men."

We may take the remaining instance along with this. It occurs immediately after the story of the young seeker, to which we have already referred. Twice, within five verses (x. 23–27), we read that He looked on His disciples, before He spoke the grave lessons and warnings arising from the incident. A sad gaze that would be!—full of regret, and touched with warning. We may well believe it added weight to the lesson He would teach, that surrender of all things was needed for discipleship. We see that it had been burned into the memory of one of the little group, who told long years after how he had looked upon them so solemnly, as seeming to read their hearts while He spoke. Not more searching was the light of the eyes, which John in Patmos saw, "as

a flame of fire." Still He looks on His disciples, and sees our inward hankerings after the things of men, all our shrinkings from the cross and cleaving to the world are known to Him. He comes to each of us with that sevenfold proclamation, "I know thy works," and from His loving lips falls on our ears the warning, emphasized by that sad, earnest gaze, "How hard is it for them that have riches to enter into the kingdom of God!" But, blessed be His name, the stooping love which claims us for His brethren shines in His regard none the less tenderly, though He reads and warns us with His eye. So, we can venture to spread all our evil before Him, and ask that He would look on it, knowing that as the sun bleaches cloth laid in its beams, He will purge away the evil which He sees, if only we let the light of His face shine full upon us.

III. *The Lord's look of anger and pity on His opponents.*

That instance occurs in the account of the healing of a man with a withered arm, which took place in the synagogue of Capernaum (iii. 1-5). In the vivid narrative, we can see the scribes and Pharisees, who had already questioned Him with insolent airs of authority about His breach of the Rabbinical sabbatic rules, sitting in the synagogue, with their gleaming eyes "watching him" with hostile purpose. They hope that He will heal on the sabbath day. Possibly they had even brought the helpless-handed man there, on the calculation that Christ could not refrain from helping him when He saw his condition. They are ready to traffic in human misery if only they can catch him in a breach of law. The fact of a miracle is nothing. Pity for the poor man is not in them. They have neither reverence for the power of the miracle worker, nor sympathy with his tenderness of heart. The only thing for which they have eyes is the breach of the complicated web of restrictions which they had spun across the sabbath day. What a strange, awful power the pedantry of religious forms has of blinding the vision and hardening the heart as to the substance and spirit of religion! That Christ should heal neither made them glad nor believing, but that he should heal on the sabbath day roused them to a deadly hatred. So there they sit, on the stretch of expectation, silently watching. He bids the man stand forth—a movement, and there the cripple stands alone in the midst of the seated congregation. Then comes the unanswerable question which cut so deep, and struck their consciences so hard that they could answer nothing, only sit and scowl at Him with a murderous light gleaming in their eyes. He fronts them with a steady gaze, that travels over the whole group, and that showed to at least one who was present an unforgettable mingling of displeasure and pity. "He looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." In Christ's perfect nature, anger and pity could blend in wondrous union, like the crystal and fire in the abyss before the throne.

The soul that has not the capacity for anger at evil wants something of its due perfection, and goes halting like Jacob after Peniel. In Christ's complete humanity, it could not but be

present, but in pure and righteous form. His anger was no disorder of passion, or "brief madness" that discomposed the even motion of His spirit, nor was there in it any desire for the hurt of its objects, but, on the contrary, it lay side by side with the sorrow of pity, which was intertwined with it like a golden thread. Both these two emotions are fitting to a pure manhood in the presence of evil. They heighten each other. The perfection of righteous anger is to be tempered by sympathy. The perfection of righteous pity for the evildoer is to be saved from immoral condoning of evil as if it were only calamity by an infusion of some displeasure. We have to learn the lesson and take this look of Christ's as our pattern in our dealings with evildoers. Perhaps our day needs more especially to remember that a righteous severity and recoil of the whole nature from sin is part of a perfect Christian character. We are so accustomed to pity transgressors, and to hear sins spoken of as if they were misfortunes mainly due to "environment," or to inherited tendencies, that we are apt to forget the other side, that they are the voluntary acts of a man who could have refrained if he had wished, and whose not having wished is worthy of blame. But we need to aim at just such a union of feeling as was revealed in that gaze of Christ's, and neither to let our wrath dry up our pity, nor our pity put out the pure flame of our indignation at evil.

That look comes to us too with a message, when we are most conscious of the evil in our own hearts. Every man who has caught even a glimpse of Christ's great love, and has learned something of himself in the light thereof, must feel that wrath at evil sits ill on so sinful a judge as he feels himself to be. How can I fling stones at any poor creature when I am so full of sin myself? And how does that Lord look at me and all my wanderings from Him, my hardness of heart, my Pharisaism and deadness to His spiritual power and beauty? Can there be anything but displeasure in Him? The answer is not far to seek, but, familiar though it be, it often surprises a man anew with its sweetness, and meets recurring consciousness of unworthiness with a bright smile that scatters fears. In our deepest abasement we may take courage anew when we think of that wondrous blending of anger shot with pity.

IV.—*The look of the Lord on the profaned temple.*

On the day of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, apparently the Sunday before His crucifixion, we find (xi. 11) that He went direct to the temple, and "looked round about on all things." The King has come to his palace, "the Lord . . . has suddenly come to His temple." How solemn that careful, all comprehending scrutiny of all that He found there—the bustle of the crowds come up for the passover, the trafficking and the fraud, the heartless worship! He seems to have gazed upon all, that evening in silence, and as the shades of night began to fall, he went back to Bethany with the twelve. Tomorrow will be time enough for the whip of small cords, for to-day enough to have come as King to the temple, and with intent, all comprehending gaze to have traversed its courts. Apparently he

passed through the crowds there unnoticed, and beheld all, while Himself unrecognised.

Is not that silent unobserved Presence, with His keen searching eye that lights on all, a solemn parable of a perpetual truth? He walks amidst the seven golden candlesticks to-day, as in the temple of Jerusalem, and in the vision of Patmos. His eyes like a flame of fire regard and scrutinize us too. "I know thy works" is still upon His lips. Silent and by many unseen that calm, clear-eyed, loving but judging Christ walks amongst His churches to-day. Alas! what does He see there? If He came in visible form into any congregation in England to-day, would He not find merchandise in the sanctuary, formalism and unreality standing to minister, and pretence and hypocrisy bowing in worship? How much of all our service could live in the light of His felt presence? And are we never going to stir ourselves up to a truer devotion and a purer service by remembering that He is here as really as He was in the temple of old? Our drowsy prayers, and all our conventional repetitions of devout aspirations, not felt at the moment, but inherited from our fathers, our confessions which have no penitence, our praises without gratitude, our vows which we never mean to keep, and creeds which in no operative fashion we believe—all the hollowness of profession with no reality below it, like a great cooled bubble on a lava stream—would crash in and go to powder if once we really believed what we so glibly say—that Jesus Christ was looking at us. He keeps silence to-day, but as surely as He knows us now, so surely will He come to-morrow with a whip of small cords and purge His temple from hypocrisy and unreality, from traffic and thieves. All the churches need the sifting. Christ has done and suffered too much for the world to let the power of His gospel be neutralised by the sins of His professing followers, and Christ loves the imperfect friends that cleave to Him, though their service be often stained, and their consecration always incomplete, too well to suffer sin upon them. Therefore He will come to purify His temple. Well for us, if we thankfully yield ourselves to His merciful chastisements, howsoever they may fall upon us, and believe that in them all He looks on us with love, and wishes only to separate us from that which separates us from Him.

On us all that eye rests with all these emotions fused and blended in one gaze of love that passeth knowledge—a look of love and welcome whosoever we seek Him, either to help us in outward or inward blessings; a look of love and warning to us—owning us also for His brethren, and cautioning us lest we stray from His side; a look of love and displeasure at any sin that blinds us to His gracious beauty; a look of love and observance of our poor worship and spotted sacrifices.

Let us lay ourselves full in the sunshine of His gaze, and take for ours the old prayer, "Search me, O Christ, and know my heart!" It is heaven on earth to feel His eye resting upon us, and know that it is love. It will be the heaven of heaven to see Him face to face, and to know even as we are known.

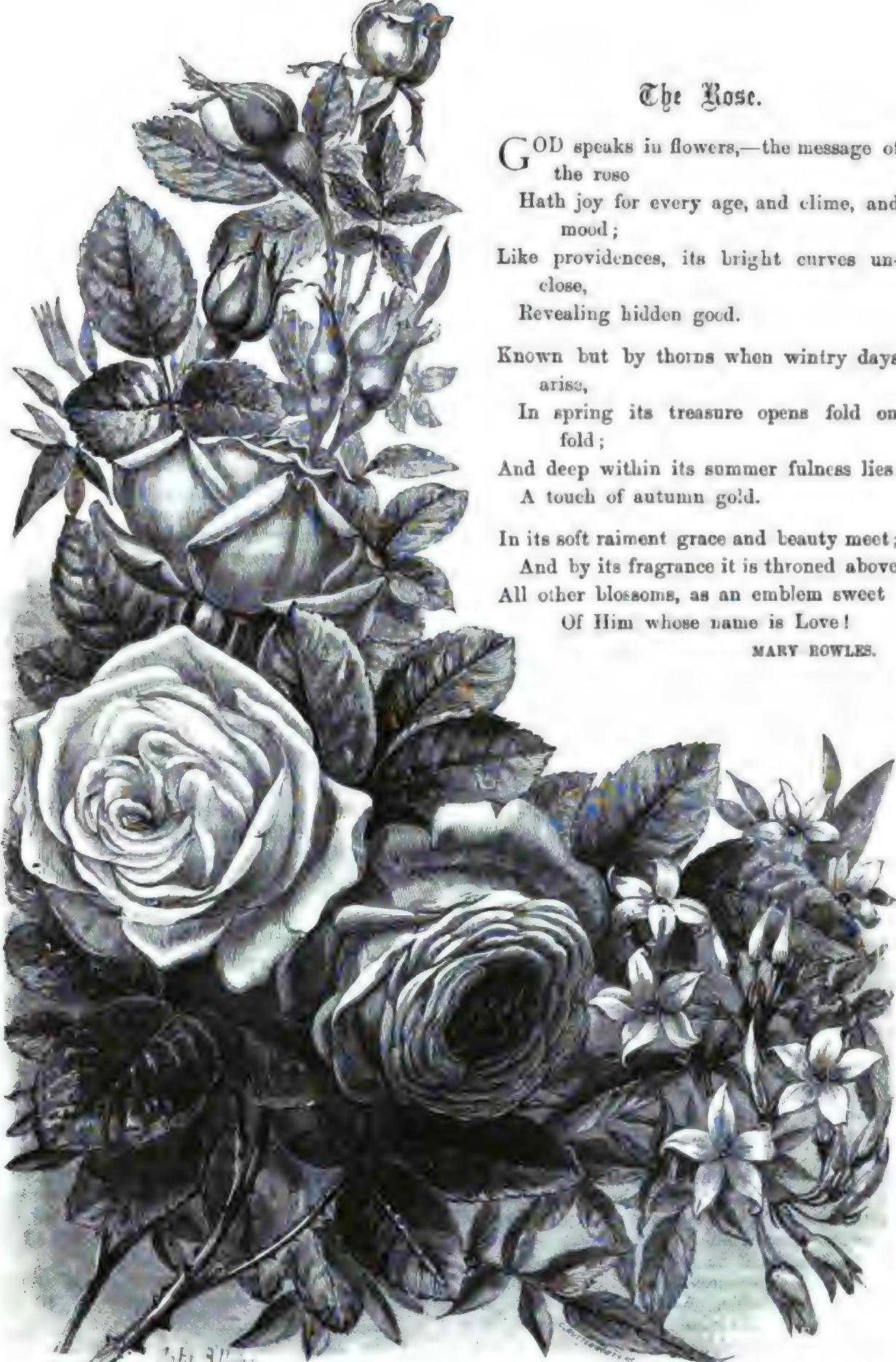
THE LOST NORSE COLONIES IN GREENLAND.

A SWEDISH expedition sailed recently to Greenland under the experienced explorer, Baron Nordenakjold, amongst the declared objects of which was a search on the south-east coast for remains of the old Norse colonies founded there nine hundred years ago. It is not generally known that already the Moravian missionaries have discovered ruins.

The west coast of Greenland from Cape Farewell to Upernivik (from N. L. 59° to 73°) has a number of Danish settlements for trade and mission, besides six Moravian mission-stations. The east coast after extending for some four hundred miles to N.N.E., or to about the latitude of the most northerly Moravian station, Umanak, turns more to the north, and extends into unknown regions. It was on this coast, beyond the 70th degree of North Latitude, that the "Hansa" was abandoned in 1869, the crew after a marvellous voyage of some months on ice-fields safely reaching Frederiksdal. In the following year Captain Koldewey of the second German expedition made his way by sledge to N.L. 77°. In all probability there are no inhabitants beyond the 70th parallel, probably very few indeed beyond the 64th.

The attention of the missionaries has often been directed to the remnant of heathen natives on this dreary coast. In 1881, Brother Brodbeck, in an exploratory trip, found the ruins of ancient Norse settlements, in Western Greenland, and also in Scandinavia. Brother Brodbeck says: "At length I came upon the Norse Ruins of which my people had told me. They were the first of the kind on the east coast that had been seen by the eye of a European. There could be no question as to their origin, for of this the huge blocks of stones were unmistakable evidence. 'No Greenlander builds in that style,' was the unanimous opinion of my people. Some of the stones could not have been moved by the united efforts of ten strong men. I think it was a large dwelling-house, not a church, although its dimensions are forty yards by ten. The stone walls have fallen down, and are partly covered with vegetation." The discovery is one of singular interest.

Heathen Norsemen entered Greenland about the year 980 A.D. Some twenty years later Christianity was introduced by the son of king Eric, who had been baptized at the court of Olaf Trygveson, the Christian king of Norway. The new religion took root and spread; a cathedral was built, and several churches, the diocese of Greenland being attached to the see of Bremen. Communication with the Scandinavian home-countries gradually dwindled away, until it ceased altogether, and in the early part of the fifteenth century only tradition knew anything of the old Norse colony beyond the sea. It is supposed that the colonists all perished either from a terrible pestilence, of which tradition speaks as having depopulated the country, or from the murderous onslaught of the Eskimos as they spread southwards. Hans Egede's interest in Greenland was originally awakened by the accounts of the Norsemen, of which he read in ancient chronicles, and whom he supposed to be still living. But all trace of them had disappeared, except the ruins which were found here and there on well-selected spots up the fiords. These remains were, however, so entirely confined to the west coast, that the opinion has come to be generally held that the "Eastern District" (of which old chronicles speak, and in which, according to Dr. Grundemann, there were one hundred and ninety hamlets and twelve churches) could not refer to the east coast of Greenland. A search inland may yet reveal interesting relics of Greenland's first Christian era.



The Rose.

God speaks in flowers,—the message of
the rose

Hath joy for every age, and clime, and
mood;

Like providences, its bright curves un-
close,

Revealing hidden good.

Known but by thorns when wintry days
arise,

In spring its treasure opens fold on
fold;

And deep within its summer fulness lies
A touch of autumn gold.

In its soft raiment grace and beauty meet;
And by its fragrance it is throned above
All other blossoms, as an emblem sweet
Of Him whose name is Love!

MARY ROWLES.

CHARLES DICKENS' SISTER, FANNY BURNETT.

IN the Life of Charles Dickens, there is a very touching and beautiful letter to his friend and biographer, Mr. Forster, written on the 5th July, 1848. He had been to see his dying sister, Mrs. Burnett, who had come up from Manchester to London, to consult Sir James Clark, the highest authority at that time in cases of consumption.

"A change took place in poor Fanny," he wrote, "about the middle of the day, yesterday, which took me out there last night. The cough suddenly ceased almost, and, strange to say, she immediately became aware of her hopeless state—to which she resigned herself, after an hour's unrest and struggle, with extraordinary sweetness and constancy. The irritability passed, and all hope faded away; though only two nights before she had been planning for after Christmas. She is greatly changed. I had a long interview with her to-day alone; and when she expressed some wishes about the funeral, I asked her whether she had any care or anxiety in the world; she said, 'No, none;' it was hard to die at such a time of life, but she had no alarm whatever in the prospect of the change; felt sure we should meet again in a better world; and though they had said she might rally for a time, did not really wish it. She said she was quite calm and happy, relied upon the mediation of Christ, and had no terror at all. She had worked very hard, even when ill, but believed that was in her nature, and neither regretted nor complained of it. Burnett had always been very good to her; they had never quarrelled; she was sorry to think of his going back to such a lonely home; and was distressed about her children, but not painfully so. She showed me how thin and worn she was; spoke about an invention she had heard of that she would like to have tried for the deformed child's back; called to my mind all our sister Letitia's patience and steadiness; and though she shed tears sometimes, clearly impressed upon me that her mind was made up and at rest.

"I asked her very often if she could ever recall anything that she could leave to my doing, to put it down, or mention it to somebody if I was not there, but she firmly believed there was nothing—nothing. Her husband being young, she said, and her children infants, she could not help thinking, sometimes, that it would be very long in the course of nature before they were reunited, but that she knew that was a mere human fancy, and could have no reality after she was dead. Such an affecting exhibition of strength and tenderness, in all that early decay, is quite indescribable. I need not tell you how it moved me. I cannot look round upon the dear children here without some misgiving that this sad disease will not perish out of our blood with her; but I am sure I have no selfishness in the thought, and God knows how small the world looks to one who comes out of such a sick-room on a bright summer day.

"I don't know why I write this before going to bed. I only know that in the very pity and grief of my heart, I feel as if it were doing something."

The child referred to in this letter, Harry Burnett, was the original, as Mr. Dickens told his sister, of "Paul Dombey." The poor little fellow, with spinal deformity, had been taken to Brighton, as "Little Paul" is represented to have been. He was a singular child, meditative, and quaint in a remarkable degree. He used to lie for hours on the beach with his books, giving utterance to thoughts quite as wonderful for a child as those which are put into the lips of Paul Dombey. Little Harry loved his Bible, and loved Jesus his Saviour. He seemed never tired of reading his Bible, and his hymns, and other good books suited to his age; and the bright little fellow was always cheerful and happy. He died in the arms of a nephew of the Rev. James Griffin, the pastor and friend of his parents.

Mr. Griffin, a venerable and much respected Congregational minister, formerly of Rusholme, Manchester, and latterly of Hastings, has recently published a volume of pastoral recollections* in which we find a most interesting record of the Christian life of Mrs. Burnett, with briefer notices also of her husband.

"As Mr. Burnett is still living" (we quote from Mr. Griffin's narrative), "a detailed record of his religious experience and character might not be seemly, but some notice of his early life may be interesting and suggestive. He was blessed with the instruction and influence of a pious grandmother and aunt, who inculcated on him the duty and importance of daily reading the Bible, for which he always expressed in later life his deep gratitude to God. When he was a mere child he was sent to live for a while with his grandmother at Gosport, who was connected with the Church under the venerable Dr. Bogue—his father, at the time, living at Brighton. That remarkable man, Richard Knill, was then a student at Gosport, lodging at the house of Henry's grandmother. Little Henry was not overlooked by the loving-hearted and fervid missionary. When about to leave for India—he went afterwards to Russia—he said to the little boy, 'Now, Henry, I am going away, and may never see you again; I want you to make me one promise, and that is, that you will pray for me every day as long as you live, if I am alive.' Mr. Burnett told me this many years after, and I naturally enough said, 'That was a promise you would not be likely to keep.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I have never broken it.' 'What,' I said, 'did you keep up the habit of prayer all

* "Memories of the Past: Records of Ministerial Life." By the Rev. James Griffin. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. A book interesting, not only from the recollections of the writer's personal work, but from its notices of great and good men in the ministry, Rowland Hill, McAll, and Hugh Stowell, of Manchester, Raffles, of Liverpool, Bogue, of Gosport, and the many others with whom he had intimate intercourse.

through your *stage* life—and always pray for Mr. Knill?' 'Yes, I never omitted it for a single day. Once or twice, I was so tired after being late at the theatre, that I thought I might say my prayers in bed; but my conscience would not let me rest, so I got out to kneel down at the bedside.' It seemed wonderful to me: but my thorough conviction of the integrity of my friend, founded on intimate acquaintance with him, forbade my doubting for a moment the truth of his statement.

"After some time he returned to his father at Brighton. The organist of the Chapel Royal in that town was a friend of his father. The organist was attending on some occasion the chapel where Henry's father worshipped, and Henry was sitting by his side. After the service he said to the father, 'That boy of yours has a remarkable voice; he ought to learn music. If you will place him under my care, I will teach him. Music and singing should be his profession.' The father, fearing it might be a snare to his boy, for some time objected; but at length yielding to the advice of his friend, Henry was placed under his instruction. The boy's musical talent rapidly developed under the guidance of his able and sympathetic teacher, who took great delight in his young pupil's precocious powers of voice. He became noticed in the musical parties in Brighton as a distinguished young singer, and at about ten years of age, he was introduced, under the patronage of his friend the organist, to the Pavilion, and he remembers well standing on a table in the drawing-room at the Pavilion to sing a 'solo' before the Court, and seeing old George IV., who was suffering with gout, wheeled into the room, covered with flannels and bandages from head to foot. At the recommendation of his teacher he subsequently became a pupil at the Royal Academy of Music. There he met Miss Fanny Dickens, who was also a pupil at the same Institution, and who afterwards became his wife. On quitting the Academy he soon became known among the musical circles connected with the London theatres, and easily met with engagements at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Braham, the great tenor singer, used to say, 'If I can't come, send for Burnett; he will do as well.'

"But with all the applause that greeted him, and the exhilaration which the splendid assemblages and exciting scenes of the great London theatres would naturally produce in a youthful mind, he was gradually coming to feel the emptiness of worldly pleasure, and to yearn in his 'secret heart' after more substantial satisfaction. The remembrances and impressions of his childhood had never left him. They hovered over his spirit and held it as by the power of a charm that no worldly associations, no carnal delights, could effectually dispel. The last year of his theatrical life, engagements were offered him at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Bath. He chose Bath, in order that he might have the opportunity of attending the ministry of Mr. Jay,—a sure proof of the bias of his heart towards the things of God; for though he always maintained that he was not truly a converted man—at least, in his own view, until his settle-

ment at Manchester, it is evident that the Lord was gradually drawing him to Himself. At Bath he took lodgings, and was not a little pleased to find that the people of the house were connected with Mr. Jay's congregation, and that they were truly pious persons, so that it was his happiness to join them, as opportunity offered, in family worship. But he never expressed his views or feelings to them, and was unknown to Mr. Jay. His desire to relinquish the stage continually increased, but how to do so prudently was not yet clear; so he hesitated a while. He was now married, and London life became more and more irksome to him. On Sundays his wife and himself were engaged as professional singers at the Chapel of the Sardinian Ambassador, and the evenings of the Sunday were usually spent at the house of Mr. Dickens, in a manner which, though strictly moral, was not congenial with his feelings. At length, all this practical contradiction to what he felt to be right became intolerable; and the resolution was taken to leave London and quit the stage. It was by the advice of Mr. Charles Hullah that they decided on coming to Manchester as a place in which, in his opinion, a highly appreciative musical taste existed, and in which they would be sure to find wide and suitable scope for the practice of their profession as teachers of music and singing. Mr. Hullah had rightly judged; and they soon found that the name of Mr. Dickens and their own talents had secured for them as many engagements for teaching as they could conveniently meet.

"It was about three or four weeks after their settling in Manchester that, in passing up Rusholme Road on a Sabbath evening, they observed the lights from our chapel and the people going into it. They entered the place, and were accommodated with seats. At the close of the service, Mrs. Burnett turned to her husband and said, 'Henry, do let us come here again: if you will come, I will always come with you.' He was much surprised, for she had never shown any particular interest in Divine worship before; and not a little delighted, as he himself had felt the same interest in the service as she expressed, and the same earnest wish to come again. What it was that so interested both of them at the same time on this the first occasion of their attending the chapel may be worthy of reflection. There certainly was nothing of the aesthetic to attract them, either in the style of the building or in the character of the service—the former, respectable and commodious, but by no means ornate; the latter, earnest and animated, but in all its parts simple and serious. In the singing there was nothing to gratify a cultivated musical taste. There was no organ or any other instrument. A choir, so-called, led the singing with fair ability, but certainly not with marked attractiveness; and the people joined in it with devotional heartiness, and that is all that can be said. And as to the sermon, it is rather remarkable, they never seemed to recollect even what it was about, for I do not think they ever mentioned it afterwards, and certainly I never asked them. They seem to have been so much absorbed in reflecting on their own state and character as to

have lost sight of the special truths that had excited that reflection. More or less all through the service, said Mrs. Burnett, I seemed in a state of mind altogether new to me; and during the sermon it was as if I were entering a new world. So the effect of this service on their minds is to be wholly attributed to the secret influence of the regenerating Spirit of God; and this case strikingly seems to illustrate the words of Jesus: The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

The young couple went for some Sundays regularly, sitting in the same place, and listening apparently with anxious and earnest attention to the preacher. One evening they followed the minister into the vestry, introducing themselves as having recently come to settle in Manchester, and as being desirous to have an interview with reference to their religious concerns. Mr. Griffin invited them to his house to spend an evening. They were exceedingly frank and open in their conversation, but it was evident that they were chiefly intent on spiritual things. They spoke of the kind providence, as they considered it, which had led their steps to Rusholme Road Chapel, and of the impressions produced on their minds by their attendance there. The minister was much gratified, and interested by their statements, and the more so when Mrs. Burnett intimated, in the course of conversation, that she was the sister of Charles Dickens, who was then in the height of his popularity. The visits were frequently repeated, and a familiar friendship was soon established. After some months they expressed an earnest desire to partake of the Communion and to be united to the church in fellowship. Although their interest in Divine things was manifest, the minister advised some delay, thinking that, from their professional occupation they might be exposed to strong worldly influences which it might require no common degree of Christian principle to withstand. They frankly admitted the justness of this caution, for they saw that the faithful pastor was one who expected more than formal profession of discipleship in church members. Before long, however, he received a letter, in which, after referring to her early life, Mrs. Burnett says—

"A twelvemonth since, circumstances induced us to leave London and settle in Manchester; having taken up our residence near the sanctuary in which by the grace of God I have been brought to a sense of my sinfulness, we happened accidentally to go into it. I do not recollect your discourse, but I felt at the time very much interested, and anxious to hear again. By degrees, my eyes were opened, and I saw with shame and confusion my utter worthlessness in the sight of God, and that unless I came to Him through His dear Son, I could not be saved. I had recourse to prayer: I prayed that I might be enabled to make myself acquainted with the character of the Lord Jesus, His dignity, His power, the immensity of His love for us sinful creatures in dying for us on the cross. I prayed for faith in Him; I prayed, also, that I might not be conformed to this world, but that I might be transformed by the renewing of my mind, that 'I might prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.' I trust (I say it with all humility and with sincere and heartfelt gratitude to Him who has been gra-

ciously pleased to illumine me with His Holy Spirit) that my prayers have been heard. I seem to have clearer views. I delight in the ordinances of the sanctuary. I feel great pleasure in mixing with God's people. I feel anxious to be spiritually-minded and to devote myself entirely to the service of Christ. I feel that I must pray earnestly and constantly that my gracious Father will give me grace to withstand the temptations by which I may be surrounded in that intercourse with the world which my situation in life will compel me to hold."

In another letter, some weeks after, she wrote—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Having had several delightful conversations with you on a subject of deep interest to my mind, that of joining with God's people in Church fellowship, and fearing that in those conversations I have not expressed all I feel on this most serious and important duty, I am induced to endeavour to explain more fully the state of my feelings.

"I trust that a spiritual change has been wrought on my heart, but I feel humbled and abased that I should not long ere this have gone to Christ confessing my sins, and earnestly praying Him to wash me in His blood, and to wash out my transgressions. I cannot tell you the sensations I feel when I think of the mercy of God in throwing this glimmer of light on my darkened soul. My heart seems to bound with gratitude to Him. I see my own depravity and worthlessness. I feel the necessity of a Saviour, and am fully persuaded that Jesus Christ is in every way the Saviour I require. Sometimes I have doubts and fears, but I am encouraged in His blessed Word to rely on His gracious promises, and to believe that He is able and willing to forgive me my sins though they be as scarlet. I feel so differently in regard to spiritual matters generally that I am induced to hope that my stony heart is softened. I so much oftener intermingle religion with my secular duties. When alone, I feel heartfelt pleasure in meditating on the lovely character of Christ, His purity, His meekness, His amazing love to us sinful creatures, His sufferings, His death, His resurrection.

"While reading His holy Word, I seem to hear Him speaking to me individually. I am exceedingly anxious to unite in Church fellowship, considering it a high privilege, and my bounden duty to consecrate myself to Christ. I have attended as a spectator when the ordinance has been administered in your chapel, and have felt deeply impressed with a sense of love and gratitude to the Lord Jesus Christ, for having instituted a means by which we are constantly reminded of His death and resurrection, and of the fellowship which exists between Christ the Head of the Church and its members. I trust I may, by the grace of God, be enabled to walk through the remainder of my life in the fear of the Lord. I know that in my position in life, I shall be exposed to many temptations; but I trust by constant watching and prayerfulness, I may be able to stand and not fall.

"Since I have been brought by the kind providence of God, through your instrumentality, to reflect seriously on my sinfulness, I have been led to feel my own weakness; and whenever I have been unavoidably led into such society, or placed in such a position as was likely to distract my mind, and to make me for a time to forget God, I have had recourse to prayer, and have prayed that God would not leave me for an instant, but that He would be my stronghold and shield in all temptations.

"I am, dear sir,

"Yours very gratefully,

"FANNY BURNETT."

Mr. Burnett having also made a written application to be admitted to church membership, the

minister gladly gave his assent, and thus records the event.

"The evening on which Mr. and Mrs. Burnett were received was one of peculiar interest to the Church. They had greatly endeared themselves to the hearts of the good people. All had learned to love them; and as they came into the assembly, with several others, to receive the testimony of their welcome to the fellowship of the Church, many and many a tear of loving gratitude and sympathy fell from the eyes of their brethren and sisters in Christ of every class, in response to their own very evident emotions; and many a glance and many a smile of affection and gladness seemed to hail their union with the family of God. So, when Christiana and her family were received at the house of the 'Interpreter,' one smiled, and another smiled, and they all smiled for joy that Christiana was become a pilgrim."

From this time they not only united heartily in all the fellowship of the church, but volunteered their services to assist in the service of sacred song. Offers of a tempting kind had repeatedly been made with a view to their conducting choirs in wealthy churches, but no pecuniary consideration could influence them. "It was at Rusholme Road Chapel," they said, "that the Lord met us in His mercy, and there we wish to devote ourselves to Him in aid of His worship, if He shall be pleased to permit us." In the selection and training of a choir they took willing pleasure, and there are many who still remember the excellence of the musical part of the service in that place of worship, excellent for its devotional spirit as well as its artistic taste, rendering it truly "a service of song unto the Lord."

Very beautiful is the record which Mr. Griffin gives of her Christian character and life, a character to be admired, and a life worthy of study and imitation.

Thrown very much by the nature of her engagements into worldly company, and with her natural buoyancy of spirits and fondness for society, her chief difficulty consisted in maintaining a spiritual and visible separation from the world. No doubt it would demand much prayerful effort to make natural and educational tendencies bend to the requirements of religious duty and disposition. It might sometimes be a struggle; but by grace she was enabled to conquer. She was occasionally placed in circumstances where it required no common degree of conscientious fidelity to confess Christ and maintain an adherence to practical piety. But I believe it may be truly said she never concealed her religious principles, or deviated from her usual practice, through fear, or shame, or complaisance. When visiting, or receiving at her house, her former friends whose sentiments and feelings with regard to religious matters she knew differed widely from her own, and well aware how her supposed fanaticism might be the object of their pity or contempt, she unequivocally persisted in all she would have thought it right to do if they had not been present. Unobtrusively and meekly she continued to fulfil her course—keeping the Sabbath Day holy unto the Lord,

attending, at all opportunities, the public means of grace, and showing, whenever occasion required, her esteem for Christ's faithful ministers and people. When her father and mother were coming to visit her, she said to her husband, "Now, Henry, don't omit family prayer morning and evening during their stay with us. They have never been used to it, but that should not prevent us from continuing our usual habits; it should rather induce us to be firm in maintaining them." Her parents remained with them many months: and we had much intercourse with them. They constantly attended our place of worship; and appeared to be much interested in the new character and new associations of their daughter.

Decision of character belonged to her naturally. Trained in the school of adversity, she had acquired the habit of endurance, fortitude, self-reliance, and firmness, in no ordinary degree,—together with almost restless activity and practical energy. And now that she had come under the influence of Divine grace, these valuable qualities of character—baptized with a new spirit, directed to new aims, and impelled by new motives, gave great depth and force to her whole Christian life. Constrained by the love of Christ, she had surrendered herself—her whole being and life, her heart, her energies, her acquirements, her family, her all—to her Redeemer and Lord, "henceforth to live, not unto herself, but unto Him who died for her, and rose again."

But this entire and fervent consecration of spirit did not prevent her from enjoying to the full the innocent amenities and pleasant fellowships of general society. She could enjoy equally the humour or the pathos of her brother's writings. She was no ascetic or recluse; nor was there any assumption or affectation of extraordinary piety. The very *reality* of that piety, united with clear good sense, forbade pretension of every kind—all was natural and true. She despised and detested affectation, assumed mannerisms, and shams of all sorts. There was none of these in herself; and wherever she saw them in others—and she could readily detect them—they were her thorough disgust. Sincerity, reality, truthfulness, integrity were transparent in all she said and did. Always frank and open, she was the cheerful companion and the hearty friend; and affectionate, devoted, and true in all the relations of life, as well as prompt, decided, and energetic in the discharge of its various duties. She was a woman of high soul, and as a Christian her appropriate motto would have been, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and love, and a sound mind."

No wonder that with such qualities of character she should become a general favourite. She mingled freely with all classes, and apparently with equal interest. She seemed to care little for adventitious circumstances. In splendid drawing-rooms and lowly cottages she was equally at home, wherever she met with good sense and good character; for she carried with her everywhere a genial and affectionate spirit. But her deep heart's sympathy was only with those whom she believed to be Christ's genuine disciples—"the excellent of the earth; in them was

all her delight." As to the Sabbath and its sacred services, they never seemed long enough for her. Frequently would she say at the close of the evening service, "May we go home with you, and stop with you a little?" Our house was more than a mile from the chapel, and hers a considerable distance on its opposite side; but all that was nothing in her account, if she could but have a little more savour of Sabbath enjoyments. So, after supper and family prayer, she would say, "Can't we have a hymn?" It was often that sweet hymn—for she greatly delighted in it—

"When, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold Thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath day,
Without a veil between?

Assist me while I wander here
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray in faith,
And then accept my prayers.

The Spirit of my Father give,
To be my Guide and Friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys—
To Sabbaths without end."

The failure of health, due partly to incessant exertion, the incidents of the later years, the ripening of her spiritual character, are described in graphic and sympathetic language by the author of the Recollections. The closing scene has been already referred to in the letter of her brother, with which this paper opened. According to her dying request, Mr. Griffin went to London to officiate at her funeral.

She was laid to rest in Highgate Cemetery.

"To me," he says, "it could not be other than a peculiarly solemn and affecting occasion. Mr. Dickens appeared to feel it very deeply. He spoke to me in terms of great respect and affection for his departed sister—he had always so spoken of her—as I accompanied him in his brougham on my way to my brother's house. His behaviour to myself was most courteous and kind."

No one can fail to be struck with the amiable light in which Charles Dickens appears in this by-scene of his life. To us it seems bright with a ray of glory above mere earthly fame or splendour, and we look with more true pleasure on that quiet burial in Highgate Cemetery, than even on the imposing ceremony which was afterwards witnessed in Westminster Abbey.

HELON OF ALEXANDRIA.

A JEWISH TALE OF THE DAYS OF THE MACCABEES.

IX.—THE JOYFULNESS DISTURBED.

SALUMIEL did not yield to the earnest supplications of Helon, who entreated him to dispense with the journey to Dan. Having often been obliged to endure privations the old man sometimes felt a sort of pleasure in resisting the wishes of others. A certain hardness and roughness which did not often appear, but which his relations with the Essenes contributed to foster, and which nearly resembled sternness, formed the basis of his temper. Helon was compelled to exercise much self-restraint, yet he remembered the first commandment which is with promise; and imagining with some degree of pride, that if he conformed to it on this difficult occasion, he would never in future be in fear of violating it, he also persuaded himself that without troubling himself any more about this one, he might successively fulfil all the commandments of the second table, as he believed he had already perfectly submitted to those of the first, in officiating as priest in the temple. Sustained by these ideas until his betrothed might return to Jericho with her family, he himself departed the day after the Feast of Weeks, in company with the governor that Hyrcanus had appointed to rule over Samaria (now at length in submission to his control), and with some other Jews of Galilee, who having no longer anything to fear from the Samaritans, wished to avoid the circuitous route they were obliged to take in travelling by the opposite bank of the Jordan. They went forth on horseback from Jerusalem by the gate of Ephraim. A rocky road led them to Geba of Benjamin, where David gained a victory over the Philistines. The road became always narrower,

and more rugged and difficult as far as Michmash, where is a famous defile between two rocks, celebrated by the exploits of the young Jonathan, (1 Sam. xiv.). The travellers spent the night at Bethel, of which mention is so frequently made in the Bible. This town is situated at the distance of sixteen sabbath-days' journey from Jerusalem. Helon recollects that it was called Luz at first. Jacob, having seen here in a dream the mysterious ladder, gave it the name of Bethel, or house of God. In later times Jeroboam placed here one of the golden calves, before which he required the people to prostrate themselves. The prophets, displeased at these abominations, often call this place Beth-aven, which signifies *house of iniquity* (Hosea iv. 15), and to go to Bethel came to signify the same thing as to render worship to idols.

On the following day they rested about noon at Shiloh, the first town of Samaria, where Joshua placed the tabernacle of the congregation, and where Eli died, when he learnt that the ark of God was taken. In the evening they arrived at Sichem. This town was the residence of the governor, who invited and pressed Helon to stay some days in his palace, because Iddo had spoken of him as a young man that was going to ally himself with his family. Sichem is situated between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim, which are so near each other that from the summit of one of them may be heard words uttered from the summit of the other. This town consists of two long and parallel streets, separated by an open space. The fertile plain of Moreh, where Abraham set up his tents, extends to the base of the

mountains. The plain is well watered, and diversified by vineyards and olive-yards, with groves of figs and pomegranates.

About a sabbath-day's journey from Sichem (John iv. 6) is seen, on the road to Jerusalem, Jacob's well, situated in the field which the patriarch purchased of the children of Hamor. This well is nine feet in diameter, and a hundred deep, with five feet of water. Under an oak near Sichem Jacob buried the idols belonging to his family, and left it after the inhabitants had been slaughtered by two of his sons. It became important after the separation of Israel and Judah, Jeroboam having made it the capital of his kingdom.

The governor ordered his servants to show Helon the most remarkable places; but in a short time the young man could dispense with them, and he often wandered alone in those places with which so many events were connected. Once, however, during his rambles, he found the governor's protection of great importance to him. He was reposing in the shade of some olives on the sloping side of Gerizim when some Samaritans, also seated, joined in conversation with him.

Talking of their temple overthrown, and of the worship still celebrated there amidst its ruins, they showed as much zeal in reviling Hyrcanus and his sons, as in exalting the glory of Samballat and Manasseh. Helon could not hear them speak thus without displeasure.

"Where is your temple?" he asked them, rising and approaching them with eager excitement. "When Moses commanded that on the entrance of the tribes into the promised land, one-half should stand on Ebal to curse the ungodly, and the other half on Gerizim to bless the godly (as was done under Joshua), he said expressly 'When ye have passed over the Jordan, ye shall raise these stones upon mount Ebal, according as I command you this day, and ye shall plaster them with lime: ye shall also build there an altar of stones to Jehovah your God.' But ye, contrary to the express command of God, have built an altar upon Gerizim."

The Samaritans also started to their feet in anger at being thus addressed.

"Thou art a Jew," said they; "thou belongest to those who have wickedly corrupted the law, and have placed the name of Gerizim, in place of that of Ebal."

"It is false," replied Helon, indignantly.

The disputers were becoming more angry, and they seemed inclined to come to blows, when some officers of justice passing that way, hearing the disturbance, separated them, and conducted them all before the governor. He dismissed the Samaritans, after having addressed some reprimands to them, and also advised Helon to control his zeal, and not to think it necessary to take upon himself the care of protecting the honour of the Jewish nation in future. There was such an air of irony in this advice, though tendered in kindness, that the young man could not help feeling deeply wounded by it. On the next day he was very glad to accept the escort offered him by the governor, in case of getting into further trouble, and he thought himself fortunate in being able to shake off the dust of Sichem from his feet when he was quitting it.

Pages for the Young.

HUBERT'S TEMPTATION.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER I.



"HEN am I to have a watch, father?"

The speaker was Hubert Travers, fresh from London, and he stood outside a cottage which his father had taken at a fashionable watering place on the south coast, just sufficiently out of the stream of gay holiday-makers to enable the family to feel that they were not still in London. Mr. Travers was sitting in an easy-chair, reading the morning paper, but at his son's rather impetuous question, he put it down, and looked at him for a moment without speaking. Mr. Travers might reasonably feel proud of having a son so bright, so strong, and so clever, for Hubert had carried off several prizes at the recent examination at his school, and promised to become one of the best pupils there. There was an eagerness about his manner, and a look of impatience in his face, which hardly concealed itself from his father, as he asked the question.

"Several of the fellows have watches, and two or three have real gold ones, and it does look so bad not to have even a small silver one. I'm sure you could afford to get me one, father," and it almost seemed as though there was a suspicion of reproach in the lad's voice as he said this.

Mr. Travers did not reply at the moment. He had a habit of dealing with his children which showed that he sought to teach them to judge rightly, and to look at matters from other points of view besides their own. On this occasion, he rose from his chair and put aside his paper.

"Come down to the beach, Hubert, a stroll will do us good. Where is George?" he said, as he buttoned his coat and prepared to go out.

"George went into town to post some letters for mother, and will not be back for half an hour," Hubert answered.

"Then let us go alone. The girls are busy I know. We shall not be out more than half an hour. We can pick George up when we return. We are to have our first sail this afternoon, remember!"

"It will be glorious!" Hubert exclaimed, as he threw his hat in the air. "I've been thinking about it all night. I hope mother and the girls won't be ill."

"Not if the weather continues like this. The fear is lest the wind should drop altogether, for even now there is not more than enough to keep a boat moving. But the ladies will not object to a calm sea."

Talking thus together, they walked down to the beach, which at this point was almost deserted, and as they went, Mr. Travers said—

"You were talking just now about a watch, Hubert, and wishing to have one."

"I was, father. I think I might have one now, I'm thirteen, remember."

"I am not likely to forget that fact, my son, as long as I have your school fees to pay, and your tailor's account to settle." And Mr. Travers smiled as he looked down at his son.

"It would make a fellow feel ever so much happier, having

a watch," Hubert said, with the air of a boy to whom such a possession had become almost a matter of life and death.

"No doubt it would, Hubert, and there are many things which might add to our happiness, but which we are obliged to do without, simply because we are not in a position to afford them."

"But surely, father, you don't mean to say that you can't afford to buy me a watch?" and Hubert looked up at his father with an incredulous expression in his eyes.

"Dreadful as it may appear to you, my son, I do not feel at present justified in spending money on anything that I do not consider necessary either for your actual comfort or health. You forget how heavy my expenses have been this year, Hubert, owing to the long illness of your mother, and also to the fact that all my children are now at school, and spending my money there, with every prospect of good results I hope, but still with a serious additional expense to me. It was only because I felt that a change was absolutely necessary, that I brought you all to the sea-side this year; and that again is an additional reason why I should not spend money in mere luxuries."

Hubert had never thought of this. Indeed, he never troubled his head about money matters, but he understood that if any of the children asked their father for what he considered reasonable, he was always ready to please them, and sometimes, without being asked, he would make them valuable presents, which were useful, as well as ornamental.

"I hadn't thought about your expenses, father, but of course I must put up with the disappointment, after what you say."

"Is it a disappointment, then, not to have one?" his father asked.

"Well, I did want to take a watch back with me next term, for Henderson has one, and I don't like him to have everything his own way. He teases me continually about his watch, and I'd like to show him that I had one;" and Hubert tossed his head back defiantly, as though he would like to overwhelm Henderson by the mere weight of this new watch which he so much desired.

"But if that is your reason for possessing a watch, I think it a very strong argument against your having one at all."

Quick to see that he had made a mistake in avowing such selfish motives, Hubert corrected himself, and said:

"Oh, no! I didn't mean that, father, at least I did not mean that altogether. I want a watch for its own sake. It would be a companion, and every fellow likes to have one."

"I quite understand that, my son, but remember, there are other things to be considered. We must all practise self-denial in our lives, unless we wish to grow up selfish, and unmanly. Even supposing that you had no unworthy motive in wishing to possess a watch, I think it would do you more good to have to wait for one until you either earned it yourself, or until I could afford to give it to you without feeling it to be a drag upon my purse."

"Very well, father, I don't want to say any more about it," he said, feeling, however, somewhat annoyed at the result, and a little unhappy at the way in which his father had spoken about what he termed the unworthy motive.

As they walked leisurely along the beach, Hubert's eyes strayed from one object to another, until finally, they settled upon a group of ladies, who were advancing towards them, but on a line much nearer the sea. The tide was nearly out, and the sand where these ladies were walking was soft and fine and dry. There were two elderly ladies and one young one, apparently about his own age, and as he watched them, he saw the young lady leave her com-

panions and run to pick up a bit of sea-weed which had been left high and dry by the receding tide. As she bounded off in the direction of the sea, something bright fell from her dress, and rolled in the soft sand, without being observed by her. Presently, she returned to her companions, with the sea-weed spread out upon her hand, and evidently intent upon admiring its beauty.

Hubert's first impulse was to run towards the spot where he had seen the bright object fall, and restore it to its owner whatever it was, but something unworthy took possession of him, and he remained silent, keeping his eyes intently fixed upon the spot, where the bright sunshine still sparkled upon the object.

The ladies passed them, at a distance of some yards, and when they had gone some little distance beyond them Hubert said, "I just want to run down to the water's edge to pick up a shell, I think I see there." And without waiting to say more, he ran off in the direction of the spot which had for him now so great an interest. His father had not noticed either the young girl or the bright object she had dropped, nor did he follow Hubert in his rapid run across the sands.

Stopping only for an instant, and with a guilty sense of concealment, Hubert stooped to pick up the bright object, and to his surprise, and almost to his dismay, found it to be a beautiful silver watch!

SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

NO. II.

I am a word of eight letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 3, 4, give the name of food upon which the Israelites fed.

My 2, 5, 5. The name of an animal often mentioned in Scripture.

My 3, 2, 4, 1, 4, 3. The name of one who was cured of leprosy.

My 2, 3, 3, 4. A prophetess who served God continually in the temple.

My 5, 8, 7, 1. The name of one of Noah's sons.

My 5, 8, 2, 1, 7. The promotion of fools.

My 7, 2, 5, 7. The state in which the man who fears the Lord shall dwell.

My 8, 2, 3, 3, 4, 8. One who asked a boon of the Lord in the temple and whose request was granted.

My whole, a name in grateful praise was given,
To one whose father served the God of Heaven.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XII.—p. 334.—Erou.—Doru.—1 Sam. xxi. 7.

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. E-pho-d | 1 Sam. xxii. 18. |
| 2. D-o | Deut. v. 1. |
| 3. O-liv-e | Rom. xi. 24. |
| 4. M-ag-o-g | Gen. x. 2; Ezek. xxxviii. 2. |

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIII.—p. 334.—A SQUARE WORD.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| N E B O | Deut. xxxiv. 1-5. |
| E D O M | Gen. xxxvi. 32. |
| B O A R | Psa. lxxx. 13. |
| O M R I | 1 Kings xvi. 16. |

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



THE BRIDE'S RETURN HOME.

HELON OF ALEXANDRIA.

A JEWISH TALE OF THE DAYS OF THE MACCABEES.

X.—THE SHEPHERDS.

SAMARIA, where Helon next arrived, was formerly a part of the territory of Manasses. It was built by Omri, king of Israel, who gave it the name of Shemer, who formerly owned the

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hill upon which it was built, soon after the burning of Tirza, the ancient royal residence. It was considered the capital of Ephraim (Isa. vii. 9). Its inhabitants were proud of the temple raised within their walls to Baal, by Queen Jezebel. Slighting the warnings of Elijah and Elisha, they did not call them to mind till the taking of their town by Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, after a siege of three years, made them remember the threatening messages of these prophets. At this time it was a picture of desolation though

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formerly so magnificent. Here Helon dismissed his escort, and, without resting, advanced into the country of Tirza, where he passed the night in company with some wandering shepherds who were making their way with their flocks from the plain of Sharon to Mount Hermon to spend the summer there. They were migrating later in the season than usual, as they move usually in early spring. The flocks and herds led the way, with the shepherds in front; behind them came the camels with the tents and baggage, the women and children followed, some spinning, some tending their infant children. The boys ran by the side of the camels. The men, with their long spears were at different parts of the train, some of them bringing up the rear. When they reached the place of encampment, the dark brown tents were taken from the camels' backs; upright and cross-poles to be covered with thick brown stuff made of goats' hair. "The door of the tent" was only a curtain of this cloth, which could be drawn aside or fastened up. In the midst of the encampment was the tent of the chief or sheikh, the others being pitched around. Each tent had three compartments, the outer for the young or tender cattle, the second for the men, and the inner for the women. The mats or carpets were spread on the ground, and the articles of rude furniture, with the vessels and the weapons, put in their places. A hole in the ground formed the fire-place for the cooking. There were a few tents not black or dark but white, pitched at some distance. These belonged to traders, who follow the shepherds, with cloth, skins, wool, cheese, and other things likely to be purchased.

The chief of the shepherds received Helon and his servants hospitably into his tent, and killed a calf for their entertainment. Milk and cheese formed the rest of their repast.

Early in the morning the tents were struck, and Helon, taking a friendly leave, directed his course to Megiddo, in order to gain the high road of the Phœnician commerce, which traversed the Holy Land. His path first ran by the sea-coast, and passed by Mount Carmel, the summit of which he visited. The young priest, as he stood on it, could not help being seized with sacred awe when he remembered that here the worship of the true God had gained a victory over that of Baal, when Elijah the Tishbite presented himself before Jehovah in opposition to the false prophets, whose blood afterwards purpled the waters of the river Kishon, which is at the foot of this celebrated mountain.

At length Helon perceived the anti-Lebanon. This is the name borne by the half of a chain of mountains, the other half of which extends to Phœnicia, and forms the northern boundary of the Promised Land. One morning he decried the mountains of Hermon covered with snow, which glistened in the rays of the rising sun. Soon after he saw the lake Merom, and having crossed one of the streams, which by uniting form the Jordan, he arrived shortly at Dan, the extremity of his journey. He was shown the inn, and scarcely was he at the gate than Myron came forth in haste, and fell into his arms.

"Shall we not," said Helon to him after the first salutations, "set out to-morrow for Jericho?"

"Ah! I perceive that what the Galilean said to me of the good fortune which has befallen you is true," replied Myron, laughing. "Receive my hearty congratulations."

Although the stay of the two friends at Dan was but a short one, the young Greek took occasion to remind the Israelite that Jeroboam had formerly established the worship of the ox, Apis, there. This circumstance had struck him in the account that Elisama had given of the history of the Jewish people. He did not know that previously they had set up a graven image, and Helon refrained from mentioning it.

Early the next morning they departed, and proceeding towards the east, among the hills of Antilibanus, they arrived at Paneas (afterwards Cesarea Philippi) situated at the foot of a mountain, from which springs the Jordan. As they were surprised to see it already so large a stream, a man of the country told them:

"This is not the real source of the river. Before arriving here, it has already proceeded underground a long distance. This has been proved by finding that objects thrown into the small lake of Phiala, which is sixteen sabbath-days' journey to the east of Paneas, appear again in the Jordan."

They followed the banks of the stream as far as Lake Merom. In a part of the summer it is so much dried up that only the narrow line of the Jordan's current is visible. The reeds and bushes which cover the soil abandoned by the water of the lake, then serve to harbour lions, hyenas, bears and other wild animals, that retire again when the melting of the snow of Lebanon causes the river to overflow, and to fill up the whole basin of the lake. It was now fall. Not being able, owing to the inundation, to proceed along the banks, our travellers resolved to take a path which crosses the desert, and terminates at Bethsaida, a town distant from Dan sixteen times the length of a sabbath-day's journey. At the end of several hours they found out that they had missed their way, and they were very much embarrassed as to the course they should take, when they perceived some men at a considerable distance. They thought that they were shepherds, and they urged forward their horses to reach them; but, as they came near, these men made a sign to them with both hands to keep at a distance. Their gestures seemed to announce some great misfortune, and among the plaintive cries they uttered, were distinguished the words, "Unclean, unclean!" (Lev. xiii. 45).

"They are lepers," cried Helon with horror. He hastened to turn his horse, and to hurry off with all speed. Myron followed him. These unhappy victims of a loathsome disease, excluded from the society of other men, dragged out a most miserable life in the desert. Their huts were hard by, and soon after our two friends met some relations of the lepers, who were going to supply them with food. These poor people bring down their vessels, or dishes to a convenient and safe place, and immediately retire out of sight. The utmost precaution has to be used. Then those who supplied provisions place the food intended for the lepers with the greatest caution, they carefully avoid touching the vessels, and

immediately hasten away. Lepers have no communications with the relatives: when they no longer come to seek for their food it is a sign that their sufferings are terminated. Their death is known by no other way.

Helon, as if pursued by the shades of the unhappy people, was impatient to leave the desert. He arrived at length at Bethsaida, a small town inhabited chiefly by fishermen. Leaving attendants to conduct the horses by the shore of the lake of Genesareth, he entered with Myron into a boat, and they were conveyed across the lake to Magdala. Its water is so clear, that the stones which form the bottom can be seen. The cities of Capernaum, Chorazin, and a multitude of small villages caught the attention of the travellers. From Magdala they went on foot to the spot where the Jordan issued from the lake, and having crossed the stream they found on the other side the servants and the horses.

Eager as he was to arrive at Jericho, Helon could not resist the desire of visiting Tabor, situated over against Carmel, at the extremity of the valley of Jezreel, which was very near. This fine and lofty hill stands apart from any other, rising out of the middle of a vast plain. Its base, planted with vines and olive trees, is so large that Barak could there assemble an army of ten thousand men, before he engaged with Sisera. The two friends were astonished at the extent of the magnificent view, but they did not stay there long; Helon had discerned the towers of Jericho! He was soon at the foot of the mountain, and without staying at Succoth, where formerly Jacob built a house for himself and made booths for his cattle, the travellers did not stop until they reached the gates of the Levite city, and beheld the mansion of Salumiel.

"No one is at home," said one of the servants, when saluting Helon.

"Where are they then?" asked the young man.

"In the house of Helon," said the servant with a smile.

He added that the family had justly calculated that he would return that evening, and that therefore all of them were assembled in the house which had been lately purchased, in order to receive him in it. This was the wedding-present that Elisama destined for his nephew. It is true that according to law, this property must in the year of jubilee be restored to its former owner, and that consequently the contract for it was rather a lease than a purchase, but the sum to be paid for obtaining the possession of it was nevertheless considerable. Helon was not aware of the generous intentions of his uncle, but he guessed immediately that he had been advised to go away in order to allow time for this surprise. Causing the servant to conduct him unto his new abode, he soon threw himself into the arms of Elisama. Only men had come to this meeting in the outer court. Helon looked around with inquiring eye for his betrothed. Salumiel understood him, and conducted him into the inner court, where Sulamith and her mother arrived soon after.

When Salumiel's family had retired, Helon examined minutely this house which was to be

his own. His heart bounded with joy. He ascended into his chamber, to consecrate it by prayer, and the words presented themselves involuntarily to his mind.

"Except the Lord build the house,
They labour in vain that build it;
Except the Lord keep the city,
The watchman waketh but in vain.
It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late,
To eat the bread of sorrows;
For so he giveth his beloved sleep."

A few days afterwards the preparations for the nuptials were finished. The friends of the bride assembled in large numbers in Salumiel's Armon. They all made presents to Sulamith, who had around her a large veil, surmounted by a beautiful crown. (Ezek. xvi. 12.) When it was evening, Helon betook himself to the house of his betrothed, being crowned as she was, and accompanied by young men who were called the friends of the bridegroom. They were the youngest priests and Levites of Jericho, and Myron took his place amongst them. The procession was enlivened by a vast number of torches and lamps. They went into the inner court, where the bride descended soon afterwards with her companions. The choir of young men and maidens chanted in turns the praises of the bridegroom and the bride; and when they arrived at the paternal house, Sulamith could not restrain her emotion. She replied by sobs to the joyous chants of her companions. Her mother pressed her daughter to her breast, her father gave her his blessing. Sulamith was placed in a litter, and her nurse beside her. All the women were closely veiled. The long train moved through the streets of Jericho to the house of Helon. A multitude of persons preceded carrying the clothes, trinkets, and new furniture of the bride. Helon, surrounded by his friends, followed. Next came the bride in her rich litter, accompanied by the virgins. The rest of Helon's friends, male and female servants, and children, closed the train. All the inhabitants of Jericho hastened from their houses, or looked down from their roofs. At length they reached the house of Helon. The litter stopped at the outer court. The bride came forth. According to custom she adorned the door-posts with woollen bands and anointed them with oil. Then her companions, raising her, lifted her over the threshold, beyond which a new life, an unknown future was to commence for her. A splendid feast had been served up for the men. The women also assembled in the Armon around tables prepared for them. All came together afterwards in the interior court; the virgins presented the bride, the youths the bridegroom, to Salumiel, who in evident agitation thus prayed:

"We praise thee, O Lord our God! who didst create Adam and Eve! We praise thee, O Lord our God, who causeth Zion to rejoice in her children! We praise thee, O Lord our God, who makest the bride and the bridegroom to be glad together!"

Then taking the right hand of his daughter, he placed it in the right hand of Helon, and added: "May the God of Abraham, the God of

Isaac, and the God of Jacob be with you! May He bless you and help you! may the wife that enters into thy house be like Rachel and like Leah, who both gave children to the house of Israel! Live virtuously among the sons of Aaron, and let thy name be distinguished in Jericho. May thy house be as the house of Malchia, thy father's father, and may all thy sons be priests to minister before Jehovah in His temple!"

Salumiel was so affected that he could scarcely finish these words. Kindred and friends then warmly offered their felicitations. The feast lasted seven days. During this time a great number of riddles were proposed. (*Judges xiv. 12.*) The happiness of the married state was celebrated in songs; and many speeches were made. Helon was especially delighted by the discourse of an eloquent Rabbi, who spoke of the connection there was among the Jews between marriage and the pardon of sins, by showing that the expectation of the Messiah should be kept up in the thought that the birth of every child awakens. This was how the Rabbi tried "to improve the occasion," but with the most of the guests such thoughts little disturbed their enjoyment of the feast.

The young bride and bridegroom had formed the intention of proceeding with Myron immediately after the marriage to Alexandria, in order to fetch Helon's aged mother from Egypt, in time to attend the Feast of Tabernacles, but their departure was delayed. They found themselves so happy, that they feared to disturb their good fortune by any change whatsoever. Sulamith admired the desire that her husband felt of becoming perfectly upright; she almost persuaded herself that he had already attained the summit of spiritual perfection as well as of earthly bliss. Helon rejoiced in her felicitations; he inwardly flattered himself on this account, and at length considered his present happiness as a sign of the approbation of Jehovah. Accustomed to regard all calamity as a Divine judgment for sin, all prosperity as the reward of virtue, his present condition appeared to him as a mark of the greatness of his merits in the sight of God.

Myron was no longer in haste to depart. The life led by his opulent hosts was very much to his liking. He at first kept back in order better to examine the scene and its personages. He soon understood much of the situation. When he discovered the inclination of Salumiel for the Essenes, he cherished this partiality, and thus gained the affection of the old man, who often took his part against Elisama, easily offended at the levity of the young Greek.

Myron went every evening with his protector to before the gate of the city, where the men of Jericho were accustomed to talk together. One day, when they seemed to take great pleasure in his conversation, he became more animated than usual, and the Israelites were delighted with his vivacity, till he thought that everything might be allowed to him. A man, whose beard had been cut off a few days before, as a punishment for a fraud, passed by at this moment, and all the company of idlers began to laugh.

"You are certainly strange people," exclaimed Myron, "to set so much value on a huge tuft of

hair upon the chin, so that an unfortunate man who has been deprived of it dares not show himself in your presence without danger; and yet you seldom have taste enough to give it an elegant form. Look, for example, at Elisama: no one is more proud of his beard than he, and yet how unsightly it is! We Greeks alone know what is beautiful, and in good taste."

Saying these words, he laid hold of the beard of Elisama, little thinking that he was profaning an object of veneration amongst the Orientals, and especially amongst Jews, so that he caused the greatest rage in the countenance of Elisama. Some of those who witnessed the scene burst into laughter, which made the insult more intolerable. Helon hastened to interpose, but it was too late. The old man started up in rage and fear. He trembled in all his limbs, and at the same time his looks expressed the wildest displeasure.

"Accursed heathen!" he exclaimed in fury, "accursed heathen!" he repeated, still more enraged. And, drawing his sword, he brandished it in the air with all his force to make it fall on the head of Myron. The Greek perceived the danger, and bent in order to avoid the stroke. He succeeded in doing so, but the blow fell upon an inhabitant of the town, who happened to be in the tumult, and who fell dead on the spot.

The spectators, seized with horror, looked in turns on the corpse, and the manslayer. Myron fled. Salumiel conducted to his house the poor Elisama almost unconscious of the deed.

"Woe, woe," exclaimed Salumiel, "thou hast killed him! hasten to fly from the avenger of blood! Bring horses, bring camels, bring any beast of burden for conveyance!"

"Whither must he go?" asked Helon.

"To a city of refuge—to Hebron in the mountain-country of Judah—to Bezer in the desert part of Reuben, or better still to Ramoth-Gilead."

Elisama's eyes were now filled with tears. "Must I then," said he, weeping, "in my old age be obliged to flee as a murderer, and be threatened with death by the hands of the avenger?"

Two swift dromedaries were brought. Elisama ascended upon one, and Helon upon the other. The night was already dark; they escaped by an indirect course and unobserved. It is an ancient custom in all the East, that when a man has been killed his next of kin is bound to avenge him by putting to death the man who had killed him. The law of Moses mitigated this custom by the appointment of six Levitical cities of refuge to serve for security to the unintentional homicide. There were three of these on each side of the Jordan. The unhappy men that reached these cities were sheltered from the animosity of the avenger of blood; but they could not venture beyond a thousand yards around until the death of the high-priest, which was considered to effect a cessation of the feud and a time of reconciliation. The roads and bridges leading to these towns were to be kept always in good repair, that no obstacle might impede the fugitive. The son of the man that had just been killed was working in the fields. As soon as he had been told of what had taken place, he set out in pursuit of Elisama; but not being able to overtake him,

he retraced his steps, and the next day applied before the judges for the investigation of the affair. After the examination of witnesses, they decided that Elisama had not intended to smite the deceased, but had been provoked by the insult of a young heathen. They then sent a Levite to Ramoth Gilead, in order to commend Elisama to the protection of the elders of that city.

Salumiel, accompanied by Sulamith, went there to console the unfortunate uncle of Helon; but on arriving they learnt with grief that the agitation of mind, the fear and fatigue attending on his flight, had so overpowered the feeble frame of the old man, that he was never expected to rise again from his couch.

A WESTPORT ADVENTURE.

IT is now above fifty years ago that an adventure, remarkably illustrative of the watchful care of God's providence, befell a lady in Edinburgh, well known to us in the later years of her honoured old age. Miss F—, in search of a poor woman whose case she wished to examine, found herself at the entrance of one of those apparently interminable common stairs, so well known by visitors of the poor in the old town of Edinburgh. The locality was the West Port, a place of much poverty and wretchedness, but at that time a haunt of crime and of danger, of which neither she nor the public at large had any idea. Not having found the person she was in search of, she addressed a man who was standing in the "close," and asked him, with the fearlessness warranted by long familiarity with the poor, if he could tell her if Mrs. A— lived in this stair. He answered her with great politeness, offering to guide her to the house, as he said it was difficult to find the way. And then he led her upstairs and downstairs, along dark passages, across a dirty court, by intricate windings, till once or twice she paused to ask if he was sure he was right; at last he opened a door, and showed her into a room, small, dark and dingy-looking, where he suddenly said, "Mrs. A— is not in, but I'll fetch her to you," and disappeared. Miss F—, at first thought she was alone, but presently she heard the voice of some one groaning as if in pain, and saw in a dark corner a poor woman, with her head tied up, rocking herself to and fro, and complaining of severe toothache. Miss F— was not one to remain indifferent to the sufferings of a fellow-creature. In her own kindly way, well remembered still by those who knew her, she began to talk to the woman, and soon finding that she was distressed in mind even more than in body, she spoke, like a faithful servant of Christ, of those things which belong to our eternal peace, of the danger of living without God in the world, and of the hope held out to those who come to God through the atoning blood of Him who died for us on the Cross. Something of this Miss F— said to this poor woman, with loving heart and looks, and it struck a chord in the heart of her whom she addressed. Tears filled her eyes, she warmly thanked her visitor, and then suddenly recollecting herself she cried,

" You man brought ye here for nae gude, but I'll see ye safe oot o' this place, though I'll hae to pay dear for it!" And opening another door from that by which Miss F— had been brought in, the lady, to her amazement, found herself at once in the open street.

Such was the lady's little adventure. She returned home thankful to be safe, and thankful to have had an opportunity of speaking a word for her Lord. But it was not till some time after that she knew how great had been her danger, when it was discovered that she had been in the very den of two ruffians, Burke and Hare, who had committed a series of murders that appalled the whole country, for the miserable object of gaining money by selling the bodies of their victims for anatomical purposes! Hare turned " king's evidence " against his accomplice, who was hanged for his crimes. The wretched woman was tried along with Burke, but acquitted for want of evidence, and indeed was thought to have been herself rather a victim of, than an accomplice in, the guilt of her associates. It was she who had been moved by the visitor's words of Christian kindness, knowing the danger of the situation. Whether she was ever afterwards led to repentance was never known.

To Miss F—, her deliverance was a striking proof of the care of Him without whom "not a sparrow falls to the ground;" while to others, the part her own words had in bringing about her rescue illustrated how important it is to employ faithfully every opportunity of showing kindness or doing good to those with whom we are brought into contact.

M. A. S. M.

The Power of Years.

WE do not know the value of our grief,
Till we look back upon it from afar,
And then, when time has given us relief,
It shines upon us like a quiet star.

The scent of the first purple violet,
When gathered, day by day may sweeter grow:
So we, in sorrow's first great pang forget
That time can draw a perfume from our woe.

We gaze upon a mellow distant scene,
Hills, woods, and ocean, bathed in golden light:
But all the moorland wild, which lies between,
A veil of mist is hiding from our sight;
And as some village bells, when heard too near,
Grate harshly, and with discord may displease,
Yet fall with heavenly sweetness on the ear
When borne from far on the soft evening breeze:

Or as the recollected words of one
Whose voice is silent in the quiet grave,
Are dearer now, because quite past and gone
Is all our power to cherish or to save:

So do the joys and sorrows of our life,
Its fears, regrets, despair, its smiles and tears,
Seem holier, purer, with God's love more ripe,
When looked at through an avenue of years.

But when our grief first crushes us, 'tis vain
To look at once for comfort or release:
In God's good time, He will it so ordain,
(If we but trust Him) all shall end in peace.

M. A. J.

BECHWANALAND AND THE BECHWANA TRIBES.

BY THE REV. J. MACKENZIE.

AT a time when this part of South Africa is attracting general attention, some reliable information concerning the country and its inhabitants will be welcome to the readers of the "Sunday at Home."

Bechwanaland is now bounded on the east by the boundary line laid down in the Pretoria Convention, which separates it from the Transvaal. On the west there lies the Kalahari Desert. The southern boundary is the Cape Colony; and on the north Bechwanaland extends as far as the Zambeze River. The country is well watered as compared with many other parts of South Africa. From the same elevated hilly range running irregularly from north to south, tributaries to the Vaal and Orange rivers take their rise, as well as streams which find their way into the Limpopo. Bechwanaland is well adapted for both agricultural and pastoral purposes.

From a philological point of view there are two families of natives in South Africa—the Gariepine Family, and the Bantu Family. Except their woolly hair these two families have little or nothing in common. In personal appearance as well as language, the Gariepine people seem to have more in common with the Tartar or Mongol than with their immediate neighbours of the Bantu race. And the latter have more in common with the South-Sea Islanders than with the Gariepine people, who are nevertheless their close neighbours in South Africa. The Bantu people, to whom the Bechwanas belong, are found throughout the whole of Africa from the Cape of Good Hope up to and beyond the equator. The tribes in the Eastern Lake Regions, as well as those on the Congo River on the West, belong to this large family. The Gariepine people consist, as far as we knew at present, of Hottentots, Koranas, Namaquas, and Bushmen, who inhabit the Cape Colony and neighbouring regions chiefly to the north-west.

Among the Bantu people we have instances of warlike tribes under despotic government; less warlike clans who are usually more industrious, and whose chiefs have less power; while in the case of other tribes, the government may be said to be patriarchal, there being no tribal cohesion or rule. The Bechwanas and Basutos belong to the less warlike clans, the power of whose chiefs was limited by the constant influence of the "Brothers of the Chief," i.e. the headmen of the tribe, who were the chief's advisers or ministers.

The Bechwanas were first visited by Europeans in 1801. Messrs. Truter and Somerville, as well as succeeding travellers, were favourably impressed with a people who were found to possess a certain amount of civilization. Indeed, their cohesion as a people—their polity and their skill in working in iron and wood, as well as in tanning the skins of the game—formed a sufficient contrast

to the more abject tribes of the South. It was left to the resident missionaries to find out the depths of the moral degradation to which the people had sunk. Mr. John Campbell was the missionary pioneer of Bechwanaland. On his first journey in behalf of the Missionary Society, he got the promise of the Chief Mothibi to receive missionaries; in accordance with which Messrs. Hamilton and Evans left the colony and proceeded to Kuruman. The chief and his people had however changed their minds in the meantime. They were jealous of the changes which mission work was effecting at Griquatown. "The people there once wore skin mantles and now wear clothes: they once had two wives, and now they have only one!" Mr. Hamilton persevered in patient waiting at the scarcely opened door. Mr. Evans sought work elsewhere, as did Mr. Read, who was also Mr. Hamilton's colleague for a time. In 1820, Mr. Campbell paid his second visit to Bechwanaland, this time accompanied by a youthful missionary who had already endured hardness in Namaqualand, and had done good work there, especially in connexion with the formerly dreaded chief Africander. Robert Moffat now cast in his lot with Robert Hamilton in the hard experiences of what was then the most distant mission station in South Africa. The reader is probably acquainted with the story of their earnest toil, their patient waiting, and their frequent trials during the first long weary years of the history of the Kuruman Mission.

At length the day dawned after the night of watching: Bechwana lips uttered the words of Christian faith, and a new course of life on the part of the converts, testified that the lips only uttered the feeling of the heart. The gospel of Christ had become in Bechwanaland the power of God unto man's salvation. Those who had sown in tears had the unspeakable pleasure of reaping with joy. The new birth of the people created new wants, which their teachers did their best to supply. Passages of Scripture—Christian hymns, a Gospel—were in succession given to the Bechwanas by Dr. Moffat in their own language. No one can over-estimate the difficulties which he had to contend with in laying the foundations of the Christian Church in Bechwanaland. For while linguist, translator, teacher of music, mechanist, printer, as well as evangelist and pastor, his mind was daily distracted by the practical and imminent difficulties which rendered the residence of the missionaries in Bechwanaland a protracted struggle.

Dr. Moffat visited England between the years 1839 and 1843. His object was mainly to carry the Sechvana New Testament through the press. He was able also to call forth in a marked manner the sympathy of Christian people in his native land towards the dark regions in which he had been labouring. Not the least valuable result of

his visit to England was the enlisting of several young men in the ranks of the South African Mission, so that when he rejoined his colleagues at Kuruman it was to consider measures concerning the advance northward of their younger brethren. The Rev. William Ross went to Taung, where he laboured diligently and successfully among the Batlaping, and at Mamusa. Mr. Ross died in harness in 1863. The Rev. William Ashton remained at Kuruman, where for many years he was Dr. Moffat's colleague, sharer of his labours in translation and superintendent of the Mission Press. He is now residing at the Colonial village of Barkly on the Vaal River, and has charge of the extensive district of Taung and Likatlong. The Rev. Roger Edwards settled with the Bakatla at Matebe, where for a time he had for his colleague the Rev. Dr. Livingstone, who afterwards removed to Kolobeng, where he opened a mission among the Bakwena under the chief Sechela. Here Dr. Livingstone laboured for some fifteen years before he commenced those journeys which have rendered his name illustrious. The Rev. Walter Inglis commenced operations at Linokana among the tribe called Bahurutse. Before this date a mission among a portion of the Barolong tribe had been commenced at Motito by the Paris Missionary Society. After collecting a church at this station the Paris Society, wishing to concentrate its efforts upon Basutoland, resigned its work at Motito into the hands of the London Missionary Society. Another section of the Barolong tribe had been visited by Wesleyan missionaries, who eventually formed a station under Montsiwe at Lotlakane.

Soon after the establishment of these missions north of Kuruman, disaster fell upon them from an unexpected quarter. The Boers of the Transvaal, having obtained complete independence by the Sand River Convention, used their newly-acquired power in attacking the tribes where mission stations had been planted, and in a short time nothing remained of the expenditure and toil of the missionaries—except indeed what had found its way into the hearts and minds of the people. Three stations of the London Missionary Society, and one of the Wesleyan Mission, were thus destroyed. Dr. Livingstone—finding on returning to Kolobeng, from one of his journeys, that his house had been broken open, his goods, books, medicines, etc., pillaged and destroyed—brought himself to the great work of opening up the Dark Continent of Africa to the knowledge of the Christian Church and the civilized world. Mr. Edwards, driven away by the Boers of the Transvaal, settled at Port Elizabeth, and undertook the humble work of ministering to the native labourers who came to work at that stirring sea-port. When he died at his post some years ago, his fellow-townsmen resolved that so unselfish and diligent a Christian worker should be remembered in time to come; and so they raised by public subscription a beautiful church for the use of his people, which they called the "Edwards Memorial Church." Thus the man whose character was so little appreciated in the Transvaal, and who was indeed actually banished from it, was in the Cape Colony beloved while living and honoured after his death.

Two new missions were projected by the London Missionary Society as the result of the information laid before the Directors by Dr. Livingstone after his return in 1856 from his first great journey across the African continent. The mission to the Matebele Zulus under the Chief Moselekatee was conducted to its destination and introduced to the aged chief by Dr. Moffat. The mission to the Makololo, which, as first planned, was to have been under the care of Dr. Livingstone, was conducted to Linyanti by the Rev. Holloway Helmore. The sad story of what took place at Linyanti is known to many of our readers. Within a few weeks of their arrival Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, with two of their children, Mrs. Price and her child, along with three native servants, fell victims to the deadly malarial fever of the country. After this the Directors resolved to recommence the work among the Bakwena, placing Mr. Price there, and to open a mission among the important tribe of the Bamangwato, which they entrusted to Mr. MacKenzie. At a later date the station of Kanye was occupied by Mr. Good, and thus the chain from Kuruman northwards was complete once more.

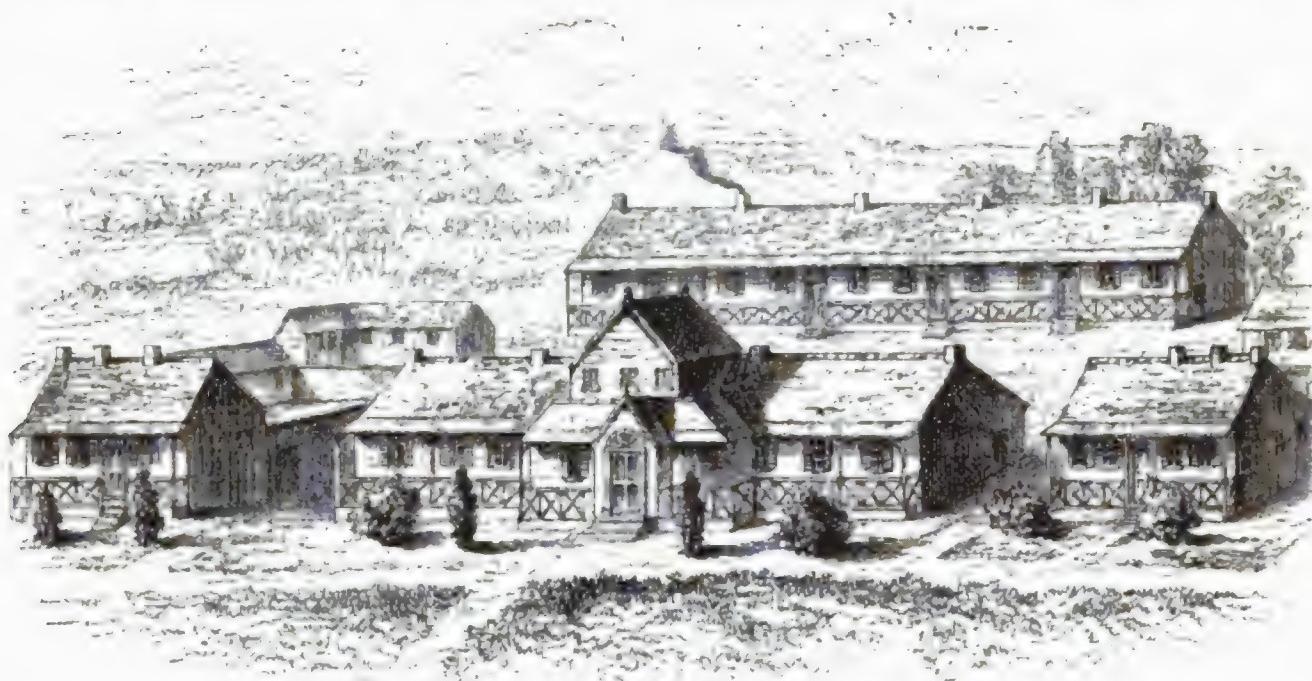
The Hermansburg Mission has many stations among Bechwana tribes, but chiefly within the Transvaal. The Dutch Reformed Church in the Cape Colony has for years engaged in mission work, not only in its own colonial villages, but among the heathen tribes within the Transvaal and on its borders. At Thabanchu in the Free State the Wesleyan Mission has an encouraging work among the Bechwanas living there; and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has also a Mission among the same people conducted with great energy and ability.

Shortly after the return of the venerable Dr. Moffat to England in 1870 his friends resolved to raise some memorial to his name, and decided that it should take the form of an educational institution at Kuruman, where the Doctor himself had so long laboured. The history of the "Moffat Institution" was commenced in troubled times, and under many difficulties. Already however there are eight trained native ministers supported by the Bechwana churches, and engaged in evangelistic and teaching work in Bechwanaland. Under the superintendence of the Rev. J. D. Hepburn, of Shoshong, two of these native ministers in 1876 commenced a new mission at Lake Nghabe; and already Mr. Hepburn has had the happiness to receive some fifty people into this infant church. A boarding-school for boys and a similar school for girls have been commenced at Kuruman in connexion with the Moffat Institution. A fee of 5*l.* per annum is charged for each boy, and 4*l.* for each girl, the object being to render this part of the work self-supporting, and at the same time teach the Bechwana Christians the great lessons of liberality and self-help. There is every reason to believe that these schools will be well supported as soon as peace and security obtain in Bechwanaland. There are at present eight married students in the theological department, who in a short time will be able to take part in Christian work in the towns and villages of Bechwanaland; and in the Boys' School there are some thirty lads of

promise, some of whom will supply a higher kind of village schoolmaster than we have had hitherto.

What is the condition of the Kuruman district

do not come forward as church members, and those who, although they have given up their belief in heathen practices, have not attained to the purity of life required in the Christian Church.



MOFFAT INSTITUTION, KURUMAN.

after many years' Christian teaching and civilizing influence? There are at present over four hundred church members on the roll of the Kuruman Church, representing the "inner circle"

In every village there is a village church, which is used also as a school. The services of some Christian man as schoolmaster are given gratis in the majority of cases as a Christian duty. The



KURUMAN CHAPEL.

of the Christian community, and consisting of those who are believed to be Christians not in name merely, but in deed and in truth. Then we have those who, for various reasons or excuses,

people in South Bechwanaland had ceased to live in the large native town, as they found that their farms needed their constant care. The numerous fountains which are found throughout the country

have been led out for the purpose of irrigation ; and agriculture and stock-farming, have been engaged in largely by the people. To illustrate the condition of the people, it may be mentioned that during the week of prayer at the commencement of the present year, there were some eighty waggons at Kuruman, which had brought their owners and their families to the services. The large church was not nearly capable of holding those who came—the overflowing congregations having to be assembled elsewhere. On an average, each wagon would cost 120*l.*; and it would be pulled by a "span" or team of say ten oxen, each of which would cost some 4*l.* Thus, at a moderate estimate, over 12,000*l.* were represented by the travelling appliances of the Bechwana people, who attended the devotional meetings at Kuruman at the commencement of the present year. A great deal of what they possess has been earned by hard work, the rest represents inherited wealth. What is true of Kuruman district is true to some extent of all parts of Bechwanaland.

At no former period in the history of the Bechwana Mission were things so promising ; at no former time was a move northward so practicable and so advisable as at present. With native ministers to accompany the European missionaries—with members of native churches as their wagon drivers and leaders—there is now a fair prospect of carrying the gospel up to and beyond the Zambesi—each new station being within easy distance of another, and all being as links in a chain. It is to be hoped that the London Missionary Society, as well as the Paris Society, will be able soon to advance northward.

But recent events in Bechwanaland cause the gravest alarm to the friends of missions : and the immediate question is not so much as to the progress of the Bechwana, as it is a question of their existence as a people. A large portion of Bechwanaland has been seized upon, and is now occupied by Transvaal Boers and other Europeans, who have disgraced their fellow-countrymen in South Africa and the name of Christian everywhere, by engaging in wars and raids in Bechwanaland—professedly as volunteers of one chief as against another—the result being that both their supposed friends as well as their sup-

posed enemies have been despoiled of property and land and brought to ruin. It is not a debateable statement that the base of these operations was the Transvaal, or that the stolen cattle were driven into that country. It is also certain that the Bechwana respected the boundary-line laid down by the Pretoria Convention between themselves and the Transvaal, giving up the pursuit of their own cattle when they found they had got into the Transvaal. It is also unquestionable that the Transvaal Government as such is at peace with the Bechwana chiefs. They have committed no offence against the Transvaal State although they are robbed and ruined by Transvaal subjects. We have no intention of going into a discussion of this question, which has been before Parliament, but express our unfeigned regret that events so untoward should have so seriously checked the good work of evangelizing, elevating, and establishing the Bechwana people in their own country.*

* We give, as a historical document, the exact terms of the paragraphs in the Pretoria Convention, which refer to such a state of things as has actually arisen in Bechwanaland :

Article 18.

Par. 3. "In regard to Natives not residing in the Transvaal, the British Resident will report to the High Commissioner and the Transvaal Government any encroachments reported to him as having been made by Transvaal residents upon the land of such natives, and in case of disagreement between the Transvaal Government and the British Resident, as to whether an encroachment has been made, the decision of the Suzerain will be final. The British Resident will be the medium of communication with native Chiefs outside the Transvaal, and subject to the approval of the High Commissioner, as representing the Suzerain, he will control the conclusion of treaties with them, and he will arbitrate upon every dispute between Transvaal residents and Natives outside the Transvaal (as to acts committed beyond the boundaries of the Transvaal) which may be referred to him by the parties interested."

Par. 4. "In regard to communications with Foreign Powers, the Transvaal Government will correspond with Her Majesty's Government through the British Resident and the High Commissioner."

THE YOUNG LAIRD.

CHAPTER III.

"WE have had such a jolly sail," said Lowrie as he sprang out of the boat.

"And what luck did you have with the line?" asked Don.

"Not much," answered the lad ; then, lowering his voice so that Olé might not hear, he added, "I never got the line out at all, for Olé was in one of his queer moods, and I could not manage everything ; so I just kept in shore and used my rod. I have caught a good few piltaches and some little cod."

Don laughed. " You generally get plenty of fun out of your expeditions, but precious little game, Lowrie. But you had better hurry home now, for you know Jean never goes to bed till all her boys are under the Manse roof. I'll help Olé with the boat, so off with you. Good-night."

Having sent Lowrie home, the young laird proceeded to assist Olé in securing the boat. The young men were foster brothers, and not unlike each other. Olé's mother had been Don's nurse, and she often avowed that she loved the

one as much as the other. When the young laird reached man's estate, Olé slipped into the place of factotum at the Ha', and the manager of Donald Grierson's little property, an arrangement which worked well for all parties, for Olé was absolutely devoted to his foster-brother, and thought that Don could do no wrong. Whatever Don was pleased to plan that Olé was sure to carry out with blind fidelity to the wishes of the young laird, who was scarcely conscious of his own power over his companion.

When their task at the boat-noost was accomplished Don said, "Come up with me and have some supper, Olé. Although it is late Mam Betsy won't mind, knowing that I am so dull at the Ha' all by myself."

Olé had hesitated for one moment, with his eyes cast on the ground, and a shadow on his usually merry countenance; but if he had not wished to accept the invitation such a desire vanished before Don's last words.

"Yea," he said, "ye mon find it unco dree noo that the Lady is awa'. Ye will hae to bring a bonnie lass to the Ha' afore lang to keep you company," and the speaker laughed meaningly, for he had a shrewd belief that Don did meditate doing something of the sort before long. Mr. Morham had not suspected the young laird's intentions, but his intimate associate had long since come to a conclusion of his own, regarding Don's adoration of Jean Morham. "Yea! Yea!" Olé went on, "it canno be richt for you to stay in the big house your lane. Ye'll hae to bring a young wife to it."

"That is what I hope to do soon," said Don, and then he told his foster-brother of his love for the minister's daughter, and of his hope to win her for his wife before long.

Olé's sympathy was to be relied upon, you may be sure, although a little pang of jealousy made its way to his heart, as he thought of the days to come, when Don and he must necessarily be much less to one another than they were just then. However, like a true unselfish friend, Olé kept such thoughts to himself, and entered into Don's hopes with warm interest. Before they reached the Ha' our hero had poured forth a considerable amount of the extravagant talk which young men in love delight to inflict upon their confidential friends, and Olé had reconciled himself in a great measure to the inevitable.

As they neared the house Don suddenly asked, "How was it that you did not use the lines to-day? I expected you would bring ashore a fine haul."

Olé gave an uneasy laugh as he answered, "I don't think I had altogether got over last night. I was sleepy and stupid, and Mr. Lowrie wad no' trust me wi' either the tiller or the lead-line."

"Dear me," exclaimed Don a little crossly, "what a weak head you have, man! You get upset by nothing. You want seasoning." Olé did not reply, and by that time they had reached the Ha'.

Supper was on the table awaiting the young laird, who, though by no means hungry, walked at once to his place at the board. Before seating himself Don poured out two large bumpers of rare old Glenlivet, and pushing one glass towards Olé,

and lifting the other in his hand he said, "This to the coming lady of Barda." Olé's face flushed hotly, and he stammered forth, "I doobt I had ower muckle o' yon same whisky last night."

"What!" exclaimed Don with the glass at his lips, "what! you decline to toast the lady of Barda!"

There was a touch of gentle reproach in his voice, and Olé could not stand that.

"Here's to your bonnie lady," he cried, "and happy, happy may ye twa be," and he emptied his glass without more ado.

Alas! that glass of spirits took from him the strength of mind to refuse a second. The second was followed by a third of course, nor was Don behind him in the mad race.

The morning sun was far up in the sky when Olé staggered home, leaving Don lying on the sofa in the stupor of partial intoxication.

Mam Betsy heard her son's noisy entrance, and tears fell heavily from the good woman's eyes as she thought of a promise made to her on the previous day—a promise given and now—broken.

Women have many hard trials to meet, but none so heavy as that which poor Betsy Manson was at that time called upon to endure. What sorrow, I ask, can equal that of the woman who sees the man she has loved and admired for all his noble manly attributes, become the slave of strong drink?—who finds herself powerless to cope with the vile passion which will soon make havoc of the intellect and goodly presence to which she has looked up with perfect trust? What bitter shame she feels—for is not his shame hers? What humiliation of spirit she endures! And when the woman is (as Olé's mother was) a Christian, how more deeply still does she mourn over the moral ruin of her hero!

To make Mam Betsy's sorrow complete she was well aware that her beloved foster son, the young laird to whom every soul in Barda looked up with affection and respect, had been the first to indulge in a vice new to that quiet isle, and that it was his influence which had led Olé into folly.

Betsy did not sleep, you may be sure, after Olé's return, but lay awake anxiously considering what she could possibly do more than she had already done to check the young men in their course to destruction. She had not ventured to remonstrate with Don, for dearly as she loved him, and familiar as the intercourse was between them, there was a certain pride and wilful contrariness in the young laird which resented any attempt which even his nurse made to rebuke him. He would not be "advised" she knew, and when she had hinted that he was leading Olé into mischief Don had treated it as a good joke. In truth he considered it nothing more than a joke, for he had never seen the evil consequences which surely follow upon such self-indulgence.

Sometimes Betsy had thought of seeking Mr. Morham's aid, but, mother-like, had shrunk from telling the minister of her son's delinquencies. Moreover, she had not felt sure that the minister was at all likely to succeed where she had failed—not that Betsy over-estimated herself. She had a humble spirit, but she knew that the ear that is deaf to a mother's pleading is not likely to give heed to any man's remonstrance.

As she moved about her household duties that morning, she kept saying to herself, "Something must be done for the puir lads," but what that "something" was she did not know, and her heart was heavy within her, although she had not failed to lay her burden before her God. We learn readily enough to tell our Father about our troubles, but we do not so easily find out the way to cast our care upon Him.

Oppressed by the weight of her sorrow, Mam Betsy had no interest to bestow upon the beauty of the day, the sounds of cheerful life which were proceeding from the surrounding cottages, the voices of children and birds alike revelling in their glad existence.

She could only think of her erring son, and the youth who was as dear as a son.

But presently her attention was arrested by the tones of a clear happy voice singing,

"Light in the darkness, sailor."

A smile spread over Mam Betsy's face, and she hastily adjusted her widow's cap and smoothed out her gown. Crossing the floor she cautiously closed the door of the apartment where Olé lay, and then she set a chair for the visitor whose coming was being so sweetly heralded.

The song came nearer and yet nearer—not sung in fitsful snatches, but caroled joyously, as if the heart of the singer were so brimful of happiness that it must find some utterance for the overflow of its feelings. Then the song stopped at Mam Betsy's door, which stood open.

"Peace be here," said the new-comer, adopting a beautiful old custom of the islands which required that the first words of greeting should be in the form of a benediction. She dearly loved the quaint Shetland ways, and never crossed the threshold of a cottage without using the sweet and sacred salutation, "Peace be here."

"The blessing o' the Lord rest upon you, Miss Jean," answered Betsy, as she hastened to place her visitor in the most comfortable seat which the cottage possessed. Jean had come there for the express purpose of chatting with Don's nurse about him; but first the girl talked gaily of other things, and then Mam Betsy's dejected mien told of a mind much disturbed by painful thoughts.

A few gentle questions skilfully put soon elicited a part of the truth, and Jean learned that Olé Manson was falling into sin through the example of the young laird. "It's mysel' that's sair afflicted for them," faltered Betsy as she wiped a few heavy tear-drops from her care-worn face; "and ye'll forgive me, Miss Jean, for plaguing you wi' my sorrows; but I ken ye have a sisterly affection for our bonnie young laird, and if there is a life in the isle that he wad mind its yoursel'. He will no' gie heed to me, nor the minister I'm fearing; but a' the boys mind you, and maybe he wad take thought if ye were to speak to him. Ye'll excuse me if I mak' ower bold. It's a real comfort to speak to somebody aboot it."

Jean's face had paled when Mam Betsy told her trouble, and now the poor mother, gazing earnestly at her visitor, observed how deep emotion had been stirred.

"I'm no' saying it is sae bad in the young laird, Miss Jean. I am only fearing that it may grow to be wanr wi' him as weel as wi' my puir Olé. Oh, my dear, ye wad no' think me ower fearsome if ye had to suffer what I suffer."

"Hush, dear Mam Betsy," said Jean with white and quivering lips, "I do suffer with you."

Don's nurse, like the minister, had become so accustomed to seeing him go out and in of the Manse, as if he were one of its own boys that she had never thought of associating his name with that of Jean otherwise than she would have done if they were brother and sister. But Jean's face now spoke of a deeper and closer interest in the young laird; and quick-witted Betsy at once perceived that through the minister's daughter she might find a way of awakening Don to a sense of his error.

"My jewel," she said, "I wad na' ha' spoken o' this if I had kent what your face tells me noo. But maybe it is best sae; for ye will be able to guide the dear lad richt. Ask the Lord to instruct you how to speak to our bonnie young laird. And you'll please no' forget to mind him that he canno' gang either down-hill or up-hill *his lane*. No man ever does. They aye tak' others alang wi' them. Ye'll excuse me, Miss Jean, for mentioning that—but ye see I ha'e my puir Olé to think about."

Jean rose and softly pressed Betsy's hand in token of sympathy and assurance that her request would be remembered. But words Jean had none. There was no song upon her lips as she went out into the sunshine, carrying on her blithe and guileless spirit the shadow of her lover's sin.

CHAPTER IV.

When Jean returned to the Manse, one of her little brothers met her and told her that Don had



MAM BETSY AND JEAN.

been there. "And we think he has been up to some mischief," said the boy confidentially, "for he looked cross and ill, and father was talking to him in the study, and when they came out, father looked very grave."

Jean could guess what their conversation had been about. She knew now what her father had meant when hinting at an obstacle in the way of her marriage with Don, and she felt sure that Mr. Morham had spoken his mind to the young laird. How Don had received such words Jean could not conjecture and longed to know, so went to her father's room at once.

His troubled brow betokened discouraging news and the girl's heart sank.

"Well, my lass," said Mr. Morham, trying to speak cheerfully. "I am rather glad you were not here an hour ago, for I was having a somewhat painful conversation with that poor boy, Don."

"I know," Jean faltered, "and I also know what the cloud is of which you spoke last night. I have heard of Don's shame."

"Who told you?" Is it the talk of the isle already? I did not think it had gone that length."

"Mam Betsy told me. Don is leading Olé into the same folly. What shall I do?"

The last words were spoken pitifully, for the sensitive woman's heart was writhing under its pain, and Jean was not aware of her own power, consequently did not know that it was perhaps given her to save the man she loved. But her father hoped much from her influence over Don, and said cheerfully, "I quite believe that you will be able to set Don right, my lassie. I wish he had waited a day or two before coming to talk to me about you, for he was not in a frame of mind to receive advice or censure, this morning. However, you will put things all right by-and-by."

But that evening Jean thought the "by-and-by" was far away, for Don did not come back, and there could be no doubt that he had resented the minister's well-meant exhortation.

"He will see that father is right, perhaps to-morrow," Jean said to herself. But Don did not come on the morrow, and she feared he was cherishing an unforgiving spirit.

It was not so. In his heart he acknowledged that the minister had not been unjust; and it was partly shame, and partly an unselfish desire to leave Jean to make a calm decision which kept him away from the Manse.

But the Manse boys would not accept any reason for Don's absence, and when a second day had well-nigh gone without bringing the young laird Lowrie Morham set out for the Ha' in search of the truant.

Alas! poor Don had not spent the period of self-exile from the Manse as he should have done. He had expected that Jean would write to him or send a message, and when she did neither, he fretted, grew angry, then desponding, and finally resorted to drink as a means of killing time, and curing heartache.

Lowrie, in his usual unceremonious way, walked into the Ha' parlour without being announced, and found Don sitting moodily read-

ing a novel—or pretending to read, while occasionally taking a draught from the spirits-and-water which stood on the table beside him.

There was that in his heavy eyes and nervous manner which told even an unsophisticated youth that Don had taken more drink than was good for him, and Lowrie stood aghast at the revelation in his friend's appearance.

Before he could do more than utter a few disjointed and common-place remarks, there came a knock to the room door, and presently Olé walked in. He looked flushed and excited, and spoke very hurriedly. "There's a fine breeze blowing, and we will have a splendid run out," he said to Donald at the same time that he less respectfully than usual returned Lowrie's nod.

"I have changed my mind. I am not going," answered Don.

"Not going!" echoed Olé, "why, sir, it is an evening after your ain heart. Stiff wind off the land: white horses on top o' every wave; a clear sky and a well-found boat. I've got a' thing ready as ye wished. Ye'll never be for going back o' your word."

"I am not going," said Don doggedly, at the same time helping himself to some more spirits, and then pushing the decanter across to Olé, who accepted the civility with eager pleasure.

Said Lowrie, "It is like to be a rather rough night on the water, for the wind is steadily rising. What prank were you two meditating, if a fellow may make so bold as inquire?"

"Only going to the Voders for a sail, Master Lowrie," said Olé, suddenly turning to the lad and adding, "You come instead o' the laird. I've no' see the storm yet that could master me in the management o' yon boat."

"Yes, Lowrie, you go," added Don, conscious of little besides a desire to get rid of the boy's reproachful eyes.

"It isn't a night for the Voders," answered Lowrie with slight hesitation, for his soul rejoiced in mad adventures and he would have eagerly joined Olé if a grave doubt regarding his sobriety had not presented itself.

"I doubt ye're feared," laughed Olé.

"Bosh!" exclaimed the lad, rather hotly; then turning to Don, he said: "We have been wondering, up at the Manse, what has become of you these two days."

The young laird's bent head had dropped a little lower, and he said in a gruff tone, "And it wasn't worth anybody's while to come and ask after me, I suppose?"

"How can you talk such nonsense, Don! But let me tell you I was for coming yesterday, only Jean said I had better not bother you."

"Oh, she did, did she? Then I suppose she didn't bother herself to—to send any message to-night?"

"She did not know that I was coming here."

Here Olé interrupted the conversation by addressing Don in coaxing tones to induce him to start upon the proposed expedition; but Don was obstinate, and at last Lowrie, seeing that the young men's tempers were fast getting the mastery over them, exclaimed, "There Olé, man, let the laird alone. I'll go with you." Then to Don he said, "I wish you would send a note

down to Jean to tell her that I have gone for a sail, and of course won't be home till morning. By that she will know that we are all right,—you too, you know."

"Oh, very well," said Don carelessly. "I'll send presently." But Lowrie had begun to have some suspicions of the state of matters between Jean and the young laird, and he would not be satisfied with such a promise. Writing materials were at hand, and Lowrie persuaded Don to scribble a few words to Jean. "That will comfort her," thought the lad, who had, he believed, found sufficient reason for his sister's pale cheeks and heavy eyelids. He saw the note dispatched, and then he said, "You will come to the Manse to-morrow, won't you? And Don, old chap, I wish—I wish you'd let *that* alone."

Lowrie pointed to the glasses on the table, then hurriedly left the house, followed by Olé.

The couple did not speak much during their short walk to the shore, for Lowrie cut short his companion's attempts at conversation, and fortunately they soon reached the place where a favourite boat was lying ready for her voyage.

Olé's expert hands soon had the sail set, and before many minutes the boat was speeding seaward before a smart breeze.

Lowrie had taken the tiller, and was keeping a watch upon Olé, who held the sheet. There was less of his wonted boyish recklessness in the lad's manner, and somewhat of a superior's reserve in his bearing towards the other, who did not relish such novel treatment by any means.

As they got farther from the land the boat began to plunge and scatter spray, and then Olé, rising from his seat, said, "Shall I steer noo? I ken her moods better than ye do."

"Take in that sail a bit" was all the answer he received, and, considerably astonished at the boy's tone more than his words, Olé did as he was desired, and then repeated, "Shall I steer noo?"

"No," said his young companion sternly and with much of a man's firmness in look and gesture. "No! you are not in a condition to guide yourself, far less others. Sit down, and attend to what I say."

Completely subdued, Olé did sit down and stared at Lowrie in perfect amazement. Although his mind was considerably confused, he had sense enough to discern at once the marked change which had come over the bearing of the Manse boy, who had been accustomed to defer very much to Olé in all matters pertaining to a boat.

His nature was weak, and he was easily swayed by others, which was fortunate for both himself and Lowrie at that time. Any insubordination just then might have proved fatal. But although his wrath was kindled, the foolish fellow said nothing, and the boat flew on before the wind, which was rising every moment. A moody silence was kept by both Lowrie and Olé. The attention of the former was entirely given to the management of the boat, and presently his companion observed that their course was not directed to the Voders.

The Voders, I had better explain, were a group of rocks lying some miles off the land—not a safe locality to visit at any time, far less on such a night as that of which I am writing, when the

breaking waves were thundering upon the Voders with power to overwhelm the stoutest ship that ever floated.

I have said that Lowrie Morham was rash, even foolhardy at times, but he was not so on this occasion, and, instead of steering for the Voders, he gradually turned the boat in quite a different direction.

Presently Olé remarked a little insolently,—

"Do ye call this making for the Voders?"

"Certainly not," said Lowrie, shortly.

"Feared?" asked Olé with a sneer.

The lad glanced around at the surging waters, and the expression of his face woke an uneasy sensation in Olé's breast. There was a quaver of dread in his voice as he half-scoffingly repeated, "Feared for a drop o' spindrift?"

"Yes," answered Lowrie, "I am afraid to face the Voders to-night. I don't want to be drowned, and I don't mean to be, that's more."

"Why don't ye turn back then?"

"Turn back! It would take a better man than either of us to bring the boat back in the teeth of this gale—as you know very well."

Olé was too good a sailor not to understand, even in his somewhat dazed condition, that they were in some danger, and his courage fell considerably.

"What will ye do, Master Lowrie?" he asked meekly.

"I am going to land on Humba."

"If ye can, ye mean."

Lowrie gazed anxiously ahead at a small island rising dark and solitary out of a whirlpool of conflicting waters. It was small and uninhabited; the moon was shining directly over it, throwing its sombre form into bold relief against the sky. There was no beach or creek where a boat could effect a safe landing. The island was a mere rock, rising out of deep ocean, and surrounded by crags, some high, some scarcely above the tide-mark. In fine weather it was easy enough to run a boat alongside of those crags. When a tempest was raging, it was scarcely possible to land safely upon them.

There was no other land anywhere in the course they were driving, and beyond Humba spread the Atlantic—broad, measureless, storm-tossed. "If we can't take the isle," said Lowrie very gravely, "we must be carried out to sea. The isle is our only hope."

The knowledge of their imminent danger completely sobered Olé, and he began to whimper, "It was a fool's trick to gang afloat to-night—whatever will come o' us? If it had no' been the laird's whisky——"

"Stop that!" Lowrie exclaimed. "Don't add cowardice to the rest of your folly, and listen! There is no chance for us out on the open sea. We must try for Humba."

"But ye ken as well as I do," Olé cried, "that there is no possibility o' running safely alongside o' the Humba rocks to-night."

"Nevertheless that is our only hope. I shall make for the isle, and when the boat strikes—as she will—we must try to get hold on land somehow. That's all that is for us now."

"Lord hae mercy on us," groaned Olé, yielding to the unmanly fears which usually master one

who has not early learned self-control. The minister's son bowed his head one moment in silent prayer, and a swift thought sped to the Manee and Jean. Then, with compressed lips and flashing eyes, he grasped the tiller yet more firmly, and brought the boat round so that her side was to the shore when, carried by wind and wave, she crashed on the rocks.

Sabbath Thoughts.

TEMPTATION.

"And lead us not into temptation."—Matt. vi. 13,

LEAT no man say he is above being tempted. There are different forms of temptation adapted to different natures; and those who think it is impossible that they can fall as others have done, are tempted and are overcome already by the sin of *spiritual pride*! The Lord's prayer is for us all, the most advanced as well as the most ignorant. We all need to be kept from falling; to be guided in the way we should go; to be preserved from temptation; to be delivered from evil; and to have our sins forgiven us day by day. And unless we can, in all true humility, enter into this prayer and offer up those petitions as the very yearnings of our hearts, we are not in a right state before "our Father which is in heaven." It is necessary to guard against any teaching which tends to make us forget that though we are washed from our sins by the precious blood of atonement, and though we have the assurance that God is our Father and Christ our surety before the Father—we are still in a world full of temptation, and with hearts continually liable to be led astray. A humble distrust of ourselves, and earnest prayer to be preserved from such temptations as might be most likely to destroy us, is the lesson our Lord would teach us in this petition. He can preserve us, but we must beware of placing ourselves in a wrong position. He bids us pray "lead us not into temptation." How inconsistent, then, would it be if we were of ourselves to walk into it! We know, or ought to know, what are the evils which are most likely to be to us real temptations, let us not only pray against them, but carefully avoid all approach to them.

"Which Shall not be Taken Away."

WE are but pilgrims, on this earth we hold
No sure possession to enclose and keep;
Time takes away our treasures while we sleep,
And leaves but silver for the most fine gold.
The joys we cherished once, with bliss untold,
In lonely Ephrath graves now slumber deep,
And e'en the sorrows, over which we weep,
Will leave us, in that valley hushed and cold,
Through which unsandalled all must walk at last.
But the "good part" shall not be taken away,
Made ours for ever by a deathless bond.
It shall go with us when, the night being past,
We cross the threshold of eternal day.
And know the fulness of the life beyond.

MARY BOWLES.

Pages for the Young.

HUBERT'S TEMPTATION.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER II.



DO so wish it was the twelfth!" exclaimed Carrie Russell, just one week before the event recorded in the last chapter.

"It always seems as if, when you wanted a day to come quickly, it took a special pleasure in coming slowly. I'm sure I have waited long enough for the 'twelfth,'" and, with a merry smile at her mother, she went over to the chair where she sat at work, and kissed her. "Well, my dear, I can hardly wonder at your impatience for the coming of this birthday, especially after the promise which your father made you." And her mother returned the smile, with a loving touch upon the fair head of her only child.

"I can hardly keep myself quiet, when I think that in three days, I shall be the owner of a real watch of my own. I am sure Papa means to give me a watch. It was the only thing that I said I should really like." And Carrie bent down to see whether she could detect any tell-tale look in her mother's face.

"I fear you will have to wait until the twelfth. I am not in a position to give you any information," said her mother with a meaning smile.

"But I am almost certain of it, mother. Papa said he would not trust me with one until I was thirteen. Just as though I would not have taken care of one last year, or the year before."

"You know you have an unhappy knack of losing your things, my dear, sometimes. Not that I wish to reproach you, but if your father gives you expensive presents, he wishes to see them well cared for."

"Of course, mother dear, but who would ever think of losing a watch? I would just as soon think of losing my head." And Carrie laughed at the idea of anything so absurd being considered possible.

Mrs. Russell and her only child had come down to the sea-side together, having left Mr. Russell in London, he being too busy to leave his business just then. He had arranged to run down from Saturday to Monday, each week during their visit, which was rendered necessary by the state of Mrs. Russell's health. It was fortunate that some very dear friends of the Russells were staying here just now, for otherwise, Carrie would not have been able to get about much, her mother being a great invalid, but with them she was able to be out many times during the day, and as she was content to run about after shells and sea-weeds they had no difficulty in amusing her. She delighted in every object to be found at the sea-side, and it was her greatest delight to bring back to her mother as many objects of interest as she could gather during her walks.

Mrs. Russell often said that Carrie was quite as useful to her as a lady-help, and, indeed, it seemed as though the child considered every hour spent out of her mother's society as so much time lost, unless she were gathering materials by the way, with which to amuse her on her return. But it was not alone her duties about the house which she performed so lovingly and well; she was also an excellent cook, and when

her mother's appetite failed, as it did sometimes, she would arrange all manner of tempting dishes, which the landlady of the house would cook for her. Then she loved to sit by her mother's side, and read for her some interesting book from which they could both learn some lesson of hope and love; for both Mrs. Russell and her daughter were humble believers in the atoning love of their Saviour Jesus Christ, and they both understood that the trials and afflictions which come to the children of God are sent with a wise and kind purpose, and are designed to lead them to live more closely upon their Father in heaven, and to yield Him a more complete obedience. No murmurs were ever heard therefore, either from mother or daughter, at the long and trying illness which had deprived Mrs. Russell for several years past, of the pleasure of walking abroad as she used to do, and enjoying the sights and sounds of the sea-side. Carrie had often asked her Father in heaven to give her strength and wisdom to help her mother, and her prayer had been answered, for she had become almost invaluable to her, and the light of her life would have been quenched had Carrie been removed from her side. Sometimes Mrs. Russell went for a ride in a bath chair, but she did not care for the fatigue of it, preferring to sit at the open window, and watch the merry groups of children trooping to the sands, full of happy impatience to dig trenches and build forts, which the very next tide would sweep clean away. She often wondered, as she saw some merry face upturned to hers, as it passed the window where she sat, whether those who saw her, ever thanked God for the blessing of health. To them it seemed so slight a matter to scamper down to the beach; but to her, it would have been an unspeakable joy, could she even feel strong enough to walk down slowly and painfully.

It was as a special mark of loving approval of her care and attention to her mother that Mr. Russell had made what seemed to be a promise, that on her thirteenth birthday she was to have a watch. Mr. Russell was by no means rich, but he took almost as much pleasure in the thought of giving Carrie so pretty and useful a present, as though he himself were the receiver and not the giver.

Carrie would never know how many little things he had denied himself in order that she might have a good watch, and it may have been the fact of his self-denial which gave him so much pleasure, seeing that it enhanced the value of the gift in his eyes.

As even the most long-delayed days and events come at last, so Carrie's birthday came, and with it her father, who came down on the Saturday morning, so as to give Carrie the pleasure of his company, as well as the delight of the birth-day gift early. When he appeared, coming from the station, she gave a cry of delight, and ran to meet him in the hall. There she threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him over and over again, hardly letting him wish her "Many happy returns of the day!" in her affectionate fervour. "You dear old daddie!" she cried. "I never thought we would see you so early as this. It will be delightful to have you all day. Mother is very cruel, for she never said a word to me about your coming down so early."

"When I am allowed to speak I shall endeavour to explain how it is that I came down so early," Mr. Russell said, as he took Carrie's face between his hands and kissed her many times. "But first, 'Many happy returns of the day,' my child, and may God spare you to grow up a good and useful woman. Here is your old father's gift, which I hope you will treasure for his sake." And Mr. Russell took from his pocket a small box, which he handed over to his daughter, with another kiss.

There was, as may well be imagined, the greatest excitement in the parlour presently, when Carrie opened her box, in the presence of her parents, and the friends who had

come in to wish her the compliments of the day. Her fingers could hardly untie the string with which the little box was fastened, they trembled so with excitement; but when, after much difficulty, she managed to open the box she beheld the loveliest little silver watch, richly chased and a pretty little silver chain to wear with it. She clapped her hands with delight. "Oh! dearest daddie, was there ever so lovely a present!" she cried, running to her father; and throwing her arm round his neck again, and almost smothering him with kisses.

It was indeed a happy day, and the new watch was the admiration of everyone. It would be difficult to say how many times it was referred to to learn the exact time; but it is sufficient to say that upon all possible occasions during the day, Carrie consulted it, much to her father's amusement; and at night it was wound and put back in its box, with as much care as though it were a baby. "I wonder how long all this will last?" Mr. Russell asked, after he had witnessed the process. "It will surprise me if the new baby is as carefully handled when I come down next Saturday." And he looked at Carrie with a merry smile on his face.

"Oh! papa, how can you say such horrid things? You know I shall always treasure it up, and take the greatest care of it. I do not believe that anyone ever had a more beautiful watch," and Carrie bade her father good-night, and went to bed to dream of her new possession, and enjoy all over again in her sleep, the pleasure of that bright summer day.

On the following Saturday she took it out with her when she went for a walk with her friends, and on her return, she found, to her horror, that the watch was gone!

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XXV.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Be ye doers of the word, and no hearers only, deceiving your own selves." Jas. i. 22. Read Luke viii. 1—15.

We now enter upon the second great preaching tour of our Lord. What a blessed and memorable time it was for the cities and villages of Galilee! What a glad time for the twelve chosen men who always went with Him and listened to the words that He spoke! What a happy time for Mary of Magdala, the woman saved from that which was worse than bodily disease; and Joanna and Susanna and other women who had the honour of ministering to Him! You think perhaps you would like to have had a place among them; you think, "Oh, if I could but have heard His words, if I could but have had the privilege of giving anything of mine to the Saviour!" Ah then, see that you treasure in your heart of hearts His own written word which is contained in the Bible. And if you long to minister of your substance to Jesus as these women did, listen to His voice when pointing to the sick, the sorrowful, the poor, the needy, He says to every one of us, *Inasmuch as ye do it to one of the least of these my brethren ye do it unto me.* Thus there is not one of you who may not share in the honour of ministering unto Jesus, like Mary and Joanna and Susanna.

Think of the joy in one city after another when Jesus came, enlightening men's minds by His words and healing men's bodies by His touch! It was thus He sowed everywhere the good seed; and as He passed through the rich plains of Galilee, and saw men leave the golden cornfields to listen to Him, Jesus spoke of things unseen by describing things seen in the parable of the sower now before us, which we shall examine.

What did the sower go forth to do? He went forth for earnest work, sometimes difficult and sometimes disappointing work, still He went on with it. Dear children, the Lord still goes on with this work, sowing seed continually, sowing even this very day in your hearts. Where did some of the seed fall? What became of it? Where did the next fall? It sprang up, it was not like the first in its beginning. But what happened afterwards? And the next seed sown, where did it fall? What sprang up with it? What did the thorns do to it? Last of all where did some seed fall? And what became of it? What did it bear?

When Jesus had spoken this parable, *what did He say to those who had ears? What question did His disciples ask?* Happy were those to whom He explained His words, and happy are we who have this explanation. The seed is the Word of God, preached in the pulpit, taught in the Sunday-school, read by your parents to you. Have you thought what a privilege it is to have this seed sown in your hearts. Now those by the wayside, the hard, beaten roadside, never take the seed in, and who comes and takes it away like fowls of the air? Ah, beware of this enemy! (Jas. iv. 7.) The seed on the rock is those who receive it with joy; but what happens in time of temptation? Why does the seed wither? "These have no root!" Not like those of whom Paul speaks (Eph. iii. 17). Then again, whose hearts are like seed which fell among thorns? what is it choked with? This seed both springs and grows; alas, it bears no fruit! But there are those who bear fruit. Having heard the word, they keep it in an honest and good heart, and great is the harvest; they bear fruit an hundredfold (v. 8). Let it be your prayer that you may so receive, and so bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

Sing,—“Fountain of mercy, God of love.”

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XVI.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. “The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.” Psa. xciii. 4. Read Mark iv. 35—41. Your verse for the day illustrates the passage you have now read, describing one of our Lord’s most remarkable miracles. Let us go over these verses carefully, and consider this wondrous story. The parable of the sower and other parables spoken on this day were uttered by Jesus from that pulpit from which He had before preached to the multitudes, the deck of a ship. See Matt. xiii. 2. That day’s work had been long and exhausting, and when evening came, Jesus needed rest, and what did He say to His disciples? He wished to go at once to the other side of the lake, so when they had sent the people away His disciples took Him, “even as he was,” that is without waiting for food, in the little ship or rather fishing boat. Was it the only boat on the lake? Some of His hearers probably followed in those other little ships.

The lake of Galilee looked calm and fair when they set sail, but soon there was a change. This lake lies deeply set in a hollow among hills, and from these hills a great storm of wind suddenly swept down, as is often the case even now, upon those waters. What was the effect of this furious blast? What state was the ship in? What state of mind were the disciples in? Where was Jesus? To look at Him in His calm sleep ought to have comforted the disciples! They might have known that with Him they were safe! But they could not rest till they had roused Him, and what did they say? Their words seemed to blame Him, but He showed them, not by words, but by His actions, how easy it was for Him to save them from perishing in the way they

feared. How grandly did the Lord show forth His mighty power as “he rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still!” He spoke to the tempest as its Master: “mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea!” At His bidding “the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.” He who walked among men as one of themselves, poor and lowly, glad to rest His weary head on a fisherman’s pillow, here suddenly showed Himself as the Lord of all creation, “which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves,” Psa. lxx. 7; see also Psa. cxvi. 29. Well might the disciples marvel! Matt. viii. 27. How did Jesus reprove them? What did He ask them? He asked them, “Why are ye so fearful?” They were fearful because of the storm; if they had had more faith they would have had less fear. Faith in the power of God would have made them brave. After they saw the effect of Jesus’ words they “feared exceedingly,” but they did not now fear the storm, they feared God. They were struck with solemn awe for the great power of Jesus, as Peter had been once before in that boat when He saw the wonderful draught of fishes. Luke v. 8, 9. What did they say one to another? “Even the wind and the sea obey him!” Yes, thus it was on the lake of Galilee, and thus it is still! Read Psa. lxxxix. 8, 9.

Sing,—“Jesus, I will trust thee.”

ANSWER TO ALPHABETICAL EXERCISE.

NO. II.—p. 368.

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Bethel | Gen. xxviii. 19. |
| 2. Bethpeor | Deut. xxxiv. 6. |
| 3. Bethesda | Luke ix. 10. |
| 4. Bethlehem | 2 Sam. xxiii. 15. |
| 5. Bethesda | John v. 2. |
| 6. Bethphage | Matt. xxi. 17. |
| 7. Beth-shemesh | 1 Sam. vi. 9. |
| 8. Bethabara | John i. 28. |
| 9. Beth Horon | Josh. x. 11. |
| 10. Bethany | Mark xiv. 3. |

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

NO. I.—p. 368.—SAMUEL.

| | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| S-aul | Acts ix. 11. |
| A-m | 1 Kings xv. 11. |
| M-u-le | 2 Sam. xviii. 9. |
| U-ee | Heb. v. 14. |
| E-eau | Gen. xxv. 27. |
| L-emuel | Prov. xxxi. 1. |

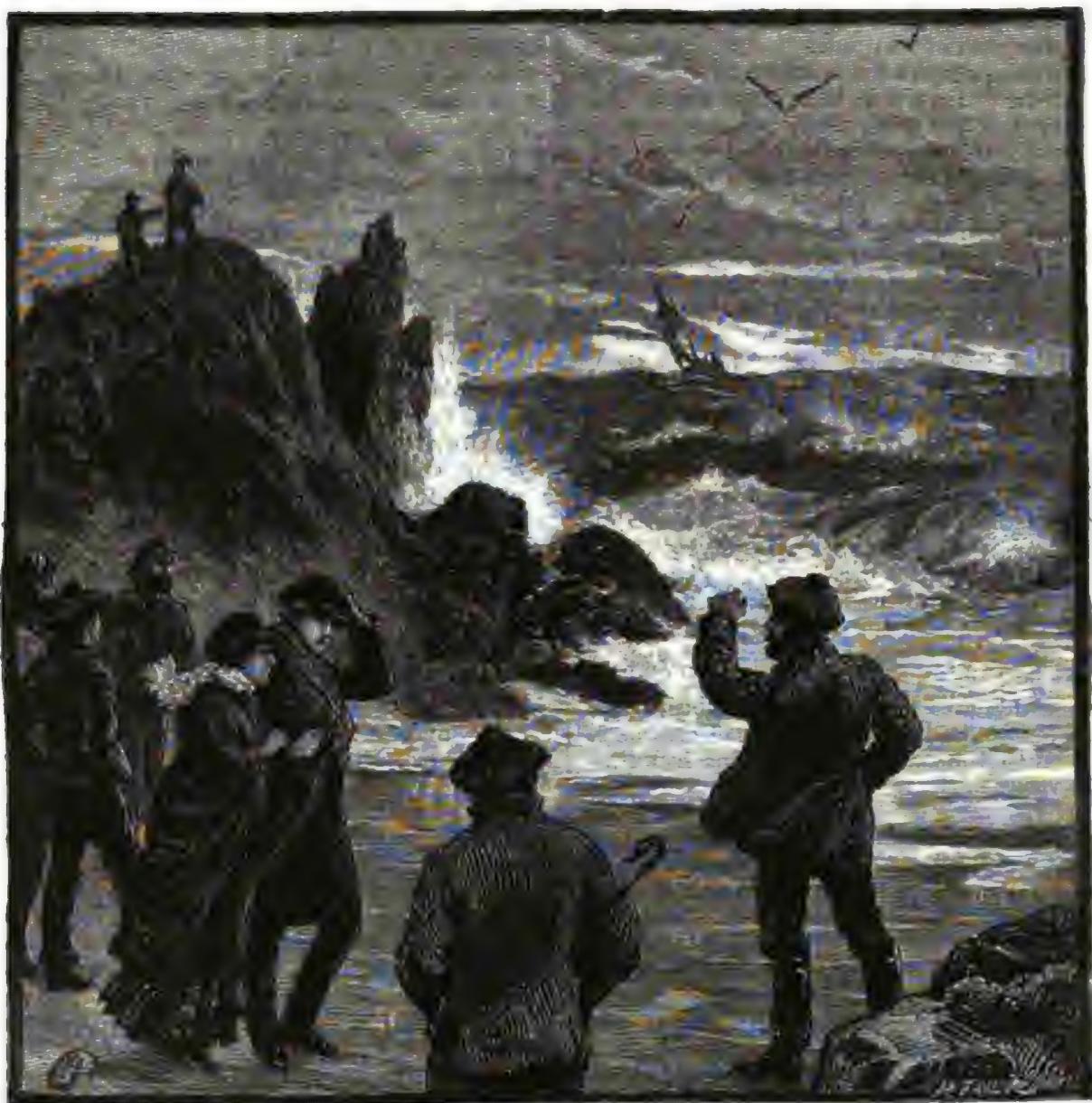
ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIV.—p. 400.—GIVE EAR, O SHEPHERD.—Psa. lxxx. 1.

| | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. G-oahon | Gen. xlvi. 6. |
| 2. I-aschar | Gen. xlix. 14. |
| 3. V-erily. | Matt. v. 18. |
| 4. E-ars | Ruth ii. 12. |
| 5. E-early | Prov. viii. 17. |
| 6. A-hab | 1 Kings xix. 1-3. |
| 7. R-achel | Matt. ii. 18. |
| 8. O-rpah. | Ruth i. 14-15. |
| 9. S-wallow | Psa. lxxxiv. 3. |
| 10. H-aman | Esth. vi. 13. |
| 11. E-lisabeth. | Luke ii. 13-17. |
| 12. P-ilate. | Matt. xxvii. 24. |
| 13. H-ezekiah. | Isa. xxxviii. 5. |
| 14. E-zra | Ezra x. 1. |
| 15. R-abab | Josh. ii. 14. |
| 16. D-aniel | Dan. viii. 1-25. |

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHTS.—*Herbert.*



A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE.

THE YOUNG LAIRD.

CHAPTER V.

M R. MORHAM, like many men who are students and heads of families at the same time, did the greater part of his brain-work after his household had retired for the night, and the Manse was quiet.

On the evening of which I am writing, he was in his study till long after midnight. He did not know that Lowrie was out on the sea, for Jean

had not thought it necessary to tell him. The boys often went off in that manner upon expeditions by land or sea, and it was enough if their sister was told where they had gone. There was no need to tell the minister, for if Jean's approbation was given, all was sure to be according to their father's wishes.

Jean had received Don's brief note long before the storm had become wild enough to cause any anxiety at the Manse. Such storms are usually revelling madly on the sea, hours before they are felt on land, especially in retired localities. Moreover it must be confessed that Jean had thought

more of what her lover said about himself than what he told of Lowrie's movements.

Don's hastily written, "I hope to see you tomorrow," drove everything else out of the girl's mind, and brought a certain amount of peace to her heart.

She sat in her room for hours trying to make up her mind what she ought to say, and how she ought to act, when Don came on the morrow. She knew there would be some pain in the interview, but she was naturally hopeful, and told herself that surely Don would let love lead him back to the path of rectitude.

Her woman's heart found many an excuse for him. He had been left to himself too much. He had never had his danger pointed out to him, until her father had done so, and that was of such a recent date that no one could say what effect it might have.

Oh, yes! Jean would hope everything and fear nothing, and having so made up her mind she lifted her window curtain that she might send a loving look and prayer to the Ha', before retiring to rest.

The wind was blowing fiercely by that time, and her attention was of course arrested at once. Then she remembered her brother, and became alarmed, knowing that he would certainly have come to the Manse if he had returned to Barda. She listened, and looked until her fears overcame her reluctance to alarm the minister. Knowing that he was still in his study, Jean went there, taking Don's note with her.

His girl's anxious eyes told Mr. Morham that something was amiss, and he was soon informed of the cause of her trouble.

"Dear me! Those boys!" exclaimed the minister, not at all realizing what a storm had come on; for the Manse was situated in a sheltered dale, and closed shutters and heavy curtains had shut out the voices of the tempest.

"Really, Lowrie ought to be thinking of more serious matters than midnight boating expeditions. He is not a child now. However, don't frighten yourself, Jean. He is all right no doubt," and Mr. Morham walked across to his window and threw it up.

"Padre, it is blowing a gale; a storm is on the sea, and Lowrie is there," Jean cried in great distress. At that moment the garden gate was opened quickly, and a figure, which Mr. Morham and Jean had no difficulty in recognising as that of Mam Betsy, came hurriedly towards the Manse. The minister leaned out and asked "What is it, Betsy? what brings you out so late?"

"Oh, sir," Betsy cried pitifully, "this is a sair hour for you and me. Our bairns, sir! our boys! Master Lowrie and my Olé are upon the sea this nicht! this awful nicht!"

"Are you quite sure of that?" asked Mr. Morham, trying to steady his voice. "They may have run for some harbour. Plenty of woes along the coast. They know what they are about. There is not a better seaman than Olé in Barda."

"Yea! yea! sir, that is true. My Olé knows what to do when he is himself. But, alas!" and Betsy wrung her hands in agony. "Alas! my puir misguided boy. He was no himself, when he left hame this afternoon. I thought he had gane

to the Ha,' but a neebour telled me he was off in the Laird's boat. It's ower true. He is upon the sea—the woefu' sea!"

"Yet they may have returned," said Jean, striving to comfort the others as well as herself. "Why, they may be at the Ha' now. They would likely go there first, to let Don know they were safe."

"Na, my dear, it is not so," sobbed Betsy. "I thought o' that, and I gaed there. The laird—wae is me! was no' in his bed, and I waked him up—he was in his chair in the library—and he kens what he has done. For oh! Misa Jean, it was a' his doing. He says that himself. He kens it noo. Noo, when we can do nought for our boys, alas!"

"Yes, there is something to do," said Mr. Morham very calmly. "There is much we can do. We can pray for the lads."

"Couldn't a boat,—a big boat—go off in search of them?" Jean asked her father.

"The laird is seeing about something o' the kind," said Betsy. "He ran off, I think, to wake some o' the men, when I had tell'd him that his boat had no' come back. It was he that tell'd me a' about it. He said Master Lowrie gaed in place o' him, and they were for the Voders! Think o' it! what man in his senses wad think o' going there on sich a nicht?"

"Lowrie would surely never be so rash as that," said the minister, but even as he spoke his heart sank at the remembrance of his son's headlong ways. He knew, moreover, that his boys were always very willing to be led by Olé as well as by Don.

There could be no rest for Lowrie's father and sister in the Manse after that. They were soon out of doors, and proceeding towards the shore accompanied by poor old Betsy, who had recovered a little composure of manner through the example of her companions.

When the trio reached the creek where the fishing-boats were stationed, they found a small group of men collected there. These were so eagerly engaged in discussion upon some subject, that they did not observe the arrival of the minister and his female companions, who overheard a remark not intended for their ears. "Na! na!" an old fisherman was saying, "No a' the money in the Bank o' England wad tempt me to launch a boat just now. The laird might have kent that we wad hae gaen for love, and no' for money or aught else, if there was a chance of our coming back, or of our finding the lads."

"Sh-h-h!" whispered another, "here are Miss Jean and Betsy."

"Can't you venture off, men?" asked the minister in faltering tones. He knew very well what the answer would be. The men shook their heads, and one said, "We wad risk oor lives if there was a chance o' finding them, but nobody kens exactly what course they took, and you see, sir, by this time—" The pause was more expressive than any words, and Jean's heart sank for a moment.

"Who saw the boat go?" Mr. Morham asked.

"Nobody knew aught about their going besides the laird," was the answer. "If any man o' us had seen them make for going, we wad have told

you, sir, and warned them, for any man wi' a bit o' sense in his head, could have seen hours ago what sort of a night it was like to be."

"Mr. Grierson is not with them, then?" The minister was glad to know that it was not at Don's instigation that they had gone.

"Has the laird been here?" Jean asked.

"Ay, he was here, and wanted us to gang off wi' him. We wad do anything in reason for our young laird when he is himself."

"Where is he now?" the minister questioned.

"I canna say," replied an elderly man, who had before spoken for the party. "He gaed awa' along the shore by himself when we tell'd him that it was utterly impossible to put off at this time. I am sure, sir, you see I am richt."

"Yes, yes!" answered the minister with a heavy sigh. Then turning to his daughter, he said—"You should not be here, my child. It can do no good to remain, and you will hurt yourself. Better go home, dear."

But Jean clung to his hand and begged that he would let her remain.

"The morning will soon be here," she said, "and I heard the men say that the wind would fall as quickly as it rose. They may come before long. They may be waiting beyond the tide-way till the storm passes over. I could not stay in the Manse just now."

So the watchers waited on the shore till the dawn of day. Then some climbed to the higher ground, and some hurried to the points of land jutting out into the sea, from where they hoped to be better able to discover the missing boat coming back to Barda.

But no welcome sail met their vision, and the storm continued to rage notwithstanding the prognostications of the weather-wise fishermen.

In an island inhabited by a sea-faring population the Tempest-king is feared by all as a personal enemy. A sympathetic thrill passes through every heart when his dusky wings are unfolded, for none can tell where his darts will strike.

As the morning advanced the people of Barda sought their cottage doors and looked anxiously abroad, questioning each other regarding the safety of "wir men." Soon it became known that the minister's son and Olé Manson were at sea, and men shook their heads, while gentle women ejaculated, "Puir Miss Jean! puir Betsy!"

It was not till the day was far spent that Jean could be induced to return home, but Betsy had been carried to her cottage some hours before. The Manse boys had sought their father and sister, and it was their pitiful crying which first drew Jean from the indulgence of her grief. Their father, with the courage of a Christian man, continued to comfort the others, and even indulge a hope that the lost might be restored. His generous heart could even find room to pardon and pity the one who had indirectly been the cause of such sorrow, and he looked anxiously for Don that he might be assured of forgiveness and sympathy.

But the young laird did not show himself; and when Mr. Morham sent a message to the Ha', entreating Don to come to them, the answer was,

"He is not there;" so the minister and his children could only return to their home, leaving the erring one, as well as the lost, to the guidance of God.

CHAPTER VI.

Don had been completely sobered by the calamity which had occurred, and his feelings may be better imagined than described when Conscience accused him of being the cause.

His first impulse was to act. To do something —no matter what—for in action only could he get rid of the upbraiding voice within him.

How willingly would he have given his life for the lives in peril through his folly! How bitterly did he regret his sin! How gladly would he do anything to atone for the madness which had led to such a disaster; and when he found that no persuasions would induce the fishermen to go off with him in search of the missing boat, he was tempted to fling himself into the sea rather than stand passive and bear the reproaches of self—always so much harder to bear than those of others.

He wandered along the cliffs, straining his eyes in a vain hope of beholding the boat; but when hour followed on hour hope began to fail, and then he threw himself upon the ground and gave way to an agony of despair and sorrow.

I will not dwell upon this. You who have so erred, and who have been arrested by the awful consequences of your folly, will know better than I can tell what darkness beset Donald Grierson then. And to those who have not yet met the unhappy results of their own indiscretion, I would venture to say *take warning* by this "ower true tale," and put the curb upon your "weakness" before it becomes your master.

The poor people of Barda were too much engrossed by sad thoughts of the missing youths to ask how their young laird spent that day. No one remembered him in connection with the calamity except Jean and her father, and they, knowing how bitter his feelings must be, refrained from seeking him. They took for granted that he was at his home.

It was a long, sad day to all—saddest and longest to Don. The storm continued with great force, so that when evening fell once more all hope of the boat's return in safety was abandoned.

When night drew near Don rose up from the solitary spot where he had spent the day and slowly walked towards Betsy Manson's cottage. He was broken in spirit, and somewhat exhausted for want of food. The mental suffering which he had endured had made him look years older, and had stamped a look of remorse upon his face which told its own tale. But from his feelings of shame and self-accusation sprang the true repentance for sin which is not a mere wail over one's own wickedness, but a strong and successful effort to retrieve.

"Mam Betsy," murmured the young laird as he sat down by his nurse and covered his face with her thin and shaking hand, "Mam Betsy, I know you have forgiven me, though I can never forgive myself, never!"

"He was a' I had," the poor woman cried; then drawing her foster son close to her, she added, "Dinna be ower hard upon yourself. My puir Olé ought to have kent how to guide himself. The Lord's will be done! and we mon try to comfort ain anither. Puir lad!" (for Don was sobbing then) "Puir lad! it falls worst'upon you, after a'; but ye mon gang to the Lord for help, as I hae done, and found it."

Betsy continued to talk to him in that strain until he had recovered his composure a little, then she brought food and coaxed him to eat. And so the evening crept on, until Don became aware of the lateness of the hour, and insisted upon leaving his nurse to her much-needed rest.

But for him there was still no rest, and he could not return to the Ha', so taking the path which led to the shore he resumed his solitary watch upon the cliff, looking wearily upon the sea and sadly reviewing his own life, and making resolutions for the future.

The storm was not exhausted when the dawn came and found Donald on the same spot. Peace had not come to the warring elements, neither could his heart find rest. Yet that morning brought new purpose to the young laird of Barda. With a prayer on his lips he turned to seek his home. But first he cast a last glance upon the far ocean, whose turbulent waves were beginning to weary of their strife, and were rolling with a somewhat more subdued motion than on the previous day. Still their white crests were tossing high around the Voders, and still their mighty voices were waking loud echoes from the Humba rocks.

What did the light reveal to the solitary watcher? what did he see on the far ocean that could so swiftly bring the flush to his cheek and fresh vigour to his bearing? he could scarcely believe his own eyes, and stood panting and straining his vision until assured that he was not deceived. Then almost beside himself with hope and excitement he rushed towards the nearest hamlet rousing the men with a shout of "There's a signal from Humba! There's somebody on the Humba rocks!"

How quickly the news fled! Soon a loud knocking was heard at the Manse door, and excited voices repeated the news. "A signal from Humba. There's somebody on the Humber rocks!"

The minister and his whole household were speedily among the crowd upon the shore gazing towards the little isle, and asking incoherent questions. It was not without difficulty that the signal which Don's keen eyes had noted made itself apparent to Mr. Morham and Jean, although the fishermen had readily discovered it, and they were slow to believe in the unexpected tidings which could not fail to awaken hope if true.

Then the instinct which makes a woman turn for help in her hour of extremity to the man she loves rather than to any other, though he may be less able to assist than many besides, prompted Jean to ask, "Where is Mr. Grierson? someone said that it was he who had seen the signal. Where is he?"

"He was here seeking a volunteer crew."

"I will go, and my son Jim," said Mr. Morham;

then added, "I dare not ask any of you to join us. I can't expect you would risk your lives for my boy."

"We have our families to think about," said one man; and another remarked, "The storm is going down, and in a few hours we might venture."

"But," cried Jim Morham excitedly, "if that signal comes from Lowrie and Olé they've been there two nights and a day."

Then Jean exclaimed, "Without food or shelter! Perhaps hurt! Thirty-six hours on Humba in such a plight! oh, every moment is precious."

"Come along, Jim," said the minister. "Get down a boat, men, and some one, run to the Manse for food and wine. It is not such a risk as it looks. No! don't launch a big boat, a small one will be safer. Where is Don? He will go with me. Quick, find the laird—where can he have gone?"

"There he is!" half-a-dozen voices suddenly answered at once, and every eye turned in the direction indicated by the speakers.

A tiny boat—Donald Grierson's own especial boat, in which he took much pride, for it had been built under his own directions, and was said to be the beau-ideal of a good sea-boat—had that moment put out from the little wharf, and the light shone upon the solitary figure seated in the stern, with one strong hand on the helm, and the other grasping the sheet.

It did not need Jean Morham's passionate cry of "Come back, Don, come back," to tell who it was that had so launched himself upon the storm.

He never looked behind, or perhaps he would have seen Jean and her father, and that might have brought him to his senses. He could not hear the shouts of those on shore. He saw nothing, thought of nothing, but that signal floating above the Humba rocks.

The men who had gone forward to obey their minister's directions regarding a boat, paused, and one said, "Sir, you and the lad can never gang your lanes."

"No. It would be madness," groaned the minister. "I dare not do it, and may God preserve Don."

Here some young men, who had been held back by female relatives, pushed forward, saying, "It's a shame o' us to stand by and see our laird go to his death like yon, and our minister's son maybe perishing out yonder! We are ready to risk a', Mr. Morham."

"No! no! my lads. Thank you, with all my heart, but I will not take such a sacrifice from my people. My boy and his companion, and the young laird too, are in God's keeping. We will bide His time."

Said an old salt, "She's a canny boat, yon bit shell, and there is no one o' us wha kens better about the sea than oor young laird."

"Nevertheless, we are going after him," replied a sturdy young fisherman. But the others would not allow it, and the volunteer crew were obliged to yield. "Wait," was the oft-repeated word. "Wait, and see how the laird gets on! wait till the storm abates! Wait!" Ah! there is no

harder word in our language, no injunction so difficult to follow.

Jean had heard and seen nothing of what was going on around her. Her eyes were fastened upon Don's little boat, and every faculty seemed lost in that of sight. Each wave that met the boat seemed to have risen to swallow it. The white foam dashed around it greedily. When it dipped between the billows it seemed as though the white horses rushed wildly together with intent to overwhelm the frail skiff. But still it held on its way, and still the manly figure sat immovable in the stern, and the on-lookers began to have some confidence in his success as they saw how well he guided the boat, how beautifully she obeyed his command. At last the knowing ones agreed that the boat would float, that there need be no fear for her on the open sea. The danger to be apprehended was not in that direction, and soon the men began to speculate on the graver point. "Will he bring her alongside the rocks yet, think you?" Jim asked an old sailor, who shook his head but answered cautiously, "There is no telling—if he can take the leeside of the isle, and run her into the big geo. The boat is little and easily managed, a bonnie boat in truth, and the laird is a canny hand."

Now I wish I could tell you, as some of those watchers could, how bravely Don steered his bonnie boat across that raging sea, with what cool courage he made for the lonely island wreathed in foam; in what a masterly way he brought up along the rocks, just touching them as he floated onwards, and for a moment of time contriving to keep the boat almost at rest, so that Olé and Lowrie standing ready could lay a hand on the gunwale and leap on board. How nearly the three adventurers lost their lives will never be known to any but themselves, when the boat grazed the rocks and was almost swamped as the able hand at the helm brought her round upon another tack. But she weathered the danger, and bye-and-bye the Barda folks saw her, with head boldly turned to the "teeth o' the gale," making tacks for the land. It was the work of hours to come back, though the going out before the wind had been done in a brief space of time. The shore was thronged by the

people of Barda, whose anxiety and excitement found expression in many a wild, poetically-worded speech. It is at such times that the warm imagination of the Shetland people exhibits itself in peculiar, almost Eastern beauty of language.

But what a thrill of joy passed through every breast when Jim Morham, flinging his cap in the air, shouted, "There are *three* in the boat!" The shout was caught up and echoed by every man and boy there, and the mighty noise of their joy reached Betsy Manson who could not fail to interpret such a cry as the noise of gladness. She came hurriedly from her cottage in time to meet the boat which was run up the beach by a hundred ready hands; while men, women, and children rushed upon the three young men and almost overpowered them with delighted caresses.

Jean stood a little apart with her hands clasped. She had not ceased to lift up her soul in prayer from the time Don embarked till he came back; and now, when she saw her brother and Olé in the midst of the happy crowd, the girl could scarcely restrain the impulse which bade her run and hide her glad face upon her lover's heart.

Don was very grave, and he did not hold himself with the proud consciousness of a man who has done a noble deed. The memory of his sin was too painful to admit one thought of self-gratulation; and when the minister clasped his hands and blessed him for bringing Lowrie safe back the young laird, hung his head and would not listen to one word of thanks. He would not even look at Jean, but hurried away to the Ha' by himself, leaving the happy crowd to make its own comments upon his behaviour.

I do not think that those comments were of a very critical nature. I know that every soul in Barda loved Donald Grierson, some worshipped him, and I am very sure that his faults were not remembered that day.

In the days to come he gave no one cause to remember the error of his youth, for he cast it from him for ever, and I do not think there is a happier wife in the world than Jean, the Lady of Barda.

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

THE ORLEANS PRINCES.

THE names of the Orleans princes have so lately been brought prominently before the public, that the following incident concerning the Duke of Orleans, of which I was an eye-witness, may prove of interest.

On one of those glorious mornings of July, so often seen in the environs of Paris at that season of the year, tempted by the loveliness of the day, I sauntered with my little boy into the Bois de Boulogne. The magnificent trees of the old wood, then clothed with all the richness of their summer foliage, lent a pleasant shade, and offered a welcome retreat from the rays of the sun. The

sky was clear, and the air was laden with the fragrance of the many roses for which the pretty village of Neuilly is so famed. There is a celebrated castle which dates from the time of Louis xv., and has numbered many illustrious personages amongst its owners, prominent among them being Talleyrand the great minister and diplomatist, and Murat, who afterwards became King of Naples. The beautiful Pauline, Princess Borghese, and sister of Napoleon, at one time also owned the château, which later on became the habitual summer residence of Louis Philippe, King of the French.

The Seine (of which enchanting views are to be obtained from the château) winds in a serpentine form around the pleasant village, and bears upon its placid bosom several beautifully wooded islets. It is here spanned by one of the longest and most symmetrically built bridges in Europe.

I continued my walk for some time; the boy now prattling by my side, now bounding on before me with the elasticity of happy childhood. Suddenly he returned, and, grasping my hand, he pointed in the direction of the large Avenue which leads from the high road to the Château de Neuilly. The child drew me eagerly to the spot where several persons had gathered around a low open carriage bearing the royal arms. On inquiring what had happened, I learnt that a few moments previous to our arrival the horses, frightened either by some object on the ground, or at the fortifications which were then in course of construction, had become unmanageable (these were the same fortifications that in after years served to prolong a gallant but disastrous struggle). We also learnt that the young Duke of Orleans, the king's eldest son, who was alone in the low phaeton, seeing that the postillion was no longer master of the horses, had risen from his seat, whether with the intention of seizing the reins or of jumping from the carriage was not known, that he had been thrown violently on to the road, and had been carried insensible into a little tallow-chandler's shop close to where the accident had happened. I was told that it was feared that his head had struck against a kerb-stone by the wayside.

Had it not been for the intense anxiety which marked every face it would have been difficult to realise this sudden misfortune. The same small carriage which contained but a few minutes previously him who was the hope of France was still there uninjured, and the horses were now quietly obeying their driver's hand as though expecting that kind master who, alas! could never return to them. The same blue unclouded sky was overhead, and the same delicious feeling of calm and peace was in the atmosphere, but, oh! what heart-breaking sorrow would be endured by many ere the setting of that sun.

The young duke, on account of his extreme amiability of character, was universally liked, and was especially beloved by the inhabitants of the village of Neuilly, in which was situated the château that belonged to his father Louis Philippe d'Orléans, by the national will King of the French. Neuilly was the summer residence of the king, who preferred the quiet of this sweet village to the noise of Paris, and sought, amidst its rural scenes and surroundings, an escape from the pomp and etiquette of the court. No wonder, then, that the accident which had befallen his popular son was looked upon by each individual as a personal calamity. In an incredibly short space of time carriage after carriage arrived, bringing the king and queen, and other members of the royal family, ministers of state, and other dignitaries. Medical aid came also from Paris, with astonishing rapidity. It was soon made known to the assembled crowd outside that the still insensible prince was in extreme danger, and that little

hope of recovery could be entertained. The immense heat, always so great in Paris at this season, rendered it necessary to allow all the air that could be obtained to penetrate into the little low shop where he had been carried, and from whence it was impossible to remove him. None but those who were endeavouring by all the means that human skill could devise to save this precious life were allowed to remain within the room, but outside, beneath the burning rays of the sun were members of the royal family, ecclesiastical dignitaries, ministers of state, and physicians consulting with grave and sorrowful faces.

Behind all these was the good Queen Amélie, his mother, kneeling on the rough ground, in a retired spot, praying as she could pray whose whole life was a bright example of every womanly virtue and of resignation to her heavenly Father's will, she whose thousand acts of charity and kindness had endeared her to the nation's heart. But a few short days ago she had parted from this much loved son of hers, and seen him in all the pride of health and manly beauty. How little then could she foresee that she would never again behold him; and now that noble mother prayed that he might be saved for his family and for France, for even in the first burst of agony and grief, when informed of the terrible disaster, her first exclamation, "Quel malheur pour nous, et quel malheur pour la France!" showed how thoroughly she, the daughter of the royal house of Naples, had identified herself with her husband's nation.

The young duke had but very lately returned to Paris from Plombières, whither he had gone to conduct his wife and two children, and where he intended rejoining them, after he had carried out his intention of reviewing several regiments which were encamped at St. Omer. He left Paris early in the morning of that 18th of July, alone in the carriage which he usually took for his drives around Paris. He was going to Neuilly to take leave of his parents, and, with his usual thoughtfulness for others, he had not allowed any of his staff to accompany him, wishing them to be at liberty to take leave of their own families. The prince was idolised by the army, with which he had served with distinction at the siege of Antwerp, and also at Algiers. Young, handsome, popular, and devoted to his profession, a liberal patron of the arts and literature, everything seemed to promise a life of happiness to himself, and of usefulness to his country.

For several hours the people remained awaiting the result of the great efforts medical skill was making to save the royal patient, but in that large assembly scarcely a sound was heard, so sad, so noiseless was the anxious crowd. As the day wore on it was generally understood that there was no longer any possible hope of saving the prince, and at four o'clock it was announced that he had ceased to exist.

Then, and then only, the crowd gave way to an outburst of sorrow, and with it came spontaneously the grand old French cry of 'Vive le roi,' uttered with such intense sympathy and love, that none but those who heard that cry could understand the sorrow, affection, and de-

votion it manifested towards the bereaved family.

No word of farewell had escaped the prince, nor was it exactly known if he had ever recovered consciousness, only once he had attempted to mutter something, but so indistinctly that no one could understand what he said, though it was surmised that he spoke in German. I cannot attempt to describe the agonising scene when, after a very short time, a covered litter, which had been hastily improvised, bearing the body of the prince, issued from the humble house. His Majesty King Louis Philippe followed bare-headed, suppressing his own grief, and supporting on his arm the almost fainting queen; then in succession came Madame Adelaide, the king's talented sister, and the brothers and sisters of the duke, conspicuous amongst whom, from the uncontrollable intensity of his grief, was the young Duke de Montpensier. These were followed by the clergy, the ministers, and the military authorities, and also by the respectful and sympathising crowd.

The spot where the accident had happened was at some little distance from the park of Neuilly, which had to be traversed in its entire length before the chapel belonging to the château was reached; but, although at that hour the sun was still darting down its powerful rays, not a head was covered, as that sorrowful procession wound its way across the park; not a sound was heard but the chanting of the clergy, and the sobs of the mourners. On arriving at the chapel, where the body was deposited, their majesties, and all the members of the royal family, remained some time in prayer around the remains of him they all mourned so deeply, and who at the early age of thirty-two had been thus so suddenly parted from them. Even at that agonising moment the thoughts of the queen were of the grief that the poor widow would suffer when apprised of the sad news. The royal mother exclaimed more than once, "How can it be told to our poor Hélène" (Duchess of Orleans). The prince had married in 1837 the Princess Hélène Louise Elisabeth of Mecklenburg Schwerin, who was born in 1814, at the castle of Ludwigslust. She was the daughter of Louis Frederick, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and of Caroline of Weimar, his second wife, who was the daughter of that Princess Louise de Weimar, known by the name of "The mother of her country." She it was who sold all her diamonds in order to relieve the sufferings of the people after the battle of Jena, and she it was of whom the great Napoleon said "That she was the only princess he had seen in Germany."

Madame de Staël also spoke of her in high terms, and said concerning her, that she was the model of "la femme distinguée."

The young Princess Hélène showed early in life that she had inherited the virtues and strong intelligence of her parents. Her health, never very strong, received a first shock by the sudden death, in 1834, of her brother Prince Albert, who at the age of twenty-two was thrown from his horse, and died shortly afterwards. Though a Lutheran, the princess became, in 1837, the chosen bride of the Duke of Orleans, heir to the throne

of France. Her excessive amiability was soon shown by the fact of her extreme popularity with all classes, in spite of her being a Protestant. Not only was she widely known for the amount of her charities, but also by her participation in every useful work that could add to the public good. Even the king himself (a man of great intelligence) used often to listen to his daughter-in-law's ideas and suggestions, as he had a great opinion of her capacity, as well as of her good and amiable qualities. The union of the duchess with the duke had proved a very happy one, and had been blessed by the birth of two young sons. It had been followed by several years of calm domestic felicity, interrupted only by the sad event of this unhappy day. The queen and princesses, overcome by their grief, retired to their apartments, and on that eventful evening only a few ministers of state were admitted to the presence of the king.

It was decided that early the next morning Monsieur Bertin de Vaux, staff-officer of the deceased duke and Mr. Chomel, his first physician, should leave for Plombières, in order to prepare the duchess for the sorrowful news which was to be broken to her by the Duchesses of Nemours and Saxe-Coburg, her sisters-in-law, they were also bearers of letters from the king and queen. The sad intelligence had already reached Plombières before their arrival, as the Duke of Nemours had at once sent a despatch telling of the sorrowful event to Lieutenant-General Baudrand, who was in attendance upon the Duchess of Orleans. Just as this had been received the duchess returned from a long walk, and was about to dress for dinner, as she expected company.

The general informed her that a message had been received, saying that the prince had met with an accident. The Duchess of Orleans received this first communication with extreme emotion. It has been said that on that day she had been feeling unwell, and depressed in spirits, as though she had already some foreboding of impending evil. She insisted on leaving immediately for Paris, and gave orders that double relays of post-horses should be provided at once. Near Epernay her carriage was met by Messieurs de Vaux and Chomel, who were hastening to Plombières. She at once asked, with a trembling voice, "How is the duke?" but seeing that Mr. de Chomel had not courage to answer she exclaimed, "I understand; he is dead." At first it was feared she would succumb under the excess of her grief, but after a long and agonising struggle, to which the darkness of the night added additional horror, she regained composure, and orders were given to continue the journey with all possible speed. At Mirecourt she was met by her two sisters-in-law, who had passed two nights en route. The Duchess of Orleans entered their carriage, and they continued the journey together without stopping one moment.

The duchess arrived at Neuilly on the 17th. The king and queen received her with every mark of extreme affection, the queen clasping her for some time to her bosom. The duchess wished to visit the chapel at once, where her

husband lay. The young children could not understand the grief they saw around them.

Immense preparations were made to render the funeral worthy of a son of France, and to mark—as much as external signs of funereal pomp could mark—the extent of the nation's loss. The magnificent cathedral of Notre Dame was draped in black. The body of the deceased duke lay in state upon a raised kind of platform (called an estrade) which was supported by fourteen pillars of silver magnificently wrought. Above all hung a baldequin of black velvet, embossed with silver stars and lined with ermine. Ninety silver lamps surrounded the whole, and the funereal darkness of the church was to some degree dispelled by the light of more than 6,000 wax candles. The immense bell of Notre Dame tolled at intervals of a minute. Vast crowds thronged through the cathedral all day long, but every voice was hushed. All seemed deeply impressed and overwhelmed with grief, it was said that 'tous pleuraient, tous priaient.'

On the 4th of August the earthly remains of Louis Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans, heir apparent to the throne of France, were removed to the royal chapel of Dreux, and placed near those of his sister, the amiable Marie Duchess of Würtemberg who had but lately been interred there, the royal mausoleum of the House of Orleans being situated at that place.

From the date of her husband's death the Duchess of Orleans became the constant and devoted companion of her adopted parents, and although of a delicate constitution she nobly devoted her life to good works, and endeavoured by her teaching and example to form the character of her two almost infant sons. She displayed much energy and maternal devotion during those days of popular excitement in 1848, which followed the departure of King Louis Philippe, presenting herself at the hotel where the National Assembly held its meetings in order to assert the rights of her eldest son, the Count of Paris, to the throne. During the sitting, the revolutionists forced themselves into the room, and would, doubtless, have ill-treated the duchess and her sons, had they not been protected by the Duke of Nemours, and a few faithful adherents, who assisted her to effect her escape by means of one of the windows.

The duke afterwards aided her to leave France. The young child (the Duke of Chartres) had a narrow escape that memorable day. Separated from his mother by the infuriated crowd, he was rescued with difficulty by some of the servants, who had remained faithful to the royal family, and was, after some delay, restored to his distracted mother, and conducted in safety to England, where every mark of respect was shown to the royal family.

The Duchess of Orleans, after a short residence in this country, passed over to Germany. Later on she returned to England, where she had the consolation, after her many sorrows, of seeing her sons giving promise, as young men, of those sterling qualities, and that rectitude of character that gained them general esteem during their long residence in England. She received from them, until the moment of her death, that tribute of love and affection which such a mother

inspires in the hearts of dutiful and affectionate sons.

They remained in this country, where also their father's brothers had settled, but on the breaking out of the great war in America, between the Northern and Southern States, they took part with the Federals, and fought against the South, who wished to maintain slavery. Here they kept up their reputation for courage, and proved themselves worthy of their ancestors. Later on, when the great struggle between France and Germany broke out, the Duke of Chartres served as a private in the French army under the assumed name of Robert Le Fort. He had previously served in the Sardinian army, which fought against the Austrians in 1859. On every battle-field he proved his courage and his devotedness to his country.

After the establishment of the republic, the princes returned to France and gained high positions in the army, but by a decree lately issued, all the members of the family were dismissed from their commands. The regret expressed to the princes by the officers who served under them, and the great bulk of the French people, must have proved to them that there are still many hearts to whom their memory is dear.

E. C.

Morning Hymn.

THIS new morning at thy feet,
O Incarnate Love, I fall;
Make me once again complete
In Thyself, the All-in-all.

Tender dawn and dew around
Touch with beauty nature's face;
In this garden-heart be found
Dawn of love and dew of grace.

Wisdom, raise my soul to-day
To thy own most perfect height;
Show me life's mysterious way
Winding on in holy light.

Righteousness, before my heart,
Dreadful in thy whiteness shine,
Then once more the truth impart:
Thou, the Righteousness, art mine.

Holiness, in Thee alone
May I trust like Thee to grow;
May this day a fuller tone
Through my inner manhood flow.

Great Redemption, fix my eyes
On the things which yet shall be,
When a newer earth and skies
Shall be filled with Love and Thee.

Thus enable me to walk
All the day in holy love,
With Thyself to sweetly talk
In a fellowship above.*

And when night upon the plain
Sinks once more, to lay my head
Calm in Christian trust again
On an angel-haunted bed.

WADE ROBINSON.



"NIGHT) WHEREIN ALL THE BEASTS
OF THE FOREST DO CREEP FORTH." Ps. CIV. 20.

THE KING'S SCEPTRE.

HINTS OF THE WONDERFUL UNITY OF THE WAYS OF GOD IN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

VII.—THE PREDISPOSITIONS OF HISTORY.

THE story of the human race has impressed most minds capable of adequately estimating it, with the idea of a prevenient, an anticipating and organizing providence. Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" was certainly not written in the interests of Faith, and yet its first suggestion arose, as its author says, from his being compelled to "acknowledge the intervention of a superior destiny;" he saw and felt its presence, wherever his eye turned it met him, that shadow of a mysterious power reappeared from behind every ruin in Rome; and he conceived the project of depicting its operation in the disorganization, the decline, and the corruption of that power of Rome which had enslaved the nations. "The scattered monuments of Romulus and Marcus Aurelius, the busts of Cicero and Virgil, Trajan's trophies," with other visible reliques,—these all confirmed in his mind the assurance that an invisible Hand had moved among the affairs of men. And Bancroft, the American historian, says, "It is when the hour of conflict is over that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim, 'Lo, God was here, and we knew it not!'" Dr. Luther Townsend, in his work on "Bible Theology and Modern Thought," in recapitulating some of the ways in which God is seen as moving along the highways of history, says, "Was it not remarkable that Alexander should happen to make the world one from the Indus to the borders of Europe, and should strike a death-blow to the old religions of Asia and Egypt, and thus prepare the world for the reception of Christianity? Was it not remarkable that Rome should likewise at that juncture happen to conquer the world, uniting in one mind, almost in one language, Italy, the two Gauls, Great Britain, Greece, Africa and Asia, and thus prepare an immense audience for the reception and spread of Christianity? And nothing is more manifest than this, that the men involved in these great enterprises builded not with their own wit." All these are illustrations of the sway and sceptre of the King moving onward to a certain end. Scripture speaks of the Incarnation and Advent of Christ as accomplished in the "fulness of time," and it is assuredly the case that at the period of the Divine birth events had so converged as to give a singular facility to the spread and promulgation of Christianity.

The same great thought of Divine predispositions and arrangements in history meets us in the rise and first development of Christianity, and the spread of the Christian Church. If there was a Divine plan in the seclusion of the Jewish people, that they were separated, that they dwelt alone, and were not reckoned among the nations—saved by their isolation from being absorbed in those

vast empires which have left behind them only the memorials of colossal and astute strength; not less remarkable was that providence which caused the infant Church so soon to step forth from the plains of Esdraelon, the shores of Gennesaret, and the cities of Judea, to find a strange and unexpected home, after a vain and cruel resistance, in the city of the Caesars. Ideas are wafted on the wings of language, and at that time the world-wide language spoken wherever the Roman conqueror passed—and over the face of the known earth where had he not passed?—was the Latin. The doctrines and truths, the revelation which converted men converted the language also; a sanctifying power passed over and penetrated the great vehicle of the Latin tongue. This was no doubt also greatly the case with the Greek, but speedily ideas and expressions, which had been first expressed in Greek, passed into the Latin, everywhere the popular language. We have said how it converted the tongue, but Christianity, it has been truly observed, transcended the ancient language, and having discovered virtues in the deep recesses of feeling with which the ancients had never credited humanity, then the Latin language was found equal to the Divine sentiments Christianity desired to convey. Professor Frederick Ozanam has told vigorously the story how the Latin language became Christian, how the language itself was thus increased in wealth, and delicacy, and strength, and how thus Christianity made the tour of the Mediterranean, how we find that its words thus give the stem and strength to the expression of Christian doctrine from those earlier ages through all times since; so that even the Italian, the Spanish, and Teutonic and German languages, and the very English itself alike partake of the genius imparted by the old Latin tongue. And it is very significant that as nations, like the English or the German, have essayed to build up their language, the mould they employed in translating was not that of Cicero or Virgil, the Bible was the first book which the new languages assayed to translate. It is not less than wonderful to attempt to realise the reverence which gathered round the Bible. The ancient fathers of modern nations were accustomed, as we know, to cover the volume of Holy Writ with gold and precious stones; we read how the Bible was borne triumphantly in great processions, as in a golden shrine. It was regarded as the author of all literature, the first of the books of antiquity, the chief book of modern times. It came about that from this Divine arrangement by which it entered into the Latin tongue, the language of that dying society of the old world, the borrowed language of the host of Germans, Franks, and Vandals, from its pages, more

than from any of the great masters of Grecian and Roman literature, proceeded the eloquence, poetry, and civilisation of all our later times. Thus this must be regarded as one of the great predispositions of history.

Again, the passions of men are so held in check as to give the assurance of a Divine overruling, this is manifest in the great conflicts of nations. Professor Creasy has written a work on the "Decisive Battles of the World," which may be called a sermon from a short but very suggestive sentence of Henry Hallam: "Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes." Reflecting upon the results of those great conflicts, in which surely it seems as if only the wild passions of men were engaged, the review forces upon the mind the thought of an infinitely predisposing mind, governing the issues of battle, in the interests and destinies of the great human race. Dr. Arnold, in his Lectures on History, has summed up thus the story of some of the greatest battles, both of ancient and modern times. There are great instances in which our sympathies seem to go with the defeated, and yet we have no difficulty in perceiving now that the defeat was in the interests and in the well-being of the human race, and of unborn generations, and distant ages of time; such was the conflict and defeat of Hannibal by Rome; such also the defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse: concerning which Doctor Arnold truly says, "The Romans knew not, and could not know, how deeply the greatness of their own posterity, and the fate of the whole Western world were involved in the destruction of the fleet of Athens in the harbour of Syracuse; had that great expedition proved victorious, the energies of Greece during the next eventful century would have found their field in the West no less than in the East; Greece, and not Rome might have conquered Carthage; Greek, instead of Latin, might have been at this day the principal element of the language of Spain, of France, and of Italy, and the laws of Athens rather than of Rome, might be the foundation of the law of the civilized world." Such remarks lead to the profoundest ideas of the philosophy of history, nor does it seem possible to dispose of these great events without regarding them among the great predispositions of history; such was the battle of Tours. What would have been the consequences to all Europe, to the Christian nations of the West, had not victory sat upon the arms of Charles Martel? Mohammedanism threatened to overspread Italy and Gaul, and it was the conflict at Tours which released the nations from the deadly grasp of destroying Islam. Henceforth Christendom was safe, and as Professor Creasy says, "The progress of civilization, and the nationalities, and governments of modern Europe from that time went forth and forward in not uninterrupted but ultimately certain career."

There is a fine and comprehensive passage from the pen of Bishop Tomline, which may be not inappropriately quoted here; it certainly presents so far as words can present, and the mind can receive, an almost exhaustive view of infinite

foreknowledge:—"Not only God's immediate works are known to Him from the beginning of the world, but also all the works of all His creatures. All futurity is opened to his view. He knows all the words, thoughts, and actions of men, and all the events passing at any one moment, or which ever will take place, in every part of the universe. He is not circumscribed by the relations of either time or place; past, present, and to come, near and remote, are to Him the same. Nothing gives a more sublime idea of the attributes of the Deity than this consideration, that the whole aggregate and series of events, co-existing over immensity of space, and successive through endless ages of eternity; some resulting from the freewill of rational agents, and others dependent on the operation of irrational or mechanical causes, are at once present to the All-seeing eye." Thus, if we may accept such a view of Divine and infinite knowledge, we displace the unreasonable idea of mere necessity, and substitute for it the Divine foreknowledge of, and providential guidance, of contingent events. The Apostle Paul, in his great oration at Athens, not only proclaimed the general fatherhood of God, declaring that "He made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth," but, that He also "determined the times before appointed, and fixed the bounds of their habitation;" by this, it seems, manifestly teaching that there is a relation between the people and the soil, or the earth they inhabit. Is it of necessity or of the providential arrangements of the sceptre of the King, that nations and peoples who have become the world's great actors were placed exactly in the spheres suited to the development of their powers, and to the giving efficacy to that work they were called upon to do? Surely this is a remark which may be made with truth of all the peoples who have contributed materially to the carrying forward the whole race, and contributing in any way to the civilization of the world. Surely it must often have seemed that the geography, the very geology of the world has borne a relation to the races within the region or on the soil. This is a remark which might be amplified from a survey of the history of Europe, but for the present we will limit the illustration to a narrower field.

We may be suspected of national partiality when we assume in our own country a marvellous combination of predispositions all harmonizing to fit this little island, a mere dot upon the waters, for the marvellous, the altogether unprecedented and unparalleled, part she has been called upon to play in the history and the civilisation of mankind. Small as the country is, consider the variety of soil and strata in so small a space. It may be pertinent to remember an impressive passage with which Dr. Buckland opens his Bridgewater Treatise, in which he describes an imaginary walk across the great geological fields of England, so distinct and yet all so related to the human character of each region, and ministering to the entire national life; the wide granite fields of Cornwall, with their wealth of tin and copper; the great chalk and fresh-water formations of Wiltshire, Dorsetshire and Sussex; the regions of pasturage, the rich alluvial soils of

Devonshire, Kent and Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk, with their magnificent harvests; then the mighty coal and iron formations of the Midland counties, and the north, supplying food and fuel for the spindle and the rail, for the great sea horses and for the millions of looms; an entertaining geological walk, and comprehending observations upon the comprehensive strata and earths, ministering to the means of wealth and ideas of majesty in all the kingdoms of the soil, the geology of England.

But, if we were to take just such an ethnological walk it would furnish a similar illustration; as by geology we mean the science of the soil or the earth, so by ethnology we mean the science of the races or the human life of the globe; and how often it has been remarked, what a variety of races have blended together, and each with a separate kind of human fitness, on this soil of ours, blending together, yet making one mind or nationality. The ancient Celt, the man of Cornwall, the man of Wales, imaginative, emotional, superstitious, his keen eye glancing into second sight, in communion with nature in her more mystic moods, the man Caesar found here amidst his Druid oaks. Then there must exist the strong Latin strata, the Roman element, which wrought itself upon our language, which cut our great Roman roads from one end of England to the other, which covered our country with cities, so that wherever we meet with the word Chester, as Woodchester, Silchester, Manchester, there we may be sure was the centre of a Roman colony or a Roman camp, which reared temples, theatres, baths and walls, and spread out tessellated pavements whose remains are with us to this day.

Then came the first great Teutonic wave, the first onpouring of the Saxon people, children of the forest, children of Germany, settling themselves here, a sturdy, stolid, enduring, immovable Prussian kind of people, heavy but true, lymphatic and yet tenacious; the men of thought, the children of the Edda, the followers of Thor and Odin; a conservative people, a poetic, pastoral, village people, the men of Warwickshire, of Kent, of Sussex, of Somerset. And then the second great wave, the Anglian people, whose combination with their predecessors makes what we call the Anglo-Saxon race; the Sea-King races, the men of action, of shrewd, practical thought, the men who came here because they could not keep still, and who have never been still since they came here, settling themselves upon the coasts of our country, the men of Yorkshire and Lancashire, men of nerve force, rather than soul force. And then that other great wave of people, the Danes or Northmen, people of Lincolnshire and the North Riding of Yorkshire, the Scandinavian men of Northumberland and Durham, and the lowlands of Scotland, and some parts of Devonshire. The men, too, whom William the Norman brought with him, for it should be remembered that it was not France, the Frank, who conquered England, it was a Norman conquest, and Normandy was in no sense French; and the conquest of England, as Sir Francis Palgrave has shown, was made comparatively easy by the fact that the Norman element was here already, it was the life of the very essential parts of the land. London, before the Conquest,

was almost as thoroughly Norman as after, and that Norman element was, beyond any which had reached our island before, an element of grace and learning, culture and quiet strength.

Such were some of the chief elements, the great predispositions, which melted into, moulded and made the character we call the true-born Englishman; a national character, and individuality. Such were the circumstances which blending together not only made the English people more independent than other peoples, but sustained them in their independence on an island sufficiently remote not to be very readily reached, sufficiently large to enable them to minister to their own national wants, by their own natural industry, for they were sufficiently poor, and they were certainly sufficiently pugnacious for the kings of the earth, and the powers of Europe, embroiled with their own affairs, to let them alone.

But no doubt the first thing, the chief thing, which has resolved us into one, and gave us in the ancient days of our pride and strength, our solitary and fruitful repose, was the sea. Dr. Arnold has, in a fine note to his *Thucydides*, shown how essential the sea has been to civilization, how the aristocracies of the old world, Babylon, Persia, Edom, perished because they had not the fine ideas which are borne along upon the bosom of great waters. How impossible it is now to conceive how nations can emerge from barbarism excepting by their transporting currents. What Manchester would be without Liverpool, that is what England would be without the sea. There is hope now for the elevation of Africa since Livingstone has laid bare her wonderful river system. While we have had a sufficient river system—the sea around us, as Shakespeare said—“served us in the office” of a “moat or wall against the envy of less happier lands.” So in crossing the waves, which modern science has taught us to regard as little more than a ferry, the peoples on our shores and through our shires, learned to feel that they were one, and that they were safe. Little rivalries arose between parish and parish, and between county and county, but they were as the mere sport of school-boys, and whenever the occasion arose the national spirit of our men, who, in whatever quarter of England born, felt themselves to be true-born Englishmen, rose equal to the occasion; and often when the blast or blatant voice of the invader thundered to our shores, might be used the language of the Hebrew poet, “The floods lift up their voice, the floods clap their hands!” The sea has been the solvent of our nationality; around our coast, where, in the heart of iron cliff or chalky combe, the sea has broken a bay, formed an estuary, or where the inland river, after wending its way for a hundred miles, has poured itself into the ocean—there have risen seaport towns, or the sea-board parishes. In ancient times the feeble but not altogether ineffective fires flared from the high cradle-lantern of the old castle or abbey turret, or the simple light gleamed in some village hall or cottage window; but now we have girt our shores all round with “twinkling points of fire” from light-houses, forming such a regal coronet of flame as we are certain invests the brow of no

other island, no other nation on the face of the earth, at once proclaiming our sovereignty as we sit upon the ocean floods, illuminating our position, and, while guarding our shores, stretching out a benignant finger of light to the wandering vessels which seek our ports as their emporium, their harbour, or their home. It does not take near so long a process as is sometimes needed in the analysis of subtle causes, to discover or to prove that the magnificent sea has made us greatly what we are. When in our days of unhappy but not the less magnificent dissensions, the king with his court threatened to leave London, a witty old alderman said, "But will he take the Thames with him?" The influence of that spirit which in lone fishing villages of old made heroes wrestling with the wind-tossed floods; often pushing out the young sea-boy himself to be an adventurer and discoverer—as in the instance of the immortal Cook transforming a little illused collier-boy into a circumnavigator of the ocean—has spread itself into remote inland villages, and cultivated a spirit of daring and endurance which in far different scenes has made its way and won its reward. Not only so, the sea, so surely as it has been our protecting wall, and as all round our coasts it has fostered and trained a race of hardy and brave adventurers, who, whether in the smack or the man-of-war, in the merchant service or the naval enterprise, have given renown to our national name—it has also fostered in us that sense of the infinite and the illimitable, that sense of mystery and majesty which is certainly born from neighbourhood to the sea. It would not be too much to say that our spirit is the child of those resounding shores. The sea has not separated us from other climes, in the grandest way it has united us, it has launched forth our commerce, it has created and employed our adventurers; many coloured and mighty it rolls round our coasts, the highway of the nations. There is truth in the grand lines of Campbell,

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along her steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep."

Thus, assuredly we are able to see in these singularly harmonious combinations, what look like wonderful and providential predispositions. Dr. Watts, in one of his hymns, speaks of Britain as "our God's favourite isle," and when we review the circumstances to which we have referred, the language scarcely sounds like a vain exaggeration. Some things which seemed like national reverses tended to the consolidation of the national strength, especially in the attempts made by the kings of England, beneath their title of Dukes of Normandy, to sustain their foot-hold and sovereignty in France; had this ambition been accomplished, it might, and most probably would, have come about, that England would have sunk again to what it was beneath the Roman Emperors, a dependency upon a foreign crown. England not less than France is indebted to the heroism of Joan of Arc for our expulsion from the French soil.

No doubt our insular position has served us

well, it was a mighty predisposition, but this alone would not have been sufficient for our sovereignty. Given for instance such a race as that of the Spanish Peninsula or the Irish, and our destiny would have been different; and innumerable instances, some of them especially marked and striking, light up and line the brilliant pathway of our national story. How many attempts have been made to invade England, in some remarkable instances the invaders foiled and hurled back through no especial strength of ours. The story of the Spanish Armada is too well-known, and has been too often told to need more than a very slight reference; but many other instances have happened to illustrate that statesmen and sovereigns alone do not rule the world, but that they are at best but viceroys to the Sceptre of the great King; so that it is impossible to resist the conviction that God has been through many ages with England, has been with England in spite of ourselves. It is in the memory of men living now, how the dreaded Napoleon spread his mighty camp along the heights of Boulogne, where 100,000 men waited for the moment when beneath the leadership of the First Consul they were to spring on England. Those preparations were vast, and 50,000 men also were scattered along the coast, from Brest to Antwerp. "Let us be masters of the Channel," said Napoleon, "for six hours, and we shall be masters of the world!" Also, the master of the French mint received orders to strike a medal commemorating the conquest, and, although the die had to be broken, there are three copies extant, and one is in England in the Stanhope family. The Emperor crowned with laurels on one side, and on the other the inscription in French, "London taken 1804." There has been from of old a wonderful propensity in this order of Goliaths to reckon their chickens before they are hatched. But there was One "sitting in the heavens who laughed; the Lord had them in derision. He spake unto them in His wrath, and vexed them in His sore displeasure." For alas! alas! Admiral de Touche Treville having received orders to put to sea, he only knowing the destiny of the fleet, fell sick, poor man, and died just then, and there was no head to direct, and no hand to strike, and the thing had to be postponed! But Napoleon—Emperor Napoleon, did not give up; in 1805, he was watching still in Boulogne, striding impatiently to and fro. London was not taken, to be sure, in 1804, but it might be in 1805. He climbed the heights again and again, and waited for the junction of the fleet; but he strained his eyes in vain. His Admirals blundered, and so it came the fleet, which was to have taken London, while Napoleon supposed it hastening to Brest, was flying to Cadiz, there to meet with Nelson, at Trafalgar.

So might we exclaim with the Hebrew, "God is known in our palaces for a refuge." "For lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together."

It is not possible to realise such instances without feeling the propriety of the ancient Hebrew Psalm to ourselves, and in the light of the eminent interests involved, beholding some wonderful assurances of the presence of the Sceptre of the great King.

Things New and Old.

A MISSIONARY'S MONUMENT.—The late Dr. John Geddie, being then the minister of Cavendish, in Prince Edward Island, gave himself to missionary work in the South Seas in 1846. He reached Aneityum in the middle of 1848. For some years he and his family endured many trials and hardships on that heathen island.

In 1852 he formed his first church in the New Hebrides. A few years later, through his efforts and those of his fellow-labourer, Mr. Inglis, the whole of the population, numbering 3,500, was professedly Christian. In 1863, by their united efforts, the Aneityumans were supplied with the complete New Testament. Dr. Geddie continued to labour on Aneityum, making frequent visits to the other islands, until June 1872, when he had a stroke of paralysis. He retired to Geelong, near Melbourne, where he died on the 14th of December, 1872.

Quite recently a marble tablet to his memory was placed in the wall of the chapel where he had so often preached in Aneityum, and on it are these words, worthy of being printed in letters of gold :

"WHEN HE CAME HERE,
THERE WERE NO CHRISTIANS;
WHEN HE WENT AWAY,
THERE WERE NO HEATHEN."

—*New York Observer*, Feb. 6, 1879.

BETTING.—In a Blue-book lately published the report of the Chaplain of Pentonville Prison for the past year is given. He has had nearly three thousand prisoners under his charge during the twelve months, so that his opinion with regard to crime cannot but have value. He deals with the serious question of the increase of convictions amongst persons who have had a superior education. "Cases of embezzlement and other sorts of dishonesty by persons holding situations of trust seem to occur more frequently than they used; but, whether this be really so or not, they are sufficiently numerous to attract notice. As for my own opinion, they may, for the most part, be accounted for by the one cause of *betting* alone. This is an evil which, it is to be feared, prevails to a very great extent amongst all classes, and is much to be deplored, bringing, as it does ruin, both temporal and spiritual, to thousands. The most frequent examples of such ruin coming before us in the prison are furnished by young men in offices and places of business. If those who are being led into this most ruinous and demoralizing habit could only visit the unhappy occupants of many of our cells and hear their cry of mental distress, and read the letters from mothers and sisters and young wives, telling of broken hearts and blasted prospects, and homes that are homes no longer, they would surely pause and consider the terrible risk they were incurring."

Girls' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—A kindly feeling and a true sympathy towards girls have led some good ladies to establish what they call "The Girls' Friendly Society." By a small payment, respectable girls of all ages and occupations, may be enrolled as members, and obtain privileges which may be valuable to them in time of need. They are supplied with a Guide-book, which among other useful information tells of the various branches of the Society, and the Lodges where advice, and, if needful, where shelter and board may be obtained. A little monthly periodical called "Friendly Leaves" is issued.

Pages for the Young.

HUBERT'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER III.



THE sail which Mr. Travers had promised his children proved to be a delightful one. There was just enough wind to send the boat gaily through the calm water, and even Mrs. Travers declared that she would not at all mind being a sailor's wife, if the weather was always like this. Every one was happy, and almost riotous, so far as the children were concerned—all but Hubert!

"What is the matter, Hubert? Surely you are not getting sea-sick!" said his father, after watching him for some time, in the greatest wonder, for of all the children he had been the most enthusiastic as to the sail, and he was now far less demonstrative than even the elders. Indeed it was quite clear that something was the matter with him, for he sat looking over the side of the boat as silent and as occupied as though his father's jesting question was a reality. He raised his head and turned to his father a face perfectly crimson. "There is nothing the matter with me, thank you, father. I was looking at the water," he answered.

"Nonsense, my dear, that is not in the least like you," said Mrs. Travers with a smile, for she had noticed the sudden change of colour in her son's face, and wondered greatly at the cause of his very unusual silence.

The other children began now to question their brother as to the cause of his altered behaviour, for of course they had their own views on the matter. George declared that he believed Hugh to be the victim of his own conscience, for having eaten so much fish for breakfast, but as all the children laughed at everything George said, and did, it was no wonder that Hubert should have smiled at the remark, absurd though it was. George Travers was one year younger than his brother, and was much smaller than he, but there was so much brightness and ready helpfulness about him, that he was everybody's favourite, and no game or pleasure was complete without him. If his mother wanted a message carefully carried, he was the one to whom she entrusted it, and his father often thought, with pleasure, of the lad growing up to be a useful and a good man.

But even George's merry fun could not rouse Hubert, and although his sisters tried to laugh him out of his ill-humour, they also failed. He had three sisters, all older than himself, to whom he was usually very affectionate, for it was a united family, and it was very seldom indeed that any serious unpleasantness occurred to mar the usual peace. It was, perhaps, only natural that after undergoing a course of pleasant banter on the state of his body and mind Hubert should have begun to feel somewhat nettled, his own sense of wrong-doing making him less strong than he would have been at any other time; and so when George declared that he had at last discovered what really ailed him, Hubert angrily looked up at his brother and said, "Just mind your own business."

"He's keeping a watch!" George exclaimed, without the least idea of the events which had occurred that morning, and only indulging in somewhat a weak pun on what he knew to be an engrossing subject for some time past with Hubert. The remark would have been received, at any other time, with a smile, but just now it came upon Hubert as a sharp and

cruel blow. He raised his arm quickly, and struck George, not intending to do more, perhaps, than give an additional emphasis to his words, but by an unfortunate accident, hitting him in the face.

The pleasure of the afternoon's boating was instantly spoiled without hope of recovery. Every one in the boat uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and anger. "How could you be so cruel?" "What a cowardly blow!" and many such exclamations, from his sisters, made Hubert's position even more painful than ever, whilst his father was still more angry. "Boatman, turn her head to shore!" he said. "We cannot allow such conduct as this to pass unpunished." And the boat was accordingly soon making for the pier.

"I didn't mean to hurt him. He ought to keep his tongue quiet. He has no right to make fun of me," urged Hubert, as he saw with regret that the sail was about to come to an untimely end.

"You did not mean to hurt him!" echoed his father, angrily. "I wonder how you can say such a thing, Hubert! I never saw anything more deliberate than your blow, and I am quite sure you did not care what effect it had."

Mrs. Travers added her testimony to her husband's, and Hubert remained silent, seeing that the weight of evidence was so much against him.

George took his punishment very manfully. He saw that he had made a mistake, and although he felt not only hurt, but also angry at his brother's blow, he had sense enough to see that all the sympathy was for him, and that if he said anything to Hubert, himself, it would do no possible good, and might possibly lead to further difficulty.

By the time the boat reached the pier, Hubert's anger had altogether subsided. George had recovered from the passing discomfort, and having, as he thought, some claim to be heard in the matter, said to his father, "Don't let us go in now, father. I'm all right again, and it's a pity to spoil the afternoon; we may not have so good a chance as this soon again."

"No, my son," answered Mr. Travers, "I have no intention of curtailing our sail, but I certainly intend to lighten our boat of its bad company. Hubert will go straight home, and remain there until we return."

The boat had now reached the pier, and, in accordance with his father's wish, Hubert went ashore, and started in the direction of home, which was some little distance beyond the town itself.

He had completely forgotten the silver watch in the excitement of the recent unpleasantness, which he did not for one moment connect with his picking up a watch that did not belong to him, but which was nevertheless a direct consequence of it.

The party in the boat continued their sail, but all real pleasure was entirely destroyed, so that it may truly be said that the one act of which Hubert had been guilty, had already brought in its train misery enough to destroy the peace of two entire families.

As for his own peace, he was not long allowed to remain in ignorance of his possession, for as soon as he got to the end of the pier, and had passed out of it on to the road which ran in front of the sea, and which led to his own cottage, he saw a group of children following an old man who was walking along ringing a bell. As it was all in the direction which he himself would have to take, he quickened his steps in the hope of being amused by some performance. His dismay was great, however, when he got up to the party, which by that time had stopped, to hear the old man with the bell give out in a very loud tone of voice, after a preliminary flourishing of the bell to command attention, "Oh, yes! oh, yes! lost on the sands this morning, between eleven and one, a young lady's silver watch. Whoever will bring the same to number two Sea-side will be rewarded."

Hubert turned pale and felt as though he must fall. There he stood in the very midst of the little crowd, with the identical watch in his pocket, and even whilst the bell-man was giving out the notice, his hand travelled instinctively to the pocket where the guilty possession lay. He never felt so great a sense of sin and shame on his conscience. It was not merely the fact of his finding the watch, it was the guilty intention, the base desire to keep it, and to say nothing about it to anyone. That it was which made such a coward of him, and had anyone spoken to him, his confusion must have betrayed the fact that he had committed some offence of which he was heartily ashamed. Happily, for Hubert Travers, he had received a careful training from his parents, and the truth, above all, which they had tried to impress on his heart was that God's eye can read the most secret thoughts of our hearts, that nothing is hid from His sight, and that the greatest folly, as well as the greatest sin, is to try to hide our wrong-doing from Him, to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no desires are hid. But more than that, they had also taught him that in every time of trial and temptation, God was ready to hear his cry, and that even when it was impossible, or very difficult, to open his heart to his earthly parents, he could lay all his sins and sorrows in prayer before God, who would help him by His Holy Spirit, if he asked humbly in and through the merits of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

He passed out of the crowd, and walked slowly down to the beach. His heart was torn with doubts and fears, and the evil desire which had taken possession of him was like a serpent biting out the happiness and joy from his soul, and filling him with the poison of a guilty conscience.

As he walked along, looking at the sand, and the tiny wavelets that washed the shore at his feet, a thought occurred to him. Why not drop the watch now, on the sands, and let it take its chance? If some one found it, they would no doubt restore it to its owner, but if not, that was no affair of his. True, it might not be picked up by an honest person, or for that matter, it might not be picked up at all! and in the latter case, the incoming tide would destroy it. He took the watch out of its hiding-place, and held it in his hand, weighing, with a beating heart, what was best to be done.

CHAPTER IV.

It was Saturday afternoon, and there were not very many people about just now, but Hubert's attention was drawn to a small group of people who were singing very sweetly and softly, a little distance from where he stood, watch in hand. Few sounds are more agreeable than a well-trained choir, however small, singing by the sea. There is a divine accompaniment in the voice of the great deep, which gives a mysterious charm to the chords of human song, and seldom fails to make a deep impression on the heart. Hubert, always fond of music, went nearer to listen. At the distance at which he was, he could not hear what they were singing, but as he approached them, still with the watch in his hand, he heard the clear words of a hymn:—

"I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by:
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son."

The sounds died away, and the little band was broken up, and Hubert was left alone. None of those who had taken part in the singing had given a thought to him, and yet, of all those who had been attentive listeners, none had been so deeply impressed.

Tears of sorrow and repentance were in his eyes, and out of his troubled heart there arose a cry for help, which no human ear heard, but which pierced through the heavens, and reached the ear of his Father and his God. Never before, perhaps, in all his life, had he felt so humbled. Never before had he felt how evil his heart was, and how easily it could lead him on to commit sins which would embitter not only His own life, but the lives of those who loved Him, and whom He loved. Slowly, and very sorrowfully, he pursued his way, looking steadfastly on the ground, and debating what course he was to take. Over, and over again, he had uttered the cry, "Oh! God, my Father in heaven, help me to do right!" And yet it seemed to him as though no light or strength came to him. Yet in the depths of his despair, he seemed to hear a voice speaking to him, and urging him to do right. Only, how hard it was for him to sink all his feelings of pride, and act the part of perfect truth and honesty? No doubt it was a turning point in his career, and to such turning points men either owe their happiness or their disgrace. To turn to the right, and fearless of all consequences, to confess his sin, might be hard, but it was the way which led to peace, and manhood. To turn to the left, and hide his offence, and yield to all the thousand promptings of a weak and wicked heart, was easier, as is the way which leads to destruction!

And then it seemed to him as he remembered his father's face and his mother's words, that he could never hold up his head again in their midst, if he did not act honestly, and all the kind, wise words which he had heard from their lips seemed now to be bearing fruit, as with a sudden strength of soul, he said aloud, "I must do what is right, and please God I shall tell father all about it when he comes home." And had you met him on the sands, you would have said that he was quite a different boy to the one who had so recently looked sulky, and guilty, as he walked down the pier.

He went straight home, and much to the surprise of the old servant, who naturally thought that he was out sailing, made his appearance in the kitchen. The old servant had been so many years in the family, that she was quite as much a friend to the children as though she had been a relative, and under all circumstances they found in her a wise counsellor.

"Master Hubert! What is the matter? How is it you are not with them in the boat?"

"Because I made a fool of myself, and they turned me out," was the candid reply. This was so unlike Hubert's usual style of speaking about himself, that the old servant expressed some surprise, and then he told her the whole story, making her promise that as soon as his father returned, she would act the part of mediator, so far, at least, as to obtain for him a hearing. This she promised to do, and then Hubert went to his bedroom, and shut himself in, until he heard the sound of voices down stairs, and knew that the party had returned.

So ably did the old servant discharge her part of the duty, that as soon as Mr. Travers was in the house, she asked to speak to him for a moment in the parlour alone. There she told him how Mr. Hubert had returned home in great distress, and how sure she was that he was deeply sorry for what had happened, and that he was now in his own room anxiously waiting for an opportunity to explain something to his father which would account in a great measure for what had happened. This was so far satisfactory that Mr. Travers decided to give his son a hearing,

before administering the punishment which he considered he deserved, and which it would have been most unwise to omit. There was a great deal of anxious whispering amongst the other children, presently, when it was rumoured that Hubert was alone with his father in the parlour, and that Mr. Travers had seemed very angry from the time Hubert left the boat.

Indeed every one had come home more or less miserable, owing to what had happened, and perhaps the most miserable of all was poor George, who felt quite like a culprit, for having caused so much commotion.

"It would almost make a fellow wish not to have a nose," he had said to his sisters, with a smile, as they walked home together; "it's too bad that our very first sail should be spoiled as it has been, and I really don't think that he meant to hit me where he did."

"He was evidently in a bad humour all the morning, and it was he who spoiled the sail, George," they had replied.

Now they all congregated in the small drawing-room with their mother, who seemed quite as much upset as any of them.

Meanwhile Hubert had been summoned to meet his father, and was prompt in answering the call. As soon as he entered the room and shut the door, his father said, "I believe you wish to say something to me, Hubert?"

"I do, father, I wish to show you this, and to tell you that it has been the cause of all my wretched temper this afternoon," and as he spoke, he held out his hand in which lay the silver watch.

Mr. Travers was genuinely astonished. He looked at the watch, and even took it from Hubert's hand to examine it more carefully.

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

"I picked it up this morning, when you and I were out walking on the beach," answered Hubert.

"Picked it up!" and for a moment Mr. Travers felt a doubt as to his son's veracity. "Are you telling me the truth, Hubert?"

"Oh! indeed I am, father, you don't think that I would tell you a lie about it?" and the lad's eyes filled with tears.

"How is it that you did not say anything about it? You knew it was not yours. Why did you not tell me at the time?"

"Because I was tempted to keep it, father, and not to say anything to anyone about it, and I put it in my pocket, and it made me miserable, and I want to tell you how sorry I am, and to ask you to forgive me."

Hubert's heart was so evidently expressed in his words that Mr. Travers felt for him, and felt also that he had spoken from a right motive, and was sorry for what had occurred.

"There is one whose forgiveness you must ask, before mine, Hubert. Remember, He saw you take the watch, and read your thoughts in doing so, and you have offended against His commands, for He has said, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods!'"

"I know it, father, and that was why I made up my mind to tell you all about it. I did ask God to help me to do right, and He answered my prayer, and I asked Him too to forgive me for what I had done. But oh, father! I do so want to take the watch back to its owner. As I came along I heard the bell-man calling out about it, and I took particular notice of the address, number two, Sea-side."

Nobody ever knew, except Mrs. Travers, what transpired between father and son at that interview, but before they set off to find the address given, they both knelt down, and Mr. Travers asked God to guide and guard his son's heart from evil, and to make him a worthy follower of the Saviour who had died for him.

Then they passed out of the house together, and the children saw them depart in the direction of the town, with much wonder and no small amount of fear.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WAS DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—Herbert.



"NOT ACCEPTING DELIVERANCE."—HES. XI. 35.

HEROIC WOMEN.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.

CHAPTER IV.—LATER CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

WITH the downfall of Paganism the persecution of the Christians ceased everywhere, except in those portions of the civilized world over which the sway of Rome did not extend; and these were, by comparison, few. In Persia, under Sapor, and afterwards Chosroes, Christians were martyred; and in Africa, the Arian Vandals

set the first example of the persecution of one denomination of Christians by another, on account of the points of difference in their several creeds. Among those so martyred were some illustrious instances of women. A noble lady of Carthage, by name Julia, who was resident in that city, when it was taken by Genseric, A.D. 439, was in the first instance sold as a slave to a Pagan merchant, by whom she was put to perform the coarsest and most humiliating labours. She endured these with a patience and cheerfulness that gradually won upon him, until he came to

respect and esteem her. Observing that she maintained a severe and self-denying rule of life, which was injuring her health, he remonstrated with her, imploring her to be more tender of herself, but in vain. On one of his voyages between the Levant and the South of France, he took her with him, and, chancing to anchor off the island of Corsica, went ashore to assist in one of the Pagan sacrifices. Julia declined to accompany him; and Felix, the governor of the island, hearing of her refusal, questioned the captain about her. The latter replied that she was an excellent woman, and most faithful servant, but she professed the Christian faith, and could not be induced to partake in the worship of the gods. Thereupon Felix's indignation was roused, and he contrived to convey Julia on shore, while the captain was in a state of drunkenness, and commanded her to sacrifice to his gods, offering to procure her liberty if she would do so. Her stedfast and repeated refusals provoked him to such fury, that he ordered her to be smitten in the face, her hair to be torn off her head, and her body to be hanged on a cross till she expired.

Sozomenus has recorded the sufferings of another noble virgin, named Trabula, the sister of Simeon, Archbishop of Seleucia, who underwent a still more barbarous fate in Persia. Her extraordinary beauty had attracted the notice of one of the Magicians, and she was offered a position of safety and luxury, if she would renounce her faith and become one of his wives. On her resolute refusal, as Sozomenus puts it, to forego the purity either of her faith or her body, she was denounced, and condemned to the cruel death which the prophet Isaiah is said to have suffered, being sawn in twain with a wooden saw.

But martyrdom for the faith died out, as has already been remarked, not long after the overthrow of the Pagan religion; nor could it be said to have recommenced, until the outbreak and rapid spread of Mahometanism, in the seventh century, again occasioned a collision of rival religions. The Mahometans were in general merciful conquerors. They did not require the apostacy from their own creed, of the races they subdued, only punishing with torments and death attempts to proselytise, or conversion from Islamism to Christianity. Nevertheless, many Christians were put to death by them, especially women who refused, in breach of their own faith, to enter the seraglios of their conquerors. Eminent among these confessors was Susanna, Queen of Georgia, in the middle of the eighth century. The country had been invaded by Meruan, the last of the Ommiad Caliphs, a fierce and successful warrior; the Georgians were defeated; and Queen Susanna fell into Meruan's hands. Her beauty was the boast of her people, and Meruan was so fascinated by it, that he offered to allow her to dictate her own conditions, as regarded her husband and her subjects, if she would listen to his suit. She refused with horror and disgust; and her resolution was then tried by the most terrible ordeal to which a mother was ever subjected. Her infant, of only a few months old, was secured by chains to one corner of her apartment, while she herself was similarly fastened in another, but the two were out of reach of one

another. No food was given to the child, and Susanna was forced to behold it die of gradual starvation within a few feet of her! Her faith, however, surmounted even this fearful trial; and Meruan, despairing of succeeding with a woman who had evinced such superhuman fortitude, ordered her to be beheaded.

About a hundred years afterwards, the conquest of Spain by the Moors led to some martyrdoms of women, though under different circumstances. Abderrhaman, who had established his court at Cordova, had issued orders that the Christians were not to be interfered with, unless they were converts from Islamism, or had openly blasphemed Mahomet. But it chanced that two damsels, who were the daughters of a Mahometan father and a Christian mother, and had been reared in their mother's faith, fell under the power of a Mussulman, who had married their mother after the death of her first husband. Their step-father insisted on their adopting his creed, and made them splendid offers, conditionally on their assent. On their refusal, they were dragged before the Cadi, cruelly tortured, and finally put to death. Their constancy so worked upon some other Spanish maidens, who were leading Christian lives, and partaking in the offices of the Church without interference from the Moors—that they felt themselves called upon publicly to denounce Mahomet as an impostor. The Cadi, before whom they made this declaration, ordered them to be imprisoned, and afterwards beheaded. But the example spread so widely among the women of Cordova, that an edict was issued by the bishop sitting in synod, warning them against provoking persecution without just reason. Notwithstanding this, several women, among whom Columba and Sabigota were conspicuous, persisted in denouncing Mahomet, and suffered death in consequence.

Another noble instance of resistance unto death was shown by the daughter of the Governor of Negropont in 1462, when the town was assaulted and captured by the Turks. Her case was somewhat similar to that of Susanna of Tiflis. She was a celebrated beauty, and the Sultan Mahomet made her brilliant offers, if she would consent to enter his harem. She refused, as resolutely as Susanna had done; but Mahomet, less cruelly inclined, or less determined on gaining his point than his predecessor, simply caused her to be put to death.

About this period, the corruptions of the Church, which had been increasing for many centuries past, and were in every generation brought more prominently before men's notice, in consequence of the increasing diffusion of knowledge, caused the fires of persecution to be kindled throughout almost the whole of Western Christendom, in order to put down, under the name of heretics, the bold and faithful witnesses who demanded a reformation of abuses. Among these martyrs some of the most innocent and brave were women. The first Englishwoman who suffered in this manner for conscience sake was Joan Boughton,*

* Margaret Backster was charged with heresy, and convicted, in the time of Henry vi., a generation before Joan Boughton; but there is no evidence of her having been put to death.

a very aged woman, said to have been upwards of eighty years old. She was a person of good condition, being the mother of Lady Young, who afterwards underwent the same sentence as her mother. In the ninth year of King Henry VII., A.D. 1494, she was accused of holding the opinions promulgated by John Wickliffe, and appears to have acknowledged that she did hold eight out of the ten which he put forward. Many learned men, it is said, endeavoured to confute her, but were unable to do so. Argument proving of no avail, she was threatened with death at the stake, if she persisted in her errors. This measure proved to be of no more avail than the former procedure. She openly set her judges at defiance, and when the fire was kindled round her, continued, as long as life lasted, to call on God to take her to Himself. "She was held in such reverence," says Southey, "that during the night after her martyrdom, her ashes were collected to be preserved, as relics for pious and affectionate remembrance."

Another brave woman was Anne Askew, who, late in the reign of Henry VIII., was sacrificed to Gardiner's enmity towards Catherine Parr. He was anxious to convict the latter of heresy, in order that by her death he might destroy her influence with the king. Anne Askew was one of the queen's ladies, much beloved by her, and deep in her confidence; and Gardiner calculated that, in the hope of saving herself, she might be induced to be a witness against her mistress. She was known to have embraced the Reformed opinions, her husband having turned her out of doors, and applied for a divorce, on that ground. She was charged before the Lord Mayor with holding heretical opinions respecting the Holy Eucharist. But before both him and Gardiner, she answered with a wisdom and a spirit which completely confuted her accusers. When she was urged by Bonner (who wished to extract from her some facts respecting the queen) to confess to him, and he used the argument that no physician could heal a sore, which was not laid bare before him, she replied that her conscience was noway diseased, and it would be nothing but folly to lay a plaster on a sound skin. When it was found that she would betray nothing injurious to her mistress, she was put on the rack, and Chancellor Wriothesly himself, throwing off his robe of office, worked the engine. She bore all without so much as a groan, though she fainted under the intensity of the pain. They would have racked her a second time, but that the Lieutenant of the Tower would not suffer it.

All attempts at shaking her constancy having failed, she was carried in a chair to the stake, her frame having been so crippled by the rack, that she was unable to walk. Three others were to suffer with her, and these she encouraged to bear their trial bravely, herself setting an example of the calmest fortitude. Before the wood was lighted, the king's pardon was offered her, if she would recant; but she refused to accept it on such terms, declaring that "she came not there to deny her Lord."

It was not in England only that women were found to testify courageously to gospel truth.

Fox records the case of Wendelmuta, who was burnt in 1527 at the Hague. She was, as he describes her, a good and virtuous woman, the widow of a respectable citizen. She was accused, apparently, of refusing to pay adoration to the crucifix, and committed to the castle of Werden, whence she was brought to the Hague to be tried before the stadholder, or President of the States of Holland. Certain monks were deputed to confer with her, and persuade her of the error of the views which she had adopted. But they failed altogether of their purpose. Then some of her own near relatives and personal friends were sent to her; for there seems to have been an honest wish to spare her life, if she would recant. In particular a noble lady, who had great influence with her, strove hard to induce her to abandon her views. But all efforts proved vain, and she was condemned at last to be burnt as a heretic. She heard the sentence with composure, offering no remonstrance. When she came to the place where the stake had been set up, having first requested the executioner to examine it, and make sure that it was firmly fixed, she presented her neck to the cord, with which she was to be strangled. Then having offered up one fervent prayer commanding her soul to God, she closed her eyes, as if going to sleep, and died without a struggle.

Very similar was the case of Madame de Luns, the widow of a Huguenot gentleman of Gascony, who was martyred at the early age of twenty-three during the reign of Francis I. She was questioned as to the corporeal presence, in which she declared it impossible to believe: and though no offence could be brought home to her, or indeed was charged against her, yet for this speculative belief she was condemned, first to have her tongue cut out, and then to be burned at the stake. She, like Madame Wendelmuta, made no demur, but offered her tongue to the knife of the executioner, merely saying, "Since I do not stick to give my body, shall I stick to give my tongue?" When the fatal day arrived, she dressed herself in best attire, as if she were going to her marriage, and suffered with the same immovable calmness which she had displayed throughout.

A few years later in the same century, a woman belonging to a race, station in life, and branch of the Church as widely removed as possible from those above mentioned, showed the same genuine faith and constancy. Ketevan, queen of Cachetia, had been sent to Abbas I., Shah of Persia, as a hostage for the fidelity of her son, of which the Shah was suspicious. Abbas was a politic ruler and successful soldier, but he was false, capricious and cruel to an extent rarely found in history. Contrary to law and justice he detained Ketevan as a prisoner, and chose to insist on her adopting the creed of Islam, though her devotion to the Christian faith was generally notorious. On her refusal he threatened her with the most dreadful death by torture. The queen having rejected his demands, he caused her to be stretched on a bed of red-hot iron; and Ketevan having endured this agony without flinching, bars of steel heated in the furnace, were laid on her breast, and a crown of the same glowing metal placed on her brows.

She died under their hands without having uttered a single entreaty for mercy; without so much, it is said, as a cry of pain having been extorted from her!

The martyrdoms of three Japanese women, Martha, Jeanne and her daughter Mary Magdalen, A.D. 1613, seem reasonably well attested, and equal for resolute fortitude any instance on record. Having refused to abjure their faith, they were condemned to the stake, and burned alive in the presence of a vast concourse of sympathizing spectators. Along with them was a boy of twelve, the son of Jeanne. The flames having consumed the cords with which he was tied, he was set free, but instead of trying to

escape, he made his way to his mother, who embracing him exhorted him to continue steadfast. Presently her bonds also were loosed by the fire; but she, too, made no attempt to deliver herself from her agony, but fell on the neck of her son, and expired with him.

It would be possible to extend to tenfold its dimensions, this list of

"Saintly maidens, godly matrons . . .
Who have washed their robes in blood,"

but these may surely suffice to prove how truly heroic woman has many a time proved herself to be, successfully competing for the palm with the greatest and bravest of the stronger sex.

AMONG THE MONGOLS.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A.

VI.—MONGOLIAN BUDDHISM.



A LAMA.

I AM not about to attempt a systematic account of Buddhism. On that subject numerous and learned treatises have been written, with

which most people are more or less familiar. What I propose here to do, is to consider the superficial aspects of Buddhism—the practical part of it, as embodied in the life and habits of the Mongols at the present day.

One of the first things the missionary notices in coming into contact with the Mongols, is the completeness of the sway exercised over them by their religion. Meet a Mongol on the road, and the probability is, that he is saying his prayers and counting his beads, as he rides along. Ask him where he is going and on what errand, as the custom is, and probably he will tell you he is going to some shrine to worship. Follow him to the temple, and there you will find him one of a company with dust-marked forehead, moving lips, and the never-absent beads, going the rounds of the sacred place, prostrating himself at every shrine, bowing before every idol, and striking pious attitudes at every new object of reverence that meets his eye. Go to the quarters where Mongols congregate in towns, and you will find that quite a number of the shops and a large part of the trade there, are dependent upon images, pictures, and other articles used in worship. Go to Mongolia itself, and probably one of the first great sights that meets your eye will be a temple of imposing grandeur, resplendent from afar in colours and gold. Approach tents, and the prominent object is a flag-staff with prayer-flags fluttering at the top. Enter a tent, and there right opposite you as you put your head in at the door, is the family altar with its gods, its hangings, its offerings, and its brass cups. Let them make tea for you, and before you are asked to drink it, a portion is thrown out by the hole in the roof of the tent, by way of offering. Have them make dinner for you, and you will see a portion of it offered to the god of the fire, and after that perhaps you may be asked to eat. Wait till evening, and you will see the little butter lamp lighted, and set upon the altar as a pure offering. When bed-time comes, you

will notice, as they disrobe, that each and all wear at their breasts charms sewn up in cloth, or pictures of gods in metal cases with glass fronts. In the act of disrobing, prayers are said most industriously, and not till all are stretched on their felts does the sound of devotion cease. Among the first things in the morning you will hear them at their prayers again, and when your host comes out with you to set you on your way, he will most likely give you as your landmark some cairn sacred for the threefold reason that its every stone was gathered and laid with prayer, that prayer-flags flutter over the sacred pile, and that it is the supposed residence of the deity that presides over the neighbourhood.

Nor is this all. The Mongol's religion marks out for him certain seemingly indifferent actions as good or bad, meritorious and sinful; he has days on which he will not give, days on which he may bargain but may not sell, places to be avoided and places to be frequented, times to perform certain works, and times to refrain from works. There is scarcely one single step in life, however insignificant, which he can take without first consulting his religion through his priest; and the result of the consultation is probably an answer which will cause him great trouble and annoyance. But he submits to it. Not only does his religion insist on moulding his soul and colouring his whole spiritual existence, but it determines for him the colour and cut of his coat. Perhaps no other religion on the face of the earth holds its votaries clutched in such a paralyzing grip. It would be difficult to find another instance, in which any religion has grasped a country so universally and completely as Buddhism has Mongolia. The Mongols themselves say that some of them have more piety, some have less, but that throughout the length and breadth of the country there is not a single infidel. I partly believe it, and it is this universality of dominion which enables the religion to build such rich and costly temples in such a poor and thinly-peopled country.

The Mongols themselves are in the habit of saying, that before Buddhism came to them, they were in ignorance and darkness, given up to deeds of superstition and cruelty, and addicted to such practices as putting their mother to death when she reached the age of fifty. Now, they say, see what we are and how we act;—all this has been brought about by the sacred books.

The most prominent doctrine in their religion is *The Immortality of the Soul*. This their mind grasps firmly and clearly. I never yet met a man who for a moment doubted it, or hesitated in the least when asked to tell what he knew about it. They scorn the thought that the soul began its life with the body, and scorn the idea that its life should end with the death of the body. For countless thousands of ages, the soul has been living on, sometimes taking one birth, sometimes another; for countless thousands of ages it shall live on, taking higher or lower births according to its merit or sin; but still the same individual soul, the same unchanged spiritual being. There never was a time when the soul was not alive, and there never shall be a time when it shall not be alive. And this is not a doctrine that is held

simply as an article in their creed, and referred to by the learned only in their discussions; it is an ever-present feeling with young and old, learned and illiterate, with man, woman and child. The body is merely the case or shell in which the soul lives; it is not the man any more than the house is the inhabitant; and nowhere is their faith in the soul's distinctness and independence more apparent, than in the manner in which they take the dead body which has been vacated by the soul, and cast it out on the waste, to feed the wolves and the birds.

Moreover, they acknowledge souls not in men merely, but also in every living thing. The beast, the bird, the insect, the reptile, are animated by souls as everlasting, and as capable of great things as their own. The bodies of these beings are in fact only soul-cases; and at a former period their own souls, as they suppose, may have taken such births, and may take such births again. Mongolia is thinly-peopled, and Mongols have much solitary travelling and herding, but they are not alone as we should be. Everywhere around them, in the flocks they herd, in the beasts they ride, and in the birds that flit past them, and in the insects that annoy them, they recognise spiritual existences.

The Mongol's religion has its *Decalogue*; not that of Moses, but a list of ten black sins, divided into three classes, according as they are committed by—(a) the Body, (b) the Tongue, or (c) the Mind. Those of the body are three in number, viz.:—killing; uncleanness; theft. Those of the tongue are four in number, viz.:—the false word; the harsh word; the slanderous word; the idle word. Those of the mind are three in number, viz.:—covetousness; malice; heresy. Killing includes not only the taking of human life, but also the taking of the life of any animal, even to the insect or reptile.

But the list is not yet complete. In addition to the ten black sins there are five *Sabear ugeei* sins. *Sabear* is a split, crack, little opening, an interval of space or time. The black sins are bad enough, and are to be followed by terrible punishments in purgatory, which however may alternate with periods of comparative comfort. The *Intervalless* sins are worse, and to be followed by a hell of intense suffering, and that without cessation.

The five intervalless sins are; patricide; matricide; killing a Doctor of Divinity; bleeding Buddha; sowing hatred among priests. By a Doctor of Divinity is meant a lama of exalted learning, and who is under more and stricter vows than the common priests. Drawing blood from the body of Buddha, is a figurative expression, pretty much after the manner of Hebrews vi. 6; which speaks of backsliders “crucifying the Son of God afresh, and putting Him to an open shame.”

No religion could promise more in the way of rewards, and scarcely any religion could threaten more in the way of punishments. The Mongol believes that his future state depends on his actions in this life. At death his good and bad actions are balanced against each other. If the good are more, he rises in the scale of existence, if the bad are more, he sinks. Hence it is, that

his religion has such a practical effect on him. He goes on long, difficult, painful, and expensive pilgrimages, because he is taught that this is meritorious. He makes costly offerings to temples and to the lama class, because he believes this has its reward. He feeds the hungry, he clothes the naked, gives tea to the thirsty, and relieves the oppressed; because these things have their reward, and go into the scale that decides his fate. He endeavours to eschew evil and follow righteousness, because these things have their reward. Evil in all its forms he tries to avoid, because he believes that every sin will weigh against him, and drag him down in the scale of being. As surely as plants grow according to their kind, from their seeds, so surely shall joy grow from good, and pain from evil. Making merit occupies a large part of a Mongol's thought, and all animated existence that comes within his reach is the better treated because his religion teaches him that kindness shown to the meanest creature receives the same reward as if the recipient had been the most exalted in the universe.

Thus it comes that his religion teaches the Mongol the noble lesson of *Humanity*. Perhaps nowhere will you find less cruelty than in Mongolia. Not only do their cattle and flocks receive expressions of sympathy in suffering, and such alleviation of pain as their owner knows how to give, but even the meanest creatures, insects, and reptiles included, are treated with consideration. One of the best proofs of the habitual kindness of the Mongol, is the tameness of the birds on the plateau. Crows perch themselves on the top of loaded camels, and deliberately steal Chinamen's rusks and Mongol's mutton, before the very eyes of the vociferating owners; hawks swoop down in the market-place at Urga and snatch eatables from the hands of the unwary, who simply accuse the thief of patricide and pass on; and swallows, year after year, build their nests and rear their young inside the very tents of the Mongols. A Mongolian's pity seems to flow out freely towards the suffering of all creatures, even the meanest and most vexatious. My bald-headed camel-driver was nearly driven to distraction one evening by a cloud of mosquitoes which kept hovering over and alighting on his shining pate. During the night there came a touch of frost, and when we rose in the morning not an insect was on the wing. Looking at them as they clung benumbed to the sides of the tent, he remarked,—“The mosquitoes are frozen;” and then added in a tone of sincere sympathy, the Mongol phrase expressive of pity “*Hoarhe Hoarhe*.” There was no sarcasm or hypocrisy about it.

The popular idea of heaven is, that it is a place where hunger and thirst are felt no more, where there is no more sickness or weariness, no more suffering or pain, no scorching heat, no biting cold; a place where the holy in perfect bliss rejoice in the shade of trees green with perpetual spring, and pluck fruits mellow with perpetual autumn; a place where old friends meet and pass their existence for ever, within

sound of ceaseless prayers, which are said for the benefit of all animated beings. The tortures of hell, or purgatory, whichever you may prefer to call it, are described with a minuteness and detail too horrible for us to dwell on; but there is one thing worth remarking, that is the fitness of the punishment to the sin. Just take one example. A man has lived and died a glutton. The consequence is, that he is punished by hunger. He is born with perhaps a body as large as a mountain, and a stomach capacious as a cavern; food is within his reach, and he is as hungry as all the wolves in Siberia; he would eat, but his mouth is as small as a needle's eye, and his throat is as narrow as a hair. Gluttony was his sin, and hunger is his punishment. It is the same all through; a man's punishment springs directly from his sin.

Another of the good things of Mongol Buddhism is the power it ascribes to Prayer. On one occasion a lama came to my tent, and asked me to divine for him. I said I could not divine, and asked him what the matter was. He said that the other day his temple had been robbed, and he wanted me to discover in what direction the thief had gone. Next morning I pitched my tent at the temple, when hearing the sound of long-continued services, I asked what it meant, and was told that they were holding services, in the hope that their god would have the thief apprehended. That very day the thief was brought in, and still the sound of service went on. Asking again, I was told that they were now holding a thanksgiving service. Every Mongol believes most devoutly in the value of prayer. Many of his prayers are mere charms perhaps, or simple repetitions; but no concurrence of circumstances can arise in which he does not believe it advantageous to say them. As to the decision of the nature of his future state, he believes not only that he must pray, but also that he must work. Many instances of works could be quoted. I heard of a man who kept silver beside him bound up in little parcels of three mace, and gave one of these packets to every lama, good, bad, and indifferent, who came and asked for it. I have seen miles of stony road cleared and smoothed, and the stones piled up in pyramids by the pious hands of one man. Mongol Buddhism affords doctrines and speculations whose depth and magnitude surpass the grasp of the greatest minds. For the understanding of the weak, it veils its glory, comprehends itself in the smallest possible compass, and gives the ignorant six syllables* to pronounce, as the sum and substance of all. If a man's spirit is of a wandering nature, or disinclined to devotion, it puts into his hand a wheel filled with prayers, and tells him to turn that, and it will count as if he had repeated the whole of the printed formulae contained in it; and if even this is too much for him, he can depute the duty to the flutter of a flag or the crank of a windmill.

* *Om ma ni pa dmi hum.*





THE BASS ROCK.

"Times have changed since the excellents of the earth were condemned by the unjust and the dissolute to wear out life on that solitary rock. My eyes fill as I gaze on it! The persecutors have gone to their place; the last vial has long since been poured out on the heads of the infatuated race who, in their short sighted policy, would fain have rendered men faithful to their princes by making them untrue to their God. But the noble constancy of the persecuted, the high fortitude of the martyrs, still live; there is a halo encircling the brow of that rugged rock; and from many a solitary grave, and many a lonely battle field there come voices and thunders like those which issued of old from within the cloud, that tell us how this world, with all its little interests, must pass away, but that for those who fight the good fight, and keep the faith, there abideth a rest that is eternal." Hugh Miller



Think of those a noble throng,
who in this stern prison pile,
Leaving God to right their wrong,
died upon the lonely isle.
So shall thought a halo fling,
tender as from martyr crowns,
And most holy memories cling
round the rock that yonder frowns.
Monument of strife and pain,
earthly loss and heavenly gain.

S. E. G.

FOUR PALACES AND THEIR STORY.

IV.—FONTAINEBLEAU.

FONTAINE DE BELLE EAU, a very pretty name to give, first to a sparkling fountain where thirsty huntsmen slaked their thirst; then to the miles of beautiful forest and "happy hunting grounds," surrounding the pure waters, and finally to a royal palace and picturesque town. Here is, truly, a place of such interest, historical, artistic, and natural, that a description of it should fill a volume rather than a brief sketch.

As the rattling omnibus and weary horse drag us up the hill, from the railway station to the palace, over roughly paved streets, and past shops and houses with their green jalousies and many-hued frontages, we feel that we see nothing of the numerous buildings and institutions of this forest-town. Yet, in its well-built streets and pretty environs are "things new and old," Catholic and Protestant, well worthy of note. It has two hospitals, a Palais de Justice, Hôtel de Ville, college, barracks, theatre, public baths, a porcelain manufactory, and a fine edifice called the Château d'Eau, whence the palace, which we slowly approach, is supplied with water. The town, like the palace, has undergone many changes since Louis VII. first built a castle here in the twelfth century, and it has gradually been raised from a poor hamlet to a flourishing place. There is something about it that recalls the old border town of Warkworth with its ruined castle on the hill and its grey houses.

What a huge, dark mass of irregular buildings the palace looks, with its four great courts, fountains, and statues. It is imposing more from size than architecture; being rambling and comparatively low. It is a forest-palace, and looks, outwardly, well beset for chasse-loving monarchs, and especially for the warlike Francis I. who built the greatest part of it.

We enter by the court originally called *La cour du cheval blanc*, from the statue of a white horse, which the imperious Catherine de Medici once set up, but which has been pulled down by time and change. The court is now named *Cour des adieux*, because it was here that the first Napoleon bade adieu to the remnant of the army that had followed his varied fortunes. We stand where he stood, near the horseshoe staircase, built by Louis XIII., and people the huge court with the forms of the old Guard who had clung to the Emperor through all his reverses. We think of him as having just signed his abdication in the palace, and about to depart for his exile in the Island of Elba. But another scene in the life of this extraordinary man quickly succeeds this, and, passing over eleven weary months, we behold him again in this spot, reviewing his troops before leading them to Paris to regain the empire he had relinquished. How they all seem to start into life amid those ancient walls, and

how we follow them to defeat and death at Waterloo.

We ascend the horseshoe staircase, and enter the palace. Here the solitude and repose are almost as oppressive as were the blackened ruins of St. Cloud. No voice save the monotonous repetition of the guide's oft-told tale; no sound but the echoes of our own footsteps. The arrow of silence has certainly fallen here. And what stirring events have happened in this now solitary abode; some of the most memorable of French history. Here Philip le Bel was born and died. Here Louis XV. was married, and here died his only son. That son was father of Louis XVI., who spent, let us be thankful to think, some happy days here with his bride in the early part of his wedded life. Let us glance at the apartments prepared by him for that hapless bride, before proceeding farther in our list of casualties.

How white and bright these rooms still are! The walls are hung with *soieries de Lyons*, presented by the King's faithful subjects of Lyons to Marie Antoinette on her marriage, and very beautiful are the wreaths embroidered on white silk that represent the love and allegiance of the famous silk manufacturers of that loyal town. So is the haughty peacock on the silken screen, that accompanied the wedding gift; and so is the painted ceiling, by Barthélémy, representing Aurora.

At the time of the Revolution the palace was stripped of them and the rest of its gorgeous furniture, and it is marvellous that it can have been thus carefully replaced; for no stain sullies the purity of these tapestry-covered walls, and, thanks to King Louis Philippe, all is as nearly as possible the same as it was before that blood-stained period. Here, in the centre of the floor of the boudoir, the cypher of the unfortunate queen survives her assassination; and here are the window-bolts fashioned by her husband, Louis XVI., who was a skilled mechanic, as well as a tender husband and father, and an amiable if weak king, anxious to right the wrongs of his people. These window-fastenings escaped the malice of revolutionists, and remain as a memento of the past. They are beautifully wrought, and adorned with wreaths, for her who, in the course of a few years, was to be bolted and barred in a prison-room too low for her stature. One turns from silken tapestry and gilded panels to the open windows for temporary relief from the pain of reflection and the sad memories of royal love and suffering.

The gardens nearly surround the palace, and, glance where we will from the various windows, smooth green sward, gravelled paths, trees, flowers, and water are visible; but all is deserted like the palace itself. On one side is the picturesque and wild English garden with its glimpses of the river; on another, the old-fashioned

and stiff parterre; on the third, the private garden, all of which have undergone many changes, both of fashion and possessors. In the midst of them is the great triangular pond which contains the far-famed carp, illustrious for ancestry and antiquity.

The apartments, prepared for a Marie Antoinette, have been successively occupied during the present century by a Marie Louise, a Marie Amélie, and an Eugénie. With pardonable curiosity we hazard remarks concerning them, and a question touching the late empress to our taciturn, though voluble, conductor.

"One must be silent, madame; but her Majesty was greatly beloved," is the man's comment, who has, he says, passed the best part of his life in the palace, and witnessed its manifold reverses.

We hasten through these memorable rooms to others equally noticeable, and equally magnificent. Passing chambers and ante-chambers once tenanted by kings, we pause before a small round table on which Napoléon I. signed his abdication, April 5, 1814. Perhaps no article of furniture in the apartments, all adorned with gobelins tapestry, mirrors, arabesques, painted ceilings and pictures, excites more interest than this plain mahogany table, and we seem to see the conqueror of half a world seated at it, pen in hand, signing away what he had gained by the sacrifice of millions of his countrymen.

A very different table is shown in a neighbouring room, the *Salle du Trône*. This is covered with crimson velvet embroidered with a golden crown and eagle, and here the marshals of France swore allegiance to the last power regnant, beneath a lustre of rock crystal of enormous value, and surpassing lucidity. Here is a portrait of Louis XIII. who decorated the room, which seems somewhat out of place so near the throne placed there by Napoléon. But contrasts are as rapid as thought in this wonderful place, and we can only notice those which appear the most remarkable.

For instance, the apartments once appropriated to the queen's mother were the same in which Pope Pius VII. passed eighteen months of virtual imprisonment. The portrait of the pontiff, by David, hangs where he used to work, and one imagines the grand old man reflecting on the past, and resolving for the present. The imperial necromancer, who tossed about royal personages as jugglers toss balls, caused the pontiff to be brought hither, but failed to extract from him the new concordat which should instal a Napoléon as head of the church as well as of Europe. He also failed to induce the staunch prelate to annul his marriage with Joséphine, thus winning odium himself, and securing to Pope Pius VII. the esteem of all good men. The divorce had been pronounced in this palace three years previously.

But the pope ends his life peacefully at Rome, the emperor frets away his at St. Helena, and these apartments become, in the strange flow of events, the abode of the Duke of Orleans, eldest son of Louis Philippe, and of his wife, whose marriage was celebrated in the Chapelle de la Trinité, through which we have already passed.

While Louis Philippe and his consort, Marie Amélie, were tenanting the suites of rooms in which we have been wandering, their heir and his young bride succeeded the imprisoned pope here. Wedding presents precede marriage bells, and this happy pair had theirs. In the gallery of frescoes near their so-called home are eighty-eight exquisitely painted plates of Sèvres porcelain, which were presented to them by their father's loyal subjects of, we believe, Paris. The plates are let into the wainscoting, the panels of which are painted by Ambroise Dubois with allegorical designs; while the pictures on the delicate china represent portions of Fontainebleau, and many French monuments.

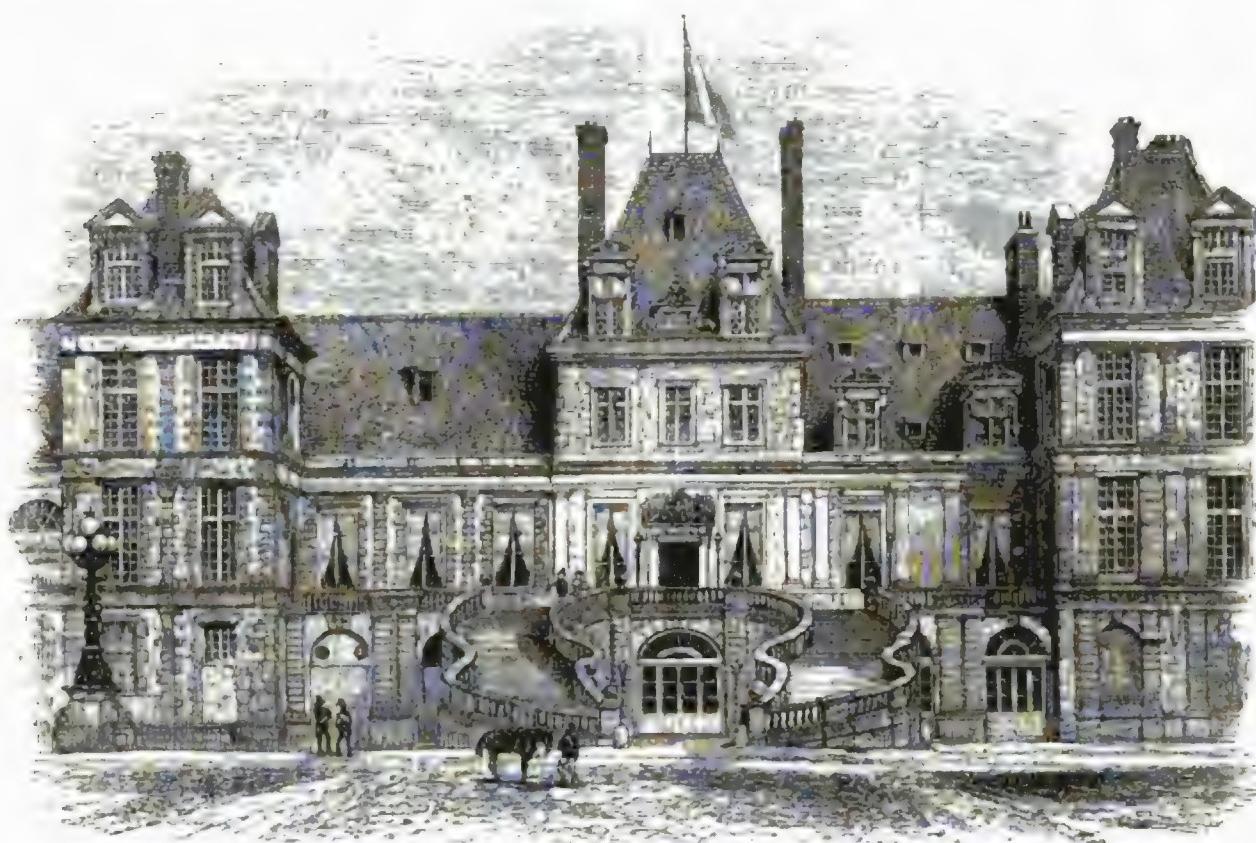
Why do our thoughts suddenly fly from these interesting, if silent, rooms, to a lonely chapel at Neuilly? Because there we saw, only a few days ago, the tomb of this same Duke of Orleans; and if these mementoes of his brief wedded life be affecting, the place of his death is still more so. It will be remembered that he was killed by a fall from his carriage in 1842, and the Chapelle d'Orléans was erected on the site of the house in which he expired. Perhaps the most touching portions of this mausoleum are, a picture of his death-bed, a marble angel, and a cedar tree. The picture is placed in the sacristy in the very room in which the prince died, and represents him surrounded by the stricken king and queen, the Princess Clémentine, his brothers, marshals, generals, physician, priests—all, in short, who were actually present when he drew his last breath. The marble angel was sculptured by his gifted sister, the Princess Marie, and is placed in the chapel as part of a group of statuary memorialising his death. His sister passed away before him, and little thought, when in life, that the kneeling spirit her chisel had wrought would bend over the head of her dead brother. The cedar tree was brought by the duke himself from Mount Lebanon, and planted by his brother in a court outside the chapel, in the midst of funereal cypresses.

We return from this chapel, with its ancient verger, to our palace, and are instantly, by a natural transition, reminded that he who erected the chapel, restored the palace from degradation to its present perfection. It was Louis Philippe who spared neither money nor pains to re-create the past; who employed all the best artists to work on the original designs, and who completed what Napoléon began of refreshing the antique without spoiling it. Here he was aided by his talented daughter, Marie, who designed the stained glass windows of the Chapelle de St. Saturnin, completed by her father. And they appear to have laboured for the love of art; for neither picture nor statue of this monarch is thrust before us. Yet did Lecomte attempt to assassinate him hard by, in the forest; and he died an exile at Claremont.

We pass on, and on, until we are suddenly arrested in a long gallery, filled with books and numerous curiosities, by the word "Monaldeschi," and we see before us the bust of that unfortunate nobleman. After the abdication of queen or king Christina of Sweden, as she styled herself, she was staying at Fontainebleau as guest of Louis XIII. These were her apartments, and here she

caused Monaldeschi, her master of the horse, to be assassinated, because she said he had betrayed her secrets, and was guilty of high treason. Although the French court professed to be offended by this atrocious deed, the queen still continued at Fontainebleau, it being, possibly, deemed inexpedient to bring this royal convert to Catholicism before the public notice as a murderer. Strange it seems that here where we stand, this masculine daughter and successor of Gustavus Adolphus should have schemed, fretted, studied, disputed, until the palace became too hot for her, and she carried herself and

here is the ball-room, the largest, most luxurious of the château. It is all white and gold, satin and damask, with paintings by Niccolo and Primaticcio. Draw the curtain. This apartment was constructed by Henry II. for the delectation of his mistress, Diana of Poitiers. From the ballroom to its twin sister, the theatre. "Toujours gai" is a French motto. It should rather be "Toujours triste," to judge from what we have seen and here behold. The theatre at this time of our visit is enveloped in brown holland. This, the only modern part of the palace, was built for the Empress Eugénie.



THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

her intrigues to papal Rome, where she followed Monaldeschi to a judgment more righteous than her own.

We grow wearied of "pointing the moral," and resolve to be cheerful. Impossible. We explore the oldest part of the castle where St. Louis once dwelt, and in the Salon St. Louis perceive a fine bas-relief of Henry IV. over the mantel-piece, by Jaquet, a contemporary of his. We remember that Henry the Great was murdered—he who gave freedom to the Protestants by the Edict of Nantes—and that Louis XIV. revoked that Edict in this very Fontainebleau, in the apartments of his plebeian wife, Madame de Maintenon.

Here is the Salle des Gardes, containing only the cyphers of all the kings and queens of France, artistically inserted in panels. A student of French history might learn much in a small space, but a student in morality would discover that the paintings of these apartments of François were not originally of the purest, for that art-loving monarch was no pattern of virtue. But

"There were grand spectacles here, but now all that is passed!" ejaculates the guide.

And so, we have gone the round of this vast pile, and seen what Francis I. originated, and what the unfortunate Eugénie added thereto. It has been a cursory glance indeed, and time has failed us even to mention by name the many celebrated artists who have adorned with their works the chapels, galleries, pavilions, waiting and reception rooms, salons, cabinets, courts, sleeping apartments, libraries, vestibules, and antechambers, of monarchs that have been. The paintings, frescoes, marbles, bronzes, carvings of these artists survive them, as do the records of the deeds, good and bad, of monarchs who employed them, and whose fame they sought to celebrate by brush or chisel. But, after all, palaces, especially French ones justnow, are melancholy sights, when we associate them with their memories of the past. We almost draw a breath of relief as we return to the court through which we entered, and inquire the best way of exploring the forest of Fontainebleau.

ANNE BEALE.

HELON OF ALEXANDRIA.

A JEWISH TALE OF THE DAYS OF THE MACCABEES.

XI.—THE FEAST OF ATONEMENT.



was addressing himself to God, and cherishing his mind with the prayer of the afflicted (Psalm cii.), of which he recited some words: "My days are like a shadow that declineth, and I am withered like grass. But thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever, and thy remembrance unto all generations."

A short time afterwards he continued: "He weakened my strength in the way, he shortened my days."

Then he repeated in a firmer tone: "The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee."

Addressing Helon with the deepest affection, he added with fainting voice: "Greet thy mother for me. . . . When the high-priest dies, carry my bones to the valley of Jehosaphat, and lay them beside thy fathers. Wait on the Lord, and thou shalt obtain—"

He could not finish.

After some moments of silence all present looked at each other as if to ask if he was actually dead. It could no longer be doubted.

Immediately men rent their upper garments; some beat their breasts; others threw their turbans on the ground, or strewed dust and ashes on their heads, put on sackcloth, cut their hair, and the corners of the beard, and went barefoot. Helon, being a priest, could not do as the rest; he must even hurry away; for he would have incurred punishment had he contracted pollution from the dead body. The body was wrapped in a linen sheet, the head bound with a napkin, the whole from head to foot swathed with a broad bandage, each foot, each hand, each finger separately. At midnight came the Levites with their musical instruments, and the female mourners raised aloud their lamentations. On the following morning the house was filled with neighbours and friends, expressing their sympathy. Sulamith ran about

HE next day, Elisama entreated Helon to read to him the prayer of Moses, the man of God (Psalm xc.), beginning, "Lord, thou hast been our refuge in all generations." He heard it with great attention, and the emotions of his heart were visible in his looks and by his clasped hands. When the reading was ended, it was evident that he

weeping and wringing her hands. The men sat in another department upon the ground, and mourned in silence. Afterwards Sulamith placed herself on a carpet in the middle of the women of the house, and they all began to lament, or rather the hired mourners forming a circle at a little distance chanted the virtues of him who was deceased. This continued until the evening; lamentations and funeral songs being in turns resumed. Then the porters assembled at the door to carry the bier; they proceeded with such hasty steps that they seemed rather to run than walk. A friend of the family had caused a sepulchre to be hewn out of the rock, and in this the corpse of Elisama was deposited. Fragrant substances and perfumes were spread upon the whole, so as to cover the body. Then after having pronounced some prayers, they rolled to the entrance of the sepulchre the stone which closed it, and which was to be sealed the next day, and annually whitened with lime. The friends and relatives cast some earth behind them, and said: "Remember, O man, that thou shalt return to the earth whence thou wast taken. Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

After having bowed themselves thrice, they retired, well convinced that by accompanying the procession they had performed one of the most agreeable works in the sight of God. On this day no victuals were prepared in the house of mourning, but the neighbours and friends came with delicate viands, and invited the mourners to partake of them. (Hosea ix. 4.) This was called the bread of mourning; and the cup, which was handed around, the cup of consolation. (Jer. xvi. 7.)

The mourning lasted seven days, during which they neither washed any garments, bathed or anointed the body, wore any sandals or turban.

After this Helon, Sulamith and Salumiel returned from the Peraea over the Jordan to Jericho. During the journey Helon, after having long kept silence, said, as if he now came forth from profound meditation, "Is it possible that a man so righteous has died the death of a sinner? a death that sinners alone seem to deserve?"

"He has fulfilled his destiny. It is the will of the Lord," said Salumiel.

"O! Elisama! Elisama! where shall I find light?" replied Helon. "Does the Lord punish the just as He does the unjust?"

"Who can escape what fate has ordained for him?" said Salumiel.

The death of Elisama filled the heart of Helon with grief. He lamented in it the loss of an affectionate relative and a great benefactor; but most of all he saw vanish, under the blow with which he had been struck, the illusions which made him consider his good fortune as a recom-

pense and reward of his virtues. The charm once destroyed, his feelings and his life appeared to him under a different aspect. The termination of no single day came on, without his finding faults to deplore, and the dejection into which the discovery of them caused him to fall, made him form the determination of ascending to Jerusalem to be present at the Festival of Trumpets, and to stay there nine days, until the Festival of Expiation, which is celebrated on the tenth day of the month of Tisri, in order to pass this time in conversation with the old priest, who possessed all his confidence.

"Oh! I am not righteous, and I shall never be," cried Helon when he was alone with him. "Oh! that I had lived in the time of Moses, or in the time of David! Then might the law be fulfilled no doubt, but in our present condition this is impossible. The people are all given up to vice. Jealousy and pride, blindness and obstinacy, reign in Israel; and if I thus speak of others it is only to accuse myself of the same faults."

"Israel is such as thou hast described them," replied the old man, "and we ourselves participate in their sins. But in the times of Moses and of David, the people were not better than in these times, and if we had lived in those times, we should have been as guilty as we are to-day. The law was not given us, my son, that we might find a basis on which to build our pride and self righteousness: it has a different purpose, that of giving us the knowledge of our sins, and convincing us. When it has convinced us of our sin, it will also awaken our longing for consolation, and for obtaining the help we require. Sorrow for sin and the hope of pardon and reconciliation are the two privileges of Israel."

"Ah! if my heart was entirely given up to the Lord, then I should have peace and joy. But how may I attain this state?"

"Tell me," said the old man, "when, as a priest, wouldst thou declare the leper clean?"

"This is what is written," replied Helon: "If the leprosy remains on him in the skin, and it covers all the skin with the plague, the priest shall see him, and behold, if it be turned into white, then the priest shall pronounce him clean."

"Well, then, retire to thy closet and read some penitential psalms. Judge of the sinfulness of thy whole state from a single sin."

Helon obeyed his injunctions, but for several days the old man came and went away without seeing him. He was often employed in reading the psalms to which his attention had been drawn. Some of them were brought home to him, and made a very deep impression, and among them this one:

"O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath,
Neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.
For thine arrows stick fast in me,
And thy hand presseth me sore.
There is no soundness in my flesh, because of thine
anger,
Neither is there any rest in my bones, because of
my sin.
For mine iniquities are gone over mine head,
As a heavy burden, they are too heavy for me.
My wounds stink, and are corrupt,

Because of my foolishness.
I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly,
I go mourning all the day long.

Forsake me not, O Lord,
O my God, be not far from me.
Make haste to help me,
O Lord, my salvation!"

One evening when the old man of the temple was returning to his solitary chamber, after sacrificing, Helon followed him into it.

"Unhappy that I am!" cried the young man, "O wretched man that I am! There is nothing sound in my flesh, on account of the wrath of God, nor any rest for my bones, on account of my sin! How great was my error, when I thought myself righteous! My heart was given up to sin, even when I abstained from it outwardly. Wretched was my pride, by the help of which I thought I could arrive at real perfection. Deplorable was my ignorance, which made me regard my service in the temple as the only one that Jehovah requires of me! It is written, 'Cursed is he who continueth not in all things written in the law to do them' (Deut. xxvii. 26). I am then cursed, cursed like Cain! My sin is heavier than that I can be forgiven."

"Blessed be the Lord!" cried the old priest. "Thou hast discerned one part of eternal truth; thou shalt see the other, when the time for it is come."

On the morning of the ninth day he asked him if he had found peace. Helon shook his head sadly: "Trust in the Lord," said then the old man, "His word is sure, and He will fulfil His promises."

"But I have been taught that our sins retard the coming of the Messiah."

"That is only the imagination of men. Where is anything of the kind written? Undoubtedly our sins divide us into parties. Undoubtedly they conceal the face of God from us: but so much the more necessary for us is the Mediator, and He will come in good time. Do not ask how, or in what manner. Let it be sufficient for thee to know what Wisdom has declared: 'The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His way, before His works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was' (Prov. viii. 22, 23). Do not say my sins are so great that I cannot be pardoned. Wait on the Lord. The Messiah will take away thy sins. Ask for faith, and if thou possessest it, the sacrifice made by the Messiah will even now procure thee peace, although it may be as yet only represented and prefigured by the sacrifices made on the altar. Thou hast taken part in the sins of the people; take part in their reconciliation also. To-morrow will be the great Feast of Expiations."

The high-priest had been preparing for this feast during seven days. It began on the evening of the ninth day by a fast, which was to be observed by all the people. A calf for a sin-offering and a ram for a burnt-offering were to be offered in the morning. The high-priest after having washed his hands laid them on the head of the ram, saying: "O Lord! we have disobeyed thee, and we have sinned. O Lord!

pardon the sins through which we have offended Thee, according as it is written : ' It is the day of atonement, to make an atonement for you before the Lord your God ' (Lev. xxiii. 28).

He then went towards the entrance of the temple and cast lots upon the two goats that had been brought for the festival, with two labels, upon one of which was inscribed: "For the Lord," and on the other: "For Hazazel."

At the moment when he placed the first label on the head of one of the goats, the priests, the Levites, and all the people, fell with their faces to the ground, saying: "Blessed be the Lord ! Eternally blessed be the name of His glory !"

The other goat was led to the gate of Nicanor. The high-priest turned back towards the heifer, and after having again confessed his own sins and those of his family, he slaughtered it. Taking some live coal from the altar, he put some incense on the fire, and then entering into the most holy place, he cast the smoke of the incense towards the Mercy Seat or place of propitiation. He also took some of the blood of the victim, and with his fingers sprinkled it once towards the heaven, and seven times towards the earth, in front of the Mercy Seat. Having returned to the court, he killed the goat that the lot had designed for the Lord. He brought its blood within the veil, and did with this blood, for the sins of the people, as he had done with the blood of the heifer. After having sprinkled towards the Mercy Seat, he did so likewise towards the veil that divided the holy from the most holy place. Then having gone forth from the most holy of holies, he took some blood of the calf and of the goat, and put it upon the horns of the altar all around. He sprinkled with his finger seven times some blood on the altar, cleansing it and purifying it, and cleansing the sins of the children of Israel.

The high-priest then went to the living goat, put his two hands on its head, and confessed upon it all the iniquities of the children of Israel, nearly in the same manner as he had confessed his own sins and those of his family. An Israelite then conveyed the goat into the desert. The people pursued him with their cries: "Hasten ! hasten ! why dost thou delay ? Our sins are not yet expiated !" said they on all sides.

Arrived at the top of a rock, placed on the side of a deep pit, the Israelite cast down into it the goat, on the head of which all the sins of the people had been laid.

These ceremonies produced a vivid impression on the mind of Helon, when the high-priest read to the people from the books of Moses the institution of the festival, and came to these words: "This is the day of atonement," new light broke into the soul of the young man. These words are preceded by the following: "The Lord spake and said." Helon felt for the first time what it is to believe the word of the Lord. All his doubts were removed. He now knew that his prayers were granted: he was assured of his reconciliation with God: a sweet peace was infused in his heart.

In the evening the high-priest blessed the people who fell on their knees to pray. Helon prayed thus:

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,
Whose sin is covered.

I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the
Lord :

And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.
For this shall every one that is godly pray unto
thee,

In a time when thou mayest be found.

Surely in the floods of great waters

They shall not come nigh unto him.

Thou art my hiding-place,

Thou shalt preserve me from trouble,

Thou shalt compass me about with songs of de-
liverance. Selah."

The feast was ended. Helon went to see the old man of the temple.

"What a feast !" said he to him; "what a feast is that at which the high-priest presents himself alone before Jehovah, and when alone he obtains atonement and reconciliation for all the people !"

The old man clasped him in his arms. He was quite sure that the young man had found peace. "It is the Lord who has delivered thy life from the horrible pit," said he to him. "He has removed thy iniquities from thee, as far as the east is removed from the west. May God bless thee, and grant that thou mayest keep His law with a perfect mind. His counsels are wonderful, and He will bring mighty things to pass. I will pray Him to reveal them to me and to thee, and will endeavour to see thee again."

Pages for the Young.

HUBERT'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER V.



SATURDAY evening had brought Mr. Russell from London, by an early train which would enable him to have tea with his family, and when the train drew up at the platform, he put his head out of the window to signal to his little daughter as usual. But much to his surprise she was nowhere to be seen. Such a thing had not happened since they came down to the sea-side as for her to be absent, and he felt rather anxious. What could have prevented her coming? Mrs. Russell's health was always delicate, but with rest, the doctor had said, she would recover, and be quite strong again, so that he did not think of his wife as being dangerously ill, but now he was prepared to think anything, and he took his way to his apartments with more anxiety than he had felt for some time.

Matters were not much mended when he knocked at the door, and found no Carrie there to open it for him. What could it mean? He walked straight up-stairs, without waiting even to take off his hat, and found his wife sitting beside Carrie's bed, rubbing her temples, and soothing her.

"My dear, we have had a great misfortune here to-day : Carrie has lost her watch," Mrs. Russell said, even before

her husband had time to enter the room, for she feared that he would have been alarmed at not seeing his little girl, and still more alarmed at seeing her in bed ill.

"Thank God it is no worse, my dear," he replied, as a great anxiety was removed from his heart.

A passionate burst of sobs coming from the bed where Carrie lay was enough to tell him how terrible her feelings were on the subject; she had come in from her morning walk, almost distracted with grief, not so much at the thought of losing the watch, although that was bad enough, but above all at the thought of her father. What would he say? What could he think when he heard it? He would think and say that she was careless, and unworthy of a good present.

Her friends had done all they could, first to discover the watch on the sands, and finally in giving instructions to the public crier, but as the day wore on and nothing was heard of the watch, poor Carrie became really ill. Her mother prevailed on her to go and lie down, and there she had lain on her bed, sobbing her heart out almost, all the afternoon.

It was all in vain that her father tried to soothe her, telling her that he would rather than many watches that his little girl should not make herself ill, but it was all in vain, for she was now too weak to restrain herself, and it was quite plain to see that some medical aid must be obtained unless something could be done to ease her mind.

It was in the very height of this commotion that the landlady came up to say that a gentleman and his son were downstairs, wishing to see the gentleman of the house about something they had found. Instantly, Carrie jumped up in the bed, and with a cry of pleasure said, "It must be about my watch!" and weak as she was she got up, and ran down stairs after her father.

She went into the parlour, where Hubert and his father were, and looking from one to the other, with a pleading expression, asked, "Have you really found my watch?"

Mr. Travers smiled, and said, "We have found a watch, at least my son, here, did, and I hope it may prove to be yours, for you have evidently been very unhappy about it!"

"Oh, do let me see it!" she cried, and although Mr. Travers had some thought as he came along of asking for a description before parting with it, it was out of the question to think of doubting the child's claims, and he therefore produced it.

"Oh, my dear little watch! that is it. Is it injured at all by the water, I wonder?"

"I don't think it is," said Hubert with heightening colour, "for I picked it up almost as soon as it fell, and as it fell on the soft sand, it could not have been bent or injured in any way."

Carrie turned her gaze full upon him. "Did you see me drop it?" she asked in wonder.

"I did," he answered, sorrowfully.

"The fact is, my son acted foolishly this morning, but I am very happy to say that he has discovered his mistake, and wishes to apologize for having kept you so long in suspense. I am sure that had he known how grieved you were, he would not have kept the watch an hour," said Mr. Travers, smiling at the eager face of the girl, who held her watch now with as tenacious a grasp, as though she feared losing it again.

"I have only just come down from London," said Mr. Russell, "but I assure you, my poor child had worked herself into a state of fever, and I was on the point of going for medical aid."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said Hubert, earnestly.

"It is quite plain that she has suffered much, and I am indeed thankful that we did not stay a single moment longer than was necessary, after I had heard what had occurred. I hope, sir, that you will accept our apologies for

having distressed your daughter so much, and that she, herself, will try to forgive my son for having had foolish and selfish thoughts in his heart about what he had found!

"Oh, I can forgive everybody now!" Carrie exclaimed joyfully, and she looked down at her watch, and then up at her father. "But it was terrible to think that it was gone for ever!"

"I think we cannot do better than just shake hands and thank this gentleman for having taken so much trouble to restore the watch, my dear, and to his son for having thought better of his first desire. We are all tempted during our lives to do wrong, but happy are they who are able to resist," Mr. Russell said, understanding the case fully, from the remarks made by Mr. Travers.

"I have told my son that there is but one source of real strength, for him, and for us all," said Mr. Travers, as he took the hand which Mr. Russell held out to him.

"Believe me, sir, I can add my testimony to that, and may this be a lesson to him for life. He will not be the first man who has become wise and strong through weakness, if he determines henceforth not to let sin find an entrance to his heart through his eye."

Mr. Russell shook Hubert's hand warmly, and then Carrie went through that ceremony with both father and son.

And thus they parted, with many mutual thanks, and with genuine wishes to know more of one another.

When they were again on the road to the cottage, Mr. Travers laid his arm affectionately on his son's shoulder, and said, "Do you not feel your heart lighter, Hubert?"

"Oh! father, I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life before, only, I'm so sorry that the little girl should have been so ill; it seems dreadful to think of her being like that all day."

"Does it not show us how far-reaching are the consequences of one sin? We know that every offence against the holy will of God is an injury to our own souls, and that is indeed a terrible thought in itself, but we must also remember that others are often made more miserable by our acts than we have any idea of."

"Father, it was a terrible temptation, but, thank God He gave me strength to resist it, and I think it will be a lesson to me for life."

It was. And in all the town that night, there were no two families happier than the Travers and the Russells, and certainly no young hearts ever poured forth a deeper prayer of thankfulness to God than Hubert Travers and Carrie Russell, as, divided by more than a mile of town, they each knelt down that night to pray

C. F. H.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XV.

1. *Hither* with arm'd host, came Maacha's king.
2. *He* guards the treasures—many a precious thing.
3. Nay, but we will have *this*, o'er us to reign.
4. Of goodly mien, but jealous, angry, vain.
5. Into *this* forest David fleeing came.
6. Proud counsellor, thy death is full of shame.
7. Lo, here do Joseph's brethren feed their sheep.
8. The enemy doth sow *these* while men sleep.
9. An unclean bird—king of the feathered host.
10. Give *this* then unto him which hath the most.
11. Scorning the horse and rider—desert-born.
12. Thou bearest news at which a queen shall mourn.
13. Thy chapters are in number forty-eight.
14. Forth from the camp to go—this was *his* fate.
15. The chains fell off, that round *his* limbs did cling.
16. The foster-brother of a cruel king.
17. *This* do ye at the strait gate—fear not strife,

Knowing that narrow is the way of life. M. E. R.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

THE eighty-fourth anniversary meeting of this society was held at Exeter Hall, the chair being taken by Earl Cairns. The report, which was read by the Rev. L. B. White, stated that there had been issued during the year 809 new publications, of which 262 were tracts. The society had up to the present time, published in 160 languages. The total circulation from the Home Depot had reached 79,379,350, of which 33,249,800 were tracts, being an increase over the previous year of 6,217,730; while the issues from foreign depots were about 14,000,000. The total amount received from sales, missionary receipts, and all other sources, was 215,063*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.*, while the expenditure had been 213,535*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.*, leaving a balance in favour of the society of 1,527*l.* 4*s.* 11*d.* The total amount received from subscriptions and other contributions, the whole of which is available for the missionary objects of the society, was 26,227*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*, and the missionary expenditure 51,801*l.* 17*s.* 11*d.*, the excess having been supplied from the trade funds. Continued help had been given to the efforts of evangelical Christians in France, both in the production and circulation of tracts. In Italy books and tracts had been published at Florence, and tract distribution in Rome and elsewhere encouraged by liberal grants. In Spain the circulation from the depots at Madrid and Barcelona had steadily increased, and tracts had been widely distributed. In Portugal new arrangements had been made for the depots, and the work grows steadily. In Germany both the business and the distribution of the Berlin Society had grown. Colporteurs in all parts had been supplied. In Austria the depots at Vienna, Gratz, and Lemberg flourish, and new publications have been issued in Polish and Ruthenian. In Hungary works are issued in seven languages, and colporteurs assisted in distributing them. In Russia, in spite of hindrances, the work of tract distribution has gone on. Riga and Warsaw have been centres of continued activity. Tract distribution societies and evangelical periodicals had been helped in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Holland. Colportage work in Servia and Croatia had been encouraged. Numerous other facts were mentioned, which evidenced the far-reaching character of the society's operation. Earl Cairns laid special stress on this missionary work, as not being sufficiently understood. "There is rather a tendency on the part of some people, when speaking of the Religious Tract Society, to think of it as a mere commercial trading and publishing society in this country, and not to appreciate at once the part it bears in missionary work—(hear, hear)—while some almost fancy that subscriptions paid to the Religious Tract Society go to support it as a publishing society. So far from the subscriptions going to support the publishing work of the society, the publishing work of the society pays for itself, and leaves a large profit besides, which profit goes to maintain and to promote missionary work." He compared the Bible Society, the Tract Society, and the missionary Societies to the three strands of one strong cable, they were all essential. The Rev. Dr. McEwan, of Clapham, moved the adoption of the report and the appointment of the committee for the ensuing year. In the course of his speech he referred to the progress of education. In 1870 there was elementary school accommodation for about two millions, and an average attendance of hardly one million. Now, there is accommodation for five millions, and an average attendance of over three millions. Against this immense increase in the number of those who are able to read, provision must be made. The Rev. Dr. Lansdell followed, and gave an interesting account of his various journeys (already described in these pages), especially of his expedition through Siberia and that last year into Central Asia, in the course of which he distributed a very large number of books and tracts. The Rev. James Smith, from Delhi, in supporting the resolution, said that the development that had taken place in India exceeded anything that by language he could attempt to describe. The intellectual development had been even more rapid than the material. "I think, forty-two years ago there were very few schools outside the presidency towns, or the large centres of population. The colleges were still

fewer; in fact, you could travel hundreds of miles in the districts without meeting with a single school, but now the missionary colleges and missionary institutions contain two hundred thousand pupils. Twenty-five from one college took degrees the other day, and I think that there are in the government and missionary schools not less than two million pupils. And not only so, but the newspapers have increased at a very great rate. There is a demand for publications of every kind. There never was a time when India had such an extension of Christian literature as the present time." Mr. Smith gave many most interesting facts in support of his statements. The Rev. Dr. Allon, after referring to the work done by the periodicals of the society, said that in his view relatively Christianity was never so hopeful in its aspects as it is at the present day. A spirit of respect, generally speaking, had been infused into the confession of infidelity itself; the spirit of Christianity had unconsciously penetrated it; infidelity was compelled, by the advancing culture of the age, to recognise more directly the conclusions of reason, the evidence of facts, the demonstrations of moral life. The Rev. Canon Fleming afterwards moved, and Mr. E. Rawlins seconded a vote of thanks to Earl Cairns. The doxology was then sung, and the Rev. Dr. Green pronounced the benediction.

THE annual breakfast meeting was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, when the foreign missionary work of the society was brought specially under review. Mr. Hugh Matheson presided, and referred to the great increase of mission work. Bishop Titcomb gave an account of the signs of progress in Rangoon, and stated that good short practical tracts which compared Christianity with Buddhism were much needed for distribution in fields where he had been labouring. M. E. Saultier gave an account of the work in France, where he stated there was a great need of more workers. The Rev. J. B. Wood, of the Church Missionary Society in referring to missionary work in West Africa, said that nearly the whole of the education there had been done by the missionary societies. The Bible had been translated into fourteen languages spoken in the West of Africa. Dr. John Murdoch said that there were not only freethought societies in India, but two anti-Christian publications were circulated, and a large number of writings of well-known freethinkers. There were, however, numerous societies and publications to counteract that evil influence. The Rev. James Gilmour, from Pekin and Mongolia; the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, who ascribed his own conversion to a sentence in a tract; and Mr. A. N. Archibald, from Nova Scotia, also addressed the meeting, and gave interesting accounts of the work in which they had been engaged.

THE annual meeting of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel* was held at St. James's Hall. Special interest attached to the occasion from the fact that the Archbishop of Canterbury, who presided, made then his first appearance at the May meetings in his new official capacity. Noting the gratifying financial position of the Society, the Primate dwelt upon the fact that the great want was men; and, glancing at the work to be done, he urged the pleasure of personal responsibility, and the need of faith and prayer, specially mentioning the desirability of a more general observance of the day of intercession for missions. The Archbishop having to leave early, the chair was taken by Lord Belmore. A brief report was read, stating, among other things, that the society's income had increased by nearly 8,000*l.* during the last two years, and that last year's income was 142,612*l.*—about 2,000*l.* more than that of any previous year. Bishop Caldecott spoke of his work during forty-five years in India, and of progress bringing new claims in its train; Lord Belmore testified to the value of mission work in the Australian colonies; Canon Barry spoke of the unity and solidarity of Church work at home and abroad, and uttered a cautionary word against religious narrowness and insularity. Sir Arthur Gordon spoke of "Hindrances and Helps to Mission Work." The meeting was subsequently addressed by the Bishop of Saskatchewan, who set

forth the claims of the emigrant population of the Northwest of Canada; and the Rev. F. A. Gregory, who gave some particulars especially of educational work in Madagascar.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presided also at the annual meeting of the *Church Missionary Society*. The annual report showed a total income, from all sources, of 225,231*l.*, exclusive of a noble gift of 72,192*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.* stock, from W. C. Jones Esq., for a "William Charles Jones China and Japan Native Church and Mission Fund." The total expenditure was 215,483*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Thirty-six candidates for missionary service have been accepted during the year. In the mission field advance had been made at various points. Details were given of an interesting nature. The society's mission in Africa present several grounds of thankfulness. Onitsha has been a field for very signal manifestations of the power of the Divine Word. Forty-three adult converts had been baptized there in the year, many hundreds attend the church services, and the king, hitherto hostile, has suddenly commanded the observance of Sunday, and arranged for a public service at his own court. A leading chief had been buried without the offering of human sacrifice at his grave. The Onitsha Christians have spontaneously visited neighbouring towns to tell the story of the Gospel, and a missionary being invited to one of them, found 1,500 people waiting to hear him. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in the course of his speech, said the time was coming when it would be necessary to deliver an assault upon the souls of the rich and the educated in distant lands. "Perhaps in the past we have a little too much forgotten how early in our Lord's ministry He began the Christian culture of the rich and the educated; how early in His ministry came the conversation with Nicodemus, and how one of his most memorable disciples was Joseph of Arimathea. No one can fail to notice the enormous effect upon European history and civilisation which has been conveyed in the deep culture of St. Paul. . . . It has been well shown how in the history of the ancient Church it was a new day when the great jurists and legists began to come in, the men who were not broken down by poverty or crushed by sorrow, and whose easily persuaded sentiments stretched out feelingly towards God, but men who, with their hearts rich and their sentiments high, and their zeal strong, set to work with no hasty generalisation, but with careful and calm weighing of evidence. . . . If I may venture on this my first appearance before you to point one moral from what we have heard, it is this—we must address ourselves to much harder, far more difficult, far more disappointing efforts than we have yet made, and see how in the next ten years there may be a greater assault delivered upon the rich, the cultivated, the wise, and the educated." Earl Cairns moved the adoption of the report and the election of the officers for the ensuing year. The motion was seconded by the Rev. A. W. Poole, who spoke upon the subject of India. He was followed by the Rev. Sydney Gedge and by the Bishop of Calcutta, who gave illustrative details of Christian influence, expressing, in conclusion, an emphatic opinion that the prospects of India were most encouraging. The Rev. H. Newton, a missionary from Ceylon, the Bishop of Saskatchewan, and the Rev. E. Lombe also spoke.

The eighty-ninth annual meeting of the *London Missionary Society* held in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, was very largely attended. The receipts showed a total income from all sources of 124,757*l.*, while the expenditure amounted to 121,548*l.* The accounts from the foreign field were varied, but encouraging. Reference was made to the success achieved in China, and to the vastness of the requirements of India. In Madagascar, the work had gone on without interruption, notwithstanding the apprehensions among the missionaries and their people. The stations in the Cape Colony, through the advance of the several Christian communities around them, were passing out of range of the society's proper work, and steps were being taken to hand over the various chapels to self-supporting Christian congregations. In Kaffirland advances had been made by the native churches towards a safe and settled independence. The Central African mission has been strengthened. The tidings received from New Guinea were such as to call forth much gratitude and joy. Obstacles had been met with, but there had been much progress and solid success. The first resolution, expressive of devout thankfulness, and deplored the condition of things in Madagascar and Bechuanaland, was moved by the Rev. E. White. The Rev. J. Mackenzie, of South

Africa, who seconded it, pleaded strongly the cause of the native tribes. "What I want," he said, "is to introduce a supreme and central power in South Africa, as the Government in Edinburgh did amongst the clans in the North of Scotland. If England will do this—it need not cost money, need not cost a regiment of soldiers from this country—if England will do it with the right hand, not the left, then a bright future is before South Africa." The Rev. Canon Girdlestone next spoke. Mr. Albert Spicer, who had recently returned from a visit to the mission stations in India, gave the results of his observation in a comprehensive speech. Reviewing the various features of missionary work, he spoke of elementary education, conducted very often in schools, and with appliances of a very primitive nature. "Some of our friends who know a good deal about School Board work would be very much amused if they could be suddenly transferred into some school in Travancore, or in the Madras Presidency, where they would find a little cottage, with mud floor and walls, and the infant class seated on the floor, with not a great amount of clothing on, learning to draw their letters on the sand. Then they would find the older classes writing with their iron stylus on palmyra leaf in Travancore, and in other parts of India they would be using boards of tin or wood, and writing with little chips of wood dipped in chalk and water. All these appliances may be very primitive, but in examining these children, we found that the results of those primitive schools were, to our mind, quite as satisfactory in every way as we should find in our own schools in this country. In the higher schools we are able to influence classes of society whom otherwise it is impossible to reach in a regular, systematic way. Although the testimony, with regard to the last few years is that we have not received many converts from them, we can show to-day, in different parts of India, some of our best pastors and teachers as the results of these vernacular schools." Mr. Spicer touched also on various practical points, especially the need of training native agents, to act in a wider field than the missionaries. Referring to voluntary action, he mentioned one case at Almora on the hills, where sixteen native women were devoting one afternoon a week to going out in pairs to speak to their own fellow-countrymen. As regarded the general outlook, he thought it encouraging, though there never was a stronger disposition on the part of the missionaries not to do anything to encourage men to become Christians unless they were firmly resolved to put up with all the consequences. Mr. Spicer spoke also of the influence upon India of any proposal to reduce the expenditure. "This goes abroad to our missionaries, it goes from the missionaries to the native agents, and from the native agents to the native churches. You cannot realize what an influence it has upon them. (Hear, hear.) It means depression, it means a sense of insecurity, it means a feeling that English Christians are not as much in earnest as they used to be, it means that some teacher must be withdrawn, that some school must be closed." The Rev. J. Gilmour subsequently gave a vivid account of mission-preaching in Pekin; and earnestly pleaded for the prayers and sympathy of people at home.

The *Wesleyan Missionary Society* brought together a crowded and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Isaac Holden, M.P., presided. The report was encouraging. It announced that the heavy debt beneath which the society had laboured for several years had ceased to exist. At the same time, the ordinary expenditure was in excess of the ordinary revenue, and unless the latter were augmented or the expenditure reduced, an accumulated debt would assuredly recur. Reviewing the work in various parts of the world, it was stated that the French Evangelistic enterprise progresses, and members have largely increased. In Genoa also the congregation had increased twenty-fold. Amongst other incidents it was noted that in South Africa a South African Conference has been established, while a new mission in the Transvaal and Swaziland has been commenced. A committee is now engaged in the preparation of schemes for one or more West Indian Conferences, and it is hoped the missionary churches in those islands may be placed upon a self-supporting basis. There is no failure to report on any part of the field, but a fair measure of success all along the line. Rev. John Kilner read the financial statement, which showed total ordinary receipts of 135,874*l.* (including foreign receipts). The extraordinary receipts raised the gross total income to 169,361*l.*, which the expenditure had exceeded by 8*s.* The Rev. Charles Garrett, president of the Conference, remarked that the Wesleyan body was

perhaps never in a healthier condition than now. He traced the rise and progress of missions during the present century, and, holding in his hand a ticket of admission to the South African Conference, asked who would have thought of such a thing as that at the beginning of the century? The meeting was subsequently addressed by the Rev. Walter Edmunds, M.A.; Mr. T. C. Squance, of Sunderland; Rev. Jabez Marratt, from the West Indies; Rev. Wesley Guard, of Cork; and Rev. S. Langdon, of Ceylon. The proceedings throughout were full of interest.

THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY held its annual meeting in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. Arthur Pease, M.P. in the chair. The report stated that the total number of missionaries employed, including colonial ministers, was 302, and the total number of stations 298. The total of receipts from all sources had been 96,865*l.*, being an increase of 1,640*l.* for the year.

THE LONDON ASOCIATION IN AD OF THE MISSIONS OF THE UNITED BRETHREN held its sixty-fifth annual meeting in Exeter Hall. Mr. H. C. Nisbet presided. The receipts for the London branch have amounted to over 6,500*l.* The society as a whole has an income of 20,000*l.*, and it employs over 1,800 agents and native assistants.

THE AUNTED KING DOMINION BIBLE SOCIETY was held under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury. The report, which was read by the Rev. C. E. B. Reed, M.A., stated that the free income had been 112,428*l.*, which was an increase of 7,590*l.* upon the preceding year. The receipts from the sale of the Scriptures at home and abroad had been 68,068*l.*, giving an increase of 3,228*l.*, and, adding 104*l.* 3s. 7d. for Indian Colportage, the total income from all sources had reached 210,600*l.*, or 10,816*l.* in excess of the corresponding total for 1882, but only 1,098*l.* above the more normal year that preceded it. The expenditure had amounted to 207,096*l.*, or to 17,079*l.* above the expenditure of the previous year. The issues from the Bible House in London had amounted to 1,542,413 copies, and from depots abroad to 1,422,223, making a total of 2,964,636 copies, or 26,091 more than in the previous year. The returns showed a decided increase in the number of complete Bibles and New Testaments as compared with portions. Reference was also made to the decision of the Committee, to insert the word "immerse" in the margin of their Bibles as an alternative rendering of the word "baptize." The adoption of the report was moved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and seconded by the Rev. Colmer B. Symes, M.A., of Kensington. The Bishop of Exeter moved the next resolution. "The more," he said, "the Bible is spread, and the more the Bible is studied, the deeper, the profounder the thought that is spent upon it, the more earnest the inquiry bestowed upon it, the more careful the criticism, the closer the examination—all the more shall stand out conspicuous before the spiritual nature, the marvellous power which breathes through all its pages. I fear not any examination to which it may be subjected; I fear not any criticism of its history, or any investigation of its source; I fear not any examination of the details of its meaning. Still, I know that, whatever else shall go, this will stand. This is, indeed, the messenger of God Almighty to man, and as long as man still remains here on earth, still shall he find, in ever-increasing measure, the power which it has to uplift his soul." The Rev. Dr. Murray Mitchell, speaking of Japan, expressed his belief that Shintoism is dead, and Buddhism dying, while the Bible is sought for and valued. In China the people seem awakening to a new hope, and the missionaries report that they never had such openings. In India the results, encouraging as they were, might be indefinitely increased. Dr. Mitchell made a strong appeal to Christian ladies to go out and help their Indian sisters. "The women are waiting for you. 'Just make us like you,' they say. 'Ah, God has been very kind to you—shall we ever be like you?'"

THE 103RD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NAVAL AND MILITARY BIBLE SOCIETY was held under the presidency of Admiral Sir William King Hall, K.C.B. The receipts from all sources amounted to 1,150*l.* The total issue of Bibles was 8,515, and Testaments 3,728; an increase over the previous year.

THE LONDON SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIANITY AMONGST THE JEWS held its 75th annual meeting under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury. The report stated that the work of the society had prospered in all its various fields, and there was now a decided decline of Jewish prejudice against Christianity. The aggregate income for the year had been

38,782*l.* and the expenditure at home and abroad, including 2,538*l.* 4s. 1d. in connection with the Jewish Refugees from Russia, had been 38,722*l.* 2s. 11d. The society employs 148 agents, more than half of whom are Jews. Many of these agents are ordained. The Rev. H. Friedlander, from Jerusalem, gave an interesting account of the work of the society in that city, where there were held services every day for Jews in the Hebrew, Spanish, German, and English languages.

THE BRITISH SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL AMONGST THE JEWS hold its fortieth annual meeting with Sir William McArthur, M.P., as chairman. The receipts had been 9,454*l.*, and the expenditure 6,780*l.* The society began with four agents; now there are upwards of 100 labourers, paid and unpaid. Never before in its history has there been such steady advance.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN took the chair at the meeting of the *London City Mission*. The report stated that there had been, on an average, 454 missionaries at work during the last year—a larger average number than in any former year. The total receipts for the year had been 47,519*l.*, and the expenditure 51,104*l.* The meeting was addressed by the Rev. W. McArthur, the Rev. H. P. Hughes, the Rev. E. A. Stuart, and the Rev. Dr. Bevan.

THE ANUAL MEETING OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UION was presided over by Mr. Henry Lee, M.P. The report stated that the benevolent income of the past year had been 1,486*l.*, whilst the grants in aid of Sunday School Libraries, etc., amounted to 1,260*l.* in excess of this sum. The schools in connection with the Union now number 8,286 with 123,599 teachers and 1,182,109 scholars. The meeting was addressed by Rev. R. H. Lovell, Rev. Arthur Mursell, Rev. Dr. Bevan, and the Rev. Newman Hall.

THE ARMY SCRIPTURE READERS' SOCIETY held its anniversary at Exeter Hall, with Bishop Clapham, the Chaplain-General, as chairman. The number of readers at present in the employ of the society is 95, of whom 60 are in England. The receipts for the year, including a balance in hand, had been 12,587*l.*, and the disbursements 12,113*l.*

THE RYAL NAVAL SCRIPTURE READERS' SOCIETY met under the presidency of Admiral Sir Cooper Key. Admiral Campion read the report. The total receipts had been 1,766*l.*, and the balance in hand amounted to 399*l.* Sixteen readers were employed. The chairman referred to the mass of pernicious literature which was circulated by agents of secularism amongst the sailors of the fleet. The Rev. J. B. Harbord, M.A., said that few had any conception of the organization that secularism had set on foot to introduce its principles into the navy. The Secular Society had two classes of members among the sailors, one class whose names were printed in their list, and another a kind of secret organization, the members of which were only known by a number, but all alike engaged actively in the dissemination of this pernicious literature.

THE 65TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY was held at the Mansion House. The financial statement showed the total receipts to be 10,483*l.*, and the expenditure 10,483*l.* Amongst other facts it was mentioned that the society's missionary at the mouth of the Thames had frequently found whole crews with but a single copy of the Bible, or none at all.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE RAGED SCHOOL UION, brought together a very crowded meeting. Lord Shaftesbury presided. The committee have determined to found a "Holiday House," to give the children the opportunity of a fortnight's change. The income for the year had been 5,924*l.* 7s. Lord Shaftesbury spoke in high terms of ragged schools. The fact of the matter was that they had taken from the streets some 300,000 children, many of whom would, but for that, have been now amongst the "dangerous classes."

LOAD SHAFTEBURY presided at the meeting of the *National Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children*. The number of children admitted into the refuges up to the end of 1882 was 9,279, viz. 7,619 boys and 1,660 girls, who were natives of many different countries. The number of children who have left the refuges and ships for service, &c., from the establishment to the close of last year had been over 8,000—viz., over 6,800 boys and over 1,430 girls. The receipts from all sources for 1882 had been 23,114*l.*, which the expenditure had exceeded by 3,032*l.* Last year at the Queen Street Home there was as many as 2,000 seeking admission within their walls, but only 409 could be accepted.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



AGNES HEADSCOTE.

WINCHERLEY HALL.

BY M. M. POLLARD.

CHAPTER I.

"God over all presideth,
Withdrawn in light serene,
Each wheel minutely guideth
Of earth's immense machine."

RAIN, pitiless rain! splashing on the window,
pouring in streams from the drenched trees,
rippling down the pathway in miniature cascades.

No. 1597.—August 4, 1883.

The Rev. Philip Howe stood at the front door of Birkdale Vicarage, peering out into darkness with an eagerness that, to a casual observer, might have seemed altogether aimless. There were no bright stars shining down with guiding rays, no friendly jets of gas shedding brilliance over the dreary scene, yet the vicar's attention was evidently attracted by some visible object, and a second glance from the observer might have detected that he was watching two or three dim lights that flickered in the distance, and that

were revealed every now and then through the wind-tossed branches of the trees.

He knew well what these lights meant. They came from the colony of hoppers, who were located in huts, and tents, on the hill-field behind Farmer Grant's snug homestead and orchard.

Doubtless these hoppers were, for the most part, a wretched poverty-stricken set of people, who had made up their minds to bear and brave all hardships for the sake of earning the dole gained by hop-gathering—doubtless, they had fully expected their poor, thin garments would sometimes get drenched during the day, and that there would be no chance of drying them through the night. They were well aware, most of them, from past experience, that the Weald of Kent is not a region of perpetual sunshine, blue skies, and pleasant weather. They must take things as they came—be prepared to accept all the varieties of a changeable climate, even though the season should be—as happened at the time our story opens, unusually wet and chilly.

Thus argued the inhabitants of Birkdale village about these hop-gatherers, and they put strong locks on their fowl houses, and they secured more firmly than usual their garden gates, and they saw the doors of their out-houses were well fastened ere they sought refuge in their comfortable beds, and with heads resting on soft pillows, listened, half-dreamily, to the storm without.

They had no thought of sympathy for the poor shivering mortals out in the farmer's field. Why should they? The hoppers were paid for their work, and those who dreaded hardship surely need not come to the harvest. Hundreds of others would only be too glad to take their places.

But the vicar of Birkdale did not share in his parishioners' apathy with regard to the strangers who had come amongst them. He was himself a stranger in the place, having been but lately appointed to the living, and he was not used to Birkdale ways, inured to Birkdale indifference.

Only a few days previously, he had watched these hoppers trooping down the steep hill that led to the village, with mingled feelings of curiosity and surprise. He had noticed that amongst the stalwart and healthy there were little children, weary women, even a few aged folk, and in his true, large-hearted sympathy, he had room for many a thought, many an anxiety about the poor people thus camped out, and exposed to the severity of the weather.

"I will go and see them in the morning" was his decision, as with a sigh, a shudder, and an earnest prayer for them in the depths of his heart, he at last turned away from watching the flickering lights, the drifting rain, and retired for the night.

By the next morning, the storm was a thing of the past, the sunshine of a sweet autumnal day fell softly on Birkdale village, and on the busy hoppers in the gardens.

There was a stir of labour, a sound of voices, a briskness and life noticeable that was altogether unaccustomed in that usually quiet country place. Nature looked all the fresher and brighter from

the heavy rain of the past night; the foliage, with its varied tints of autumn, might even vie for beauty with the tender green garb of spring, and the few late flowers looked up with new brilliance from the vicarage garden beds.

The Rev. Philip Howe was no laggard, he was early a-foot, and with the sympathy evoked by the late storm still alive in his heart, he set out for his promised visit to the hop-gardens. Alas for the deceitfulness of Birkdale beauty!

The trees looked magnificent, with their wide-spreading branches and many-hued leaves, the hedges were superb as, damp and dripping, they glistened in the sunshine, and seemed decked with jewels. Sprays of coraline hips of the wild rose tossed their arms aloft, transparent red berries of the honeysuckle peeped out, scarlet clusters of white bryony hung everywhere, and the long pearly seed-vessels of wild clematis held raindrops in their feathery plumes.

The meadows lay stretched out like vast plains of emerald green, and through the dancing leaves on the tree-branches was visible the bright blue sky, with its grand array of fleecy clouds.

But the deep lane that led to the hop-gardens was a pit-fall, a snare, and a delusion! There was no security in its promise, for it was miry, muddy, and unpleasant to the unfortunate wayfarer.

Ruts half a foot deep were diversified by deep puddles, and Mr. Howe, who was young, strong, and active, felt considerably baffled as he tried to make rapid progress. Sometimes one foot sunk deep into the pasty clay, and the other splashed into a watery rut. Now he was picking his way over a rippling stream that had burst its bounds, had left its cosy nook amongst the watercresses by the road-side, and had turned a portion of the path into a pond. Again, he was battling with a trailing bramble-wreath, loaded with unripe blackberries dripping with wet, that flapped in his face, and caught hold of his coat sleeve.

"There's a deal better way a mile or so round, naught but cattle and hoppers goes that ere road," the villagers would have told him; but Mr. Howe had not yet found out the safest paths, his venturesome spirit perpetually led him to take the shortest cuts, "as the crow flies," and he was continually finding himself in muddy places and swampy pastures. As he emerged from the long narrow lane that led through the valley, and reached the higher ground of the hill-side, he paused to take breath, and look around, and this is the scene he saw before him.

A wide stretch of country, miles and miles in length and breadth, dotted here and there with hamlets, with farmhouses, with cottages, with a few—very few, mansions of the aristocracy, with clumps of trees everywhere; with pleasant fields, in which were heaped rich stacks of hay and corn; and far away, a hazy boundary line that might be either hill, or mist, or sky. It was a striking scene, if not picturesque—calm, soothing, and dreamy, if rather monotonous.

Chief amongst the mansions in size and commanding situation, stood Wincherley Hall, the residence of Squire Wincherley. It was a fine old weather-beaten building of dark red brick, that

dated back a couple of centuries, and that had a history and a legend, as most ancient mansions are supposed to have. It looked proud and exclusive in its solitary grandeur, for it had turned its back on the church, the village, and the public road, and stood facing the far-away hills, above which the sun rose on the autumn mornings.

The Rev. Philip Howe, as he leaned against a gate, looked more than once in the direction of Wincherley Hall, but it was not the house that interested him, for at that time he knew but little of it, or of its occupants. The Wincherleys had been away in London when he came to the parish, they had only just returned, and it so happened that he had never yet seen any of the family.

And behind the house, still higher on the hill, was Birkdale parish church, and its square, grey, Norman tower was plainly visible above a grove of trees.

Can a pastor ever look towards the scene of his labours without prayerful emotion? As he gazes on his church, must not the recollection ever be uppermost in his thought that within its walls he is called to stand before God—face to face with his congregation, and, as a minister of Christ, proclaim to them the message of salvation—a message to each one of them, suited to his or her needs and necessities?

Mr. Howe, at any rate, never forgot the deep sense of his responsibility. He felt an abiding consciousness of his own unworthiness, for he knew all in vain was his teaching, and preaching, unless the Spirit of God would breathe life into his labours, and use him as an humble means of saving souls.

He longed for a clearer faith, a firmer trust, and would fain have taken more encouragingly to his heart the words that through the ages have acted as a trumpet-call to earnest work, "Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage, be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee."

His very humility was leading him on to heights he never expected to attain, for already the once nearly empty church was growing more crowded Sunday after Sunday, and not only Birkdale people, but people from other parishes came to hear him. The vicar, still in his humility, saw there might be danger to him even in this popularity, and his earnest prayer was that he might never forget to give God all the glory and all the praise.

CHAPTER II.—IN THE HOP-GARDEN.

"The valley, half in light, and half
Far-shadowing from the west, a land of peace:
Grey halls alone among their massive groves:
Trim hamlets; here and there a rustic tower
Half-lost in belts of hop and breadths of wheat.

Tennyson.

The pungent scent of hops greeted the vicar long before he reached the ground. It was borne past on the light breeze, proclaiming to the initiated in such matters that the harvest was fully ripe, and fit for gathering.

A pretty scene is the Kentish hop-garden

during the harvest, reminding one, in some of its phases, of the Rhenish vintage. The creeping plants twine round long poles and almost cover them up with their clasping tendrils and large leaves. They toss their pale green plumes of clustering flowers on all sides, waving, quivering, and dancing in the breeze. Long bowery vistas stretch away in all directions, and each pole is a pillar of greenery, covered with graceful wreaths of true artistic beauty.

Mr. Howe soon found his way towards the bins where the workers were pulling off clusters of hops. They laughed, talked and made jokes as though there never had been such things as storm, rain, and chilly damp.

They knew the vicar quite well by this time, for it was not by any means his first appearance amongst them, and there was a smile of greeting, a word of welcome as he came in sight. They had thought it strange at first he should take the trouble to visit them, they were even doubtful of his meaning, and were incredulous that his sole aim was the wish to do them good. Some of them would contradict his assertions, would cavil, argue, or refuse to listen. But his perseverance had won the day, and loving sympathy for his fellow-creatures gives a man great courage to persevere.

Mr. Howe was not one to force religious talk or doctrine upon the people whether they wished it or not, but he went down amongst them, placed himself for the time on their level, spoke to them as a friend, listened to their little complaints and woes and hardships; he asked them questions about their work, and at times heard from them little pathetic family histories that would have sounded too strange even for a romance.

Having won their confidence, he told them anecdotes and incidents in return, always something concise and striking, that might grasp firm hold of the memory, and leave behind some precious truth, some blessed teaching, that should never after be forgotten.

While they listened to his narrations they little knew, at the time, how much of Christ's gospel they were receiving into their hearts. He was sowing the seed with the prayer that the Spirit's light might yet bring forth in due time the ripened fruit.

There was one woman called Agnes Roberts, who had been a considerable help to Mr. Howe in his Mission. She had sometimes called the young girls to order when they were more in the mood to giggle than listen, she had reproved the men when they used bad language, or were more inclined to cavil at what they heard than to profit by it, and altogether had made herself so useful, that this morning he missed her, and looked round for her amongst the groups who were standing at the bins.

"Where is Agnes Roberts to-day?" he asked.

One of the girls, with a laugh, pointed to a distant part of the garden. "Over there, sir, Jack Roberts and she had a fine row this morning."

"Why, I wonder? poor Agnes!"

"Something gone wrong atwixt them, I s'pose. You know Jack isn't the sweetest tempored man in the world."

"I am afraid not, but he should never be harsh

with his wife, she does not seem able to bear much rough usage."

"That's true, sir, her be a poor delicate creature to be sure, and she ought not to ha' come hopping at all. I told her so, for I stops in the same house down field with her, and she were drefful bad all night."

Mr. Howe walked over to Agnes, and found her seated on some bare hop-poles that were heaped in a pile. Her head was bowed, her face covered with her hands, and she looked up, startled, when she heard him speak. Her face was flushed, her eyes unwontedly bright, and across her brow was an ugly cut that seemed to have only just stopped bleeding.

"How is this, Agnes?" he asked kindly. "Are you not well?"

Jack Roberts was standing near by, cutting some hop plants from the roots, and extracting the poles out of the ground, he heard the question, and took on himself the task of replying.

"Her be lazy, sur, and won't do a hand's turn o'work. Sometimes her can earn well on fower shilling a day, but now her won't budge a bit, an' it do try a man's patience, with the harvest like to be a short un."

"Tisn't that indeed, sir, I am *not* lazy," contradicted the woman impatiently.

"What is the matter then?"

"My head aches dreadfully, I have pains all over my body, so that I could scream aloud whenever I move. I can hardly breathe, and I'm shivering and trembling with cold all the time my face is burning like fire."

"I am afraid you have taken a very severe cold."

"I don't doubt it, sir, everything is so wet and damp! Those three days and nights of rain seemed to have soaked into the very ground, and it comes up like steam when the rain is over."

"But the sunshine has returned, we shall have some fine weather now, I hope," replied the vicar cheerily; "for your sakes a few dry days would be a great boon. What mark is that on your eye-brow, Mrs. Roberts?"

"It was caused by a great hurt, sir," gasped the poor woman, with something that sounded like a smothered sob.

Jack Roberts slunk away with a shame-faced expression of guilt in his countenance that at once suggested to Mr. Howe that he knew more about that hurt than he would perhaps like the parson to hear—Jack gathered up a couple of severed poles in his hand that were crowned with hop garlands, carried them off, laid them on the nearest bin, and did not again return within ear-shot.

Mr. Howe, in his heart, commended the woman's reticence and loyalty. Though her husband was a brute, and could raise his heavy hand against the wife he had vowed to love and cherish, yet, would telling it to a stranger mend the matter or heal the wound? he argued.

"I do not think you ought to be sitting here in the damp garden," he said presently.

"What can I do, sir? The damp has got everywhere. During the last three wet nights it poured in through the roof of the hopper's house where I slept, like through a sieve, and now it's that

damp and close and dark, that I'm half stifled, and can hardly breathe when I'm in there. The damp does penetrate so! it gets a mastery over one, and creeps into one's bones, and there's no getting it out again."

"Perhaps some hot soup would do you good, I will tell Sarah, my cook, to make you some; Sarah is famous at all sorts of cookery for the sick, and can concoct more nice mixtures than there are days in the month."

"I shall be glad of the hot drink, thank you, sir, but it's the damp that's killing me."

"Then take my advice and remain under the shelter of the house for the remainder of the day, perhaps you will be better to-morrow."

The woman shook her head.

"I'm afraid I shan't be better for many days—it's worse I'm getting instead of mending, I'd best keep out in the air while I can. If I were to lie down on them hard planks in the house yonder, I feel as if I should never get up again."

"Do not give way to fears, Mrs. Roberts. Take the bright sunshine shining on all the land as a pledge of hope, a smile of God's love on you, and on us all. He does not forget you, though you are far away from your home, and in the Kentish hop garden. Trust Him wherever you are, and He will still be near you. I will go home now, and give Sarah instructions about the hot soup, and I will send her with it to you, for perhaps she may know of some other remedies that may suit your case, and be of service to you."

When he reached the end of the garden he turned and looked back at the woman. She was still sitting in the same dejected posture, her face buried in her hands, looking like a statue of despair in the midst of a bright and busy scene.

"Poor woman! she seems very ill," mused he; "but I think that blow on her brow presses quite as heavily on her heart as her rheumatic pains do on her body. How could such a decent, respectable, really superior woman for her station, marry such a rude, ill-conditioned brute? What a life she must lead with him! A sad instance, truly, of a married pair being mated, not matched."

Sarah duly prepared the hot drink, made a light custard pudding, and concocted a nice appetising dish for Mrs. Roberts out of some scraps of mutton in the parson's larder. She made up a parcel of warm stockings and flannel garments, but the remedies came all too late.

The next morning Jack Roberts came slouching down the pathway that led to the vicarage, and rung loudly at the hall-door.

"Such impertinence!" exclaimed the little housemaid to her fellow-servant. "A hopper ringing at the front-door bell just as if he was a gentleman. He ought to have known his place was round by the back! Jack Roberts is his name, he says."

"Who did he ask for?" inquired Sarah.

"The master; and he seemed in a mighty hurry to 'see him.'"

"Oh, then, perhaps his wife is worse."

Agnes was worse, and ere many minutes Jack Roberts was standing, hat in hand, in the library before the parson, telling him a pitiful tale.

"Her were a-moaning and a-groaning all

through the night, sur—and her went quite off her head betimes, and talked a heap o' trash that her didn't mean, no-how."

Mr. Howe, with sudden thought, decided it would be a good opportunity for giving the man a hint or two that might be of service to him—so he said gravely:

"People when they are 'off their head,' as you call it, sometimes turn against those who should be nearest and dearest to them. Now I should not be surprised if your wife said some painful things against you—she may even have called you cruel, a bad husband—and have accused you of treating her ill."

Jack Roberts hung down his head, played with his old battered hat, but did not reply.

"And you know if anything happened to your wife, and she were taken away from you, it would be a sore reflection, if it were possible any of her accusations were true—I mean, if you had not always been as kind and considerate to her as you ought to have been—I say, if it were 'possible' mind, I do not ask any questions. God knows all about you; He knows every one of your thoughts, words, and deeds—and He knows also if you have always been good to your wife."

"Married folk do have little tiffs sometimes, sur—weak women is often very aggravating."

"All the more reason why you should be gentle with the weak, and be kind and considerate to them. Remember, you will have to give an account one day before God, and if your treatment of your wife has not been right, punishment will fall on you as surely as His word is true."

Jack Roberts's head went down to a still lower angle, he fumbled with his hat, let it fall on the floor, made a plunge for it, and dropped his red handkerchief. Altogether, as the sweet autumn sunlight fell on his huge frame through the leaf-draped windows of the parson's library, he looked a veritable specimen of the ruffian brought to bay—the coward and bully half-penitent through terror.

"A great hulking man, who beats his wife, is weaker, more slavish, than a whipped cur when the threat of punishment is held before him, he has no objection to the sin, but he hates to suffer for it."

Presently, the red handkerchief was caught up, and pressed to his eyes, something like genuine tears were visible there, as he muttered,—

"Agnes were allays a good wife to me—and if God spares her to me now, her shall never have cause to complain of me agen, never, so help me!"

"I am glad to hear you say that," said the vicar solemnly. "Remember, you have made a promise, not to me, but to God; beware how you dare to break it."

Thus the interview ended. Roberts seemed impressed and frightened; doubtless a guilty conscience had given point to the pastor's words.

CHAPTER III.

"My Saviour! what bright beam is shed
Around my dark and suffering bed,
Though downy slumbers thence have fled!
Is it Thy place?"

Mr. Howe found poor Mrs. Roberts lying on a

sack of straw on the raised boards, that on one side of it formed the cheerless bed of the hopper's house. A very cursory examination convinced him she was on the verge of an attack of rheumatic fever. It was fast reaching the acute stage, and he knew if she was to be removed to some more comfortable place, it must be done without delay.

"She cannot remain here, it would cause her death," he said, as he noted her fevered face, her bounding pulse.

The house was only a few yards square, and was scarcely high enough to stand upright in. It had no window nor chimney, the frame of planks, before mentioned, that formed the bed-place took up all the space on one side, there was no furniture, no table or chairs, and the door was wide open to let in a breath of air.

Through the open door-way, the vicar looked musingly out. He could see several of the hoppers—mostly young girls assembled around a huge out-of-door fire, that formed the centre of a space enclosed on three sides by rails.

Above the fire hung a crook, and a kettle. They were boiling potatoes, frying bacon, and preparing tea, according to their various needs and requirements, getting dinner ready to carry it out to the rest of the hoppers in the fields. And as they did the cooking, they sang, laughed, and quarrelled by turns.

Their fresh young untrained voices sounded wild and sweet as they trilled out some bit of a chorus together, or a verse of some popular song that sounded like a souvenir of a London concert-room.

"And that high-born child and the beggar
Passed homewards side by side:
For the ways of men are narrow,
But the gates of Heaven are wide."

The vicar was fairly puzzled what to do in the matter. The woman was too ill to be sent back by train to her home in the East End. Birkdale people were averse to having hop-pickers under their roofs, and yet common humanity dictated she should not be allowed to remain in that wretched place through all the agonies of her illness.

He consulted Sarah, who had followed her master down from the vicarage with a basketful of things she thought might be wanted.

"Indeed, sir, I don't know of any one who would like to let lodgings to the poor creature. Widow Burns has two fine large rooms, but she wouldn't take in hop-pickers. She looks out for gentry-folk, gentlemen who come down for the shooting, and the like. Then the butcher has a bedroom over his shop that he lets sometimes, but I did hear his mother-in-law was coming to live there."

"Is there no place else in the village you can think of?" asked the vicar quickly.

"Well, there's Nancy Wilkins who has one room, but she's very particular who she takes in."

"Go and tell her the room is wanted for a poor sick woman. Mention all the particulars, surely she will not object."

But Nancy Wilkins did object a great deal, and when, after some delay, Sarah did not return, Mr. Howe went himself to the cottage.

He heard voices in high argument long ere he reached the door, that of Sarah, his cook, rung out loud and sharp, for she was a notable woman, who had her own opinion on most matters, and she held very firmly to it. The sounds came to him wafted on the light air.

"Call that Christian charity! shutting your doors upon a poor dying woman! You oughtn't to begrudge a little kindness and trouble, I'm sure, Mrs. Wilkins."

"It isn't want of Christian charity, but I'm only a poor striving woman myself, and not to speak of the dirt and nasty ways of them hoppers, who's to pay, I'd like to know? They just live from hand to mouth, and not a penny to spend on lodgings."

At this crisis Mr. Howe made his appearance on the scene, and his presence acted like oil on the troubled waters.

Sarah stopped short, as she was beginning a most impressive sentence, and Nancy Wilkins, after a quick courtesy, stood stiff and silent, leaning against the dresser, twirling the corner of her apron round her finger in an energetic manner.

The vicar took his cue from the fragment of conversation he had involuntarily overheard, and began the siege at once.

"Sarah tells me you have a room to let. Name your own price for it, Mrs. Wilkins, and also add the amount you think would repay you for tending on a sick woman, giving her all the kindness one should always bestow on a stranger. She will pay you all she can, and I will be responsible for any sum over and above."

"Oh, sir, thank you kindly, that quite alters the case," said Nancy, brightening up, "I'm sure I'll do all I can for the poor soul—and please, will you just tell her so, and allow me a little time to prepare the room, and get ready for her."

Thus it was settled, poor Agnes was speedily moved into comfortable quarters, and was soon surrounded with all necessary conveniences and remedies to alleviate her racking pain. A doctor was called in from a neighbouring village, for Birkdale did not possess a medical man of its own. Perhaps the place was too healthy, or perhaps the people too poor to support one. And then for nearly three weeks, poor Agnes went through a period of agony that she said herself was like being "on a rack." At times it seemed as though the pain would conquer her, and end her life of sorrow.

Her husband went away, solitary and grumbling.

"What was he to do in that bit of a room of his without Agnes to get his meals, and wash his clothes? Women is allays so aggravating!" he said. Jack's sphere of labour, when at home, lay in St. Katherine Docks, he was ready for any odd jobs of work that came in his way, and when he kept sober, he could make a very tolerable livelihood.

His hopping expeditions were considered as the recreation of his life, his autumn vacation, which he looked for as regularly as the over-worked merchant looks for his trip to the seaside, or the member of parliament pants for his Alpine tour.

The hopping season was over, the harvest home had taken place, and farmer Grant's gardens looked a wilderness of bare poles, stacked and dreary, but his heart was glad, for his huge "pockets" of well-dried Whitebine hops—stuffed as hard into the canvas bags as pressing could stuff them—had been pronounced "good in kind, delicate in flavour," and had fetched as high a price as any in the market.

A few tall pale Chrysanthemums—damp and fragrant—were nodding beside the casement of Nancy Wilkins' window, when Mrs. Roberts sat up for the first time.

She was still weak and tearful, for though the fever had quite gone, it had not swept over her frame without leaving a sharp reminder. Her right hand and arm were still affected painfully, it would be many a day ere she would be able to wash her husband's clothes again.

The vicar called to see her in the afternoon, and he could not help being struck with her appearance—she looked so thoroughly refined, so respectable, that it would be hard to recognise her as the drunken hopper's wife, the companion of his labours. Her fit of illness seemed to have had a purifying, elevating influence. Her brown hair, streaked with grey, was smoothly lying over her brow, and her face, though saddened by much tribulation, and marked with many lines of care, still bore marks of faded prettiness.

Mr. Howe read and prayed with her, and was about to leave, when she said—

"Excuse me, sir, but you are a stranger in these parts, I believe?"

"Yes, I have been here about three months, and am only just beginning to know a little about the place and people."

"Ah, then, sir! you never heard talk of Agnes Heathcote, who once lived as lady's-maid at Wincherley Hall?"

"No, I have not heard of her."

"But of course, sir, you know the squire, and Mr. Roger, and his lady, and step-son?"

"I do not, Mrs. Roberts. True, I called at the Hall, but I found them out, and when the squire and Mr. Roger returned my visit, most unfortunately I was not at home either. I have seen them in church once or twice."

"Well, sir, I'll tell you what I wouldn't tell to anyone else in Birkdale: I am Agnes Heathcote, and when I was a girl, I lived as lady's-maid to my dear mistress, the squire's wife—many a happy day I spent under you roof—and though I was blamed when that affair happened, and was turned away from my place at a minute's notice, I dare say it would have happened just the same if I hadn't had anything to do with it."

"To what affair do you allude?"

"That dreadful family quarrel when the squire banished his eldest son, Mr. Owen, from the Hall, and cursed him, and struck his name off his will."

"I have never heard a word of the matter."

"Well then, sir, I'll tell you what I know about it."

And then the vicar listened for the first time to a chain of events that occurred long ago, and he little thought then how soon some of the links of that chain would blend with his own life's history.

AMONG THE MONGOLS.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A.

VII.—MONGOLIAN BUDDHISM—(*continued*).

IT is scarcely possible to believe that the present Mongols are the descendants of those who rode behind Genghis Khan in his wild career of bloodshed and slaughter. Their bravery seems completely gone. Not long since a perfect stampede was created in central Mongolia, by the report that robbers had been seen travelling together in a body. Everybody fled; flocks and herds were driven off, heavy goods abandoned, and a large district left without inhabitant. The panic overtook a caravan in which were some travellers in camel carts. The camel carts were left in the desert, and the whole company fled to the hill country. For some weeks the Russian post was interrupted, and things looked serious. It was afterwards discovered that it was all a mistake. The supposed robbers were a few people going to Urga to pray; so few that even had they been robbers of the bravest, a tithe of the men who fled might have driven them off; and the whole flight might have been prevented, had there been found one man with bravery enough to reconnoitre the supposed enemy. More than the half of the male population now are lamas, who of course from their vows could never be warriors.

Many of the teachings of Buddhism resemble those of our own Christianity, but the great points of contrast are—the Christian doctrine of one life of probation, the resurrection of the body, salvation by faith on Christ as opposed to their doctrine of escape by works, creation by a pre-existent Creator, and government of the world by the same all-powerful Creator. On these points, Christianity and Buddhism are diametrically opposed.

When all has been said for Buddhism that can be fairly advanced, we cannot but note that it hinders the material prosperity of the country. Lamas swarm in Mongolia. Young and old, rich and poor, outwardly devout and openly wicked, you meet them wherever you meet human beings at all. Diligent and lazy, intelligent and stupid, men of prayer, and men of trade, they are continually coming across your path. From personal observation I am inclined to think, that they constitute sixty per cent. of the male population of the country, a moderate estimate. The ambition of these men is to live by their religion. Most of them try, many succeed, and thus the energy of the country is clogged and crushed. As for the lamas who cannot get a footing to support themselves on the religious needs of the people, they have to betake themselves to trade, work, herding cattle, or performing the most menial offices. Even by them the country is little benefited, because having no families to support, they have no great stimulus to exert themselves much in any line; and as a matter of fact do just as little as they can;—nothing more than hunger and cold compel them.

Another great impediment is the arrogant self-sufficiency engendered by their religion. Said a lama to me once: "You foreigners are very clever in your way. Your telegraphs, steam-boats, railways, postal system, newspapers, manufactures, trade and medical and scientific knowledge, are very well in their way; but you lack one thing—the knowledge of our religion and sacred books. Notwithstanding all you know, your mind is but like the mouth of this flour bag, bound up and drawn together, and so contracted, that nothing can enter. Read our books and then"—shaking out the untied mouth of the flour bag—"your minds will become enlarged in breadth and grasp, and you will have intellectual capacity enough to take in all the wonders of heaven and earth. You send letters and telegrams, and run to and fro to know things distant. The student of our books sits in his tent, and by the power of his attainments in learning, knows all things in all parts of the universe." If a man has time, money, and inclination to travel, let him go the round of the Buddhist sacred places and temples, and not ramble aimlessly over the world, like a demented Englishman. In this way, their religion always tacitly at least, and often outspokenly, frowns upon any attempt at adding to knowledge, or advancing in any way from their present state. The consequence is just what might have been expected. The Mongols can do nothing. They are dependent on others for everything.

About three-fourths of the Mongol children go to school, but not more than about one-tenth of them ever learn to read. Those who can write decently are fewer still. The reason of this is, that their Buddhism compels them to learn Tibetan; that is to learn the pronunciation of the words, so that they may be able to read, that is pronounce, the words of the sacred books. Arrived at this state of perfection they think they know enough and rest content. Priests, lamas, seldom can read a word of their own language. Most of the few laymen who can read Mongolian, have studied it in the hope of government employment. A few lamas do read, say three or four per cent. Of the laymen, more can read, say thirteen or fourteen per cent.

The lamas oppress the people by their exactions and deceits. The great sinners in Mongolia are the lamas, the great centres of wickedness are the temples. It is the system which makes the lamas, and places them in hotbeds of vice. Few lamas have any hand in their assuming the sacred garb. When children of six or ten years of age, their parents or guardians decide that they shall be lamas. The little fellows are pleased enough to put on a red coat, have their heads shaven, carry about the leaf of a Tibetan book between two boards, and be saluted as lama. As mere children they do not know how much the full

extent of their vows means. After some years they do know, but then it is too late to turn back. They cannot get free from their vows—they cannot keep them; so they break them, repeatedly and systematically; their conscience is seared, and now that they are started, they do not stop with merely violating vows they cannot keep; but having cast aside restraint, and acquired a momentum in sin, they go on to the most unthought of wickedness.

The living Buddha system is a great evil.—Living Buddhas, Gegens as they are called, abound in Mongolia. Peking boasts two inside the walls, and another outside, at the Yellow Temple. The current belief is, that these men when they die, take another birth, remember their former state, and prove their identity, by using phrases characteristic of the former Buddha, selecting things that belonged to him from among a heap of things that were not his, describing the temple, lamas, etc. Great parade is made of the testing of the child. The truth of the matter is, that the head lamas arrange everything, and "coach" up the child; but the common people, perhaps the majority of the lamas even, believe the hoax most implicitly. Those who manage the business are as conscious of the fraud, as they are of their own existence, and it is even whispered that the Gegen is not only their dupe, but their victim, ruled with a rod of iron, honoured and made much of as long as he is yielding to the board of lamas, but quietly poisoned or otherwise murdered, when he begins to be refractory, or, discovering his power, tries to exercise his own will. The living Buddhas are the pillars of the present Mongol religious system.

Mongol Buddhism has no intelligent worship. Most of the prayers are Tibetan; but there are a few Mongol prayers in use also, which the users seem to understand more or less.

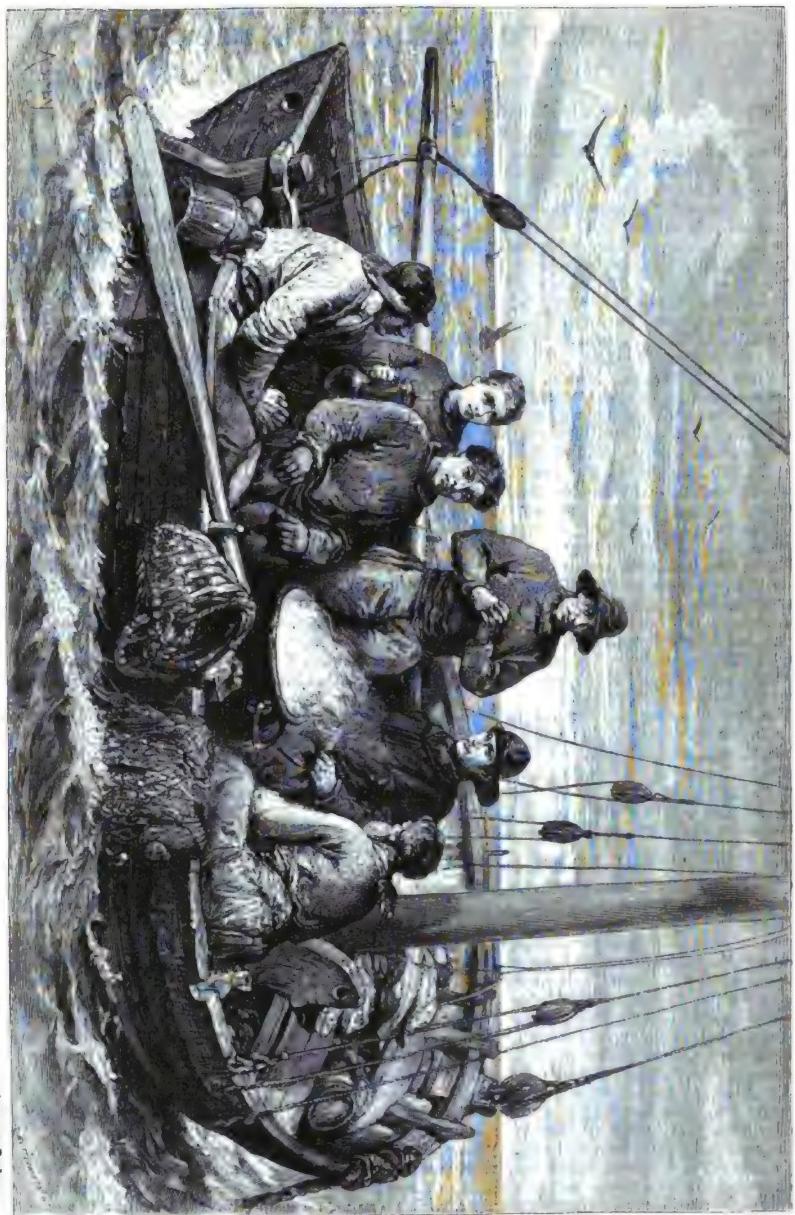
The Buddhistic worship is debasing. The lamas make much of the attitude of the mind in devotion—say, indeed, that in offerings, and worship, the state of the mind is everything. They also maintain that in bowing before idols, the worship is not directed to the image, but to that which the image represents. This is all very well in theory, but as we are now dealing with the practical aspects of Buddhism, it is impossible to overlook the fact, that the great mass of the people worship the lumps of brass, wood, or mud before which they bow.

Buddhistic good works often do more harm than good. To relieve distressed animals is meritorious, say the Buddhist books. Country Mongols sometimes, on going out at the gate of the great lama temple in the city of Peking, find Chinamen sitting with sparrows cooped up in cages. The sparrows are for sale, cheap, a cash or two each. He appeals to the Mongol, and not in vain. It is a chance to make merit cheaply, so the latter buys one or two birds, sets them at liberty, and goes away with the comforting feeling that he has done a meritorious action. He has let two sparrows free, and by that very act causes other three to be trapped. Indeed it was simply to meet the Mongol demand, that these sparrows were caught; and thus from want of a little reflection, he causes birds to be distressed by the

very act of relieving them. This is a small matter, and the thing is so apparent that most of the town Mongols are not to be caught thus. A more serious matter is the giving of alms. Almsgiving is a splendid virtue in itself, blessing him that gives and him that takes, when carried on with discretion. When carried on without discretion, it becomes, as in Mongolia, a blast and a curse to the land and the people. Indiscriminate charity has flooded the country with beggars. Not only do you find sturdy fellows begging round the country, under the shallow pretence of praying for the good of the land, but mounted beggars are quite common. Beggars ride in Mongolia and sometimes ride good horses too. They come and live on the best the tent affords, and not contented with this, expect a gift in money or kind when they leave. No one likes to refuse admittance or withhold the gift, lest the lama should blast them with his curse. The Mongol Buddhism makes men sin in actions that are really indifferent. The lamentable thing is, that the Buddhist finds himself hampered with so many impossible commands, which he finds he cannot keep, that by a constant practice of juggling with his conscience, he at last comes to have very vague ideas as to what he is responsible for, and what he is not responsible for.

Buddhism fails to produce holiness. It holds out the greatest inducements to virtue, and shakes the direst terrors over vice; but it succeeds neither in destroying vice nor producing virtue. Religious Mongols steal seemingly without the least sense of shame, and do not hesitate to tell lies even when saying their prayers. A doctor of divinity of my own acquaintance, on one occasion deliberately and predeterminedly lied, that he might retain possession of a few inches of wood, which he knew belonged to a Chinaman close by; and the fact may perhaps not be generally known that the disciples of one of our Peking living Buddhas have quite a wide-spread reputation for being notorious thieves! It is unnecessary to multiply examples. Perhaps discouraged by long failure, Buddhism has given up trying to make men good and pure; it seems to have no hesitation in extending its consolations and countenance even to those who professionally live by the wages of iniquity.

If there were no such charges to be preferred against Buddhism, it would yet have to be condemned, as usurping haughtily and with a high hand, the worship and honour due to Jesus Christ alone. By teaching that men can, unaided, free themselves from sin, and pass to the life beyond, from the regions of sorrow and suffering, it makes the Cross of none effect. It actually vaunts itself as greater and mightier than Christ, and this, too, when it knows itself to be an utter failure, quite incapable of performing the smallest of its many boasts, and is conscious in the person of its highest officers, that, foundation and superstructure, it is a fabric of lies—warp and woof it is a tissue of falsehood. Lamas are either deceivers or deceived, or partly both; temples are gilded cages of unclean birds; the whole system is an utter abomination, an offence to God and a curse to man.



BENEDICITE.

[From a Dutch sailor near Dordrecht.]

A SHORT CHAPTER ON LONG SERMONS.

"HOW TO HEAR AND READ."

ONE Sunday evening a well-known clergyman had preached, according to his usual custom, at very great length. At the close of the service a member of his congregation remonstrated with him on the subject.

"Sir," she said, "on most occasions you manifest strong faith in the power of the Almighty. But there is one thing which you evidently think He either will not or cannot bless."

"What is that?" inquired the minister, in no way displeased at the plain-speaking of the lady.

"A short sermon," she replied.

"Ah!" said the clergyman. "I must give you the whole counsel of God."

"True, but not all at once," she answered. "Let us have it in such measure that we can carry it away and feed upon it, so that our souls may be nourished and our lives show that, not only has the seed been sown, but that it has taken root. And believe me," added the speaker earnestly, "I have not ventured to address you thus because I undervalue the message given you to deliver. It is because I know how precious it is, that I want both to hear and to keep it."

There was much wisdom in the words spoken. It is of little consequence how much we either hear from the pulpit or read from the Word of God, unless we make the message our own. Listen, as if indeed we alone were concerned in the tidings proclaimed—read, as if the Bible had been written expressly for us, and to bring about our own individual salvation.

The mere hearing of sermons sabbath after sabbath, or the sitting down and reading the Bible through and through, will benefit us little, unless we make the precious truths our very own. And it is only by living lives in harmony with that of our Great Teacher, that we prove ourselves to be doers of the Word, and not hearers only.

The "Whole Counsel of God" as contained in the Bible took a long time to deliver. A chapter was written, a psalm composed, a proverbial sentence or a prophetic vision recorded. And so the ages went on, and fifteen hundred years sped, from the time that Moses commenced the book of Genesis, until the Sacred Volume was completed by the Revelation of the Beloved Apostle.

Thus in our day, we have the whole collected and arranged in order, so that we may wander through the various portions at will. But it is not those who wander aimlessly over the pages of the Bible, or even those who read rapidly and steadily on, who benefit the most. It is the reader who goes to the precious volume with a prayer on his lips and from his heart. Who wants light, strength, comfort, guidance, refreshment, well knows that all these are to be found in the inspired Word of God. He may take only a verse or a little portion at once; but if it be the message for which his soul was yearning, let him reverently close the Book and take away

his portion of spiritual bread, thanking God for it.

I once heard a lady say how many times she had read the Bible through without missing a single word. She said: "I make it a rule to read at least a chapter, every morning before I leave my room. I read on in this way until I come to the end, and then I just begin again." And yet this regular Bible-reader could hardly say that her system had produced much spiritual benefit. She even acknowledged that, very often not one single verse out of the chapter thus gone through, ever recurred to her mind or influenced her conduct during the day!

On the other hand, suppose that just these words, "Thou God seest me," have been taken as the daily portion, and an earnest prayer offered, "O God, grant that I may this day have a continual sense of Thy presence, that so I may do all things as in Thy sight, and to Thy glory." If through the hours of business, in going out and coming in, these few words were kept in mind, would not the thought of that All-Seeing Eye, that All-directing Presence, have its influence on the actions of him who had prayerfully taken those few words to heart, before going "forth to his work and to his labour until the evening."

So, too, with the sermons we hear. It may often happen that we cannot carry away in our memories the whole of a sermon even of moderate length, still less of a very long one. But surely if we have the "hearing ear," and a desire to benefit, we can seize on the main lesson brought before us and make it our own. This is not done by allowing every thought of the sabbath's teaching to pass away with its evening hours. If we carry ever so small a portion of it into our week-day world and work, and let it be a sort of key-note to which we are resolved to tune our lives, we shall not have listened in vain. The hearing ear will have been accompanied by the understanding heart, and be followed by the fruitful life. For "whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the word, this man shall be blessed in his deed."

I began this paper with an anecdote which might seem to tell somewhat against long sermons. But we all know that, measured by the time they have occupied, there are long sermons which have seemed all too short, and there are short ones gauged by the same test, which have yet appeared long to the hearers.

One has heard many curious comments, especially from people of little or no education, which illustrate very powerfully the reason why.

"Now," said a working man who was comparing two preachers, both noted for long sermons, "I could ha' sat all night to listen, if our own minister had been in the pulpit. But I wor soon tired o' this man: *for he'd nowt to say when he began, and he wouldn't ha' done when he'd said it.*"

The one preacher had a message to deliver, the other had merely cultivated the art of "saying nothing at great length."

I do not believe that many persons, even in these days, would complain of the length of a sermon, were the preachers always animated with that spirit by which the mind of Paul was imbued. When in listening, we realise that the message has first gone home to the speaker's own soul: that he has proved its preciousness, and longs, with a large-hearted love, to spread it broadcast, so that others may be partakers of the same heavenly calling and enter into the same joy, then those must be hard indeed who are not stirred to sympathy with the preacher, or who count the moments during which they are supposed to listen.

I can fancy that I hear some one enquire, What do you call a long sermon? Opinions differ on this subject as much as they would be found to do with regard to a good meal. Some are satisfied with a single dish, and a very moderate allowance from that. Others would not think they had dined, unless they had been allowed to choose from many courses and divers kinds of meats.

The question is a difficult one to answer. So much depends on the caterer who prepares the spiritual banquet, and the individuals who sit down to partake of it.

"I do not like to go much beyond the half-hour," said a faithful and earnest preacher, who certainly never gave to his hearers that which cost him nothing in the preparation. "I know that the spiritual digestion of some is but weak, and I should be sorry for my hearers to spend the second half-hour in forgetting what I had said in the first, or in wishing that I would cease when I had given them as much as they could carry away."

But then that half-hour's discourse had been so carefully prepared and condensed, and the preacher's heart so manifestly went with his words, that no one ever complained of coming to seek spiritual food and being sent away empty by him.

The preparation, both in the case of preacher and hearer, has so much to do with the result.

A very popular clergyman, who shone greatly on the platform as well as in the pulpit, used to be much sought after to address public meetings. It sometimes happened that engagements of the latter kind would so absorb his time, that little leisure was left him in which to prepare for sabbath utterances.

"I always know by the length of the Canon's sermon whether he has been much from home during the week," said one of his flock. "When carefully studied his discourses are of a moderate length, but it is almost impossible for his hearers to forget the teaching conveyed in them. When he has had no time for preparation, his sermons are unreasonably long, and it is equally impossible to get anything out of them which will stick to the memory."

Another able divine was asked how long he was accustomed to preach.

"When I prepare thoroughly, half an hour, when only partially, an hour. But when I enter the pulpit without previous preparation, I go on for any length of time you like; in fact, I never know when to stop."

Perhaps the most pitiful speech it was ever my lot to listen to on the subject of sermons was made by a young—a very young curate—who professed "not to bore people with long sermons."

The wife of a clergyman who had met with an accident went one Saturday evening to ask the assistance of a curate in the neighbourhood. The curate cheerfully promised his help, saying that he had to preach in the morning, but he would not fail to be at the other church in time for the second service. The lady expressed some anxiety, and doubted whether it would be possible for the young man to take the double duty.

"You need not be alarmed," he said, "I shall have lots of time. We don't preach long sermons at our place. I never exceed ten minutes, and I can finish my sermon comfortably, on a pinch, in seven."

I shall never forget the effect produced on my mind by these words—for I heard them spoken—and by the half-flippant, half-conceited manner of the speaker, as he alluded to that solemn portion of a minister's work, by which we are told it has pleased God "to save them that believe."

Perhaps I could hardly conclude this paper better than by quoting two short passages, the first from Calmet, who writes: "Behold here the model of a good shepherd, full of doctrine and zeal. He communicates with profusion and yet with discretion, without jealousy and without fear, what God hath put in his heart and what charity inspires."

The second is from the writings of St. Bernard, and is remarkable for the combined homeliness and wisdom of its similes. "A good shepherd," said he, "should always have abundance of bread in his *scrip*, and his *dog* under command. The dog is his *zeal* which he must *lead*, *order* and *moderate*. His *scrip*, full of bread, is his *mind* full of useful knowledge, and he should ever be in readiness to give nourishment to his flock."

If, however, it is the preacher's duty to prepare carefully the food which he is privileged to distribute, surely it is equally that of the hearer to seek, by earnest prayer, that preparation of the heart which is from the Lord? How much is this needed in order that we may thankfully receive our portion in due season, and derive from it strength to do the will of God and to live to His glory!

Were every hearer to do this, how would the ministers of the Gospel who sow the seed of the Word rejoice over abundant harvests! And those who listen would cease to complain that sermons were too long in one case, or of having been sent empty away in another.

RUTH LAMB.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE AFFLICTED DAUGHTER OF ABRAHAM.

St. Luke xiii. 11-13.



E have here the record of one of the wonderful miracles wrought by Him who when on earth went about doing good to the bodies and the souls of men. The account given of the woman by the evangelist is short, but interesting and instructive. She was "a daughter of Abraham," and yet Satan had bound her, lo, these eighteen years, with a spirit of infirmity, so that she was bowed down, and could in no wise lift up herself.

This daughter of Abraham was in great distress and affliction. No outward privileges, no worldly circumstances, nor yet any spiritual graces exempt from bodily suffering and from trial in this life. They that are sons and daughters of Abraham in the highest sense, they that are within the bonds of the everlasting covenant, are sometimes all the worse, so far as outward things go, on that account. They are more beset by Satan, and the marks of his enmity. It is the ship most laden with treasures that is exposed to attack or pursuit, while the worthless and empty are allowed to pass unhurt by the enemy. Being afflicted, or subject to trial, let many remember, for their comfort, is one of the distinguishing features of the children of God. "If ye are without chastisement, then are ye bastards, and not sons," was the argument of the apostle in writing to the Hebrew converts. And greater than Paul, the Saviour Himself had said, "Because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you" (John xv. 19).

Through much tribulation it is appointed unto God's people to enter into the kingdom. True, it is not so appointed to *all* of them. Some are tenderly, gently dealt with. Let us not inquire as to God's dealings with others, but to us the rebuke may be applicable, "What is that to thee?" Our business is to attend to His command, "Follow thou me." In doing so, we must expect to take up the cross, and suffer trial in some form or other. Many are the afflictions of the righteous, yet all are permitted, ordered, and made to serve wise and gracious ends. They are intended to work patience, resignation, humility, deadness to the world's pleasures and portions. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Let us have such thoughts when we read of the daughter of Abraham, bowed down and afflicted, under the power and persecution of Satan.

The condition of this woman then was one of great affliction, she was bowed down, and could in no wise lift up herself, for she had a spirit of infirmity. She was diseased, weak; her case apparently helpless and hopeless after eighteen years' continuance. Now this may not be the

case of any one here respecting outward and bodily ailments, nor is the miraculous cure of such to be expected now. But the sickness and ailments of the body described in the Scriptures are fit types of the worse disease of the soul. Sin has brought disease and death upon the soul of man; and in reading in the Bible of the leprosy, or the blindness, or palsy, or whatever other disease it may be, we must remember how the understanding and the will and the affections are all depraved, and subject to evil from the corruption of sin and the bad constitution of man's fallen nature.

In the case of this woman we are told she had a spirit of infirmity. And has sin not brought this result upon our souls? We are weak through sin, and to that which is good infirm. How much there is in each of us of infirmity of will, of purpose, of resolution, in those things in which we ought to be most strong and decided. Even when we know what is right, and when we would do good, evil is present with us, and too often prevails over us! We are weakened by the effects of sin in our nature. With regard to the soul, how true of most is that description "she could in no wise lift up herself!" Man is not only guilty by nature, but helpless; and when an awakened soul begins to think and feel at all, one of the first experiences is, "I can do nothing, I am fallen by mine iniquity, but I cannot lift myself up. I cannot raise my thoughts, my desires, my affection to heavenly and spiritual things." The need of Divine help, of Divine power, of Divine healing is felt; and there is forced upon such an one the necessity for crying to God for help, for waiting upon God, and seeking from Him that relief and recovery which man, or man's remedies never can afford.

This poor woman, observe in the next place, although bowed down, and infirm, and in affliction did not absent herself from the house of prayer, nor neglect the appointed means of grace. We read that "Jesus was teaching in one of the synagogues on the sabbath;" and behold this woman was there! What a rebuke to those who so frequently allow trifling ailments and slight causes to detain them from the house of God and the means of grace!

It does not appear from the narrative that the woman came with the view of getting any bodily relief, or cure of her disease. She was present at the usual time of Divine service, seeking her soul's comfort and her soul's good. She was a daughter of Abraham in this respect, that she knew that was the one thing needful, whatever her other and outward wants were. And so in like manner may one say, though God in His infinite wisdom sees fit to deprive me of health, yet there is health and salvation for my soul. A man may be without bodily sight, yet his soul may see spiritual and glorious things. The body may be bowed

down, and halt and infirm, yet the soul may freely walk abroad in high and heavenly places with Christ Jesus.

What a lesson and example we have learned in the conduct of this woman! in the midst of her cares in trials and hindrances seeking the kingdom of God and His righteousness, desiring the blessing of Him whose favour is life, and whose lovingkindness is better than life.

But now observe the love and compassion, the free love and gracious compassion of Christ, the good physician and the great Redeemer (v. 12).

"And when Jesus saw her, he called her to him, and said unto her, Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity. And he laid his hands upon her." It does not appear that she first made any application to Christ to be healed. Rather, it is probable that she saw not, she knew not who was there; she was bowed down, and could not lift up herself—but Jesus saw her, and called her unto Him. And it is His love, not our application; it is His free grace, not our prayer that brings relief and salvation. Gracious the Lord always is to the cry of the afflicted, and attentive to the petition of the needy: but he doth not always wait to hear that cry or to receive that petition! Long enough he would have to wait for the prayer of some! Why! sinners would never cry to God nor come to Him, if God's preventing grace did not first draw them and bring them to Himself! He is often found of those who sought Him not. Christ came into this world to seek as well as to save that which was lost. He looketh upon men, and cometh to them, and calleth them by His grace, else they would never know the presence nor seek the blessing of Him who loved His people with an everlasting love, and therefore in His own time, and in His own way, calleth them and bringeth them to Himself!

"And he laid his hand on her: and immediately she was made straight, and glorified God." Here was a wonderful cure wrought on the body, and that by the word and the power of Christ. When He called her to Him, and laid His hands upon her, immediately she was made straight. With Him who is almighty an infirmity of eighteen years or of eighteen days made no difference in the case of cure. He who could raise from the dead, could heal any sickness or remove any affliction. With Him all things were possible. And that which Christ in the days of His flesh did unto the bodies of men, He is still doing unto their souls. He is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God through Him. It was of better than bodily cure, and of greater than outward blessing, that the prophet of old prophesied concerning the Messiah's advent: "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing. For behold your God will come, He will come and save you." This was literally fulfilled in the days of Christ's sojourn on earth; and when on one occasion John the Baptist sent two of his disciples to see if this was indeed the Messiah, Christ appealed to these very miracles as proof of His Divine mission. "Go," He said, "and shew John again those things

which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and (he added) the poor have the gospel preached unto them."

Now, while the former miraculous works have ceased, the preaching of the gospel still remains, and in that Christ still puts forth His word and power for the healing and salvation of men. Jesus is still in the synagogue on the sabbath day. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Where two or three are gathered together He is in the midst of them. He is not far from any one of us, and hears the breathing of every devout heart; but specially He is in the worshipping assemblies of His people. There He despiseth the proud, but He looketh with pity and compassion on the humble and needy. He filleth the hungry with good things, while the rich He sendeth empty away. He openeth the eyes of the blind, making them to see divine and spiritual things. He unstoppeth the ears of the deaf, making them to hear precious truth. That which is bowed down He raiseth, and that which is crooked He maketh straight; even as He literally did to the poor woman that day in the synagogue. Had she been absent that day she might have remained without relief! So her case repeats the exhortation that it is good to wait on the Lord in all His appointed ways and places of grace. Wait on the Lord, and again I say, Wait on the Lord.

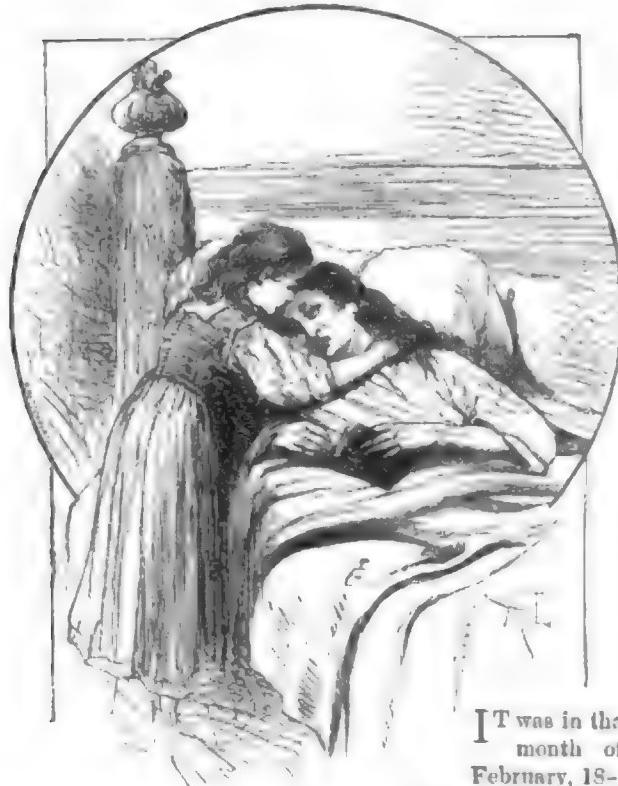
When she was healed, "she glorified God." At once and on the spot she rendered praise and thanksgiving to God whose work she well knew this had been, for her case had been one long beyond the reach of human recovery or help. She glorified God then; and if in the time of her despondency and affliction this daughter of Abraham was one who was used to frequent the place where prayer was wont to be made, and to associate herself with those who worshipped God,—much more would she devote her restored health and renewed strength to the service and glory of her God and Saviour.

Let us not cloud the pleasure of this scene by dwelling on the conduct of the ruler of the synagogue and those who were displeased with what had been done, and that upon so miserable a pretext as that it was the sabbath day when this miracle was wrought. The sabbath day, whether the Jewish one of old, or the Christian one now, is worthy of all reverence and far better observance than it receives—yet let us beware of exalting the mere keeping of the day above that for which it is to be kept, viz., the advancement of the glory of God and the welfare of man. If it is lawful to look after certain temporal things, such as loosing the ox or ass from the stall and lead them to water, much more are outward things not to be counted of equal importance with our obtaining or giving that which is for the benefit and health of the soul. "Ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the sabbath day? And when he had said this, all his adversaries were ashamed: and all the people rejoiced for all the glorious things that were done by Him."

Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE.

CHAPTER I.



IT was in the month of February, 18—, the day had

been fine, and already, in Italy, the milder breezes brought those soft emanations of spring-tide which are the harbingers to announce its approach.

The hills which surround the fair city of Florence were beginning to be clad with verdure, under the influence of the powerful rays of the sun. Just at this moment the orb of day was sinking below the horizon, not without casting on the antique church of San Miniato al Monte, the effulgence of his golden beams, which in their turn melted into the last purple hues of sunset.

In one of the poorest and most populous quarters of the City of Flowers, two women were gossiping together. One of them, seated on the door-sill of a shop, in which was sold all sorts of ordinary earthenware, was rocking an infant in her arms; the other, already old, was plaiting rapidly, with her still nimble fingers, the fine straw of that country designed to be manufactured into hats.

"Well, Aunt Zia," said the younger of the women, moderating her naturally loud and full voice, "how is she going on, upstairs?"

"Badly, very badly; my old man is gone to fetch the *Misericorde*, to take the poor woman to the hospital, for you see, Teresè, we do not know how to take care of her any longer, and she would be much better attended to at the hospital than she could be here."

"Poor creature! She has such great troubles," cried the young woman with compassion; "but what will become of the child?"

"I do not know indeed; how sad it is to see her an orphan so early! for so it is; her mother has not long to live," said the old woman, lowering her voice, "and when she is gone, the child will be alone in the world."

"Madonna Santa! what sad things there are around us!"

exclaimed the young mother, looking down with tenderness upon her babe, which she pressed more closely to her bosom, as if to preserve it from the sorrows she was deplored.

At this moment a sound of measured steps on the pavement in the street was heard; eight men appeared, wearing long black cloaks; pointed hoods falling over the face hid their features, with the exception of the eyes, which shone through two openings made in the cloth; upon their shoulders was a stretcher, covered also with a black cloth. They stopped before the door of the house, a tall, thin, old man showing them the way.

"Here it is, *Signor mio!*" said he, taking off his hat respectfully. "Will you please to follow me? I will open the door, for it is already dusk."

The two women crossed themselves, repeating softly a prayer, while the night porters entered into the narrow passage, and went two and two up the steep stairs.

Before proceeding further, we will explain in a few words that the *Misericorde* is a Christian institution founded in Florence by some pious men, for the purpose of attending the sick and succouring the wounded.

A certain number of persons engaged themselves to form an association, and take by turns their part in a week of service. When any one had need of them, it was required of them to ring a bell placed near the dome, the well-known sound of which is heard throughout all the town. The brethren of the *Misericorde* hasten to answer the appeal. They go into their houses, attend the sick day and night, or carry them to the hospital. They receive no remuneration. It is asserted that many illustrious names have persisted in joining the *Misericorde*, and that the Grand Duke of Tuscany himself often answered the appeal of the bell.

But we will return to our story. In a large room situated over the shop of which we have just spoken, a woman was lying on a low bed. From time to time a convulsive start shook her whole frame, or a feeble moaning escaped her lips, but that was all; and her wasted hands fell helpless upon the thin coverlet.

A complete silence reigned around her; one might have thought she was alone. However, on looking round might be discovered a little human form squatted in a corner near the window. Her head was so hidden upon her raised knees that nothing could be seen of her but her thin brown tangled hair. Each fresh moan of the invalid made her tremble, but without changing her position.

All at once steps were heard on the stairs; the door was opened to admit the brethren of the *Misericorde*. They put down the stretcher on the red-brick floor, and approached the bed in silence. On their entrance the child suddenly raised her head and sprang up at once. She had great trouble to repress a scream of fright on seeing in the dim twilight those black phantoms who had come into the room. However, a moment's reflection was enough for her to recognise the charitable brethren, whom she had more than once seen in the streets. She understood it all, and became calm immediately. Her large eyes, which had been dilated with fear, were now full of tears; she pressed her little hands convulsively together, and repeated from time to time in a low sorrowful voice, "Mother! mother!"

Nobody took any notice of her. Silently and carefully those strange men fulfilled their duties; their movements were so gentle that the invalid scarcely knew she was being removed.

When she was placed with great care on the cushions of the stretcher, and well wrapped up in the warm blankets, they replaced over her the sombre covering, then the eight porters together lifted her up, and set off with their precious burden, avoiding every shake. They descended the stairs, and went into the street,—for a few moments their regular steps were heard, and then lost in the variety of other sounds; and the child continued there in that solitary

room, looking through her tears at the deserted bed, of which the outlines were fading more and more in the shades of evening.

"Well, and the little girl? where have you left her?" asked La Rosa, a moment after, of her old man, as she called him.

"Madda? was she upstairs? Stay! I did not see her. What a brute I am!" cried the old man, whose name was Ceccherini, striking his forehead. "I will run up and fetch her; she must not remain alone in that wretched room, poor darling!"

And he went upstairs again as quickly as possible.

"Ah, my child, are you there?" said he, stumbling over the sill of the door, which had been left open. Receiving no answer, he went forward a few steps, and at last perceived Madeleine on her knees beside the bed, with her head buried in the coverlet.

"Let us go down, little one," he said, "do not remain here sorrowing; La Rosa has made the soup for supper, and I bet you are hungry." In saying these words Ceccherini took hold of the child's hands.

"Zio,"* said Madeleine in a low voice, "what have they done with mother?"

"Who? the frate?† they have taken her to the hospital, my jewel, and there she will be taken care of and cossetted until she is cured."

"And she will be cured for certain, will she not, Zio?" asked Madda, looking up trustfully into Ceccherini's sunburnt face; hope returning already to her sorrowful little heart. How could he take away the illusion? The good old man had not the courage to do it.

"Yes, yes, without doubt; she will have the best doctors in the town," he hastened to reply, turning away his head, for he could not bear the suppliant look fixed upon him; "but come, little one, we must not keep the soup waiting."

Madeleine arose and followed him quietly; and presently found herself seated in a large square room, which served at once for back-shop, bed-room, and kitchen.

There was upon the table before her a large dish smoking hot, filled with slices of bread upon which La Rosa had poured the boiling contents of the pot which she had just removed from the fire. It was simply water, mixed with some spoonfuls of olive-oil, seasoned with onions, with some haricots and other vegetables coarsely cut up.

In spite of the frugality of the supper, Madda was delighted when La Rosa helped her plentifully of the said soup, accompanied with a large slice of brown bread. Her eyes resumed their lustre, and her cheeks regained somewhat of their rosy hue, as she was taking the warm soup.

"There," said La Rosa, looking at her, "it does one good to see her eat. She must have been famished, poverina!"

When the evening meal was finished, the little girl offered to help the old woman to wash up the things, and proved herself very handy in the performance of that task; then, not knowing what to do with herself, she went to Ceccherini in the shop, which was lighted by an oil lamp fixed to the wall. Here she amused herself a little while with observing the passers-by; and in counting the piles of pots and pans of different sizes, which filled the shop; but she grew very sleepy, and sitting down in a corner she presently fell into a deep slumber.

Both Ceccherini and his wife had forgotten she was there; but as they were closing the shutters, they suddenly perceived her, and they were quite perplexed what to do.

"Must we not wake her up, and send her to bed?" said Ceccherini in a low voice.

Rosa shook her head. "She cannot sleep alone upstairs; she would be afraid."

"But we have nowhere to put her."

"Let us leave her where she is to-night. She sleeps so soundly, let us not disturb her; to-morrow we shall see what can be done."

"The landlord will come and take possession of what little furniture there remains," said Ceccherini, in a whisper, putting out the lamp of the shop. "The poor child will be homeless; we cannot leave her like that."

La Rosa gave a kind of grunt.

"I know what is running in your head my old man. You wish to keep her. But we have already trouble enough to gain our livelihood without increasing our burdens. You said yourself just now that we should not know where to make up a bed for her."

"Oh never mind that," cried the kind man, "we can prepare the place for her, where we keep our empty boxes, and the charcoal bag. I will clean it up to-morrow, and we will have a paillasse of maize for her, and I bet she will be like a little queen then!" and then he added, "you will see that the child will be useful to us; she will learn to wait on the customers, and to go on our errands; where there is enough for two, there is enough for three."

"Let it be so for the present," answered Rosa, "afterwards, if she is a trouble to us, we will find a way to provide her a home somewhere." We may be assured by the friendly welcome she gave the child, that Rosa was not hard-hearted, but she was more selfish than her husband.

While Madeleine's lot was being thus debated by the only persons who interested themselves about her, she was sleeping peacefully, without any suspicion of the serious question they were discussing.

When she awoke next morning, she did not wonder to find herself there. She asked immediately to go to see her mother; but Ceccherini was opposed to it; he assured her that she would not be permitted to go into the hospital; and that he himself would go, when he was at liberty, and bring her tidings of her mother.

This was a sad day indeed for Madeleine! She saw the little furniture that remained to them taken away. The room in which she had lived with her mother was cleared out and cleaned. She could take nothing away but her own clothes, and a book bound in black, which she had often seen in the poor invalid's hands, and in which the little girl herself had sometimes read to her mother. The landlord, a coarse, rough man, in his covetous search to find some article of value, had found this unpretending volume; he turned it about in his hands, which were blackened by labour. "What is this?" he asked Madeleine in a rough manner, as she stood trembling beside him.

"Oh, sir! Please do not take it away. It is grandfather's book. Mother was so fond of it. She would be so grieved not to find it when she returns from the hospital. Do leave it me. See, it is already so old."

"That is true," he muttered, with an oath; and seeing he could derive no gain from it, he threw the despised volume carelessly to Madeleine, who ran away with it quickly, to shut it up in a box, where she had carefully deposited a bad portrait of her father, who had been dead more than a year.

When, after a long absence, Ceccherini returned home, he was not in a hurry to respond to the eager, imploring look which was fixed upon him. His honest face expressed trouble and sadness. Madeleine felt instinctively that all was not well.

"How is mother? Is she better?"

"No, little one; that is to say . . . yes," said the kind man, making up his mind suddenly, as he thought of the life above; "she is quite well now, she begs you to be good, and not to cry too much if you do not see her for a long while."

Madeleine looked in his face with astonishment.

* Uncle. A term of friendship.

† Brethren.

At this moment La Rosa came towards them.

"Is all over?" she said softly.

Ceccherini nodded his head affirmatively.

"May God have mercy on her soul!" said the old woman, crossing herself.

The truth now became clear to Madeleine's mind. "Mother is dead, and I shall never see her any more! Oh! mother, mother!"

She burst into convulsive sobs, that neither Ceccherini nor his wife, with all their loving endeavours, could succeed in calming. That night the orphan went to sleep in tears. Nothing could alleviate the feeling of desolation which pressed upon her.

Alas! poor little girl! She scarcely knew God. In her grief she forgot she had a Father in heaven, whose heart overflowed with love and compassion for her.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XXVII.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

Text for the day: "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil" —1 John iii. 8.

Read Mark v. 1.—20. After the storm of which we read last Sunday, where did the Lord and His disciples land when they reached the other side of the lake? The country of the Gadarenes lay on the south-east shore of the lake of Galilee; it was so called from Gadara, being the name of the chief town; in some places, it is named the country of the Gergesenes, from Gergesa, another town. It was a desolate coast, with few inhabitants; and it was all the more lonely at this time because of one whom men were afraid to meet: a miserable man possessed with an unclean spirit. Where had he his dwelling? Why was he not kept bound with chains? Out of the tomb his voice used to be heard, crying and howling, by night and day among the hills! This fierce and savage outcast saw Jesus, and came to meet Him as soon as He landed. What did he say? He knew Jesus to be the Son of God, and he feared Him. He had heard Jesus say, "Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit," and the devil knew Jesus had power to destroy his power over the man. What did he say was his name? Legion means a great number of Roman soldiers armed for battle, and there was a great number of evil spirits tormenting this unhappy man. But the devils had no power to resist Jesus; they could only ask that they might go into the swine which were feeding near. The Jews were not allowed to keep swine, and perhaps it was to punish them for breaking the law of God that the devils were permitted to enter into them. What did the swine do? How did they perish? What did the people to whom they belonged do? They told it in the city and in the country, and men came to see what was done. When they came to Jesus, perhaps they hardly knew the wild fierce man they had been so afraid of. He was calmly sitting at the feet of Jesus clothed and in his right mind, full of thankful love to his Saviour, and most anxious to remain always at His side. The men of the place however, instead of being grateful that the devil was gone out of the man, were very angry that they had lost their swine! Instead of welcoming Jesus as a deliverer, they wanted to get rid of Him; what did they pray Him to do? How dreadful to ask the Lord to leave their country! How sad was the hardness of their hearts! Jesus was not, however, left without a witness in that land. What did He command the man whom He had restored to do? What did He say he was to tell his friends? Accordingly, what did this man do in the ten cities called Decapolis? He published the

great things Jesus had done, as a faithful and earnest preacher. They all knew what he had once been; they saw how wonderful was the change, he told them it was wrought by Jesus, and "all men did marvel."

Now repeat your text for the day. What was the purpose for which the Son of God was manifested? We have seen how in this poor man He destroyed the works of the devil, though strong as a Roman legion. Men are not now possessed with evil spirits in that way, but every wicked thought and wicked action that men or even children do, is of the devil, and comes from yielding to his temptations and believing his lies rather than believing in Christ. It is Christ's will to deliver us from evil. You know we pray continually, in the prayer He Himself taught us, that He would so deliver us. When Jesus appears the devil is but a conquered foe. Jesus came to destroy him. In Him let us place our trust.

Sing,—“I heard the voice of Jesus say.”

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVI.

The first letters of the names will make the name of a well-known river in Canaan.

1. Name one of the sons of Jacob.
2. Name a king that came out against the Israelites when in the wilderness, and was conquered by them.
3. Give the name of the woman who saved the two spies sent to view Jericho.
4. Name another of the sons of Jacob.
5. Name a god worshipped by the Israelites.
6. Name a third of the sons of Jacob.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

NO. II.—p. 432.—MANASSEH.—Gen. xli. 51.

| | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| M-anna | Ex. xvi. 35. |
| A-re | John xii. 14. |
| N-aaman | 2 Kings v. 14. |
| A-nna | Luke ii. 36, 37. |
| S-hem | Gen. v. 32. |
| S-hame | Prov. iii. 35. |
| E-ase | Psa. xxv. 13. |
| H-annah | 1 Sam. i. 9—11. |

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XV.—p. 477.—MAKE HASTE TO HELP ME.—Psa. lxx. 1.

| | |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. M-edeba | 1 Chron. xix. 7. |
| 2. A-znaveth | 1 Chron. xxvii. 25. |
| 3. K-ing | 1 Sam. viii. 19. |
| 4. E-liah | 1 Sam. xvi. 6, 28. |
| 5. H-areth | 1 Sam. xxii. 5. |
| 6. A-hithophel | 2 Sam. xvii. 23. |
| 7. S-hechem | Gen. xxxvii. 18. |
| 8. T-ares | Matt. xiii. 25. |
| 9. E-agle | Deut. xiv. 12. |
| 10. T-alent | Matt. xxv. 28. |
| 11. O-strich | Job xxxix. 18. |
| 12. H-atach | Est. iv. 6—16. |
| 13. E-zekiel | Ezek. xlvi. |
| 14. L-eper | Num. v. 2. |
| 15. P-eter | Acts xii. 7. |
| 16. M-anaen | Acts xii. 4. |
| 17. E-nter | Matt. vii. 13, 14. |

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT . . .
THE WEEK WAS DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



STUDENTS OF NATURE.

WINCHERLEY HALL.

CHAPTER IV.—A BIT OF FAMILY HISTORY.

"What thoughtful heart can look into the gulf
That darkly yawns 'twixt rich and poor,
And not find food for saddest meditation?"

IT was no unusual tale Agnes Roberts unfolded to the listening vicar, for it has its parallel in the archives of many an ancient family, not

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only in the fair county of Kent, but in many other parts of the world.

Squire Wincherley, in the prime of his life, was a haughty, domineering man, unaccustomed to contradiction, whose word was law, not only under his own roof-tree, but throughout the whole parish. And, sooth to say, his gentle little wife, who was always siling, and always brooding over her own troubles, real or imaginary, who had not many ideas of her own, and whose mind was a mild reflection of her husband's wish

PAULINE FENSTER.

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and will, rather encouraged him in his overbearing ways by her meek submission. Whatever her husband said was the right thing, and from their earliest days, her children were accustomed to hear the plaintive echo of their father's commands from her lips, with the refrain, "My dear, it must be done, your father says so."

There were two sons, Owen and Roger, and one daughter, called Olive. The eldest son, Owen, was a delicate, dreamy young fellow, with a sympathetic nature, and a bright sunny manner that won the hearts of all around him. He had a fine intellectual face, but the delicately outlined nose and mouth hinted at weakness, want of self-mastery, and perhaps of a little self-will. He was enthusiastic in all that was artistic. A taste for high art was a strong element in his nature; he was fond of study, wrote poetry, had almost a genius for painting, and he had won honours at college.

Roger, on the contrary, was the very antithesis of his brother. He had never taxed his brain-power by over-work, or injured his health by hard study. He rode, hunted, drove tandem, and was, if anything, in his way, even more haughty and domineering than his father. He looked down on the tenants as a race quite beneath him, only needful to till the land and pay the rent. He sneered at his brother Owen's love of the fine arts, and thought his tastes and occupations altogether unworthy of the heir of the Wincherleys.

Not much sympathy was there between the brothers, and so, during his visits at home, Owen turned for companionship to Olive, his young sister. She was still in the school-room, and one summer vacation, he found Helena Grey installed as her governess.

Helena was not pretty, nor fast, nor fashionable; but she was either shy or independent, for she kept away from the family gatherings as much as possible, and devoted herself solely to her young pupil. It was not easy to get a word of conversation with her, and so Owen thought himself very fortunate when one morning he surprised Miss Grey and her pupil on the high ground behind Birkdale Church busily employed in sketching.

Miss Grey was giving her pupil a lesson in colouring. So engrossed were they, that they did not discover Owen until he was close beside them, and there was an expression of timid reproach in Helena's clear brown eyes, as he joined them, and in his cool easy manner took a seat on a large stone near the sketch book.

He soon found himself acting as teacher to both his sister and her governess, for he knew far more of the art than they did, and he detected a damaging error in the perspective which he pointed out with friendly candour. Miss Grey looked up and thanked him. As he glanced more nearly into her expressive eyes he thought them lovely, and wondered how any one could call Helena plain.

She had a pale, colourless face, with a somewhat sad expression when in repose, but when it was lighted up with one of her sweet smiles, there was a pleasant geniality in her countenance that made one forget her usual reserve. Her features

were irregular, but she had beautiful dark hair, a good figure, and was in look and manner a true lady. Miss Grey was an orphan, her father a captain in the army, had died in India some time previously, and at her mother's death, which happened about a year before she came to live at Wincherley Hall, she found her case was like that of too many officers' daughters. She was left almost penniless and friendless.

But Helena had a brave nature, she did not sit down and despair as many would have done. Young as she was, she was perfectly aware there are many paths of independence and respectability open to those who choose to follow them, and in the wide world of strangers, she determined to do her best to win an honourable position. She studied hard for a time, then sought a situation as a governess, and her first experience was in Squire Wincherley's household.

Poor girl! she was getting on so well with Olive, had won the child's heart, and was bringing her on famously when Owen came in the way, and began teaching governess and pupil from an artist's point of view. He called *their* sketching frivolous waste of time when attempted without true knowledge of the rules of art. He said these rules were not, as some called them, "the letters of genius," but were the secret of undoubted success. And these teachings, so deep, so abstruse, required frequent opportunities of meeting, they all three grew enthusiastic on the subject of painting. Sometimes, they would spend hours beneath a clump of trees trying to depict the correct outline of some gnarled specimen, overgrown with moss and lichen. Owen told them they must give it the right colouring, study the manner in which the branches shoot from the trunk, delineate the foliage, and cast over the whole, like a magical spell, the warmth of imagination, the sweet charm of poetry. And, the studious trio might sometimes be seen in the depths of the Birkdale woods, where the sun shone through dark tree branches, and dancing rays of light flitted over the soft turf. Sometimes, they were on the high moors that looked down from afar on the village with calm serenity, and where the dwarf heather cast its crimson hue over the green-sward.

Glorious bits of colouring were seen from that heath when the sun went down in the west in clouds of gold and red; and when the tree-tops of the woods in the distance seemed touched with every variety of tint.

What marvel that Owen began to look on these sketching rambles as the chief pleasure of his life? With a physical frame not too robust, with a mental organism sensitive in the extreme, with the love of art an instinct in his nature, he was contented to dream away his days and never contemplate a possible awakening.

He lingered by Miss Grey's side at every possible opportunity, feeling amply repaid for all his "high art talk," by a swift glance of her shy sweet eyes. It was not often they met under the roof of the old Hall, for Helena was seldom invited to join the family party, very rarely indeed expected to make her appearance in the drawing room. But he found out she always played and sang an evening hymn with Olive in

the school-room, ere the child went to bed, and so he often listened at the door, and thought her low voice the most musical he had ever heard in his life.

Thus the summer days passed away like an idyl of which the rhythm was youth and love, but there was a very prosaic ending to the measure ere long, and it developed itself in this way. One evening, there was a small dinner party at the Hall. As usual, Owen left the room when the meal was over, and did not linger with the rest of the gentlemen, to discuss the merits of the rare old wines his father always brought forth on such occasions. He had no pleasure in the convivial festivity that circles round the bottle; and besides, he had caught a glimpse from the window of Helena's white dress as she passed down the avenue with Olive at her side.

Roger remained behind of course, and seated opposite his father at the table, none were more ready than he to discuss politics, laugh at a joke, and express his opinion of the crusty port that glowed with a rich ruby tint in the glass he held between his eyes and the light.

"Where is Owen?" asked one of the guests, ere long.

"Gone to the library to study, I suppose. Owen is a thorough book-worm," replied the squire, with a smile of satisfaction.

Though he did not care for books himself, and read chiefly the turf-topics, the money article, and the prices of the corn and hop markets in the daily newspapers—yet he felt a pardonable gratification at his son being a literary character.

"I am not so sure that Owen is in the study with only musty old books for his companions," retorted Roger, with a loud laugh; "I give my brother credit for better taste than that. It is far more likely you would find him on the heath studying human nature, and watching the sun go down."

Two or three of the guests joined in the laugh. There was evidently some joke amongst them the squire could not fathom, so with quick impulse, he changed the subject, and decided to request an explanation from Roger when they were alone together.

The same evening the opportunity came, when the guests were gone, he asked Roger the meaning of his remark, and of the evident amusement it had caused amongst the guests.

"Oh, don't you know, father?—It is Birkdale gossip now, Owen is for ever dangling at Helena's side."

"Pray who is Helena?"

"Only the governess! Owen walks about with her by the hour, and although Olive is always present, the world will hardly give him credit for sufficient brotherly love to account for his extreme devotion."

"He has no right to trifle with the girl."

"Certainly not, but perhaps he is in earnest."

"Earnest! madness! Owen would never disgrace himself," exclaimed the squire, in a rage, and Roger walked away with a smile still on his lips.

Squire Wincherley was in a towering passion. He had not recovered his equanimity, when the culprit returned after having taken as Roger had

suggested a very long and enjoyable ramble on the heath with Helena and his sister.

But why linger on the stormy scene that followed! During all his father's accusations, Owen remained firm. He loved Helena Grey, and was not ashamed to own it. The squire ended his expostulations by exclaiming:

"The girl is a schemer, a designing schemer! She has plotted and planned to entangle you in her toils with the hope of winning her way to position and fortune. But she shall be disappointed. To-morrow, Miss Grey leaves this house, and when the world hears of her expulsion and disgrace, what will become of her then, I should like to know?"

Owen knew perfectly well the whole of this accusation was altogether untrue. Helena had never plotted nor planned for him. In fact, none knew better than himself how hard it had been to win her smiles. What trouble it had cost him ere she had accepted his attentions, and returned his love. He was pale to the lips, as he answered, still calmly—

"Disgrace shall never fall on one so pure and good as Helena Grey. If you, sir, forget the rules of hospitality so far as to thrust her from under your roof, I will make a home for her. When she leaves Birkdale, it shall be as my wife."

"Then you are no longer a son of mine! I will disinherit you. I declare you shall never touch a shilling of mine again. You are ungrateful, disobedient, vile!"

The squire raved on with intemperate words, and with intemperate action, but still Owen remained cool and determined, as he replied,—

"I am of age, father, and have a right to think and act for myself."

"Go, and make the most of your right then, but don't cross my path, I never wish to see you again," he shouted.

Thus father and son parted. Hitherto, the kindest, the tenderest words of affection had united them; but now, by a sudden rupture, the love of years was apparently cast aside for ever.

CHAPTER V.

"Distrust thyself, but trust His strength;
In Him thou shalt be strong!
His weakest ones may learn at length
A daily triumph song."

Soon afterwards, Owen married Miss Grey, and they set out to begin their new life together. He had high hopes then, for he believed he could win a name and fame for himself that should outlast the distinction that would have been his by right, as his father's heir. His art would win him reputation that should outlive the mere accident of wealth and position. He was an enthusiastic lover of painting, and had given much time to its pursuit even while he considered the brush and pencil only aids towards his pastime.

But now, in sober earnest, he intended to push forward, and never rest until success crowned his efforts.

It happened that two thousand pounds had been left him by a god-mother, and this sum, he considered, would enable him to go with his

wife to Italy, and there, for a couple of years he would study in the best schools.

Mrs. Roberts repeated to the vicar all the facts that had come to her knowledge of the above sketch of family history, but of course many incidents have been related that she never heard of, and that the vicar himself was ignorant of until long afterwards.

"The reason I know so much about it is, that my father was the squire's gamekeeper when all this happened," she said.

"Did he live in the Hall?"

"Oh no, sir, he lived in a nice large house that stood where Brewer's Cottages stand now. You know Brewer's cottages, I suppose?"

"I think I do, they are on the brow of the hill opposite the church."

"Yes, sir. And the morning after the disturbance at the Hall, Mr. Owen went over to our house, and asked to see my mother, and when she came into the sitting-room, he asked if she would allow Miss Grey to lodge there for a day or two. Of course my mother could not refuse his request. She knew all about the love affair, and Mr. Owen's quarrel with his father. All the Birkdale people knew about it also—news spreads about so fast. Well, Miss Grey came there with her two boxes. Mr. Owen went to London, and got the licence, the marriage took place, and they went off to foreign parts together—and that's the last I ever heard of them."

"I suppose Squire Wincherley was very angry?"

"Words can hardly express his anger, sir; and I know it fell very hard on us. My father was dismissed from his situation as gamekeeper, and had to go away from the village; and I lost my place also, and was forced to leave the dear kind lady who was always so good to me."

"What became of Mrs. Wincherley?"

"She died a couple of years afterwards, sir. Some say she was never really well after Mr. Owen went away. She used to fret about him in secret, and nothing wears one out more than fretting does."

Mrs. Roberts was quite right in her surmise: the squire's wife did fret bitterly. And although she was far too weak, too pliable to assert her own will, or to dispute her husband's, she thought he might have been less hard and unforgiving.

Although she was proud of Roger, and considered him second only to his father in all that was grand and commanding, still, her mother's heart yearned tenderly for her first-born—the genial, kind, loveable Owen! She thought of him by day, and dreamt of him by night, until she grew weary of watching for news of her wandering boy.

And when at last her pale, colourless life ended, the doctor said she had not died of any particular complaint—it was just a case of worn-out nature and weakness. He never thought of hinting at a troubled heart—at the utter, wearing weariness of watching for ever for one who comes not.

What love can equal that of a true mother?

Surely it is second only to the great love of God towards His weak and wayward children? A mother may not believe in her boy's faults, she may be blind to them, or may try to excuse and palliate them—but God knows of the sin. He can

see every error, every failing of the human heart, and though He hates the guilt, He loves the sinner, and still offers him pardon, and salvation through the atonement of a Saviour.

"O tender One, O mighty One, who never sent away
The sinner or the sufferer, Thou art the same to-day!
The same in love, the same in power, and Thou art
waiting still
To heal the multitudes that come—yea, whosoever will!"

"What we have been talking about happened long ago," said Mrs. Roberts, with a sigh; "twenty years make a great many alterations in the world."

"You are quite right; change is written on all earthly things."

"Many of those whose names I mentioned to you are dead now, sir. Miss Olive grew up a nice young lady, I have been told, and just when she was going to be married to a rich man she caught a cold that ended in rapid decline. My father and mother are dead also, sir, and so is my first husband."

Mr. Howe looked up quickly.

"Then Jack is a second husband?"

"Yes, sir; we've been wed nigh on six years now."

Poor Agnes looked out of the window as she said this, and her eyes had a sad, far-away look, that might have been interpreted into a sudden thought that her hope lay in heaven now—there was none for her on earth.

"Have you any children?" asked the vicar.

"Only one, a girl about twelve, but her aunt keeps her. I'm loth to bring her home with me, sir; Jack and she might not get on well together."

"Very probably not, I think."

"I shall have her trained for service, and perhaps she will make a good servant some day, for I can hardly hope she will ever be able to live at our house."

Mrs. Roberts gave a shudder, and hid her face in her hands for a minute, as though to shut out something painful. When she looked up again, slow tears were running down her pale cheeks.

"I fear I have tired you by staying; my visit has been much longer than I expected, and I ought to apologise."

"No, no, sir, I am not tired that way, and it has done me good to tell you all that happened in the past. But I have gone through a good deal of worry lately. I didn't want to come down to this place again. I thought it would be too much for me, though I didn't tell my husband the reason. It was a bit of pride on my part, perhaps, for I never wished the Birkdale people to know the old hop-picker was once Agnes Heathcote. I kept out of their way, and turned aside when any one looked at me; but, sir, I need not have been so particular, I don't believe a person in the place would recognize me as the red-cheeked, high-spirited young girl of twenty years ago."

"Is this the first season you ever went hop-picking?"

"No, sir, I've been every year since I was married to Jack, and we always went to Surrey until this time. But he would come here

now, all my persuasion would not turn him from his purpose, and here's the end of it. He is forced to leave me behind him, sick and weak. Ah, sir, there are some troubles that one hasn't the heart to speak about. Sometimes my way seems so dark and hard, that I'm tempted almost to forget it is a good and merciful God that is dealing out all my sorrow to me, it seems greater than I can bear."

" You must keep up your courage, Mrs. Roberts. Though the past can never be lived over again, and though the present seems overclouded just now, who knows but a bright future may yet be in store for you? Trust God always, remember that."

As the vicar walked thoughtfully towards the vicarage, he could not help musing that many of us, like poor Mrs. Roberts, bring troubles on our head by our own rash actions, and even then are inclined to blame God for dealing them out to us. How could she have married such a man as Jack Roberts?

THE DESERT PASTOR'S SEPULCHRE.

AN old man has dropt on his knees, he is lifting his thin trembling hands heavenward, no sound escapes his lips, he is mute inwardly as well as outwardly. Were he not as one stunned, he would cry with the Apostle: "I am poured out as a drink-offering, and the time of my departure is come."

He whom we thus picture is the last and most eminent of the Huguenot pastors of the desert—Paul Rabaut, whose life-long martyrdom ends by a heart-thrust more terrible to bear than any previous trial. He has just received the news that his son, Rabaut St. Etienne, his successor in the ministry at Nîmes, has fallen at Paris beneath the guillotine.

A slight figure, almost diminutive now he is bent by age, his dark complexion hides the feebleness of his constitution, and the weakness to which he is reduced. The lines of his face are gentle, and the form of his limbs delicate. Evidently he is no Elijah, no John Knox, but an Elisha-like prophet, a man by nature almost as mild as Philip Doddridge.

Modest, cautious, conciliatory, even submissive, what must have been the character of that law and that authority which found itself compelled to hunt such a man from one hiding-place to another through the greater part of a long life. For many years Paul Rabaut lived in the deepest recesses of the Cévennes, sometimes dwelling with the bats and the lizards in the holes of the rocks, sometimes taking refuge with the frogs in damp grottoes among the reeds.

In a document issued in 1758 by the police, and attached to the orders which the authorities continually sent out for the search and capture of all Protestant ministers, he is thus described:

" Paul Rabaut, minister, aged about forty years, height five feet less two inches, visage plain, long and thin, a little sunburnt, black hair, wearing a peruke, nose long and pointed, some-

what aquiline, black eyes, rather full, body slightly bent towards the right side, legs very thin, the right one turned inwards; it is asserted that he has lost a tooth in the upper jaw."

What had this criminal done, that even the minutest defects of his personal appearance should be thus sketched for the instruction of every human jackal in Languedoc?

Persecution had so effectually done its work, that in France at least the proverb did not seem to hold good: "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." The great and energetic Huguenot communities of the sixteenth century, had in the latter half of the eighteenth almost sunk into silence. A few embers still burnt here and there, but the fires grew feebler, and Rabaut's crime consisted in this, that he lived only to keep them alive.

But Rabaut knew no success, he saw his work constantly destroyed, and the cause for which he had suffered so much becoming each year weaker and weaker.

Nevertheless his faith died not. From the hour when, a boy of sixteen, he became the companion of those who "went about being destitute, afflicted, evil-entreated, wandering in deserts, and mountains and caves and the holes of the earth," to the hour when, aged and worn out, he sank into an obscure and forgotten grave, Paul Rabaut never once paused, vacillated or swerved in his career. He had, as said the Nehemiah of the Huguenot church, Antoine Court, "*a vocation for martyrdom.*"

In civil matters teaching passive obedience, Paul Rabaut was only unbending in what affected the conscience. Under the mild rule of the unfortunate Louis XVI., when the edict of 1787 was promulgated, recognising the legal existence of the Protestants, no family rejoiced more heartily or offered more unfeigned prayers for the Government than that of Paul Rabaut.

His son, Rabaut St. Etienne, had in fact been directly instrumental in bringing about this result. In 1785, he went to Paris for the purpose, and while there won golden opinions by his learning and eloquence. In fact admirers went so far as to declare this oratory of Rabaut St. Etienne to be superior to that of Mirabeau.

During his stay in Paris, he published his "Letters to Bailey on the Primitive History of Greece," and in 1788, he brought out another work, "Considerations on the Rights and Duties of the Third Estate." In 1789, he was elected deputy of the States General for Nîmes.

He soon became distinguished as one of the leading orators in the National Assembly, and his speech in August 1789, on liberty of conscience, was one of the finest things uttered during its sittings. In March 1790, he was nominated President of the Assembly, and it was then that, with pardonable grandiloquence, he sent his famous dispatch to his father: "The President of the Assembly is at your feet."

Paul Rabaut had resigned his functions in 1785, but had been permitted, like another Moses, to catch a glimpse of the promised land. Not only did he see the wrongs that he and his co-religionists had suffered avenged in the person of his son, but he saw the first fruit of the new

laws in the erection of a Protestant temple in Nîmes, at the dedication of which he assisted, May 20, 1792.

Rabaut St. Etienne had risen so high in public estimation that when the elections for the National Convention took place the Nîmoise pastor found himself deputy for Aube. Sharing in full the noblest enthusiasm of the time, his mind teemed with great ideas of national reform, commencing with a system of general instruction which he soon brought forward; but the spirit of tyranny had only changed its livery, and all who refused to obey its behests were trodden contemptuously into the dust.

A member of the Girondist party, Rabaut St. Etienne sought to maintain liberty and law. When the trial of Louis XVI. came on, he refused to vote for his death. To restrain the rising turbulence a commission of twelve were appointed, and Rabaut had the courage to accept the presidency. It was to offer his neck to the axe, but then a vocation for martyrdom was the peculiar genius of Huguenotism, and Rabaut St. Etienne's special inheritance.

When the Girondists fell, he was outlawed. He lingered for a time in the neighbourhood of Versailles, then came to Paris, and found a hiding-place between two walls in the house of one of his friends. The carpenter who had helped to construct the retreat, betrayed the secret to Fabre d'Eglantine, who informed the Committee of Public Safety. Rabaut St. Etienne was arrested, together with his brother, Rabaut Pommier, and the friends who had secreted him. The next morning his head fell on the scaffold. Overwhelmed with horror at hearing the public crier announce the fate of her husband, Madame Rabaut committed suicide.

Such were the heart-rending calamities that fell on Paul Rabaut, throwing around his last days the darkest gloom. It added little, we may be sure, to his trouble, when the terror reached Nîmes itself, and he was thrown into prison, with the prospect of an exit hardly less swift than that of his son.

There he remained until 9 Thermidor, July 1794. These sufferings proved his death-blow, for on the 25th of September in the same year he passed away.

How obscure in a few months had become his surroundings is proved by the entry of his death made in the official register at Nîmes. Not only has the municipal officer misstated his age, representing him as seventy-eight, instead of seventy-three, but he calls him Paul Rabat, and his wife Magdeleine Guidan instead of Gaïdan.

His body was interred in the cellar of the house in which he had lived, without any inscription or sign of his burial-place. Nor does even the registry of the Consistory of the Nîmoise Church make any reference to the decease of one of the greatest of its pastors.

Paul Rabaut died at the very darkest moment in the history of his Church. The candle of Huguenot Protestantism had been dying down for a century; it gave a flicker in the first moments of the Revolution, but was quite extinguished by the Terror. For twenty-seven months there were no sittings of the Nîmoise Consistory, and when,

in 1796, they recommenced, it was too feeble, too much occupied with the effort to exist, too utterly disheartened to think, or even to care about monuments and memorials.

The evil of ages of tyranny is seen not only in the long dark story of injustice, not only in the foolish pride of those who thus tread on their fellows, but worst of all in the cautious, fearful spirit it engenders in the descendants of those who have suffered. For sixty-nine years, no one in the Nîmoise Church had enthusiasm enough to suggest that the daily sight of the memorial of such a martyr as Paul Rabaut would be the best of all teaching; that the history of his life was their precious and peculiar inheritance, and that they were bound not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of their fellow-citizens, to compel attention to so illustrious an example for conscience' sake.

It was not until 1863 that M. Borrel, a pastor of Nîmes, interested in traditions of his church, caused a black slab of marble to be placed in the cellar where Paul Rabaut was buried, bearing the inscription:—

Ici repose le corps de
PAUL RABAUT.
1718—1743—1794.

At the same time another was placed in his bedroom with these words.

Ici est décédé
PAUL RABAUT,
Pasteur du Désert,
Au service de l'Eglise de Nîmes
Sous la croix
Pendant cinquante-six ans.

Although in 1863 there was still living in Nîmes the grand-nephew of Rabaut, a peasant farmer, who had been present at the burial, it does not appear that any effort was made to identify the exact spot, as up to the recent search it was not known.

This search arose through the interest in the subject taken by an English clergyman, Mr. Hagg. His astonishment at finding so great a man so obscurely interred seems to have communicated itself, and it was determined at least to discover the spot and place over it a stone.

The young mason charged with the work was the great-grand-nephew of the illustrious pastor. It was undertaken therefore with pious care on all hands. The spot was soon found, for it was the only part of the ground into which the pick-axe entered, all the rest was hard. It was near the window of the cellar.

Very soon the searchers came on the remains, which were found to correspond exactly with the details of the police description already cited as to the height of Paul Rabaut and the conformation of his right leg. The skull, which a friend of the present writer has held in his hand, was formed exactly as represented in his portrait, to be seen in this same house, now the Protestant Orphan Asylum, and of which those who had known him attested the perfect resemblance.

Such are the details of this touching history, which, except for its modern dress, might be a page from the Bible. RICHARD HEATH.

HELON OF ALEXANDRIA.

A JEWISH TALE OF THE DAYS OF THE MACCABEES.

XII.—THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

THREE is an interval of five days between the Feast of Atonement and the Feast of Tabernacles, which is also called the solemn feast of the harvest, because, whilst recalling to mind the forty years spent in the desert under tents by the children of Israel, it is also instituted for thanking God for the fruits of the earth. Helon went forth out of the temple and returned to Salumiel and his family. He experienced a calm peace, a holy joy, which he had never felt before, such as they alone know for whom the problems and mysteries of life are solved. Calm composure was established in his mind. His thoughts and desires seemed all directed towards an invisible and eternal good, and yet never had his heart been more open to all the joys of nature, or more susceptible to the tenderest feelings of human affection. Sulamith had never loved him so much, nor ever been so beloved by him. All the members of his family were struck by the change which had taken place in him. Salumiel, not being able to account for it, asked him if anything extraordinary had happened to him in the temple.

"Yes, in the temple, at the time of sacrifice," replied Helon. His account of it was heard with great astonishment.

On the thirteenth day of the month Tisri, companies of pilgrims from all sides, with the sound of trumpets and musical instruments, arrived on the way up to Jerusalem for the feast. Foremost were the natives of Lebanon, the inhabitants of Beersheba, of Peræa, and Galilee; then came those that dwelt in the neighbourhood of the sea-shore, and on the most distant mountains; and finally came the strangers of Syria, Asia Minor, Cyprus, and Lybia, after their toilsome journeys.

On the next day, which was the day of preparation for the festival, Jerusalem presented a very strange sight. The courts of the temple, the parts before the gates, the roofs of the houses, the Mount of Olives, as far as its highest pinnacle, the valley of the Kedron, and the whole environs of the city, were covered with a sudden verdure. The gardens and meadows had already assumed the yellow hue of autumn; the vine-trees were divested of their grapes, and the trees of their fruit; but the palms, the firs, the myrtles, and the pomegranates preserve their foliage longer, and on this occasion they were compelled to yield their branches for the constructing of green bowers in all parts of the country around. Those of the rich people were adorned internally with beautiful carpets, and even the vessels and plates of silver and of gold, used on the most solemn occasions, were conveyed into them. Towards the evening, after the customary ablutions, all the Israelites left their dwellings, and went to occupy these tabernacles.

Iddo had resigned the use of his court and his roof to strangers, and had erected himself a tabernacle in a vineyard on the Mount of Olives,

to which he and the family of Salumiel, with his own, repaired. All placed themselves around the richly furnished table, and Iddo prayed thus: "We praise Thee, O God, Thou King of the earth, that Thou hast given us Thy commandments to sanctify us, and that Thou hast commanded us to dwell in tabernacles."

He then emptied the cup, the rest followed his example, and the same thing was done almost at the same instant in the thousands of other tents. This was the commencement of the festival. The evening was spent in singing psalms, and in pleasant conversation. Well may they rejoice whose sins are removed; of all joys which the human heart is capable of experiencing, none is so deeply felt as that of reconciliation. If, after the nine days of penitence, came a festival of expiation, it was natural that this also should be followed by another feast, such as that of tabernacles, which might have the purpose of expressing joyfulness. This was strongly felt by Helon.

Towards midnight the lamps in the bowers and on the roofs of the houses in the city were gradually extinguished. The women, the children, and the weakly persons returned to their houses, and the men laid themselves down to rest on the floors of the tabernacles. When daylight had commenced they all left their bowers, and proceeded towards the temple, the courts of which were filled before the morning oblation. The usual ceremonies of extinguishing the lamps, killing the lamb, burning incense in the holy place, and offering the morning sacrifice, were first gone through. The eight priests then ranged themselves on the sloping ascent of the altar, each with that part of the sacrificial instruments entrusted to his care. All at once the Levites struck up the musical instruments with joyous sounds; the water-gate was opened; and through its lofty folding-doors a priest entered with a golden ewer full of water which had been drawn from the spring of Siloah, whose softly flowing stream runs at the foot of Mount Moriah (*Isa. viii. 6*). All was silent except the sound of the silver trumpets. When the priest approached the altar of burnt-offering, he was met by another priest, who bore a vessel of wine, and they both said, "With joy we draw water from the wells of salvation" (*Isa. xii. 3*).

All the people replied chanting the same words. The priest, who had descended from the altar, then took from the other the ewer of water, and mingled it with the wine, and with this he sprinkled the altar. The chant of Hallel was sung in the meantime by the Levites, attended with a great number of musical instruments, the people who filled the courts holding a citorn in the one hand, and a bundle of palm, olive, myrtle and willow branches in the other, which added much to the appearance of joyfulness on this day.

(Lev. xxiii. 40; Neh. viii. 15). Thus it was said proverbially, that he who had not seen the joy of the people during the sprinkling of the water had seen no joy.

Helon regarded this joy in a double sense. He looked upon it not only as an expression of thankfulness for the early rain which falls in the seventh month, rendering easy the working and preparation of the soil, and for the latter rain which falls in the eleventh month, giving abundance to the fruits of the earth: but in his mind it included a recognition of the water which gushed forth from the rock at the stroke of Moses' rod, and of which the Israelites drank in the wilderness. Besides, it seemed to him to represent a still higher blessing, which the Messiah, when He came, would fully disclose and prepare for all people.*

Besides the usual burnt-offering of the day, with its cake and its sprinkling, the special sacrifice consisted of thirteen bullocks, taken from the best of the flock; two rams; fourteen lambs of the first year, and a kid for a sin-offering (Num. xxix. 13-16). On this day priests of all the courses were on duty, and they were required to the number of at least four hundred and eighty-six. When the Levites, skilful in their art, were disposed on the fifteen steps, or rather the sloping ascents, and the great Hallel was sung by them in the 118th Psalm, the people and priests moved around the altar, to represent the treading of their fathers through the wilderness, holding as before a citron in one hand, and a bundle of palm and myrtle branches in the other, and repeating: "O Lord, help us now; O Lord, grant us now prosperity," at the same time shaking the branches they carried in their hands. As they passed before the high priest they bowed as if to render homage to the person of highest sanctity among the people, and showered the fragrant leaves and fruit as the choice gifts of the earth at his feet.

Helon did like his brethren, but he looked forward to a time when all the promises of Jehovah should be fulfilled, and he especially meditated on those words of the Hallel: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord" (Ps. cxviii. 26, compare with Matt. xxi. 8, 9).

The remainder of the day was passed in offering sacrifices of prosperity, or thank-offerings, and in listening to the reading and explanation of the law, which in the sabbatical year was read from the beginning to the end at the Feast of Tabernacles.

Immediately after the evening-sacrifice, the multitude crowded to the court of the women, which was illuminated by means of four cande-

labra of gold, fifty cubits in height, to which a great number of small lamps were suspended. The Levites with their musical instruments stood on the fifteen steps, and the women from the galleries over the porticoes assisted in the rejoicing of the people. The members of the Sanhedrim, the elders and chief men of the nation, took torches in their hands, and sung psalms and sacred songs. When they had retired, the youths displayed feats of bodily strength and agility, and the festive assemblage did not disperse till a late hour of the night.

The feast lasted eight days, but with this difference; the number of bullocks for the burnt-offering was diminished by one every day: instead of thirteen bullocks killed on the first day, only seven were slaughtered on the seventh: thus the number of these sacrifices during seven days was seventy, and in the six following days, occupations might be pursued, which were forbidden on the first.

The traffic, which took place at all the great festivals, was especially active at this time; every one purchased what was necessary against the approaching season of winter. The curious productions of Egypt, the imports and manufactures of Tyre, the spices of the East, the balm of Gilead, and the corn and cattle of Galilee, were bartered for gold. Helon, however, found no pleasure in seeing what he considered a profanation of the house of God, and withdrew from the sight of it to pass his days in the tabernacle of Iddo, on the Mount of Olives.

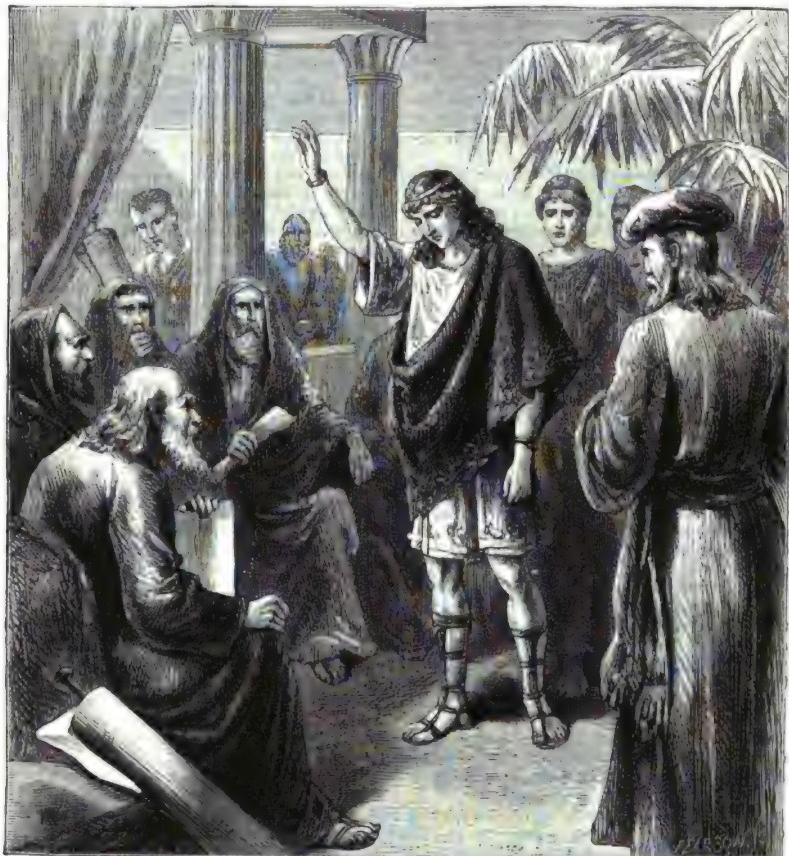
On the third day, he presented his thank-offering, which was truly to him what its name implied, an offering of peace, and afterwards he availed himself of the permission which the priests enjoyed on festival days, to go into the holy place and see its magnificence. The altar of burnt-offering was not within but in front of the temple. Twelve steps ascended from the level of its base to the temple. The building consisted of three parts, the portico, the holy place, and the holy of holies. Within, the portico was ninety cubits in height, fifty in length, and twenty in breadth. Every part of it was gilded. Opposite to the entrance was the curtain which closed the passage into the holy place. This was twenty cubits in breadth, sixty in height, and forty in length. Within stood the golden candlestick, the golden altar of incense, and the golden table of shew-bread. The holy of holies, before the entrance, to which a second curtain hung, was a cube of twenty cubits. There were chambers of three stories high on the sides, and over the holy and most holy places, entered by doors in the portico, and these served as repositories for treasures and other valuables. The whole of this part of the building was ceiled with plates of gold. The golden lampstand was on the southern side, and its seven lamps were kindled every evening; towards the north was the table of shew-bread, on which the loaves were placed every week; and in the middle was the altar of incense, on which, morning and evening, a priest officiated while the lamb was offered. Only the foot of a priest might enter the holy place; into the holy of holies none but the high-priest might go, and that only once in the year, on the day of

* The ceremony of the sprinkling of the water was introduced at a late period in the history of the Jewish nation into the ritual of the Feast of Tabernacles. The water of Siloah was in their eyes an emblem of the Holy Spirit, as appears from the following passage in the Talmud of Jerusalem: "Why is this place said to be the place of drawing water?" Because here one obtains the Holy Spirit, as it is written, "With joy ye shall draw water from the wells of Salvation." Perhaps it was to this ceremony, and the idea attached to it, that our Lord alluded when He said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink" (John vii. 37-39). This will be as a fountain of living water springing up unto life everlasting.

atonement. What gave a higher interest to the feelings which occupied Helon's mind was the company of the old man who had promised to be his guide. After a long silence he said: "I promised thy father and thy uncle to do for thee what I have done. Jehovah has guided thee by my means; may He guide henceforth thy spirit, for thou wilt see me no more on earth." He at last left him, and Helon hastened to Salumiel, who told him that his words were always true and comforting.

After the first moment of surprise was passed, Iddo was inclined to thrust him away from the tent by force; Salumiel seemed doubtful how to act, when Myron, whose pale face and shrunk figure had prevented their knowing him at first, exclaimed, "Let Helon decide on my fate!"

He slowly raised his head in saying these words, and his countenance being made bright by the lamp burning there since the commencement of the evening, all were struck by his dejected manner, and the extreme paleness of his looks.



MYRON'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

XIII.—THE PROSLEYTE.

Salumiel and Helon returned together after a meal to Iddo's tabernacle, constructed of green boughs, in the garden on the Mount of Olives. When they had seated themselves, a stranger appeared among them, whom they did not at first recognise. It was Myron.

"The day when my foolish thoughtlessness gave a shock to the tranquillity of your life," continued the unhappy young man, addressing the nephew of Elisama, "I fled into the wilderness of Judah. A priest found me wandering there, brought me back to Jerusalem, and received me hospitably. He told me what had befallen you; and I testified to him my deep remorse and penitence. His instructions soon finished what

the anguish of these last months had commenced. I am resolved to abandon the fables and follies of the heathen, in which I have been brought up, and to turn to the worship of the one true God. To-day an aged and venerable man entered the house of my host, and bade me seek thee out and tell thee in his name, that thou shouldst receive me not only into thy friendship, but also as a brother into thy faith. Behold me ready to become a proselyte!"

"This," said Helon, "must be the aged man of the temple; I will follow his counsel," added he, throwing himself into the arms of Myron. He embraced the friend of his youth, and begged him to forgive his groundless suspicions. "Oh!" said he, "if Elisama had been here, what joy it would be for him to see thee become one of us, as he had always hoped! Did I not too predict, that if thou shouldst see Israel in all its glory in the Land of Promise, thou wouldest desire to become a partaker of their hopes?"

"The God who made heaven and earth hath done this," said Myron. "He hath severely punished my folly, and in the midst of my chastisement made me to know your law and your hopes."

This scene entirely changed the sentiments of those who had witnessed at first the resentment shown towards the young Greek.

Myron, in his usual frank and impulsive manner, pressed his speedy reception as a proselyte, and his friends were the more desirous for it, as it seemed to them that this festival would be made more solemn by the announcement of his conversion. It was not uncommon at this time to see heathens join themselves as proselytes to the Jewish people; they were regarded as a pledge of the approach of the time when the promises of God should be fulfilled, which, as they considered them, implied the dominion of their country over all the people of the earth.

Iddo, and the priest with whom Myron had lodged, endeavoured to prevail on him, by submitting to circumcision, baptism, and the sacrifice of three turtle-doves, to become a proselyte of righteousness, and thus to be incorporated into the Jewish nation, and permitted to bring his sacrifice, like a native Jew, into the court of the priests. Myron hesitated, being more inclined to become only a proselyte of the gate, and Helon took his part.

"What more is necessary?" asked he. "Will he not thus enjoy the benefits of the law, partake of all the privileges of Israel, and dwell in our gates?"

On the following morning, they conducted the young Greek before the judges who sat at the gate of Nicanor. In the presence of three witnesses, Helon, Salumiel, and the priest his host. Myron solemnly renounced idolatry, professed his belief in all the truths which are revealed in the law, and promised to observe the seven precepts of Noah, as they are called; namely, to abstain from idolatry, to worship only the true God, to avoid incest, not to commit theft, or robbery or murder, to maintain judgment and justice, and not to eat of anything that contained blood, consequently from things strangled. He was then permitted to offer a sacrifice, but in

offering it, he was not allowed to come any further than to the enclosure between the court of the Gentiles and the court of Israel. From this time he bore the name of a devout man, one that feared God, a stranger or proselyte of the gate.

"Bless the Lord," said Helon to him, and pray to Him to grant to all heathen idolaters the same grace that He has given thee. The advent of the Messiah, who shall accomplish this, cannot be far distant. He shall be the light of the Gentiles, and the consolation of Israel. The sceptre is already departed from Judah (Gen. xlix. 10), and is in the hand of a son of Levi. The seventy weeks of Daniel are hastening to their close (Dan. ix. 25-27). Our scribes declare that the seventy oxen sacrificed during the seven days of this festival are offered for all the people of the world. What a glorious time will that be when they will all know the Lord! The aged priest in the temple taught me that the sacrifices are but a visible prophecy, commanded to the people from a want of a more spiritual faith. The Messiah comes who will remove all our doubts. In the meanwhile let us rejoice in the belief of what Jehovah has decreed in His counsels: "the law shall go forth from Zion, and his word from Jerusalem; and he shall teach the Gentiles his ways and they shall walk in his paths."

The friends embraced each other, Helon repeating the words of the last of the prophets, "The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts" (Mal. iii. 1). And descending from the Mount of Olives, Helon went to the temple.

The last day of the Feast of Tabernacles was the most joyous of all. Instead of once, the people went seven times round the altar, with their branches and their citrons. The father of the family pronounced the blessing over the last cup of wine; then all the guests arose, and returned to their houses, carrying away a citron, a pomegranate, a branch, or a leaf, as a memorial of the festival. The next day, which was the eighth, there was a solemn assembly or special sabbath to the full week of the feast. On this day no circuit was made around the altar, and no servile work was performed. Every year on this day the reading of the law and the prophets ended, and was recommenced on the following sabbath.

The tabernacles were broken up, and only the scattered leaves, flowers, and fillets testified that they had been. The pilgrims were preparing for their departure, and exchanging their farewell salutations. The autumn wind blew chill, and the rainy season of winter was fast approaching. The circle of the Jewish feasts was closed, the half-year of harvest was at an end, its green was changed to an autumnal yellow; and the roads to Jerusalem, almost deserted, were no longer enlivened by the song of the pilgrim, or the joyous cries of strangers returning in crowds to their habitations.

Salumiel and his family took the road by Bethany to Jericho, but Myron resolved to remain for a time in the Holy Land, in order to study

the better the law, which he knew as yet but imperfectly. Helen and Salumith betook themselves to Joppa, in order to embark in a Phoenician ship for Alexandria. He looked from the heights of Joppa to the hills of Judah, and blessed the beloved land which had been to him not only a land of promise, but a land of fulfilment. The image of his pious mother, all whose expectations he was about to accomplish and surpass, her joy at seeing him again, and the prospect of returning to the land of her fathers, and visiting the grave of her husband, her blessing bestowed on him and Salumith—all these things occupied his mind with delightful anticipations.

They commenced their voyage to Alexandria, where they wished to arrive as soon as possible. The wind was favourable, they swiftly ran along the coast, and left Ashdod, Askalon, Gaza, and

other places behind. The mind of Helen was as clear and calm as the mirror in which the sea reflected the bright blue heavens. Delightful anticipations of futurity seemed to take possession of his soul, and to communicate to all around him somewhat of the power of his faith and happiness. He had arrived in the promised land with pious desires, and was now separated from it for a short period, a priest, a husband, and a believer.*

* The story here reproduced under the title of "Helen of Alexandria" is derived from a work originally written in German, by M. Strauss of Berlin. Nearly fifty years ago a series of sketches, founded on this work, appeared in the French journal *Le Semeur*. By the advice of the venerated Pastor Adolph Monod, and the consent of the editor of *Le Semeur*, these sketches were published as a narrative by the Société des Étoiles du Dimanche in Paris. From the French version of the story our translation is given.

THE LAST OF THE KING'S WEIGH HOUSE.



THE OLD WEIGH HOUSE, EASTCHEAP.

THE pedestrian along Fish Street Hill near the monument, in the City of London, who sees, perhaps from the opposite side, distinctly written up Eastcheap, will, if a reader of Shakespeare, be not a little disappointed by the entire absence of every indication of the antique times of the old city. Yet this was the old site of those merry doings which furnish some of the liveliest scenes in the pages of the great poet in his "Henry IV." Hero stood the far-famed "Boar's Head," long ages since the most renowned tavern, not merely in London, but probably in all England; this was the spot very naturally chosen for the revels of the young prince and Falstaff. Hither came, ages after, Oliver Goldsmith, and in his own charming manner, in his slight periodical "The Bee," he called up a

succession of fantastic dreams connected with the old spot and its neighbourhood, when it was something more than the busy haunt of trade and commerce, and when upon its most immediate skirts were to be found some of the most famed religious houses, convents and monasteries, and some of the most imposing residences of the more illustrious nobility.

The reader, who has advanced thus far, will perhaps say, "What has all this to do with the removal or demolition of the well-known old chapel, honourably known as the King's Weigh House?" When upon this very spot it was that wicked old Falstaff said, "An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath

been the spoil of me." Such were the bad old knight's reflections in Eastcheap. But, in fact, the site which the King's Weigh House at present occupies is very recent. Almost opposite to Fish Street Hill, until within the last fifty years, the King's Weigh House stood in Eastcheap. Eastcheap, we may suppose, very naturally derived its name from its being the eastern quarter of Cheapside, the great market street of ancient London. In order to identify old localities our imagination must remove many young upstart streets and modern buildings, and transfer that same imagination to a time when, probably, Eastcheap, Cornhill and Cheapside were one lengthy street. Eastcheap probably separated them, as since by the long street of Gracechurch or Bishops-gate; certainly before the Great Fire of London the King's Weigh House was in Cornhill. This Weigh House was a very old institution, we suppose a kind of office for the registration of tariffs; hither were conveyed the various kinds of merchandise brought from beyond the seas, and here they were submitted to what was called the King's Beam, and after being weighed were conveyed back to their owners. For this purpose a good many officers were employed, and as the building belonged to the Company of Grocers, so all the places were in their gift. This building was destroyed in the Great Fire of London. It was in this immediate neighbourhood, as the monument of London testifies, that the fire broke out; and the Weigh House was removed to Eastcheap. Before this period, at the time of the ejection of the Nonconformist clergy from their pulpits in 1662, a company of religious folk, seeking for some place of worship and spiritual communion and instruction, had sought and found shelter in some loft or room in the King's Weigh House. It is quite remarkable to find how many such buildings in the City of London opened their doors from time to time to receive the exiles from the parish churches; there was Pinners' Hall, Cutlers' Hall, Haberdashers' Hall, Salters' Hall, and many other places.

The society meeting in the King's Weigh House appears to have been composed of the followers of Mr. Samuel Slater, who for forty years had been minister of the Collegiate Chapel of St. Catherine's, in the Tower. It must have been in his extreme old age that he became an ejected minister; the religious society, therefore, of what is called the King's Weigh House, first originated during some of the most tremendous years of the history of the great city. First came the desolation of the plague, and then the devastation of the Great Fire.

It was after the fire, as we have already said, the Weigh House was re-erected in Eastcheap, on a spot where formerly stood the church of St. Andrew Hubbard, destroyed in the fire; now, however, a more commodious home was provided for the worshippers. The practice of weighing on this spot had long begun to fall into disuse; the lower portion of the building therefore was appropriated to warehouses and stores, and over these a large room became the home of those who in this way claimed their right of freedom to worship God. Still it was a long time before it

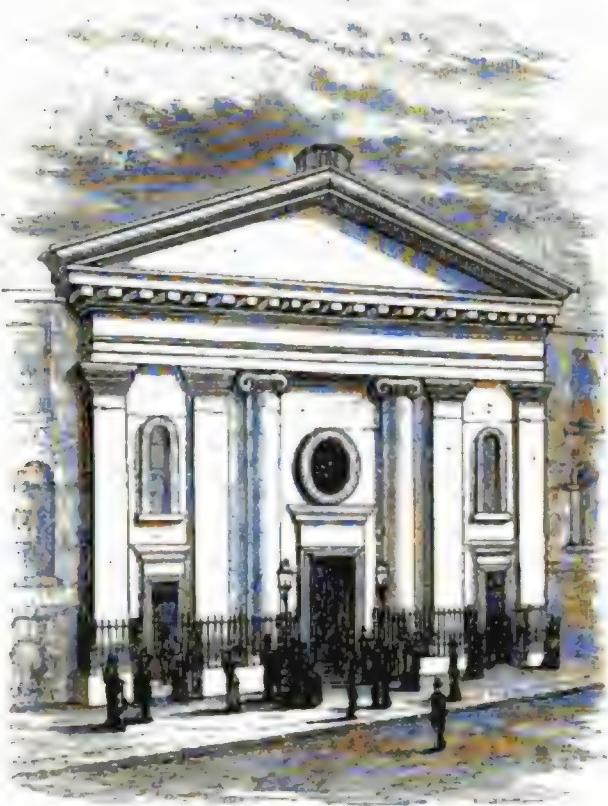
grew into handsome and shapely proportions; perhaps from the first with its colonnade and columns it looked more imposing from without than comfortable within; nearly a hundred years passed away from its erection in 1695, before it assumed somewhat handsome proportions within, when it was completed in 1797. John Clayton, the elder, had then been pastor of the congregation for nearly twenty years, and a writer at the commencement of the present century speaks of it as, "being fitted in an expensive manner and style of great elegance." Our memory of the old building scarcely permits us to use this glowing language, but it was no doubt thought to be and was one of the noblest Nonconformist edifices in the City of London.

During the period from its first appropriation to Divine service, and its more finished condition, it had known fourteen pastors; Nonconformity had passed through many trying ordeals. Mr. Slater, the first minister, died in 1670; he was between eighty and ninety years of age, and appears to have been regarded with the most profound reverence for the piety of his character and the purity of his principles. To him succeeded his curate, or assistant, at the church of St. Catherine's in the Tower, who was ejected with him; his connection with the Weigh House must have been short, for in 1670 we find Thomas Kentish minister there. He had been ejected from his rectory at Overton, in Hampshire, by the Act of Uniformity, and held the pastorate for twenty-five years. To him succeeded another named John Knowles. At the time of his election he must have been greatly advanced in life, he had passed through a career, from his earliest days, of singular vicissitude and even adventure; he had been chosen Fellow of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, had been a fellow-labourer with the great Dr. Sibbes; then he had been minister at Colchester, in Essex, had received an invitation, being ejected from Colchester, to a church at Waterton, in Massachusetts, one of the very earliest sites of New England, a spot we know well, but which was then subject to frequent and cruel irruptions from the Indians in the surrounding woods. Returning to England for a short time, he became a very popular preacher in the cathedral at Bristol; here he was silenced by the Act of Uniformity; so that he must have been advanced in life when he became the minister of the Weigh House. He lived to a good old age, and died in 1685.

All the ministers whose names we have cited were members of the great English Universities, and had occupied respectable, if not eminent positions in the Church of England. To these succeeded others, all apparently equally, or even more distinguished, among whom may be mentioned Dr. William Langford and Dr. Samuel Wilton, and then came John Clayton, the friend and sometime conditor of that singular eccentricity, Sir Harry Trelawny. Mr. Clayton, when he settled at the Weigh House, had been regarded as a minister of the Countess of Huntingdon's communion; the Weigh House society had up to this time apparently regarded itself as Presbyterian. Henceforth both pastor and people became known beneath the designation of Independents.

But the place rose to its greatest eminence when, in 1829, Thomas Binney became its minister; there was such a freshness in his dealing with Scripture character and incidents, such a vivid insight into the heart of great Christian doctrines, such strength of language, such manliness and independence, that the preacher and the pulpit soon became renowned.

Thus it happened that, in 1834, the congregation stepped across the way. Eastcheap, as the reader knows, is a turning out of Fish Street Hill; the congregation found a site on Fish Street Hill, there they erected what was then regarded as a noble and commodious building. On May 25, 1834, Mr. Binney preached the last sermon in Eastcheap from the text, "Arise, let us go hence;" and three days after, May 28, John Angel James, preached the first sermon in the new building from the text, "And there they preached the gospel."



THE WEIGH HOUSE CHAPEL.

Nearly fifty years have passed away, both of the preachers have been gathered to the fathers. It is not less affecting to think how strong and stable and every way fitted to stand for centuries are the walls of the building now to be levelled with the ground. The very site will soon lose all the ancient memories. It was close by that Thomas Brooks uttered his rich and racy words, full of learned allusions, and if full of piety not less laden with pithy and humorous anecdote and aphorism. He was minister of St. Margaret, New Fish Street. There he poured forth his "London Lamentations : or, a serious Discourse concerning that late fiery Dispensation that turned our (once renowned) City into a ruinous Heap. Also the several lessons that are incumbent upon those whose houses have escaped the consuming flames."

Mr. Paxton Hood preached the last of a series of valedictory sermons, March 30, to a thronged congregation. On the following Sunday the present minister, the Rev. Alexander Sandison, united in a solemn farewell to the beloved temple; in the evening a solemn communion service was held, when not merely the body of the chapel, but even the galleries, were thronged with communicants. And so the old Weigh House of Fish Street Hill, and of Eastcheap, and old Cornhill, came to an end.

Its pulpit through many ages, and especially through the last half-century, has held so considerable a place in educating and training the active religious life of the times, that its removal may be well felt, "even as when a standard bearer faiuteth."

AN AFRICAN'S GRATITUDE.

M R. MACKENZIE, in his "Ten Years North of the Orange River," gives a curious anecdote, showing a Bechuana man's idea of gratitude. The story is as follows :

" Two men, belonging to the Batlalo town, some twelve miles from Kuruman, were returning home after a day's hunt. They had been unsuccessful, having spent all their ammunition without killing anything. The hunters were passing through some dense bush, when a tiger sprang on one of them, seizing him by the cheek with his teeth, and scratching his body with its claws. Having inflicted what it considered a deadly wound, the tiger let the man go, and retreated into the bush, for this animal does not immediately devour its prey.

" The wounded man's friend now returned and carried him home. His face was in a dreadful state, the jaw being damaged, the cheek torn and perforated, and even the poor fellow's tongue injured.

" The man who carried him home now walked to Kuruman to ask help, confessing to me, however, that he did not think his friend would survive. I gave him the wherewithal to make a poultice for the whole side of the face, and sent also some medicine to strengthen and support the man.

" Many a time that faithful friend walked the twelve miles to report the progress of the cure. At length his visits became less frequent; and I was wondering what had become of him, when one day a stranger walked into the mission-house. It was my patient, come to exhibit the cure, and, as I thought, to make at least a touching speech expressing his indebtedness to me.

" He sat down, and narrated the whole thing over again, mentioning the various medicines which had been given, etc. He then said, 'My mouth is not exactly where it used to be' (which was quite true, the damaged cheek being shrunk), 'but the wound is quite whole. Everybody said I should die; but your herbs cured

me. You are now my white man. 'Naea thipa tle, Ra?' 'please to give me a knife!'

"I could not believe my ears, and asked, 'What did you say?' 'I haven't got a knife; please to give me a knife. You see,' he added, as I wondered what reply I should make, 'you are now my own white man, and I shall always come and beg of you.'

"I mildly suggested that he might at least thank me for my medicines. He interrupted me: 'Why, am I not doing so? Have I not said that you are now my white man? And do I not now beg a knife from you?'

"After all, there was an explanation of his conduct, which subsequent intercourse with heathen people enabled me to discover. The man's position, so mysterious to me at the time, was this: 'Here is a person who has cured me; I am come to do him honour. How shall I do so? By begging of him?' To be begged from is one of the marks of chieftainship among Bechuanas. A stranger will say that his chief is a great man; people come from all quarters to beg from him."

The story is quaint, and almost ludicrous. So strange a way of showing gratitude makes one smile. Yet it is not difficult to see here a parable: a parable representing very closely the case of those who have received mercy from the Lord, and have learnt to come to Him as their God and Saviour.

The African had been cured; his deadly wound had been healed. So has the believer. A far worse enemy had him in his grasp, he was sore wounded, and it seemed as if nothing but death—eternal death—lay before him; guilt and sin were upon him, Satan had him in his power. Then Christ delivered Him; took away his guilt, healed his wounds, and saved his life—his soul's life.

This bound him to his Lord. Till now he had not known Him. Outwardly perhaps he had known Him, but not really. Never till now could he call Him "My Saviour, my Lord." But now he can and does. He is redeemed, rescued, healed. The blood of the Lamb has done this. In his case, this and the grace of the Spirit have been the healing ointment, and the cleansing and restoring medicine. He loves his Deliverer. He claims an interest in Him now, and is joined to Him by a bond which cannot be broken. Now he can say "my" Saviour, my Lord, my King and my God.

One effect of this change is that he prays. He did not pray before. But now he has become a man of prayer. He prays habitually. And in every fresh trouble, difficulty or need, he prays to his newly-found Saviour and Friend, and to the Father by Him. The throne of grace was unknown to him before—unknown, unfrequented, uncared for; but now it is his delight, and his continual resort. He asks of God through Jesus Christ every day. He goes to Him again and again for fresh gifts; not ashamed of going so often, not afraid of asking for all he wants.

How is he received? The missionary was surprised at the African coming to beg of him; he expected thanks, not a petition. God expects thanks too; and not in vain, for the grateful

Christian mingles praise with his prayers: but God is not displeased at being asked for more. Such gratitude is not strange in his eyes; a gratitude that begs, a gratitude that asks, and asks again, by reason of a new tie, a new relationship. This petitioner, this grateful believer, asks because of what he has received. This may seem strange to man; but it is not strange to God. "For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts" (Isa. lv. 8, 9).

So far from being displeased, God invites us to pray. We cannot pray too often, or ask for too much. We may make His past mercies a plea for more. "Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation" (Psa. xxvii. 9). Thus David prayed; and often did he pray in the same strain, pleading with God by past mercies. Our Father delights in blessing His children. And He loves them to come to Him for all they want, because this shows in them the mind and heart of children. They even do Him honour by their prayer; for thus others see how they trust in Him, and how He can bless them. The best and greatest of gifts He has already bestowed on them, in giving His Son to save them, and in making them His children by adoption and grace. And "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" (Rom. viii. 32).

The other man, be it observed, asked for nothing; it was the man saved from death who begged for the knife. Why? Because he had been saved. The Christless soul does not pray: the man of prayer is he who has experienced Christ's healing power, and is knit to Him in faith and love.

F. B.

Mary of Bethany.

O HAPPY maid, who at the feet
Of Jesus found a safe retreat;
Who look'd into His face benign,
And listen'd to the words Divine
That made her heart with music beat—

No tumult of the dusty street
Disturbs her in that quiet seat,
Near to the True and Living Vine.
O happy maid!

Dear Saviour, give me, I entreat,
Communion high, and close, and sweet;
Let Mary's privilege be mine,
Like Mary make me wholly shine,
For her's a joy supreme, complete,—

O happy maid!

CHARLES D. BELL, D.D.

Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE.

CHAPTER II.—MADELEINE'S MOTHER.



MADELEINE'S mother was a native of Switzerland, of the Canton of Vaud. She was the daughter of a poor, but respectable man, who had formerly served under the first Napoleon.

After the political agitations in France, he returned to his native village; but he could not resume the agricultural labour to which he had so long been unaccustomed; and possessing but

little he was glad to be employed as the country postman. He married, and had one daughter, who during many years completed the happiness of this humble home.

John Nodet was an upright and pious man. The day never closed without his taking the large Bible and reading a chapter, and praying with his family. But unhappily he did not know how to soften the austerity of his principles. He was uncompromising with himself, and so was he towards others. His wife was of a timid and docile nature; moreover, she loved her husband tenderly, and yielded herself to his guidance in all things. But it was not the same with Catherine his daughter, who inherited her father's firmness, which in her case sometimes became obstinacy. Being young, lively, and attractive, she wished to enjoy herself; and when her father opposed her going to the village fêtes, she turned a deaf ear, and openly disobeyed him. Painful scenes followed, and peace and quietness forsook their home; John's feelings were wounded, and he was angry at the frivolity of his daughter; and instead of seeking to reclaim her by gentleness and affection, he became more and more stern and cold, and Catherine became more petulant and self-willed.

Just about this time a new line of railway was being constructed near their village; and some Italian workmen came into the country; they joined in the dances, and courted the young girls. Catherine attracted the attention of one of them, who succeeded in gaining her heart, and after a time, they were said to be engaged. It was true, the imprudent girl had engaged herself without the consent of her parents; and what a deep wound it was for them! John did all he could to prevent his daughter from being married to an unknown foreigner, who had been brought up in a different religion from herself—but all in vain; she persisted in her determination.

Then her father—indignant and provoked, left her to go her own way, refusing however to give her his blessing on her marriage. Catherine went away soon after with her husband, carrying in her heart the burden of John Nodet's just anger.

From that time all communication ceased between them. No one heard the parents speak of their prodigal child, by their fireside. Some months after the mother sank under a grief which she was unable to bear, and John was left alone.

Grief whitened his hair, and bent his tall form: but his vigorous constitution withstood the trial. "He lifted up his eyes to the hills from whence cometh help," and he continued for some years longer faithfully to discharge day

after day his duty as postman. A large spaniel was always at his heels, following him as closely as his shadow.

As to Catherine, she at first wandered from place to place with her husband, who went wherever the work called him. Pietro was very kind to her. He laboured hard, and was sober and frugal, like most of the Italians. He contented himself with little, and regularly gave his earnings to his wife; and the birth of little Madeleine completed their conjugal felicity. At length they settled themselves in Florence, where Pietro found profitable employment, while Catherine engaged herself as portress in a large house. Several years thus passed peacefully away; and the young couple were able to save some of their earnings. But then came a sad day when Pietro was brought home a corpse, having been killed by the fall of a large stone, which was intended to form the corner of a flight of steps. It was being raised slowly by a pulley; the rope was broken by its weight, and the stone in falling crushed the unfortunate workman! Catherine was distracted with grief; and it was with difficulty that she recovered from this terrible event; she continued so absorbed by her sorrow, that she neglected her service, and it ended by her falling into a decline. Then being dismissed by her employers, she hired the room situated over Ceccherini's shop. She had become acquainted with this man, on seeing him when he came to clean the rooms of the ancient palace of which she was the portress.

Poor woman! she had forgotten and neglected her God! The hour of trial had now come, and from whom could she seek help and consolation?

Her situation became more and more painful. She was wasted by sickness, and she had neither strength nor spirit to work: her pecuniary resources were rapidly diminishing, she felt death was approaching, what would become of her child? and where was she herself going?

It was in this time of her anguish, and with the despair of a soul which had lost every earthly hope, that she turned towards the Lord. The past came back distinctly to her memory, and she now understood how selfish and hard-hearted her conduct towards her parents had been: and especially she thought of her ingratitude towards God. Earnestly longing for pardon and peace, she sought for them in the old Bible—her father's present, which for years she had neglected. Every day Madeleine saw her mother open this little black book, and afterwards hide her face in her wasted hands, and weep for a long while. This astonished the child, and sometimes she asked her mother why she did so, but Catherine hesitated to answer her, thinking her still too young to comprehend the cause of her tears. Her prayers were at length answered, and Jesus granted her the pardon she so humbly sought. Joy and gratitude overflowed her soul; then she learnt also, that she had not fulfilled the most important duties of a mother, she had not instructed her daughter in the truths of the gospel. Catherine did not deceive herself, she knew that Madeleine would soon be left alone and ignorant amidst a foreign people, and this thought deeply distressed her.

"Oh that I had early taught her to know her Saviour! she said to herself with anguish;" "what I can teach her now will be speedily forgotten."

"Poor child! What will become of her?" was the thought that took possession of her mother.

Suddenly an idea inspired her. With a trembling hand she wrote a letter which she folded, sealed, and sent to the post by Madeleine, who was much surprised at the novelty of such an errand.

On the return of the child, the sick woman was just recovering from a fit of her intermittent fever, and this had greatly weakened her. She nevertheless drew her daughter close to her.

"Madda," she said softly, "I have never told you that

you have a good grandfather very far away from this place, in a beautiful country called Switzerland. It is to him that I have been writing; and if he be still alive, as I hope he is, he will come, I am sure, and take care of you."

"Will he take us away with him, mother?" asked the little one, opening her eyes wide at this prospect.

Catherine turned away her head, and a bitter tear trickled down her cheek. What would she not have given, indeed, to be once more in that humble cottage at the end of the village, near the fir-trees, of which it seemed to her to breathe the reviving fragrance.

"Yes, my child, we will go with him, or rather you will go," added Catherine, in a lower tone, caressing the brown head which was leaning upon her. "You will be good and gentle and respectful to your grandfather; he will teach you many things that I ought myself to have taught you. You will listen to him, will you not? you will obey him in all things."

"Yes, mother," answered Madeleine, who felt her heart swelling, she scarcely knew why. Her eyes suddenly fell on the black book which her mother pressed in her folded hands. "Mother," said she impatiently, "why are you always reading that book? It makes you sad—let me take it away."

"No, no, Madeleine, quite the contrary; this book is my greatest treasure, my greatest consolation; it speaks to me of God's love to me, of His pardon! Madde, if I become worse, and if even the Lord sees fit to take me to Himself, promise me to take care of this book until your grandfather comes: conceal it from everybody, lest it might be taken away from you. He will often teach you to read it," added she with a sigh; "and you will remember, in studying it, that this gospel was all my happiness in the time of my extremity."

Madeleine was touched. She kissed her mother, and promised all she desired, though without even comprehending very much what it was all about. She could speak French a little, but she read it badly—Italian being her usual language.

From that day Catherine became rapidly weaker. This was the last conversation of any length she had with Madeleine, until the evening when, as we have seen, the brethren of the *Miséricorde* carried her away to the hospital from whence the poor woman was never to return.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XXVIII.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper." *Psa. lxxii. 12.* Read *Mark v. 21–43*.

The men of Gadara would not have Jesus to remain among them; and He took them at their word, and left their ungrateful land. Again He and His disciples went across the lake in their little boat, and went to Capernaum. Here there was one waiting for Him anxiously—a great man—a ruler of the synagogue; do you remember who it was that built the synagogue at Capernaum? (See *Luke vii. 5*.) What was the petition of this ruler? Jairus had only one child, a little daughter of twelve years of age, and now that she was lying at the point of death, he would not rest till he could bring the Lord Jesus to lay His hands on her and heal her. Was it necessary that Jesus should go, and see, and lay His hands on those whom He healed? You know that it was not so; give me some instances of cures that Jesus wrought when at a distance. (See *John iv. 50*; *Luke vii. 10*.) Jesus, however, went at once with Jairus, and so

many people accompanied Him that He was surrounded by a crowd as He walked along.

In this crowd there was a poor, suffering, timid woman, who had not even courage to cry to Jesus for the healing she so much needed. She got near Him in the crowd, and what did she do? What did she say within herself? That moment she was cured! That touch had been enough, for it was the touch of faith. But Jesus knew it; He had felt that trembling feeble hand upon the border of His garment; and what question did He ask? The disciples were surprised that He should ask this when so many were crowding round; but Jesus knew that one had touched Him in order to be healed. Then the poor woman told Him all the truth. Was Jesus displeased? No, He answered her with words of comfort. Mark how kindly He addressed her, "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague." Thus did He deliver the needy!

All this was on the way. But meanwhile the dearly loved little daughter of the ruler had died. The men sent to tell Him said, "Why trouble the Master?" Ah, they did not know the Master's heart! They knew not His pity; they knew not His power! When they came to the house there was a crowd round it, making great lamentation, in the fashion of that country. Who did Jesus allow to follow Him? What did He say to the people who were weeping and wailing? How did they treat His words? These men had no belief in Jesus; they were not worthy to see what He was going to do; He put them all out. And then He went into the silent room, where that little girl, who had been the joy of the house, was lying cold in death. None were there present but her father and mother, and the three faithful disciples. And Jesus took the little lifeless hand, and said, "Talitha cumi." What is the meaning of these words? And straightway the damsel arose, and walked! Oh, sight of joy, and of wonder! Well might the parents, and the disciples, and the mourners be "astonished with a great astonishment."

Let us remember that Jesus who wrought these wonders upon earth, is still the same even now, in heaven on high. His heart of pity is not cold. His arm of power is not weakened. It is still true that "He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper." Fearful and timid ones who dare not tell their troubles to men, are invited to tell all to Jesus, and to come and touch His garment. Young children are not beneath His notice; sorrowing parents may ask Him to heal their children; He is Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and for ever! Let us seek to know Him better and to love Him more!

Sing.—"Jesus loves me, this I know."

SCRIPTURE EINGMA.

NO. XVII.

1. This do not—handle not the unclean thing.
2. Thy wife doth bring thanksgiving's offering.
3. God shall smite thee anon, thou whitèd wall.
4. This seek in Egypt, lest we perish all.
5. Weep not, forsaken one, thy help is near.
6. Hidden since birth—nourished awhile in fear.
7. Lo, springs and verdure in the desert waste.
8. Thy house is blest through that which here is placed.
9. This the king took, and spread before the Lord.
10. Gigantic chief, thou diest by Israel's sword.
11. Why hast thou taught him to deceive his sire?
12. A silversmith who roused a city's ire.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WEEK WAS DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



WHO IS THE ARTIST?

WINCHERLEY HALL.

CHAPTER VI.

"Never yet in all my round,
Though I've sought him, have found
A wealthy man contented with his gold."

A FEW days after this interview with Mrs. Roberts, the vicar went out on a long round of visiting. He was going thoroughly into the

No. 1580.—AUGUST 18, 1883.

details of his parish, and not a cottage in that wide district but had already received one or more calls from their pastor. He argued that he should never know the needs and necessities of his people except by personal investigation, and with much zeal and labour, he was carrying out the fulfilment of his plan. No easy task was this, when the dwellings were scattered far and wide, sometimes two or three together down in a narrow coombe between the hills, sometimes three or four more on the very extreme points of the

Page One Front.

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wild heath that lay beyond Birkdale. One afternoon, when he returned with wearied feet, and, to confess the truth, an emptied purse in his pocket, he found a dainty little note lying on the study table awaiting his notice.

It was pink-tinted, perfumed, and bore a crest on the envelope. Opening it, he found an invitation from Mrs. Roger Wincherley to dine at the Hall on the next day.

Mr. Howe accepted it at once, he was desirous of knowing something of these, the great people of Birkdale, for he was well aware a parish flourishes all the more when its pastor and squire go hand and hand, heart and heart, in plans and schemes for its true welfare.

"Not that I need expect much sympathy from Squire Wincherley," he decided, as he recalled to memory the tale he had lately heard of "long ago."

But determining prejudice had no right to influence his judgment with regard to this new acquaintance, he felt for the moment sorry he had ever heard that tale.

The entrance to Wincherley Hall was through a noble avenue of trees that were now turning brown, golden, and russet with autumn tints. From the terrace, a fine view was visible of the well-kept grounds, the conservatories, the shrubberies, and the large gardens that were still glowing with the late flowers of autumn. It was evident the culture of flowers was not neglected at the Hall, and the gardener was skilful, for rare and beautiful blossoms tossed their proud heads on every side, gay and bright as the roses of June.

About a dozen guests gathered around the table, most of them strangers to the vicar; they were visitors from London, staying at the Hall, or gentry from the parishes that lay on either side of Birkdale.

Mrs. Roger Wincherley was tall, pale, and haughty. She was handsomely dressed in black velvet, trimmed with rose-point lace, and did the honours of the table in a stately, rather than a genial manner, talking without much animation, and in a low well-modulated tone of voice, to the guests who were seated nearest to her.

Mrs. Wincherley was a widow when Roger married her, and report said she had brought a great deal of money, and a great deal of pride into the family. Her only son was by her first marriage, and he was an ensign in the army. He rarely came to Birkdale, and fully shared his mother's cordial hatred to the place, for Mrs. Wincherley had never settled down pleasantly to her country house. She much preferred the house near Kensington, left her by her late husband, insisting on spending the greater part of the year there, and declaring Birkdale never agreed with her for long at a time. This was a great trouble to Roger at first, who would have been quite contented to pass all his days at the Hall, and who hated being dragged to town just when the country sports were at their height.

Roger had grown stout and florid, he still enjoyed looking at the ruby port in his glass, between the light and his eye, still pronounced experienced judgment on its quality; the only difference was that it required a larger quantity

now to gratify his tastes to the full. Roger still talked politics, and there was a difference in that respect also, his style of argument had grown more heated, more dogged, and less convincing.

But Squire Wincherley interested the vicar much more than did the members of his family. He was an old man now, past seventy-eight years of age—still upright, still slim, still with keen dark eyes, ever looking and watching and calculating. He was a different type of man to his son Roger, a first glance at his refined clear-cut features would decide that.

There was a look of unrest also in that emphatic face of his. Old age has a soothing, softening character when it falls on the true servant of God. It is like the calm sunset when the scorching day is over—the chant of peace when life's conflict is well-nigh done—the quiet harbour in sight when the troubled voyage is nearly ended. Anxiety and worry seem to fade out of the wrinkled face, hope and joy grow brighter and brighter towards the end, and the eyes look out not repiningly on the afflictions, the feeble ness, the infirmities that may gather round the earthly lot—but far, very far beyond them. They gaze in faith towards promises made by the Son of God that will all be realised when the glories of eternity burst on the view.

But there was no softness in Squire Wincherley's eyes. Before the dinner was over the vicar pronounced him a very impatient, fidgety, irascible old man; and ere the evening was past, he felt fully confirmed in his opinion.

The squire found fault with the soup, reproved the butler in an undertone, contradicted Captain Dixon so abruptly, that the preface he used of "My dear sir," hardly covered the brusqueness.

After dinner, when they were all assembled in the drawing-room and Mrs. Roger Wincherley was seated at the piano playing a very elaborate and a very dry piece of classical music, of which the chief merit seemed to be great sound, and no tune, the squire came over to Mr. Howe,—

"Have you ever seen a painting of your fine old church?" he asked.

"Never; but I should very much like to do so; it would make an effective picture."

"I will show you a capital sketch in oils. It was done some years ago by a very clever amateur, and the old building has not changed much since, only a little greyer and time-worn, perhaps. But come with me into the inner room, where we shall hear less of that con—I mean where the sound of my daughter-in-law's playing will not be so overpowering. Those fashionable pieces seem to be composed just to set all the keys of the piano jingling at once."

The vicar was soon bending over a charming little painting, so true in its detail, so exquisite in its style, so pleasing in every way, that a feeling of covetousness seized fast hold of his heart, and he longed for a copy of it.

"I wish I could get a sketch like this," he said. "Do you think it would be possible? Who is the artist? Ah, pardon me, I see a name half hidden in the long grass in the corner of the churchyard." As he spoke, Mr. Howe held the

picturo near the lamp, and read aloud the words inscribed,—

“Owen Wincherley.”

In a moment he recollectcd his error, for the squire's face grew dark with passion, his keen eyes flashed as he almost snatched the picture from the vicar's hands.

“Where do you read *that*? I never saw the name before, concealed like a serpent in the grass. Bah! we have wasted too much time on this thing.” He thrust it aside into a portfolio as he spoke, and flung the portfolio into a corner near an étagère that was loaded with a display of “bric-à-brac.”

The dainty articles rattled and jingled for a moment, and then the squire turned towards Mr. Howe with a countenance from which all the good-humour had vanished.

He said almost angrily, “So I hear, sir, you have brought a fever case into our village. A most imprudent act! Disease comes quite frequently enough amongst us without unnecessarily dragging it into our very midst.”

“You allude to the poor woman who was taken ill during the hop-picking, I conclude! Her case has certainly been that of fever; but it was rheumatic, and that you know is not infectious, neither is it contagious.”

“Rumour gave her ailment a very different name.”

“For once rumour was mistaken,” replied the vicar, smiling. “But even had her disease been of an infectious character, she could not have been left to die in a hopper's house—common humanity would have dictated a more charitable course. The case happened thus: poor Mrs. Roberts was too ill to return home—too ill to be left in the fields, and I did, what I think I should do again under similar circumstances, I had her removed to comfortable lodgings; and now, I am glad to say, she is almost recovered, and will soon go back to London.”

“You trouble yourself far too much about these hoppers, Mr. Howe. They are a bad lot, and will repay you some season by robbing your orchard.”

“They have not done so yet,” said the vicar cheerily.

“More than once they have taken apples off my trees, and stripped the peaches off my garden walls,” grumbled the squire. “Besides, what result do you expect from your teachings?”

“I must not look too much for results—I must leave results with Him whose message I bear. Sometimes the poor people seem almost craving to hear of a full, free salvation—of pardon through a Saviour, and of a brighter life promised to the faithful beyond the grave. And as I talk to them, and they listen, who knows but the Spirit's influence may impress the gospel truths on their hearts, and some day—when or where, I know not—the seed sown may yet bear good fruit.”

“Ah, you are young; you are an enthusiast, Mr. Howe! No doubt the same principles cause you to believe in all the tales told you by the Birkdale cottagers—I daresay you have heard more untruths, and given more money, in so-called charity, during the short time you have been in the village than I have during the last

twenty years. Wonderful tales of poverty and privation will be whined out to you by the woman Brown; you will think her case the worst in the parish, until the woman Jones relates something still more pitiful; then you will give her case the precedence in wretchedness, until the woman Robinson caps both histories by a still more doleful narration. All added to, and coloured, and exaggerated, to wring a dole from the too credulous listener.”

There was a twinkle in the squire's keen dark eyes that made Mr. Howe wonder whether he was quite in earnest or not, and he replied promptly,—

“What about the aged people and young children, surely they are not the worse for a little kindness?”

“Aged people! of course there are numbers of them. In half the cottages in Birkdale there is a granny or a grandsire too old for work, seated in the chimney corner. In Kent, we do not put our old folk out to die by the Ganges, and our cottagers are mostly too proud to send them to the workhouse. As for children! why, my dear sir, if you give premiums to all large families, you will require an unlimited stock of bounty. Birkdale beats all the parishes in England, I verily believe, in large families.”

The vicar laughed outright.

“Still, if one must err, better to do so on the side of kindness. I have great faith in human nature, Mr. Wincherley; in the great brotherhood of humanity, we should try to help each other on.”

“Your faith would be shaken sadly if your experience equalled mine.”

“I am not sure of that. If one is really interested in the people, can give them sympathy in a simple, straightforward way, let them see the interest is real, I believe there would be less hypocrisy, less ingratitude, than you imagine,” replied the vicar.

“Then you are ignorant of what hypocrisy and ingratitude mean. You know nothing of baseness and treachery! I could give you instances in my own experience that would shake your boasted faith in human nature. When those who should be best and dearest turn and sting like venomous adders, just where the wound can be most felt, what would you say of human nature then?”

The vicar looked quickly up at the squire.

All the half-quizzical expression he had noted in his face a few minutes before had disappeared. His eyes were blazing with wrath, a heightened colour had risen in his cheeks, and he was glaring at Mr. Howe, waiting for his answer.

He was alluding to his son Owen, the vicar knew that intuitively, and he argued the culprit must be anything but forgotten when twice during the short interview the squire had been roused to emotion on his account.

True, the emotion was only that of anger, passion, but better that, perhaps, than dull, cold indifference.

“What would you say of human nature, then?” repeated the old man.

“I should say in cases such as that to which you allude, there must be fault on all sides. The best motto would be, ‘Forget and forgive.’”

“I never forgive,” retorted the squire angrily. “That is a pity! It is not well to perpetuate

the old heathen doctrine of unforgiveness—it often led to hatred and revenge. I like our Christian doctrine by far the best."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the very spirit of pardon, tenderness and love that breathes through all the gospel. 'Be ye kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you.' Our forgiveness of each other is made the very test by which the forgiveness of God for our sins will, by-and-by, be measured out to us. Christ must have known how deep-seated, how inveterate the feeling of hatred is in the heart, or He would not have given us such a test."

"I fail to understand you."

"I allude to the words of His own lips, 'For if you forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.'

"Yes, yes, that does very well in theory, but it can hardly be carried out in daily life."

"It must be more than theory to us, or we shall fail—fail utterly," replied the vicar earnestly.

"I dare say you are right. Ah! I see Herr Konrad is going to sing a duet with my daughter-in-law. His voice is tremendous! such a bass; it growls like distant thunder. I heard it to distraction when I was staying at my daughter-in-law's house in London, and have no wish for a further treat of that sort. Mrs. Roger Wincherley has a very large circle of friends in town who come to visit her, they are literary, artistic, musical, and what not. All the 'dilettante' flock to her evenings, and to young or middle-aged people no doubt they are most enjoyable, but I have grown too old and stupid to care for them. There! I see Herr Konrad has seated himself at the piano at last. He is turning up his eyes and throwing back his head. We shall have it now! I hope you will appreciate it, Mr. Howe. But if you will excuse me, I think I had better say good-night, and retire; no one will miss me."

"Good-night, Mr. Wincherley. I am glad to have made your acquaintance, and hope we shall meet again before long."

CHAPTER VII.

"My time of suffering and distress
Has proved His time of pardoning grace,
Now, that He chastens but to bless,
I clearly trace."

The squire slipped out of a side door, that led from the inner drawing-room, just as the German struck two or three firm chords of the piano, and began a chanson in his native tongue. He sang in a deep, loud, sonorous voice, that contrasted forcibly with the fainter, highly-trained tones of Mrs. Wincherley's soprano.

The vicar quietly turned over a book of engravings, and listened. He could not help thinking, with the squire, that it was easy to have too much of the professor's voice.

His singing was doubtless excellent in its kind, and no doubt the subject he was illustrating was

excellent also, but he had no power to touch the feelings, to awaken one echo of sympathy in the heart. Mr. Howe would far rather have listened to his Sunday scholars chiming—

"How sweet within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear,
With all the force of fervent prayer."

Herr Konrad's singing had no more power to rouse or charm than a speech by him in the market-place might have done.

Mr. Howe paused now and then in his examination of the "Illustrated Tour in Brittany" to glance out into the farther room. It was large, handsomely furnished, and well lighted with wax-candles. The dozen or so guests were gathered near the piano. Mrs. Roger Wincherley, looking tall and imposing in her black velvet train, and rich laces, stood by the professor's chair with a music sheet in her hand, and trilled forth the measured notes of her not very powerful voice.

Roger was seated some distance off, buried in the depths of a sofa corner, and half asleep. Probably, he cared no more for music than his father did.

When the singing was at last over, he started up, and, glancing into the inner room, discovered the vicar seated there alone. He joined him at once, with an air of apology.

"I thought my father was here with you!"

"He was here just now, but complained of being tired. He is gone to bed, I believe."

"Ah, yes! poor father! He is beginning to feel age creeping on pretty fast, and I suppose we should all do so, if, like him, we were seventy-eight years old."

"I should never have supposed him to be that age!"

"He was seventy-eight last month, I assure you; many people take him to be younger, because he is so upright, and keeps his slim figure. He has never grown stout like your humble servant,—I tell my wife people live far longer in the country, and wear their age better than they do in the town, but she won't believe me, and says she should die of dulness if she had to vegetate here for ever. Fortunately, she has a house in town, so we spend a good deal of our time there. Herr Konrad is going to sing a solo, I perceive; will you not join the musical party yonder?"

"No, thank you, I am just going to say 'good-night,' and have been meditating for some time past how I should do so without disturbing the guests. Perhaps you will convey my apologies to Mrs. Wincherley, and allow me to follow your father's example by slipping out of the side door."

"Certainly, but it is not at all late."

"I have fallen into Birkdale habits already, and keep early hours," said Mr. Howe, as he held out his hand, and took his departure.

The vicar had much subject for reflection during his lonely walk home. He was trying hard to reconcile the tale he had heard of the past, with the glimpse he had had of the present of Squire Wincherley, and his family: he wanted

to make it fit in to be a kind of second volume, the sequence to the domestic history.

But he grew puzzled, and had to give it up, only a point or two had become plain to him, and these were that the squire was a very unhappy old man, who had not yet found the peace of God; also, that Roger's wife was not quite the kind of daughter likely to soothe his declining years, to cheer and comfort him on his passage to the grave. She was not one to burden her life with his complaints, his whims, or fancies, nor to study his tastes in the remotest degree, when they interfered with the gratification of her own.

But then, she was of high birth, had brought a good fortune with her—she was handsome, and in society. The marriage of his second son had been planned by the squire himself, and on the same day the event had taken place in Hanover Square, he had given a feast to his tenants, spread out on his own grounds, and amidst the clashing and clanging of the bells of Birkdale Church, the health of the happy pair had been drunk, over and over again. The squire,

"all a summer's day
Gave his broad lawns until the set of sun
Up to the people; thither flocked at noon
His tenants, wife and child, and thither half
The neighbouring parish."

Birkdale people still talked of that wedding day, the feasting, and the mirth. "Such a contrast," they said, "to the day on which poor Mr. Owen led his young bride to the church."

Soon after the dinner party at the Hall, Roger Wincherley and his wife went to London to stay some months at the house near Kensington, and the squire was left in the old Hall to reign alone.

He often sent for Mr. Howe to come and visit him, though why he craved so for his society was rather a marvel, for he seldom agreed with his opinions. Nay, he would often flatly contradict his assertions, and that not in the most polite manner. Sometimes, in argument, he would use as his weapons a keen or caustic irony, a bitter tone of sarcasm, or expressions of unbelief that would have disconcerted the equanimity of any man less well-balanced in mind and disposition, less persevering, less earnest in his Master's cause, than was the vicar of Birkdale.

One day Mr. Howe went to see Agnes Roberts, and found her, bonnet and shawl on, standing at the window. Her little bundle of shabby hopper's clothes was closely packed up and lying on a chair beside her. She was looking out on the garden, and did not hear the vicar open the door, and as he glanced at her, he noticed how white and worn her face was.

She started at the sound of his step.

"Oh, sir! I was just taking a last peep at the Hall. It does show plain from here now so many leaves are gone from the trees."

"You still think of starting to-day, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, and I was fearful I should have to go without seeing you again, to thank you for all

your kindness to me. May the Lord reward you, sir; I think I should have died but for your goodness."

"Do you feel strong enough for the journey?"

"As strong as I shall be for a long time to come. Sometimes I think I shall never recover my strength again, and my hand and arm are still almost useless to me. But I had best go home now. I've had another letter from my husband this morning; he's got quite impatient like, and says he never gets a decent meal."

She drew a dirty sheet of paper from her pocket, covered with wonderful hieroglyphics that were doubtless the written menaces of Jack Roberts.

"He insists I must go home at once. Oh, sir! we all have our cross to bear, and mine is a hard and trying one."

The woman's firmness gave way as she spoke. Her face grew agitated, quiet tears ran down her cheeks, and the red mark over her brow, still only half healed, looked inflamed and angry. "Pray for me, sir," she exclaimed, "you don't know how much I need your prayers. It is a dreadful feeling to be in mortal terror, sometimes, and to know your life isn't safe."

"Is there no help for you, my poor woman—can nothing be done?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing! I've chosen my path, and I must walk in it. But if you ever meet with any woman who is going to marry an unsteady man with the view of reforming him after marriage, tell her she runs a dreadful risk; she only prepares a life of sorrow for herself."

"You must write to me, Mrs. Roberts; tell me how you get on, and if ever I can help you in any way, let me know," said the vicar, as he was going away.

"Thank you, sir. Perhaps some day I may ask you to recommend my daughter for a place. She shall never come home to live; never, if I can help it."

By the next train to London poor Agnes went off to her terrible doom, for what doom can there be more terrible than that of being the wife of a brutal drunkard?

Nature the Healer.

ONCE more this solitary place I seek,
To soothe a heart disturbed by care and sorrow;
From Nature's face and voice once more to borrow
The comfort which the Master bids her speak.

No trouble taints the white and red that streak
Her blossoms, all oblivious of to-morrow:
Her careless birds rebuke the frequent furrow
Stamp'd on man's anxious brow and altering cheek.

What healing thoughts they whisper, these wild roses,
With their sweet breath and calm, contented look!
These birds, with their fine trills and falls and closes,
Spread their own gladness through this sunny nook;
And once again my solaced heart repose
On Heavenly lessons culled from Nature's book:

RICHARD WILTON.

THE KING'S SCEPTRE.

HINTS OF THE WONDERFUL UNITY OF THE WAYS OF GOD IN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

CHAPTER VIII.—“WHY DO THE WICKED LIVE?”

THUS from what has gone before, it seems not difficult to assure ourselves that if we may trace the wonderful ways of God in Nature, not less difficult is it to mark the movements of God in History. Man is also a part of this great and extended creation; and amidst the wild conflict of contending passions may be seen the operation of laws, not less beautiful than those by which the celestial bodies move in their stately order. Of course, the very nature of these papers implies the perplexity of history. From the time of Job, and earlier, again and again, the question has been put, “Why do the wicked live?” It is a question not easily answered. This world is certainly the sphere of evil; there seems to be a malignant element in Nature, as well as in man and society. This is certainly the sphere of one spoken of in Scripture as “the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience.” God is not the author of moral evil, He has set up His witness against it in the heart and conscience of men, and He has written the judgment of it, even in time, in flaming letters in the long history of mankind. Still, it is understood that here, if anywhere, evil indulges a hope of success. Here, wicked men and spirits have their opportunity and their power; even as our Lord Himself said, “Now is your hour, and the power of darkness”—and it very often seemed as if evil had been triumphant in its sphere over good. If the question has been asked, “Why do the wicked live?” as frequent also has been the question, “Why do good men die?”

There is a shock, a thrill of horror and surprise along the Hague to-day;—why? Because yonder, in his far-off morbid palace in the Escorial, sits the arch-plotter Philip II., who, with one dash of his pen, has sentenced all the brave Netherlanders to death, and, obedient to whose wicked will arose faggot and wheel, and stake and scaffold. The old plotter is a little merry to-day as he hears of the agony of the Hague, for he has consummated his arch design, for he had paid for the pistol which laid William the Silent low. While, no doubt, the wail went up from the heart of the united people, “Why do good men die?”

We think of death as a felon when we see Gustavus Adolphus laid low at Lützen, and Zwingle, reformer and prophet, and soldier, lying outside of Zurich, dead upon the fatal but well-fought field. “O death!” we are inclined to exclaim, “thou hast the victory!” Not only on such impressive occasions as these, so have we thought and said, not merely as men have passed whose deaths seemed to arrest the hand of progress, and to turn back the tide of noble opinion; so also in humbler walks, where many a noble man has

appeared to us prematurely to fall, in the prime and majesty of influence, usefulness, and power. Why, we have said, do good men die? A hand drops in death, able to hold a sceptre, and to sway, intelligently, laws for the well-being of a dominion, and thus one rises to the place of Empire who opens the floodgates of libidinous shame, and oppressive cruelty. But by such great deaths does not God teach us, or teach men and societies, what they are? Does He not teach us that the race is not in any single man however strong; teach us especially that society makes no real and permanent gain, makes no true conquest for liberty, until the faith, the life, the principles of that one man are utilised, and set fast in the department of moral ideas and principles, not the faith and property of one, but of all! This is the lesson of the passing of all industrious lives, this is the reason why great and good men seem prematurely to die.

The existence of wicked men and wicked institutions on earth is a great mystery. How extraordinary is the history of secret societies in all ages; societies existing for the purpose of murder, and carrying their intention into execution upon a vast scale of malignant secrecy; the history of the Empire of the Assassins, for instance, which has, within comparatively recent times, through the research and learning of Von Hammer, been made at once popular and accessible; the strange wild story of the old man of the mountain, which had almost faded into a myth or fable; the story of the City of Alamoot, with its dependent cities, a sovereignty held together in Persia by subtlety and craft, whose end was murder; it is a singular history; it was, in fact, a scheme of nihilism in the darkest night of mediæval times. Our word assassin has a singular etymology, it is the same as *hasheesh*, the narcotic spirit of the hemp. A likely young man, bold, and yet subtle, intellectual and daring, was singled out by the old man of the mountain, whose eye was ever roving after such a human prey, or prize; he was invited to a banquet, at the fitting moment he was intoxicated with the hasheesh, and carried away to some of the choicest gardens of Alamoot; there the most delicious enchantments were prepared for his senses when he should awake, everything that could tantalise without gratifying; but the dose was administered a second time, and he woke to find himself in the state from which he had been conveyed, from whence he was told that he had never removed, only he was informed further, that if he would enter the sacred college and vow himself a faithful disciple, all that had charmed and fascinated his fancy would, by-and-bye, be his to possess at pleasure. So was the mighty sway of the assassin extended;

so, for a course of centuries, they were able to exercise and hold, through generations, a mystical and imperial power; thus our word assassin came into language. Made drunk and delirious by that evil nepenthe, these young disciples woke up to find themselves in alliance with murder, and with every sentiment hostile to humanity. Von Hammer has explored more deeply than any other writer into this great historical mystery; the assassins were, in very truth, the nihilists of their time, the extremest nihilism of to-day is anticipated in their history. The young neophyte went through a course of college training; he graduated in eight schools before he was entrusted with the dagger. Beginning, apparently, with the orthodox tenets of Mahomedanism, he was conducted along until, in the eighth class, he reached the consummation of all his learning, in the assurance that good and evil were alike matters of perfect indifference, that there was no sanctity in conscience, no rule of right, no sacredness in human life, no truth, no religion, and no God. It will be in the memory of our readers that the Knights Templars were charged with holding and practising some such tenets as these; the present writer has never seen evidence to convince him of the truth of this accusation. This, however, was the ground of their horrible persecution, expulsion from Paris, and, in a famous instance, their execution there; it has been alleged that, in the crusading excursions to Palestine, they had drunk in from the heresies of the assassins; and it is remarkable that the dress of the Templar and of the assassin, in their characteristic singularity of crimson and white, greatly resembled each other. This reference to the assassin is most meagre and slight, but, as a fact, it is quite understated; and what an illustration it furnishes of that mysterious and malignant element which, in human history, does not so much periodically re-appear, as persistently and dreadfully assert itself.

Cunning and murder, and these forming themselves into a society, or societies, present an appalling and mysterious chapter in the history of mankind. We need not here refer to the Thugs, the dreadful society in India, whose very worship was murder. The history of Europe is crowded with dark pages; something in man has made him a lover of secrecy—of secret societies and plots, and dark schemes. Thus, for a long time, the Secret Tribunal—the *Vehm Gerichte*—“the Holy Vehm,” as it was called, exercised the fascination of a strange terror over peasants and princes throughout Germany. Its operations were carried on in the profoundest mystery; the very Emperor knew nothing of the pathway of its judgments, and could not avert them. The suspected one of either sex might, at any moment, find a summons pricked with a dagger to his door, or to his table, in his most private chamber, and be altogether unable to detect the hand which placed it there. It called him to the Terrible Council, but he knew not where it met; no matter, he would be sure to find some mysterious guide, blindfolding him, and leading him into the depth of some wood, the chambers of some ruined castle, some obscure vault, where the masked judges, themselves not always known to each

other, were waiting to hear the case, and to acquit—which was very seldom done—or to pronounce the doom; and very brief was the time between sentence and execution; a rope and a neighbouring tree soon completed the horrible story; and there was no escape. This holy vevm seemed ubiquitous, and the attempt to fly from the judgment of one neighbourhood only introduced the fugitive to the tribunal of another.

It seems as if, during those dark times, the affairs of States were very greatly carried on by such subtle practices. We have said already man seems to place such great faith in cunning and in craft—even great Principalities moved upon these hinges—they operated everywhere. But chiefest, and before all, without a question, in this pre-eminence of social crime, stands forth Venice; whatever was known, or whatever was suspected, has been completely eclipsed, and left far behind by the recent publication of M. Charles Yriarte; his patience and research among the State papers of Venice reveal a story of State wickedness and crime such as we suppose it would not be possible to match even from any of the secret papers of Europe. Innocence and heroism had no shield if the Council thought it necessary to dispose of a victim. We read, from the archives, such decrees as the following:—“August 8th, 1594: The Ten decree that plenary powers be given to the Inquisitors to find a person who, by some prudent means, can take away the life of Friar Cipriano of Lucca.” A brave captain had given in his defence and vindication against some trifling and petty misdemeanor with which he had been charged which had stirred the suspicion of the Ten, and the Ten carried a decree as follows: “It is our will that on the night of Tuesday, which will be the 22nd of the current month, he be strangled in his prison as secretly as possible, and that his body be buried with the greatest secrecy also.” Cruelty, secrecy, and murder, were the very mortar and mortices which held together the stones of Venice. We read, as one of the maxims of the Ten, that “If any party leaders are found in the Provinces, they must be exterminated under some pretext or another, but there must be no recourse to ordinary justice; let poison do the work of the executioner; this is less odious, and more profitable.” Such was Venice. Ordinary goodness, mild humanity alarmed the State. A retired officer, who was much respected by his personal influence, quelled a tumult. Such influence was alarming to the Ten; he was arrested, thrown into prison, and died there. Another Venetian gentleman, Cornaro, was sent to prison for distributing corn to the poor during the time of famine; it was judged by the Ten that his motives were personal ambition and a desire of aggrandizement, and his humanity found its reward in the Piombo, under the leada. The worst women were extensively employed by the State—courtesans—they were often able, like Delilah of old, to surprise important secrets from their victims, and were employed by the State to ruin men whose wealth might prove a source of danger. A Genevese painter, working in a church in Venice, had a quarrel with two Frenchmen; they assailed the Govern-

ment; he, very probably from motives of prudence, vindicated it. The next day he was summoned before the Inquisitors, who asked him if he would be able to recognise the men with whom he quarrelled the previous day. He said "Yes;" but he affirmed that he had said nothing but what was honourable to the Venetian State and Government. A curtain was drawn, and he was introduced into the presence of the two Frenchmen, who were already strangled; he was sent away, half dead with fright, and with a solemn injunction to speak neither good nor evil of the Government. "We need none of your apologies," said the Inquisitors, "since to approve us is to judge us."

We are dwelling at what perhaps may seem too great a length upon Venice. We do so because it is the most marvellous illustration of the malignant element in history; its government was a singular mystery of iniquity; its secrecy was fearful; its ubiquitousness seems incredible.

A foreigner of distinction, says Mr. Hayward, in his lengthy summary of the work of Yriarte, having had his pocket picked, indulged in some harsh expressions against the police. Some days afterwards he was quitting Venice, when his gondola was stopped, and he was requested to step into another.

"Sir," said a grave personage to him, "are you not the Prince de Craow?"

"Yes."

"Were you not robbed last Friday?"

"Yes."

"Of what sum?"

"Five hundred ducats."

"Where were they?"

"In a green purse."

"And do you suspect any one of this robbery?"

"A valet-de-place."

"Should you recognise him?"

"Without doubt."

The interrogator drew aside a dirty cloth, and revealed a dead man, holding a green purse in his hand.

"You see, sir," said his interrogator, "that justice has been done; there is your money; you are leaving Venice,—take it, and remember that a prudent man never sets foot again in the country where he has underrated the wisdom of the Government."

But such instances might be extended to pages, and we have already said that, while, some years since, efforts were made to prove that the impressions concerning Venice were exaggerations and fables, the search amidst the State documents has done far more than justify all the terrible traditions associated with its name.

What is this malignant element which so conspicuously reveals itself in History? Is it not true, as it has been frequently remarked, that all other emotions of the soul, as well as almost every inducement of interest or pride, are borne down before the great, the sovereign sentiment and desire of retribution or revenge? It seems as if this great passion gave incessant emotion to History; it is found working its malignant way in subtlety in private life; but, upon the great stage of the world, what a mighty motive power it presents; a very large proportion of all those

pages devoted to the history of the world teem with illustrations of this singular, this incomprehensible mystery. We have referred at so much length already to the work of the Inquisition that we need not dwell upon its crimes again. It is by no means easy upon a mere scheme of materialism, to discover the principle and the cause of such events. The nuptials of Charles the Second of Spain with the niece of Louis the Fourteenth were solemnised by an *auto-da-fé*, in which one hundred and eighteen human victims were sacrificed. It is calculated that the Spanish Inquisition, under a succession of forty-five grand Inquisitors, immolated two hundred and fifty one thousand individuals. A marvellous *auto-da-fé* took place in 1559, at Valladolid, in the presence of Don Carlos and the Princess Jeanne; the statue, or effigy of a lady, named Elenor de Vibero of Cazalla, who had died as a good Catholic, was accused and convicted, after her death, from the confessions of witnesses, who had been put to the torture to make them confess, that she had lent her house to the Lutherans of Valladolid that they might therein celebrate their Protestant worship; the lady was condemned as having died a heretic, and her memory was consigned to infamy, which was extended to her posterity; her fortune was confiscated: her house was razed to the ground, never to be again rebuilt; of course her statue was destroyed, but a monument was erected, in its stead, bearing an inscription recording the events we have just recited. It is sickening to read the catalogue of horrors.

We have already said a manifest judgment has always shown itself as the appropriate compensation of these great social crimes, and sometimes the judgment has seemed as if it could sleep no longer, but must instantly strike. When the whole city of Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake, its priests and its grandes were all preparing for the fires of an extraordinary *auto-da-fé*, the churches were already blazing with the spectral lights; these very lights kindled the fires which destroyed a great part of the city. Is there much presumption in reading the handwriting of the finger of God in a judgment so terrible?

Such, then, are illustrations of that singular perversion of conscience which confuses the colours of good and evil. To the horrible and most repulsive forms of animal life we sometimes assign the office of the scavengers of Nature; and there have, no doubt, been bad men, enormous in their malignity of passion and evil intelligence, to whom we might assign some such a work. But it is, perhaps, safer to read the unerring and absolute reign, and result of purity and rectitude in the ultimate failure of malignity and evil. Such an end is often to be perceived here.

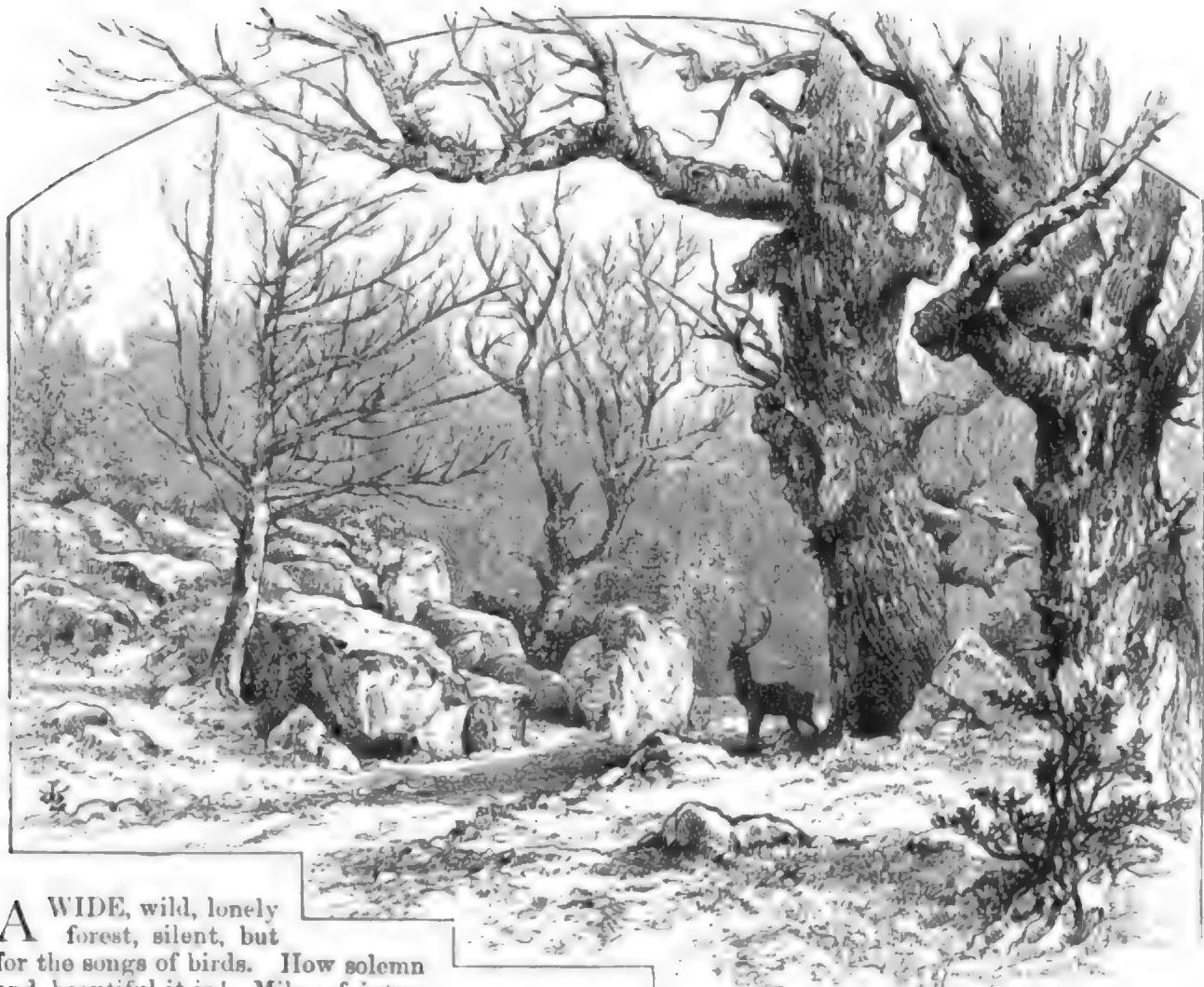
To linger yet, for a moment, upon the incident with which we commenced this paper, the other day we visited the little city of Delft; we saw the spot where William the Silent fell—William the Silent—"Father William," as his people called him. One of the wisest and truest spirits that ever animated human clay; he was the hope, the staff, and stay of his country. Philip of Spain could do nothing until "Father

"William" was removed, so he employed the assassin. We saw the spot where he fell. The holes in the wall struck by the bullets which laid the great patriot, the princely father of his country, low. William fell, but his murder vanished into an unmeaning crime, and his work abides. What Philip became, and how Philip died, we know,—also what Spain became, we know—what Holland is, we see. There is not, perhaps, on the face of the earth a more hopeless country than Spain. Holland, a poor little hook of mud—a delta, or lagoon, rescued from the waves, is flourishing in material wealth and prosperity, in civil rights and religious freedom. That was what Philip and William did between them; the one struck away the entire foundations

of his country's strength and well-being, the other lifted up the corner-stone of the prosperity of his little nation. Philip shows to us how the mightiest nation, by nourishing the malignant spirit, becomes the meanest. William shows us how one of the meanest spots on the face of the earth, with no material advantages, becomes, if, certainly, not one of the mightiest, at least one of the most reputable and honourable on the platform of nations. May it not be truly said that we find here an index to a large volume of illustrations, a justification for using the closing words of the great song of the Hebrew prophetess: "So shall all Thine enemies perish, O Lord, and those that love Him shall be as the sun when he goeth forth in his strength!"

FOUR PALACES AND THEIR STORY.

V.—FONTAINEBLEAU—(*continued*).



A WIDE, wild, lonely forest, silent, but for the songs of birds. How solemn and beautiful it is! Miles of interlacing trees, intersecting paths, brushwood, fern, lights and shadows. This is, indeed, a vast solitude. Yet, now and again a tall cross rises from a stone pedestal where many roads meet, and we know that we have come upon a *rendezvous de chasse*. In a moment the still air echoes in imagination with the horns of the huntsmen and the barking of the hounds, and this forest of

Fontainebleau is peopled with equestrians, and soon the hunt begins. Here for at least seven or eight centuries kings and their courts have met to hunt the royal deer; and here, within the memory of the wood-cutter who is chopping up the fallen timber, the Emperor Napoleon III. and his young son, the Prince Imperial, joined the chase.

In every part of the forest is fallen timber. The ground is strewn with broken wood, and young birches, either snapped in twain or quite uprooted, appear everywhere. The slim white trunks and branches remind us of fair girls cut down in their prime, and seem to foreshadow some approaching evil.

"It was the *verglas*. Such destruction was never seen before; but, then, has one ever suffered such a winter?" explains the wood-cutter.

And "*Le verglas, Le verglas,*" repeat guides, and peasants, as, wandering on, thousands of graceful trees lie prone, or cling to more stalwart neighbours upon which they have seized in their death grasp.

"If the Emperor had been here, it would all have been cleared away long ago," remarks one to whom we speak. "But the forest was a strange sight last winter." The frost had seized it, and each tree was like a huge icicle; indeed, icicles hung from some larger than their trunks, while the whole was crowned with hoar-frost, and looked an interminable maze of crystal alleys and arches. Day by day for weeks, the brilliant roofing thickened, until the weight of the superstructure became too heavy for the pillars, and when the frost gave even so little, crack went branches and trunks, so that the ice-bound forest sounded as if seized by fire. It was a marvellous sight when the sun shone upon it. Miles of diamonds, with here and there an emerald grass-blade or fern-leaf that the frost king had disenchanted for a moment. All life was stayed or stilled for ever. Winged and four-footed creatures were frozen like the forest, the few human inhabitants breathed with pain in the ice-environed atmosphere, and all nature was arrested as by the wand of an enchanter.

Every one we encounter tells the same story, and we no longer wonder at the shivered birches and aspens, and the mutilated trunks of many larger trees. Indeed, as we ourselves explore we are surprised by a shower of sleet, albeit in the merry month of May, and our pity is excited by an old man who stands in an open shed to sell articles carved from the juniper and other trees, growing in the forest. The shed is placed near Pharamond's Oak, whither tourists come to see the big trunk of what was once a tree said to have been planted by the first king of France.

Passing in rapid succession many objects of interest, we reach the Hermitage of Fauchard. Here is a sort of hamlet whence issue many females in black gowns, and white aprons and caps, and an hotel, which looks pretty and inviting in the midst of the forest. One of the women with a cotton umbrella under her arm, takes possession of us, and oh! how we wish we could do without her. But we cannot, even though a philanthropic gentleman, M. Denecourt by name, one of Napoleon's veteran officers, has caused blue arrows to be painted on conspicuous spots as guides to the tourist.

The blackened walls of the once famous hermitage founded by Philippe Auguste are interesting, both from its old associations and wild surroundings. It stands in the midst of a rocky desert, many miles in extent, and we cannot wonder that while monks and friars dwelt in it as a monastery

robbers frequented the stony caves, and murdered the holy men from time to time for gain. These evil deeds caused Louis XIV. to suppress it, and so it has fallen into desuetude and decay while Mme. de Maintenon's oak flourishes not far off. Possibly cowled monks were replaced by hooded dames in these romantic wildernesses. At any rate the neighbouring Weeping Rock, said in the days of the monks to heal pious pilgrims of their diseases, has lost its reputation for sanctity, and a fair is held near the Hermitage on every Whitsun Tuesday. Still, however, a tawdry little image of the Virgin and child is nailed against a wall, and surmounts a receptacle for alms for the poor.

"Jockey-cap; Frog; Death-ead," says the guide, pointing with her umbrella to rocks so formed by nature as to represent those expletives, while we stumble after her through and over a valley of rocks. "The English have kindly taught me their language," she explains proudly in French, and continues to interlard her descriptions with our vernacular.

But she forgets it as she pauses to point out spots resorted to by the Empress Eugénie, and tells how that "her Majesty once picniced" in a certain rocky dell, overshadowed by trees, "And gave half a chicken to my little grandson, who was so bold as to stand looking on, with his dog by his side," she adds. "Ah! but the forest was gay then, and the Empress loved it."

It certainly must have been a blessed retreat from the ceremonies of court life; and the asperities of this rocky desert would form a strong contrast to the smooth ways delicately trodden by the worshippers of the risen sun.

"The favourite seat of the Empress," proclaims the guide, when we attain an elevated rocky plateau, on which a rough wooden bench is placed.

We can go no farther, so we seat ourselves on the unpretending plank where royalty is said to have sat before us. Two steps forward, and we should be over a precipice, and down "full fathom five," into the valley of rocks beneath. It is, indeed, a desert. As far as eye can reach, for miles and miles on all sides, nothing but a dreary waste of rocks, with such verdure only as can flourish in clefts and caves. In front there would seem to be a plain, with some sort of fortress or ruin in the extreme distance on the horizon. The plain and fortress are nothing but rock. Now a solitary bird of prey rises, or a wild animal appears—but other life there is none. We survey a stony waste, bounded by a stormy sky.

We quit this valley of rocks and our garrulous companion with regret, and return to the actual forest. Time would fail us to describe a tithe of what we see, as it does fail us to visit half of what we desire to see. The views from the high ground are very beautiful, and from one point nearly forty miles of country may be seen. There are walks of queens, gorges of wolves, nests of eagles, rocks *du diable*, and caverns of brigands, and there is before all, La croix du Grand Veneur, to which a curious legend is attached. We must halt a few moments before this. It is a *rendezvous de chasse*, but is named

after the spectral Black Huntsman that haunts the forest. A cross should frighten him away; perhaps it does, but he is reported to have appeared here to Henry VII. before his assassination.

Four roads meet at this place, and we can almost imagine the gallant king galloping through one, and confronted by the dark spectre as he appeared gliding through another. Even the brave Henry must have been appalled at such an apparition. But neither he nor the Black Huntsman would care for the chase now, for at the revolution of 1830, the poor deer were exterminated, and we cannot imagine either the substantial king, or the shadowy ghost, hunting a carted stag.

But how, from generation to generation, have kings, courtiers, followers and what not, rejoiced in these forty thousand acres of sporting ground. One thinks more of the past than of the present, both in the forest and castle, where every leaf and stone seem alive with memories. Fontainebleau, where Charles V. was entertained by a Francis I., and where, subsequently, another Charles of Spain was detained a prisoner by a Napoleon, is "now deserted of both her kings." The Louis Philippe, and the Napoleon III., who were among the last to tenant the palace, and enjoy the forest, "sleep the last sleep" in free and happy England.

ANNE BEALE.



THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE LIVERPOOL SHELTERING HOME

FOR RECEIVING AND PREPARING DESTITUTE CHILDREN FOR EMIGRATION.

THIS Home was opened ten years ago, on May day, 1873. Its locality is suggestive. Within living memory, the site it occupies was washed on one side by an arm of the river Mersey, and was fringed on another by a profusion of wild rosebushes. The memory of the latter lingers in the name of Rose Place, still given to a back alley, but their fragrance has long since been forgotten in the close atmosphere of congested city life, while the streamlet hides its degra-

tion underground, transformed into one of the main channels for the city-sewage.

The change in the natural aspect of the locality indicates the moral degeneracy, to attempt to cure which the Home was established. The disease was special, and the cure required to be adapted to it. The misery of the destitute children of such neighbourhoods arises chiefly from the neglect or cruelty of their parents, while their own nomadic habits have rendered many

entirely ignorant of home life, and as impatient of its restraint. The special idea which has influenced the management of this Home has therefore been to make it a home in reality, and not merely an "institution." A committee of well-known gentlemen has from the outset been responsible to the public for its proper conduct, but the management has been left entirely to Mrs. Birt, who has from the first had charge of the Home, and who with loving and judicious care acts the part of a mother amongst her children, in the numberless ways, both small and great, which a mother's heart alone understands.

The desire has been to surround the children with love; that has been the influence which governed their training while in the Home, and with which they have been followed when they left it. The Home is only a temporary shelter, the ultimate end is emigration to Canada. The period of training varies according to circumstances, but three to four months is considered necessary for satisfactory results, and the children who enter early in the winter remain for six months, and sometimes longer.

A local teacher, accustomed to the ways of the city and its arabs, conducts the school, where the usual elementary branches are taught. He also accompanies the children to Canada, and so maintains his influence during the passage. The matron is a Canadian, and in her superintendence of outfits and other arrangements is well able to anticipate the requirements of the new country.

The religious teaching is superintended by Mrs. Birt, and on Sunday the children attend one of the neighbouring churches.

Applications for admission come from different parts of the country, but the Home is specially intended for children of this locality, and Liverpool offers a field far beyond the capacity of the present limited premises and scanty funds.

It is needless to say anything about the advantages of such beneficent efforts, not to the children only, but to society at large. To save any number of children from a life of certain misery and probable crime is a work which all approve. But it is well to know that this particular method of saving them is at once the most effectual and the most economical that has ever been attempted. There are numerous "Institutions," whether charitable or reformatory, where large numbers of poor children are maintained at large annual cost for each child, and often under unnatural and artificial conditions, which unfit rather than prepare for the struggle of life. This Liverpool Home rescues, supports, and provides for at least ten children at the cost of the support of one inmate of a Reformatory, Orphanage, or Industrial School. "For the sum of 15*l.*," says Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., for Liverpool, a warm friend of the Home, "a child receives three months' training, new outfit, emigration expenses, and is started in life, while in non-emigration institutions a child is kept from six to ten years, costing about 20*l.* a year, or a total of from 150*l.* to 200*l.*, and even then the work is not so satisfactorily and thoroughly accomplished."

So much for the Liverpool end of the work. A few words regarding its counterpart in Canada.

For the first few years the children were taken to Nova Scotia, where, under the direction of Colonel, now Major General, Lowrie, they were satisfactorily placed—about 500 in all having been thus provided with homes. Of late years they have been taken by Mrs. Birt to the Province of Quebec, and at Knowlton, about equidistant from the cities of Quebec and Montreal, a distributing home exists, superintended by Miss Meiklejohn. There, the children are rested after their voyage; their outfits, brought from Liverpool, are arranged, all necessaries being provided, not excepting a supply of paper and pens.

It is from there they are sent to their ultimate destinations, and this Home remains for them a link with the old country: thither they write with news about themselves and for news of their friends, when they have any; thither they look for help in any trouble; and thither they have come in after-years for advice as to settling in life.

With regard to the placing of the children, the system is as follows: all applications are received at Knowlton, and must be accompanied by a clergyman or magistrate's certificate as to the respectability of the applicant, and his ability to support and educate the child desired. When a band of children has arrived at Knowlton, the applicants appear personally and make their choice; in some cases they adopt the little ones into their families, while in others they engage them as apprentices, and in either case, an undertaking is required to provide board and education up to the age of 21 for girls, and 18 for boys.

A report is also required in each case yearly or oftener as to the conduct and well-being of the children, and its correctness must be certified by a local clergyman or magistrate.

The total number of children taken to Canada during the past ten years has been upwards of 1,200, and the applications have been several times as numerous. As many as 700 applications were received last year from suitable people, while only 150 children were emigrated.

A record is kept in Liverpool of every child who passes through the Homes, and the annual reports from Canada are tabulated and filed for reference. Mrs. Birt writes a yearly letter to all the children, to which numerous answers are received. During her visits to Canada, whither Mrs. Birt personally conducts the children, opportunity is taken to visit as many as possible of those previously emigrated, and this year an attempt is to be made, with the aid of friends, to have personal communication with every one.

For the guidance of those who may desire to engage in similar work, it may be stated that the most suitable age for children to emigrate is for girls from 7 to 13 and for boys from 11 to 13. Street arabs are usually precocious, and it is desirable to get them young enough to find them teachable, and yet old enough to prove useful rather than burdensome. It is frequently asked how Canada can absorb so many children. The explanation is to be found chiefly in the conditions of the country—its great extent affords ample elbow-room, and the growth of villages is marvellous—then with steady work the settlers become well off quickly, and reaching that stage

they develop a strong desire to give their children a high-class education rather than keep them at work. The young folks also leave home to set up for themselves at a comparatively early age, and thus both in old nests which have been emptied, and in young nests which are just being formed, there is room for fledglings from abroad.

In addition to these outlets, there are many households without children where a desire exists to adopt a little one, either for company's sake or from Christian sympathy, or both combined, and our colonists are more ready in following this warm impulse than the more conventional nature of the old country. Doubtless they have their reward. Their example might be imitated at home.

As to the Canadian climate, the hot months are severe on infants while teething, but for children over three or four years of age there is nothing to fear. The dryness of the atmosphere also renders the extremes of heat and cold more bearable than in England, and even in the most serene weather, comfortable homes, warm clothing, and good food, will always bear comparison with the miserable hovels, bare feet and empty stomachs of our city lanes.

The work requires from those who engage in it unselfishness and Christian devotion—love to God and love of children are essential qualifications—it is not for mere enthusiasts or theorists—it requires practical women gifted with common sense. Such conditions being fulfilled, success is not only sure, but is speedy and abounding.

It would be difficult to find a work where results are so quickly obtained or are more lasting. We could give many a story of the sad state of some of the sheltered children, in contrast with their present happy and useful lives, but this would occupy more space than we can afford. We can only commend this Liverpool work (like the similar efforts of Miss Macpherson and Miss Rye in London) as among the kindest, wisest, and most effectual agencies by which Christian love can lessen the amount of misery and evil in our land. To assist and to extend such efforts would be the part of enlightened patriotism as well as true charity.

Things New and Old.

THE INSTITUTIONS OF LAFORCE.—Pastor Rayroux, the present Director of the John Bost Institutions at Laforce, has been lately visiting London, and has been holding several meetings on their behalf. According to the account which he gives, these Institutions are now nine in number, comprising asylums for orphans, incurables, blind, idiots, epileptics, as well as refuges for disabled governesses and servants. There are altogether 420 inmates, and the annual expenses amount to about £8,000. Each child costs about £12 a year. An interesting feature of the Institutions is the manner in which the inmates are taught to be helpful to one another, so that idiots assist the blind, and the blind amuse the incurables, and so the dormant capabilities of each and all are developed to the highest possible degree.

A visit to the Institutions would well repay the traveller, and as there is no inn in the village, accommodation is provided in the building named "Le Repos," where friends will be cordially welcomed. Laforce is not far from Libourne or Bergerac.

HOSPITALITÉ DE NUIT.—Under this title a work of Christian charity has been most successfully set on foot in Paris, of the same kind as some of our Night Refuges. There are no "Casual Wards" in France, so that shelter can only be obtained through voluntary beneficence. Six or seven houses for night shelter are now provided, in various quarters, under efficient discipline, where poor homeless wanderers can get food and shelter. Some are admitted for a night only, if without letters of recommendation; others, with letters, may remain several nights, while seeking work or employment. The name, age, place of birth, and other details are entered in registries, which are inspected daily by the police. Baths, clean clothes and other needful appliances for the health of the refugees, are at hand. Proper care is taken for classifying the inmates. In these night refuges let us hope that many will find shelter and regain new hope, who might but for this good help have been among the dismal victims exhibited in the Morgue.

MISS ISABELLA ROSS.—In the records of evangelistic work in Spain let the name of Isabella Ross have honoured remembrance. Born in Scotland, this lady spent some years of her earlier life in South America, where she acquired the Spanish language. On her return, mature in years as well as in Christian character, she was greatly interested in hearing of the events of 1868, by which Spain had become opened to the Gospel; and also that a gentleman, whom she had known in South America, Mr. Armstrong, had felt impelled to give up his business in Liverpool and go to Spain to promote the spread of the knowledge of the Gospel of Christ. The thought was forcibly suggested to her that she also possessed, as a talent to be used for her Lord, a knowledge of the Spanish language. As she had acquired a small competency (not, we believe, exceeding 40*l.* or 50*l.* a year), she hoped to be able to live without becoming a charge to any Society for her personal expenses. She went first to Algeciras, near Gibraltar, and afterwards to Puerto Santa Maria, a town of 21,000 inhabitants, situated about twenty miles north of Cadiz, where she laboured, till her death in 1881. By day school, Sunday school, and personal visits, she exerted large influence, and saw in not a few instances spiritual results of her devoted ministry. In the last letter written by her she said: "The winter campaign has just begun with greater force than ever. Besides three services weekly, we have a Sunday school with over 150 present, and day school with attendance of 200. We have weekly Bible classes for men and women, and two night schools, which are also Bible classes, one for men and another for women. May the Lord keep us in our first love in the midst of our labours! He is granting faith to many around us; may He keep all at home and here who are connected with this work very humble and near Himself, that we may hear the 'still small voice' guiding us!"

DR. HAWKINS, PROVOST OF ORIEL, lived to the patriarchal age of 93. He was Fellow of Oriel in 1813; tutor in 1819; and elected Provost in 1828: resigning in 1874, from which time, till his death in 1882, he resided at Rochester, where he held a Canonry. The Oxford correspondent of the *Times* said: "The attitude of the Provost of Oriel was essentially, and from the very nature of the man, antagonistic to the Tractarian movement which encompassed him, and with the heads of which he was officially connected. He had a difficult position, but a man who possessed the love of Newman, the confidence and affection of Arnold, and the respect of all that varied body of able men, could have been

possessed of no ordinary qualities. With the retirement of Dr. Hawkins in 1874, there disappeared from Oxford well-nigh the last link binding the Oxford of the 'movement' with the life and aims of the modern University; and the Oriel of Newman, Keble, Arnold, Hampden, and Whately entered upon a less brilliant and less distinctive, though, perhaps, equally useful phase of academic life. It was typical of impending changes and by an irony of fortune that it was the Provost of Oriel who was Chairman of the Committee for the Extension of the University, which met in 1865, whose work resulted finally in the founding of Keble College, the commencement of the non-collegiate system and the ever-increasing growth of the Colleges themselves upon new lines, and under relaxed conditions." Professor Fowler, the President of Corpus, in his funeral sermon at St. Mary's, said: "No one who knew him could ever forget what he might call his old-fashioned courtesy, his kindness, the strong personal interest which he took in all the members of his college, the effort to understand and to form an impartial opinion on all that was going on around him in that busy little world of Oxford, so changed since the days of his youth. With some of the changes which had taken place there during the last quarter of a century it would be in vain to conceal the fact that he did not sympathise. But they might at least trust that they had been working in his spirit, though the wide difference of years was inevitably attended by some differences of opinion between him and those of a later generation. In his tolerance, however, of those who differed from him, in the spirit of personal kindness which never forsook him, in the simplicity and disinterestedness of his aims, in the sincere, unostentatious, and rational character of his religious conviction, they had an example which would long survive any differences on points of detail in academic or ecclesiastical policy."

A QUIET YET NOT SILENT MEETING.—The officers of "the Salvation army" may consider the following incident of the McAll Mission in Paris, as narrated in the last report:—We have had two series of ball-room meetings. One in the Salle de la Gaîté, on the south of the city, in a district notorious for its infidelity, the other, in the Salle Rivoli, in the heart of Paris. A curious incident occurred at La Gaîté, showing the respectful attention of the audience there assembled. The hall, capable of seating over seven hundred persons, is on the first storey, the *rez de chausse* being occupied by shops, among others a shoemaker's. On the third or fourth night of meeting, when the hour was about half-gone, the shoemaker's wife came up and began chafing our doorkeeper upon his "failure." "What failure?" asked he in surprise. "Oh, your meeting; it must be very awkward to have nobody at all." "Pardon, madam," replied he, "you are mistaken; the room is full, and has been so for the last half-hour." "Come now, there's no use trying to deceive us; we've lived here too long not to know when a meeting is going on and when it isn't; it is impossible that any one can be there. Why, when there is a meeting of any kind the noise overhead is deafening; we can't hear ourselves talking—what with chairs overturned, speakers booted down, and the endless coming and going." But the doorkeeper still insisted, and at last the shoemaker and his wife went up, and were thunderstruck to find, as the man had said, the room quite full, and everyone listening in rapt attention to "the words of this life."

TYNDALE'S LIFE IN ANTWERP.—"First, he was a man very frugal, and spare of body, a great student, and earnest labourer in the setting forth of the Scriptures of God. He reserved or hallowed to himself two days in the week, which he named his pastime, Monday and Saturday. On Monday he visited all such poor men and women as were fled out of

England, by reason of persecution, into Antwerp. And these, once well understanding their good exercises and qualities, he did very liberally comfort and relieve; and in like manner provided for the sick and diseased persons. On the Saturday he walked round about the town, seeking every corner and hole, where he suspected any poor person to dwell; and where he found any to be well occupied, and yet overburdened with children, or else were aged and weak, those also he plentifully relieved. And thus he spent his two days of pastime, as he called them. And truly his aims were very large,—and so they might well be, for his exhibition that he had yearly, of the English merchants at Antwerp, when living there, was considerable, and that for the most part he bestowed upon the poor. The rest of the days of the week he gave wholly to his work, wherein he most diligently travailed. When the Sunday came, then went he to some one merchant's chamber, or other, whither came many other merchants, and unto them would he read some one panel of Scripture, the which proceeded so faithfully, sweetly and gently from him, much like to the writing of John the Evangelist, that it was a heavenly comfort and joy to the audience to hear him read the Scriptures. Likewise, after dinner, he spent an hour in the same manner. He was a man without any spot or blemish of rancour or malice, full of mercy and compassion, so that no man living was able to reprove him of any sin or crime; although his righteousness and justification depended not thereupon before God; but only upon the blood of Christ and his faith upon the same. In this faith he died with constancy at Vilvorde, and now resteth with the 'glorious company' of Christ's martyrs, blessedly in the Lord."—*Foote.*

THE BIBLE, A DEEP AND UNEXHAUSTED MINE OF TRUTH.—The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His holy Word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed Churches, which are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw, and the Calvinists stick fast where they were left by that great man of God. I beseech you remember it—tis an article of your church covenant—that you shall be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God.—*Robinson's parting Address to "the Pilgrim Fathers" on embarking for New England, 1620.*

THE MOLOKANS.—About a century ago, a Russian young man and young woman who were in the service of the Russian Ambassador in London, attended Methodist religious services. On their return to Russia, they spoke to their relatives and neighbours of the things they had heard, and of the mode in which religious worship was conducted amongst the Methodists: without images, candles or crosses. Many of their friends were led to think and act as they did, and their numbers continually increased until they numbered about a million. They received the name of Molokans from their taking only milk (in Russian, *Moloko*) on fast days. Under the Emperor Nicholas, they were severely persecuted, and numbers of them crossed the Danube and settled in and about Tultcha. The continued opposition of the Greek Church and the Roman Catholics, and political strife, as well as the indifference of the Bulgarians, and the illness of some of their missionaries or their wives, greatly hindered the work, which languished until the breaking out of the war between Russia and Turkey. In consequence of the events which took place in Bulgaria, the missionaries were withdrawn, and the mission abandoned. It has been recommenced, and there are four missionaries, with eight assistants; but the opposition is great: there are only twenty-seven members.—*Wesleyan Magazine.*

Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE.

CHAPTER III.—THE GRANDFATHER.



NE clear cold evening in January a hale old man was sitting alone in a cottage, situated at a little distance from the village of Vaucluse. Upon a table beside him was a large open book, between the pages of which were a pair of spectacles carefully placed, showing that he had just been reading. At this moment he was stooping down to throw a fresh handful of pine-wood on the fire, which was going out; the dying embers quickly blazed up, and made a merry crackling. Then the tall old man sat upright again: presently he rose, and went to look out of the window.

"It is going to freeze sharp to-night," he said to himself in a low voice, "the snow cracks under foot. How they are to be pitied who have no home! I am very glad to have resigned the place of postman this winter, what do you say, Sirrah?" added he, stroking at the same time the head of a spaniel, who never lost sight of any of his master's movements. All at once the wicket-gate of the little garden creaked on its hinges, and a quick firm step was heard outside; the dog sprang barking towards the kitchen door. "Who can be coming so late!" said the old man.

"Hallo! John Nodet, make your dog hold his tongue, and open the door. It is I, Peter the postman."

John Nodet—for it was he—obeyed very speedily the request of the man who had succeeded him, now that age and fatigue had obliged him to repose. The young man came in, shaking his snowy sabots: he seemed to bring in with him a strong breeze of cold frosty air which made his host shiver.

"Well, what is it you bring?" John asked him.

"News, father Nodet, news! a letter for you, which comes from a long way off too."

"A letter! from whom can it come? I do not expect to hear from anybody."

"That is your business; I wish you a very good night. I have a great way to go, no time to chat."

And before Nodet could open his mouth to offer him a drop of hot coffee—for wine he had none—the postman had disappeared.

Now John was alone he lighted his little lamp, seated himself at the table, and put on his spectacles; then he took the letter, which he examined on all sides before taking off the envelope.

At last he broke the seal and read. His face, at first stern, gradually became softened, and his strong hands, made brown by labour, were trembling with emotion. Having finished the letter, he folded it up slowly, and laid it upon the Bible: then he rose up and took off his cap, and while big tears were rolling down his cheeks he said, "Lord, I thank Thee, Thou hast heard my prayers. Thou hast found my wandering sheep: praised be Thy name, O Holy Father!"

Here is the letter which he had just read: "Father, will you permit me to call you by that name? Father, do you pardon me? Can you forget my wickedness, and my ingratitude towards you and my good mother. The Lord has found me, father: He took away my husband, my good and

faithful Pietro. He has broken my heart by taking away its idol. He laid me on a bed of sickness, when all my sins were arrayed in battle round about me. Then I felt myself to be lost. I cried to the Lord for help, and He heard me, and He came to me; He had pity on my distress, and He has given me peace! Father, will you not also give back your love to your repentant child? I wish so much to see you once more. I feel that I am very ill, and I have not long to live, and I depart with anguish of heart, for I leave a daughter, my little Madeleine, alone in the midst of foreigners, without any means of subsistence; and especially ignorant of all she ought to know. Alas! the bad daughter has been a bad mother! Oh, come to us, father! I should be so calm if I could receive your kiss of reconciliation, and put my child into your arms. You will teach her to love God, and she will love you. She will not be ungrateful, for she is not like me. She will be devoted to you; she will become the faithful companion of your old age. I can write no more father. Adieu! May the Lord Himself dictate your answer!"

"CATHERINE."

Such was the letter John had just read, and after having poured out his heart in unrestrained gratitude to God, the old man put on a coarse woollen cloak, and drew his felt cap down over his ears; he put out his lamp, took a staff, and went out, preceded by his dog, who frolicked about at his pleasure, quite astonished at this nocturnal sally.

A few steps brought John into the chief street of the village, then he turned to the left, and stopped near the church, before a house with green and white shutters, the dwelling of the venerable pasteur of the place.

The servant, who answered the bell very quickly, uttered an exclamation of surprise, "What! is it you, father Nodet? At this late hour? You will surely do yourself harm going about the country on such a cold night as this."

"I am not so susceptible, my child. Is your master at home?"

He was at home: and a few minutes after, the old man went into the plain neat room, where the servant of God, sitting near the fire, was meditating his next sermon.

"What is the matter, my good Nodet?" asked Mr. Vernet, in a friendly manner.

"Read, sir," said John, pulling out of his waistcoat-pocket the letter which we know: and handing it to the pasteur, who took it and read it in silence, his sympathetic countenance expressing in a lively manner the compassion and interest he felt.

"Well, Nodet," said he at last, "this is a wonderful answer to prayer. Your patience and faith are at length rewarded."

"Ah, sir! I have received much more than I have deserved: for I have often said to myself perhaps my severity helped to alienate my poor daughter. I am very much moved, and very grateful. I am in the greatest trouble about her, I assure you, sir."

"What are you going to do?"

"I think of setting off immediately."

The pasteur quite started.

"Setting off? you at your age, and in such cold weather too! It would be quite foolish, my friend!"

John shook his head.

"Foolish or not I will go. It is impossible for me not to answer this desperate appeal. And besides there is the child, I cannot leave her amongst these Roman Catholics. Only think of it, sir!"

"But you could write to Catherine, while for my part, I will take the necessary steps that your grand-daughter may be protected by our Protestant brethren down there, until they shall be able to send her to you."

John reflected a moment.

"No, sir," he said at last, "I must go myself; for I still hope to find my daughter alive, and I should like to give her the satisfaction she so implores. Is Florenee very far?"

The poor man little suspected the immense distance which separated him from his newly found treasures. He intended to go the journey on foot, with his staff in his hand, and Sirrah by his side.

Mr. Vernet took the map while John adjusted his spectacles, and then followed attentively the finger of the pasteur, who pointed out the direction to be taken. He tried to prove to John the impossibility of such an enterprise. But on the very mention of the railway, the old man declared he would never put his foot into one. Those dreadful machines frightened him. Besides, he had always been accustomed to long walks in the open air.

"And then," sir, he added, "I have not money enough to pay for my ticket. I should spend a great deal in travelling thus like a lord, while in going on foot, I can take my violin on my shoulder, and stop at all the villages and towns, through which I pass, and play before the houses, to gain a few more pence here and there. There are many people who travel thus from place to place."

"Yes, but you have already rather lost the habit of taking long walks, my good John: and besides you would be much sooner at the end of your journey, if you took advantage of the present facilities of travelling."

John shook his head.

"We old people," he said, "do not like new fashions. I thank you, sir, for your good counsels, but I prefer following my first plan: as to the rest 'the Lord will provide.'"

Seeing it was useless to try any longer to convince his parishioner, Mr. Vernet persuaded him, at least, to cross the Alps in the diligence, and then to go from Genoa to Leghorn by sea, which would greatly shorten the journey.

"Stop, John," he said, hastily making up a packet of five-shilling pieces, "take this out of friendship for me, that I may feel more happy about you; for you cannot have saved much."

"No, I thank you, sir," said Nodet, gently putting back the generous gift. "I am persuaded that I shall lack nothing, the Lord knows what I have need of; and I have never yet accepted help from any but Him."

"Then, my good friend, do not refuse this small present, for it is on His behalf that I beg you to take this money. He is my master, and He tells me at this moment that I must give it to you," continued Mr. Vernet, with a gentle authority; and he slipped the packet into the hand of the old man, whose eyes were wet with tears.

"I must then submit. Well, sir, since it is the Lord's concern, I accept the gift; and I will beseech Him to return all your kindness to me into your own bosom. Adieu, and if I should not see you again here below," added Nodet in a trembling voice, "we shall meet again in heaven."

They were both affected, and shook hands in silence. Mr. Vernet gave John some more written directions, and then they parted.

Early the next morning, John Nodet, wrapped up as warmly as possible, with his knapsack, and his violin at his back, went with a firm step down the snow-covered road which joins the plain, and leads to Geneva, Sirrah following him quietly with his head down, meditating probably on the strange conduct of his master.

"Well! how very strange," said one of the village gossips, rather late on that day when she was filling her pitcher at the spring. "John Nodet's house is shut up. Where can he be gone?" But nobody answered her; and at the end of a few days, the wonderment ceased; and the women at the spring troubled themselves no more about the empty house.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XXIX.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day: "Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out." Ezek. xxxiv. 11.

Read Matt. ix. 35—38.

In the verse you have repeated and in the chapter you have read, you have a picture of Jesus as the good Shepherd, first seeking after His flock Himself, and then telling His twelve disciples how they were to do so. He is the "Great Shepherd of the sheep" (Heb. xiii. 20), He is the "chief Shepherd" (1 Peter v. 4), as such He appoints His servants to do the work of under shepherds to His flock, and this was the end of all their journeys as well as of His.

We read in the 35th verse that Jesus again made a journey among all the cities and villages. *What did He do in His journeys?* He taught and He healed, and there was great need of both teaching and healing. *To what did the Lord compare the scattered multitudes?* (v. 36.) *With what feeling was He moved?* It was the heart of the good Shepherd that yearned over them! He was the shepherd raised up by God to save them; of whom the prophets had spoken. See Ezek. xxxiv. 23; Isa. xl. 11.

He spoke of His work also under another comparison. *What did He say to the disciples was plenteous?* And who were few? *For what did He tell them to pray to the Lord of the harvest?*

Let us now read Matt. x. 1—33. In this chapter we find how our Lord taught His disciples to gather the harvest as faithful labourers; to seek out the lost sheep as diligent shepherds. He called His twelve chosen men. We have before read how He chose them, and we know them by name. *What powers did Jesus give them?* These were great gifts, and enabled them to gain the ear of men to listen to their preaching. *To whom were they not to go at this time?* *And to whom were they to go?* The lost sheep of Israel first;—at a later time all nations were to have the message sent to them (Matt. xxviii. 19). *What was to be their message?* (v. 7.) The kingdom of heaven is at hand; salvation through Christ is offered; the gospel is made known and brought near; oh what a message of gladness for poor sinners! *What were the signs that were to bear witness that they were sent by God?* *What was to be the measure of their gifts?* "Freely ye have received, freely give." Men cannot give unless they have received first from Him who is the giver of every good gift (Jas. i. 17). Next we are told how they were to perform their journeys; and this shows us how Jesus performed His own journeys; read verses 24 and 25. They were not to provide money, nor to carry luggage of any kind; how different from our journeys! How different from the self-indulgent spirit we too often show! *Where were they to rest at night?* (v. 11.) *How were they to enter a house?* (v. 12.) *What was to be their salutation?* "Peace!" a blessed word! If the house was not worthy and would not receive them, *what were they to do?* And notice how awful would be the fate of that house or city,—worse than that of Sodom and Gomorrah!

In the 16th verse four creatures are spoken of, *what are they?* The disciples had fierce enemies, *what are they compared to?* They themselves were but as defenceless sheep among them; but *what creatures were they to be like in wisdom?* and *what in harmless innocence?* Mark the warnings in verses 17, 21, and 22. And mark the promises in verses 19, 20, and 23. In verses 26, 28, and 31, Jesus tells them to "fear not" for different reasons; read the verses, and give these reasons. How many a persecuted servant of Christ has found comfort in each of these, but especially in verses 32 and 33—read them.

Sing,—"O happy band of pilgrims."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WILDERNESS GARDEN.—Herbert.



THE WILDERNESS GARDEN.

WINCHERLEY HALL.

CHAPTER VIII.

"By the sultry day oppressed,
Sweet are shadows, sweet is rest,
Shade, and rest, and cooling wind."

LET us bid adieu to the land of hops and
limes for awhile, and take a glimpse at
another and perhaps a still fairer scene.

The mild winter was over in a certain town

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on the picturesque Mediterranean coast, and the
gardens and fields were all aglow with the loveliness
of gorgeous flowers and luxuriant vegetation. This town is a favourite health resort
of the English, who dread the damp and cold of
their island climate, and essay to spend a mid-winter that has all the charms and warmth of
spring. But the season was over, the strangers
had nearly all taken flight, and left the place to
the natives, and to the few foreigners who lived
there all the year round.

Near this town was a quaint-looking old house with narrow windows, and more wood-work than stone in its architecture. It had a large room on one side of the passage, which was called the 'studio,' and the door of which was kept shut, another room on the opposite side called the 'salon,' the glass door of which, that opened on the garden, nearly always swung wide. At the back was the kitchen, and a queer narrow staircase led to the upper story, that contained five tiny bedrooms.

These rooms, and indeed all the house, had but little furniture to boast of. As few articles as could possibly be required for the use of a family seemed to be the rule, and the furniture, little as it was, showed marks of much usage, and was neither costly nor elegant.

But if the house in its interior lacked attractiveness, the wilderness of garden in which it stood amply made up for its defects. It was prodigal in rich growth. Such clusters of roses, bunches of lilies, and trees of fuchsia, such mosaic borders of blossoms of every hue and tint!—Such trailing wreaths of vine, with its bright green leaves waving to and fro in the light, almost hiding the rich purple bunches of grapes—such huge pears, almost ripe—such peaches and plums as were to be found there! A grove of dusky grey-green olive-trees stood on the brow of a sloping hill near, and beyond was a stretch of lovely sea blue as the cloudless sky that hung over it. Seated on a rustic seat not far from the house, with a huge garden hat shading her brow, was a young girl about eighteen years old, and stretched out on the grass at her feet, lounged a sunny faced boy, with light hair and blue eyes. He was lazily drawling through a Latin verb, for this was a lazy part of the day, when the sun was pouring its fiercest rays on the earth, and hardly a breeze stirred to temper the heat. People were nearly all out of doors just then, striving to get a breath of fresh air, the interiors of the houses were almost insufferable, and all who could were glad to rush forth from the heated atmosphere. Archie droned, ēram, ērās, ērāt, ērāmūs, ērātīs, ērant, on to the end, and then jumped up.

"Now I've finished my verb, may I go?"

"I cannot praise your performance very much, Archie."

"Did I make any mistakes?"

"Not mistakes, exactly, but you might have repeated it with more spirit."

"The heat has taken all the spirit out of me! Now I don't believe you could repeat that verb half as well yourself, Miss Helen; girls are so conceited!"

"I should be very sorry if I could not."

"Let me hear you say it!" Archie snatched up the book, put on the air of a stern Dominic, and stood before his sister.

"It is too bad of you, Archie, to make me say all your lessons without giving me time to learn them," she said laughingly. But despite her expostulations, she went through the verb correctly, and in such a low, sweet voice that she might have won praise from bigger boys than Archie.

As Helen's face is lit up with animation, one

can see it is no ordinary face. There is character, intellect, thoughtfulness in it, the whole softened by a sweet tenderness as she looks at little eight years old Archie, her youngest brother.

Her hair is dark, her eyes of the deepest grey, with long black lashes; her complexion is delicate, despite a slight touch of the sun's warm kisses on her cheeks, which she calls "sunburn." She wears a dress of some thin, black material, that clings round her in soft folds, with nothing to relieve its sombreness but a white frill around her neck, and a bunch of pale pink oleander blossoms in her belt.

Helen is not vain, there is no one in the world she thinks less of than herself. Perhaps if you accused her of *too much unselfishness*, if such a thing were possible, she would laughingly tell you it was because so many others claimed her thoughts.

A great white Persian cat with blue eyes and a blue ribbon round its neck comes towards her, and daintily and unreproved, steps into her lap, and a little frisky cur dog speedily takes the place Archie has vacated at her feet. Pets and children proverbially know well those who are good and kind to them.

Archie continues his pleading.

"Now may I go, Helen?"

"First tell me where you are going!"

"Only down on the quay. Singleton and Perry are out in Louis Michel's new boat for a sail."

"You will get drowned some of these days, Archie, if you do not take care."

"How can I be drowned when I am not even going on the water at all to-day? You silly Helen!"

"Well then, run off, spoiled boy as you are!" said his sister with a fresh sweet laugh as he drew her face towards him, and made her kiss him twice ere he departed.

Archie had scarcely disappeared through the garden gate, when a quick ring, as of a hand-bell, sounded from the house. Helen instantly put down her work on the seat. She knew the summons came from the studio, that it was intended for herself, and not for the white-capped Susette, in the kitchen.

A shade of thoughtfulness came over her face as she turned the handle of the door, and went into the room.

Seated with his back to the window, over which some dark drapery had been carefully arranged, was her father, Owen Wincherley, the squire's eldest son.

He held his head slightly bent forward, his right hand covering his eyes as Helen entered, but he started at the sound of her step, and exclaimed—

"My painting is finished now, my child, look at it well, for I flatter myself there is no fear of their calling *that* picture too florid, or careless, or inaccurate. It must, and shall sell—it has cost me more time, more labour, more thought than I ever bestowed on a painting before."

He turned away wearily, and covered his eyes again with his hand, while his daughter drew forward, and looked at the canvas on the easel. As she did so, her cheeks blanched, and large tear-

drops fell from her eyes. What mysterious, unexplained change had come over her father? what had happened to him that his work was so blurred and spoiled, and yet that he did not seem to know it?

The painting Helen looked on had the same defects the one before, and the one before that again, had exhibited. It was a mere daub, a failure.

The subject was a country scene, a rough bit of steep road, such as any one can find not an hour's walk from the town. A peasant, in a blue blouse, was driving some cattle along, a dog by his side—and far away was a peep of calm, restful scenery, green fields, and swelling hills, and a serene sky.

The design was evident, a master mind had planned it, but it seemed as though an unskilled hand had carried it out. The colouring was florid, hard, harsh, even grotesque in places, and the detail was faint, imperfect, unsteady.

"Helena!" Her father always called her Helena, but he was the only one who ever did so.

"Helena, you do not say what you think about my new painting—your mother always used to criticise, and praise, or find fault with my work, as she thought it deserved."

"I have not had my mother's experience," replied the girl quickly, terrified lest he should ask her to express an opinion.

She dared not tell an untruth, and yet, to say what she really thought of the painting would be to pain her father bitterly, to add more sorrow to his already overburdened lot. For Helen's candid belief was, that his days of painting were over, that from some reason or other—she could not divine what—he had lost the art, and had now no longer power to woo its magic. "Ah! I must not expect too much, now the sharer, the sympathiser in my labours is gone. God give me strength to work, strength to endure," he said, half in a whisper—then starting up, he exclaimed,

"How stifling this room has grown, the heat is intolerable!"

"Come out of doors, father—the air is much cooler in the garden, and I believe there is a breeze springing up."

"Yea, I will follow you out there presently."

When Helen was gone, he once more went over to the painting and stood gazing on it with feverish intentness. He wiped his brows, bent nearer to it, and with bitter anguish said almost aloud. "If what I dread is coming on me, may God in His infinite love and mercy give me grace, not to murmur, nor repine."

Helen busied herself in making some little preparations for her father's comfort. She brought out a light round table, placed it near the most shaded seat she could find—ran down the garden, and on the south wall found three or four ripe peaches, so soft, so superbly tinted, so luscious, that an English gardener might be filled with envy at seeing them grow out of doors on the garden wall.

Susette brought out the cups of coffee her mistress had ordered—coffee prepared as only a Frenchwoman can prepare it—and then, Helen with her work in her hands, seated herself by her father's side, watched him enjoy his peaches,

and sip his coffee as she talked with him on every subject she could think of, except painting.

Finally, Mr. Wincherley fell asleep, and as his daughter sat looking at his worn, pale face, so sad, and anxious even in his slumbers, she stooped over him to fan away the too obtrusive flies, and said to herself,—

"Poor darling! If I only knew what it is that ails you I should be thankful—oh, so thankful!"

How calm and peaceful it all was!

The unchangeable blue sea, smooth as glass—hardly a rippling wave on its surface—the gorgeous flowers—the wilderness of greenery that stretched away around them. Even the voices of the birds were hushed, not a sound was to be heard except the low, drowsy, droning hum of the insects that enjoyed their brief summer life, and glanced about in the sunshine.

CHAPTER IX.

"Whate'er the action be
She's such a way of doing it,
She wins all hearts to see."

But the spell was broken at last by the entrance of the three boys, Singleton, Percy, and Archie, who came quickly up the garden walk, singing as they came.

These, with Helen and Olive, formed the whole of Owen Wincherley's family. Olive was a pale, shy girl, two years younger than Helen, who was at a boarding school at Marseilles. Singleton was a fine handsome lad, about thirteen years old. He had dark eyes and hair, and was tanned almost as brown as any native of the sunny south. His white jean blouse had lost pretty much of its purity during his boating experience, and was stained with pitch, sullied with mud. The belt round his waist was bright scarlet, on his head was a small white cap, with a tassel, also scarlet, and in his hand he carried about half-a-dozen fish strung on a piece of twine.

"Look at these beauties, Helen! I caught them all myself. Louis Michel let me—just handle them, and feel how firm and fine they are."

"No, no, thank you, Singleton" exclaimed his sister, drawing herself away. "I will take your word as to their perfection, I never like the smell of fish."

Singleton laughed merrily.

"Such nonsense! That is because you never caught any fish. We fishermen think they are more fragrant than roses—I wish you had seen these fellows in the water. It was so clear, we could watch them darting off like meteors, and flashing pink, green, red, gold, all the colours of the rainbow! They just scull along by a vibration of the tail, and the pretty clear fins balance them splendidly. But I say, what shall I do with these?"

"Take them to Susette, and tell her to make some fritters of them for dinner to-morrow."

"I have some anchovies Louis gave me," said Archie, holding up a little rough basket in which were several little bright fish, five or six inches long. "Shall Susette cook these also?" he asked.

"I have no doubt she will add a few more to them, Archie, and make some nice sauce."

"Helen, may we have our coffee out here? It is awfully hot in-doors," pleaded Singleton.

"Yes, I think it would be pleasant for you, father and I have had ours, you see"—she pointed to the empty cups. "But first get rid of your fish, and change your suits of clothes. They look only fit for the wash-tub. Susette will open her eyes wide with astonishment when she sees the state they are in."

It is so easy to prepare a meal on those sunny shores, where life during the bright summer days may be made—and is made by some of the natives—one long picnic—Helen, armed with a basket, and a pair of scissors, went down into the depths of the wilderness garden. She cut large bunches of rich purple grapes, gathered more peaches, supplemented them with plums that might have won a prize at any English horticultural show, brought out bread and biscuit from the house, and with the fresh coffee Susette had prepared, there was a banquet fit for a prince and his suite. Presently, the three boys appeared looking all the better for their toilet arrangements, and then began a right merry meal, "under the greenwood trees."

What a glimpse it was of happy family life, where the deepest and tenderest love for each other existed between each of its members! Yet was there room for good-natured raillery, banter, chat, and joke; there was frank, sweet liberty of word and thought, that never once degenerated into licence.

Though their father and eldest sister were present, the boys felt under no restraint, they were perfectly at their ease, and if now and then they grew a little noisy, Owen Wincherley only smiled, though his smile might be followed by a sigh.

Thorough gentlemen were these young sons of his, worthy descendants of an old and honoured race, that in 'bygone' days had numbered many brave men, and many good men in its ranks.

"Louis Michel has a fine voice," said Singleton, as at last even the grapes had ceased to tempt him, and he had turned away from the table to find a shady couch on the grass. "He taught us a boating song to-day, that sounds splendidly on the water. I think it is a new one, and that he composed it himself."

"What is it called?" asked Helen.

"Away we sail on the dancing wave. It goes this way." Singleton began the song, which was in Italian, and his brother Percy joined in his voice also, as they sang it to the end.

Very pretty it sounded from the boyish voices in that rural scene, and Helen told them so when they had finished.

"I find Louis Michel teaches you something more than fishing when you are out in the boat with him," she said.

"Oh, he sings numbers of things for us, bits of operas and masses, and do you know he is going to take the tenor at a 'Crèche' that is to be performed at Christmas. He wants us so much to go and hear him. May we go, father?"

Mr. Wincherley roused himself to reply. He was sitting in the darkest shade of that leafy bower with his eyes closed, and he was more

occupied just then by his own thoughts than by the prattle of the boys.

"Go to see the 'Crèche'?" Well, I think not, Singleton. I do not approve of such spectacles. I am aware that in Bavaria they look on what they call the 'Passion Play' as a kind of solemn festival. They only have it once in every six or seven years, and then, I understand, it is performed in a reverent manner by peasants who believe in it as a kind of religious service. But the 'Crèche,' with its absurdities, its travesties must be painful beyond measure, I should be grieved to the heart to witness such a blasphemous exhibition, and so, I am sure, would you."

"Oh then, father, I will not go, and I will tell Louis so."

"Nor will I go, father," exclaimed Peroy, who was at this period of his existence only a mild echo of Singleton and his opinions. These two boys, although they were not aware of it themselves, were far in advance of most English-educated lads. They were clever in languages, in music, and had a passionate love of the fine arts.

They would tramp miles and miles to see any beautiful cathedral with its Gothic architecture, its painted windows, its magnificent altar-piece, and they would listen, rapt in admiration, as some grand anthem sounded through the solemn aisles, and rolled away like subdued thunder along the arched roof.

Helen sometimes called them Bohemians as they came home from these tramps, tired, dusty, and very hungry, and she wondered whether their familiarity with splendid ecclesiastical show, with grand ceremonials, with solemn masses, sounding through dim-lit aisles, might not win them away from the calm, pure faith, that needs no such gorgeous display.

The family party was broken up on this occasion by the arrival of a visitor. No less a person than Monsieur St. Pierre, a young 'avocat,' who had just returned from the north, where he had been practising in his profession.

He went towards Mr. Wincherley, held out his hand, and with a polite bow introduced his subject at once, speaking in broken English:

"I had the honour once, sire, to have my portrait painted by you. It was good—very good! and now I come again for a second portrait, as like the other as it can be. That first likeness I gave to my mother, and she prizes so much the picture of her unworthy son. But this portrait! Ah, sire, I will not name who it is for, except that she is neither my mother, nor my grandmother!"

The conscious light that beamed in Monsieur's eyes hinted pretty plainly it was his intended wife of whom he spoke.

"Will you paint my portrait again, Monsieur Wincherley?"

"In what style do you wish it done?"

"In oils, like the other. I have brought that one with me that you may see the size. It is out in my carriage at the gate."

"I will fetch it," said the artist.

"Ah! no, pardon, I will not trouble you, I will bring it in myself."

Monsieur St. Pierre disappeared, and presently

returned with the picture carefully held on his arms, his hands extended out as far as they could stretch.

The painting was well done, the likeness still good, only when compared to Monsieur's countenance, it looked a trifle flattering now. For after a man, or woman either, has passed the first fresh bloom of youth, every few years steals away something or other from good looks. It may be very little, a dimple gone, a rose-tint lost, a bit of brightness or sweetness vanished, never to return again!

And so Monsieur looked a little old, and worn beside his portrait.

"I paid you ten guineas for that only three years ago. Shall I pay you the same for my new portrait?"

To Helen's horror, she heard her father agree—eagerly agree to this business arrangement. He undertook the work at once, the work that was sure to be a failure like that unfortunate landscape on the easel in the studio, and like so many other paintings he had done before during the past year.

What could Helen do or say in the matter?

Her father seemed feverishly anxious to begin at once, and he took Monsieur St. Pierre into the studio for a first sitting.

As soon as they were gone, Helen rose up wearily, and called Archie towards her.

"Come, my boy, it is time for you to go to bed!"

"Isn't it very early, Helen?"

"Not for little ones like you. Singleton and Percy may stay up an hour or so longer, but you must come at once."

A vague dread had come into her mind that was gradually growing in intensity, deepening,

and widening. What would become of them all? The very means that had hitherto brought money to the household and supplied their wants seemed failing.

Her father was always working, working hard that his children might live, and be clothed and fed; but that work was only bringing bitter disappointment and despair, and no longer any profit.

Helen knew well how this portrait-taking agreement would end! She glanced towards the studio door as she passed, and pictured to herself the confiding Frenchman seated there, trying to look his best, putting on his most bewitching expression of countenance to please his 'lady love,' and she pictured her father, heated and flushed, groping to catch the likeness that ever would elude his brush.

With a sigh, she went up the narrow stairs to the tiny bedroom Archie shared with his brother Percy.

As the little fellow repeated his prayers to her that evening, she taught him yet another verse, that she said he must not forget to say in future—

"However dark our way,
 However sad it prove,
Teach us in all, our God, to see
 The sunshine of Thy love.
Through all our life, our song be still,
 It is Thy will! it is Thy will!"

Helen sat at the window of the bedroom upstairs looking over the placid sea, until the sun went down low in the west and touched its placid surface with streaks of gold. Then she heard Monsieur St. Pierre go away, and she knew the first sitting was over.

VISIT TO TWO FAMOUS ARMENIAN MONASTERIES.

I.—SEVAN.

HAVING occasion last autumn to visit the Kurdish tribes on the southern and western boundaries of Transcaucasia, I possessed myself of a travelling licence and some necessary provisions, and left Tiflis on my journey to the Persian frontier. Our road at first was over the steppe watered by the river Kura. Except in early spring this plain is arid, dull and uninteresting. The only inhabited places on the wretched road were semi-subterranean Tartar hovels and the stations of the mounted road police. Travelling as we did is anything but agreeable. I have a vivid recollection of the bare, parched plain, the dusty road, the instrument of torture, which they called a cart, the filthy Tartar drivers, the broiling sun.

How changed were our surroundings when a turn of the road brought us into the long, deep valley of the Akstafa! Here we had fresh, cool breezes and the pleasant murmur of a running stream. The bold, rocky sides of the valley

were dotted with shrubs, and higher up the hill had a rich covering of deciduous trees and flowering evergreens. It was a scene of surpassing beauty that met our eyes as we threaded our way up the valley—the foaming river, the beautiful sequestered cascades arched over with drooping mountain-ash and edged with the long cool fronds of the heartstongue, the noble hills, the precipitous rocks crowned here and there with a crumbling relic of feudal days, whence views of the snowy peaks of savage Daghestan are seen far away to the northward.

But one day's ride brought us to the end of all this loveliness, and we were amidst the tame, grassy hills formed by the Russian Molokaus. A turn of the road, which at this point attained an altitude of nearly 7,000 feet, brought us in view of lonely Lake Goktcha, surrounded by its gloomy walls of snow-streaked mountains. On a rocky island, a quarter of a mile from the shore, is built the Armenian monastery of Sevan. Save

one white gull flying across the lake there were no signs of life or labour all around. How solemn and hushed everything was!

We left our cart and scrambled down to the shore, where we hailed a boat belonging to the monastery and desired to be taken across to the island. The boat was built on very primitive lines, but two lusty fellows soon landed us at the little landing-place. On the low part of the island the monks have built their huts, which, I am sorry to say, are throughout slovenly, dirty and in bad repair. Nor is there any appearance of that venerable antiquity or picturesque architecture which so often lends a charm to monastic establishments. The chapel was a dreary, mildewed, shabby little place, where the monks enshrine some crosses and books and vestments. Of course there was the inevitable piece of the true cross. There is yet another chapel on the highest part of the island. It is also entirely void of interest. Inside are two or three tawdry ragged cloths and some gaudily-painted wood-work.

Leaving this chapel and ascending a bold knoll to the east we had a wonderful view. All around were the shining waters of the majestic lake bound in by steep, lofty mountains. On the eastern shore tradition says that Nimrod the mighty hunter-king was slain. Not far away, but invisible because of an intervening mountain, is the lordly Ararat. When we descended to the cells again we found the monks engaged in a noisy altercation, some blaming us for not having kissed the relics which we had seen, others again condemning themselves in that they had uncovered their holy things before the eyes of Protestants. But they soon grew calm, and we had a long, interesting and friendly conversation with them on various points of Christian doctrine and ritual. When we left we were all good friends again. They wished us God speed and all success.

Sevan after all was a very melancholy experience for me. True, I saw the convent which was once a centre of Christian light and enterprise, and the abode of men devoted to pious contemplation and holy living. But how sadly altered! With minds sunk in complete ignorance, and with none of the sanctity of former times remaining, how can the lives of these poor monks be otherwise than useless and aimless! What these poor Armenian hermits want is knowledge, knowledge of divine things and of the world in which their lot is cast; they want greater liberty and more liberal teaching, and I have little doubt that when these are extended to them they will exert a more beneficent influence upon their countrymen, and make them more worthy of their historic church.

II.—ETCHMIADZIN.—THE RESIDENCE OF THE ARMENIAN CATHOLICOS.

Our road from Lake Goktcha to Eriwan was over a barren treeless waste, where we saw some tribes of nomadic Kurds, wandering about in search of pasture for their starving sheep and camels. The sun beat down upon us with un-

pitying intensity, and our blistered faces were irritated beyond endurance by the dust and driving sand. How relieved we felt when the fresh vineyards and fruit-gardens of Eriwan opened out before us; and what a pleasure it was to turn our eyes from the low, shimmering sand-dunes and stony torrent-beds of the plain to the glittering snows and impressive majesty of Ararat! Eriwan is almost entirely a Persian town. We stopped there two or three days to rest and refresh ourselves, but chiefly to visit the renowned convent of Etchmiadzin, which is distant about twelve miles from the town.

The Armenian Rome, as Etchmiadzin is sometimes called, is built on the wide plain lying between the grand mountains Ararat and Alagoz. The cathedral is built chiefly in the Byzantine style, and is surrounded by high walls. There is an air of great antiquity about the place. The cloisters and chapels are hoary with age, and in a semi-ruinous condition, bearing upon them the marks of 1500 troubled years. I was struck with the desolation of all around me—silence and neglect, weeds growing in the courtyard, wide cracks in the mud-plastered walls. For a long time after Gregory the Illuminator* founded it (A.D. 302) Etchmiadzin seems to have been the centre of life, light, and learning for all Armenian Christians. It sent out its missionaries and teachers, men filled with holy zeal, to the remote parts of the earth. The noblest and best of the Armenian nation sought its halls to acquire wisdom and knowledge; kings, princes, and victorious warriors were crowned in its cathedral, and received the homage of their subjects, and at its shrines were offered the devotions of a pious and stedfast nation. Gibbon, speaking of the importance of Etchmiadzin in those days, says, "Forty-seven archbishops, each of whom may claim the obedience of four or five suffragans, are consecrated by the hands of the Patriarch of Ekmiasin, but the greater part are only titular prelates who dignify with their presence and service the simplicity of his court. As soon as they have performed the liturgy, they cultivate the garden, and our bishops will learn with surprise that the austerity of their life increases in just proportion to the elevation of their rank."

But as time wore on this state of things changed. Great revenues from fat lands caused pride and corruption, and a recurrence of terrible invasions at the hands of the Persians and Tartars banished every security for life and property. The schools were deserted, the monastery villages depopulated, and at the downfall of the Armenian kingdom the splendour and power of the proud priests had departed for ever.

In recent years it has been attempted to make Etchmiadzin the centre and heart of the Armenian nation in State as well as in Church matters, but these attempts have failed—the bones are too dry. Day after day the Katholikos, archbishop, bishops, and monks go through a weary round of ritual, administer the church lands, and print a few worthless books of patristic lore. It is most difficult to make them move. The only thing

* Illumination is the Armenian term for "Conversion."

which seems to rouse these good monks to action is the energy of Armenian Protestants, and the attacks, real or imagined, which Protestants generally are directing against the Armenian Gregorian Church. In their turn they attack Protestantism or Evangelical religion with anathemas, using their waning influence with the Russian Government, which they hate, to crush out the reformation spirit which they so justly fear. Yet I believe that the Armenian nation will be a prominent factor in the evangelization of Turkey, Asia Minor, and Persia. They are essentially a religious and an earnest people. With their Church purified and vivified, and earnestly endeavouring to strengthen and advance the Church of Christ, the Armenian nation may yet be a mighty power for good in the East.

As I left the convent-walls surrounding so much idleness and vainglory, I could see the lordly Ararat away to the south, so beautiful and solemn, his head white, as the peasants say, because of the great sorrows he has seen at his feet. This crumbling convent and its monks, with their old mediæval ways and prejudices, are fading away from us. Ararat remains for ever, preaching his silent sermon, an everlasting hill which cannot be removed.

Odessa.

M. A. MORRISON.

Things New and Old.

A SUNNY LIFE.—A Memoir has been published of Mrs. Prentiss, author of 'Stepping Heavenward' and other spiritual and devotional works. No trait in Mrs. Prentiss was more striking than her sympathy with young people, especially with young girls, and her desire to be religiously helpful to them. But her interest in them was not confined to the spiritual life. She delighted to join them in their amusements, and to take her part in their playful contests, whether of wit or knowledge. Her friend, Miss Morse, thus recalls this feature of her character:

"In Mrs. Prentiss's life the wise man's saying, *A merry heart doeth good like a medicine*, was beautifully exemplified. Yet few were thoroughly acquainted with this phase of her character. Those who knew her only through her books or her letters of Christian sympathy and counsel—many even who came into near and tender personal relations to her—failed to see the frolicsome side of her nature which made her an eager participant in the fun of young people—in a merry group of girls the merriest girl among them.

"This brightness wonderfully attracted young people to her, and gave her an influence with them that she could not otherwise have exercised. She recognised it in herself as a power, and used it, as she did all her powers, for the service of her Master. Young Christians seeing that her deeply religious life did not interfere with her keen enjoyment of all innocent pleasures, realized that there need be no gloominess for them either, in a life consecrated to God."*

The biography, by the Rev. Dr. Prentiss, of the Union Theological Seminary of New York, consists chiefly of her 'diary and letters,' one of which gives a pleasant picture of family life during a well-earned summer-holiday season.

* 'Life and Letters of Mrs. Prentiss,' author of 'Stepping Heavenward.' Randolph and Co., New York; Hodder and Stoughton, London.

"M. and I work generally like two day-labourers for the wages we get, and those wages are flowers here, there, and everywhere, to say nothing of ferns, brakes, mosses, scarlet berries, and the like. And when flowers fail we fall back on different shades of green; the German ivy being relieved by a background of dark foliage, or light grasses against grave ones; and when we hit on any new combination, each summons the other to be lost in admiration. And when we are too sore and stiff from weeding, grass shearing, or watering, we fall to framing little pictures, or to darning stockings, which she does so beautifully that it has become a fine art with her, or I betake myself to the sewing-machine and stitch for legs that seem to grow long by the minute.

"What the rest of the family are about meanwhile, I cannot exactly say. Mr. Prentiss sits in a chair with an umbrella over his head, and pulls up a weed now and then, and then strolls off with a straw in his mouth; he also drives off sometimes on foraging expeditions, and comes back with butter, eggs, etc., and on hot days takes a bath where a stream of cold water dashes over him; 'splendid,' he says, and 'horrid' I say. The boys are up to everything; they are carpenters and plumbers and trouters and harnessers and drivers; H. has just learned to solder, and saves me no little trouble and expense by stopping leakages; heretofore every holey vessel had to be sent out of town. Both boys have gardens and sell vegetables to their father at extraordinary prices, and they are now filling up a deep ditch 400 feet long at a 'York shilling' an hour—men get a 'long shilling' and do the work no better. With the money thus made they buy tools of all sorts, seeds, and fruit trees, but no nonsense. Three happier children than these three cannot be found. . . ."

THE REIGN OF GRACE.—In India, many years ago, a young officer, suddenly awoken to a sense of his sin, went to the house of a brother officer, the only witness for Christ at the station, and asked him the meaning of the term "Salvation by Grace;" and that friend put into his hands a reprint of an essay by Dr. Chalmers, which was originally pre-fixed to an edition of the Reign of Grace by Abraham Booth, one of the old Puritan writers. As he read the essay, the great scheme of man's salvation through the free grace of God was unfolded to his view. Having carefully preserved the pamphlet, whenever he has met with any one anxious to be reconciled to God, but having no distinct impression of the method by which alone such reconciliation can be effected, he has given him the essay to peruse, and it has pleased God to bless it in more than one instance. In grateful remembrance of this mercy to himself and others, he had some copies of the essay printed, and he would "cast them as bread upon the waters," earnestly beseeching the Lord of the harvest to vouchsafe His blessing.

Years afterwards, when this officer had returned from India, he was walking one evening in company with his wife about the southern suburb of Edinburgh, both of them being alike unacquainted with the locality. Attracted by the beautiful situation of a cemetery, they entered its precincts, and were admiring the remarkable views it commands, when suddenly the eye of the officer was drawn to a large plain block of stone on which were inscribed the words,

"THE REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, DD. AND LL.D."

He found he was unexpectedly standing by the grave of his spiritual father. When the emotion which the circumstance occasioned had subsided, he remembered it was his birthday of grace,—the fifteenth anniversary of that memorable morning when he first understood the meaning of the term "Salvation by Grace." The essay by Dr. Chalmers was separately printed as a small brochure by the Religious Tract Society.

HEROIC WOMEN.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.

CHAPTER V.—CHRISTIAN WOMEN OF ALL AGES.



ELIZABETH CAZOTTE.

WE have now to deal with the heroic women of the Christian ages, a subject which it needs not to say, might fill volumes, yet not be adequately dealt with. It is still more difficult here, than in the former chapters, to make a selection. Yet it may help us to do so, if we take note of the different grounds on which the title "Heroic" has been assigned to one woman or another. Sometimes it has been applied on account of some one grand or striking deed, sometimes for one continued course of action, sometimes as significant of the tenor of a woman's entire life. The first, and perhaps the second, of these are rather cases of women who performed

heroic actions; the third only of truly heroic women. It might indeed be argued that a woman who could perform an heroic action in one instance would perform them also in others, if occasion called them out; but still would be the answer that "that remained to be proved."

Illustrative of the first of these classes is the story which has been told of several women, and notably of Lady Edgeworth, of Castle Lisnard in Longford. She had gone, lighted by a maid-servant carrying a tallow candle, into a loft, to fetch some gunpowder from a barrel deposited there. As they were returning, she noticed that the girl had not got the candle, and asked her what she had

done with it. She replied that she "had stuck it into the barrel of black salt." The risk of destruction to herself and the other inmates of the house was of course imminent. Most women would have fainted, or taken to flight, or at all events screamed for help. Lady Edgeworth going quietly back into the loft, with a steady hand took the candle out of the powder, and carried it down stairs.

Equal courage, and of a more generous kind, was shown by the peasant girl of the well-known northern tale. She was alone in a cottage in the outskirts of a village—alone, that is, with the child-brother, of whom she had been left in charge. On a sudden she saw a huge wolf forcing its way into the house, through the slight door, which could offer no effectual resistance. There was time for herself to escape through the back-door, but she could not have taken the child with her. She employed the minute allowed her, in catching him up and placing him in safety in a high cupboard, which she bolted on him. Then she caught up a stick and faced the wolf. The neighbours heard her cries, and hurried up; they found her dead body mangled by the wolf, but the infant uninjured.

Jeanne Touquet, at the siege of Beauvais by Charles the Bold, is another case in point. The Burgundian troops had escaladed the town and were on the point of carrying it; the French garrison flying on all sides. Jeanne incited a troop of women to rush to the defence, hurling stones and other missiles with such effect that the assailants were driven back, and the town saved. Jeanne herself attacked the officer who was endeavouring to plant the standard of Burgundy on the ramparts, and, tearing the standard from his grasp, hurled him headlong over the wall.

The story of Catherine Douglas, agin, is well known. She was one of the ladies of Jean Beaufort, Queen of James I. of Scotland, who was barbarously murdered, A.D. 1436. The royal pair were in their bed-chamber, when the footsteps of the assassins outside in the gallery were heard. The King tore up a board of the floor, and leaped down into a vault underneath, shouting at the same time to the ladies to keep the door as long as they could. The locks had been broken by the conspirators, and the bar which ran across it removed. But Catherine thrust her arm into the empty staple, endeavouring in this manner to obey the King's orders. The arm was almost instantly broken, and the conspirators bursting in, effected their fell purpose. But the issue in no way detracted from the noble devotion of the deed.

During the wars of the League, M. St. Aunez, Henry the Fourth's governor of Leucate, while engaged on a confidential mission, fell into the hands of Mayenne's followers. They marched immediately to Leucate, which they required the Governor to surrender to them. On his refusal they sent to Constance his wife, telling her that if she did not instantly open the gates to them, they would put her husband to death. She replied that if they chose to be guilty of so foul an act of murder, the guilt would be theirs; but she would in any case do her duty. The Leaguers baffled and infuriated, put their cruel threat into execution, and then broke up the siego. Some of

the garrison wished to retaliate on some prisoners of rank, whom they had taken; but Constance would not permit it.

The bravery of Marie Sombreuil, and Elizabeth Cazotte, during the worst days of the Reign of Terror, equalled any of those before mentioned. Monsieur De Sombreuil, Governor of the Invalides, had been arrested and lodged in the Abbaye. The ferocious mob was already drunk with the blood of innumerable victims, when he was dragged forward. He received the same sentence as those before him, viz., to be removed to La Force—the meaning of which was, that the moment he passed the door, he would find himself in the hands of a crowd of ruffians, who would murder him with a hundred wounds. But as he was being led to the door, his daughter Marié burst through the pikes and the swords round her, and clasping him in her arms, pleaded for him so earnestly, that even the pitiless ruffians were moved. They offered her her father's life, but upon one horrible condition—that she "should drink the blood of the aristocrats," handing to her at the same time a bowl full of blood! The brave girl did not hesitate, even under this frightful ordeal. She drank it off, and her father was spared.

Nearly the same was the case of Cazotte. Sentence of death had already been passed upon him, and he was on the very point of being assassinated. But as the daggers were even now gleaming in the air, his daughter threw herself on her father's neck, and baring her bosom, exclaimed, "You shall not stab my father, except through my heart." The spectacle is said to have forced tears from even the hard and cruel eyes of the blood-stained wretches round her. Every weapon was lowered, and Elizabeth was permitted to take her father away unhurt.

All these heroic acts were done, so to speak, on the spur of the moment. Great and noble as, beyond controversy, they were, it does not follow, that on other occasions those who performed them would have displayed equal heroism. But there are other instances, where the trial of fortitude extended throughout a lengthened course of action. Such, for instance, was Flora MacDonald's devotion to the young Prince Charles Edward. Flora was the daughter of the Chief of South Uist, and the step-daughter of MacDonald of Armadale, who was a notorious supporter of the reigning family. It was therefore at the risk, not only of her own life, as being guilty of high treason, in favouring the escape of the fugitive prince, but of mortally offending her own family also, that she took upon her the task of shielding Charles Edward from the enemies who seemed to be on the very point of seizing him. After several hair-breadth escapes, in the course of which she herself ran great personal risk, and by dint of great courage, prudence and presence of mind, she contrived to secure his safe retreat to France. But she was herself arrested and imprisoned in London; and was not set free till 1747, when a general amnesty was proclaimed.

An equally noble and more touching devotion of self is recounted of Prascovia Loupouloff, the daughter of a Russian officer, whom the Czar Paul had sent into banishment for life. He was

stationed at Izrym, near the southern frontier of Western Siberia. Prascovia, a girl of seventeen, had conceived the idea of going up alone to St. Petersburg, and pleading her father's cause before the Emperor himself. After many ineffectual efforts she obtained her father's permission to make the attempt, and the necessary passports for quitting Siberia. She set out about the middle of September, during which month in that iron climate, symptoms of winter begin to show themselves. But she could not wait for nine months, when the recurrence of June would again lay the roads open. Trusting to obtain a seat in some sledge, or in the suite of some traveller who was making the journey, she set out alone and on foot.

She did reach St. Petersburg, and obtained the desired remission of her father's sentence, but only after protracted toils and sufferings, which more than once brought her to the very verge of the grave. She several times nearly died of cold and hunger; once was all but drowned by the oversetting of the vessel in which she was travelling; and on another occasion ran the most imminent risk of being murdered by some peasants with whom she had taken shelter, and who imagined she must have a large sum of money with her; finally she was seized by an illness, which confined her to her bed for many months, and for a long time appeared likely to end fatally. When at last she reached St. Petersburg, her difficulties appeared to be only then beginning. One effort after another to obtain the desired remission of her father's sentence failed, and she was repeatedly told that the attempt was hopeless. But with invincible constancy she persisted, and at length obtained an interview with the Empress of Russia, who listened to her story, and obtained the mercy she sought from the Emperor.

The devotion of Gertrude Von der Wart to her husband Rudolph was exhibited within briefer limits, but is as grand a history, though more harrowing to read. Rudolph had been leagued with the murderers of Albert of Hapsburg, A.D. 1308. Von der Wait steadfastly persisted that he was innocent of that part of the conspiracy which involved the assassination of the Emperor. But he was seized, and Frederick and Leopold, the sons of the murdered man, were in no mood to draw distinctions between the guilt of the conspirators. He was broken on the wheel, and by the express orders of Queen Agnes, the sister of Frederick and Leopold, his shattered limbs were fastened to another wheel, which was set up upon a high scaffold: where his lingering and agonized death was to be made a spectacle to all men. Such was the fury of those who had sentenced him, that it would be instant death for any one even to express compassion for his sufferings. But his young wife, Gertrude, who had been shut up in prison, made her escape from confinement, and hurried to the spot where Rudolph was still lingering in a living death. She made her way, in spite of the guard which had been placed round the scaffold, and climbing with great risk and difficulty to the spot where her husband was lying, fondled and caressed him, deaf to his entreaties that she would leave him,

and not bring the vengeance of his enemies upon herself.

In the morning Prince Leopold and his sister rode by. They were furious when they heard what Gertrude had been suffered to do, and commanded her to be dragged away. But the guards could not resist her entreaties, and she was allowed to break away and return to her husband. For nearly two days more she continued her terrible vigil, insensible apparently to cold, and storm, and hunger, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing her husband's eyes close in peace.

A less terrible, but equally gallant, constancy was displayed by Augustina, known as the Maid of Saragossa. When in the year 1808, Napoleon made his unprovoked and monstrous aggression upon Spain, Saragossa was one of the places which the French attempted to seize. It was resolutely defended by the Spaniards, and the carnage on both sides was frightful. In one of the Spanish batteries the whole of the defenders had been killed by the fire of the French; and it would have been taken, if a woman named Augustina had not rushed up to one of the guns, and catching up the linstock from the hand of the dead gunner, herself fired the cannon upon the enemy. She was instantly joined by a crowd of volunteers, and the battery was saved. Throughout the siege, which lasted for nearly six weeks, she continued to serve in the artillery. "After the retreat of the French," says Southey, "a pension was settled upon her, and the daily pay of an artillery man. It was also decreed that she should wear a small shield of honour embroidered on the sleeve of her gown with the word 'Saragossa' inscribed on it."

But no heroism above described exceeds that of Marie Antoinette, the queen of Louis XVI. of France. Previously to the outbreak of the Revolution she had been noted for her light-hearted gaiety; which had exposed her to a good deal of obloquy, not wholly undeserved, though she was never chargeable with anything more than youthful indiscretion. But from the moment that danger to the throne and life of her husband became evident, her whole character seemed to alter. She devoted herself with calm and unwavering courage to stave off the peril, or if that could not be done, to meet it with constancy. If her prudent counsels had been listened to, she might have succeeded. The cause was ruined, not more by the fury and malignity of the popular leaders, than by the vacillation of the king and the rash folly of the nobles. But through the long and terrible ordeal ending at last on the scaffold, she never once faltered or wavered, her character seeming ever to rise to a nobler pitch, as the peril and the agony deepened.

These are but few, out of many grand and noble women, who crowd on our memory, as we write. If space allowed, one would gladly tell of the constancy of Margaret Roper as a daughter, and Lady Russell and Lady Nithesdale as wives; of Mrs. Mompesson's surrender of her life for the relief of the sufferers in the plague; of Joan of Arc, and Grace Darling, and Lady Sale and a hundred others—women of all ages, and countries, and ranks of society, linked together in one

glorious sisterhood of enduring love. But this chapter would have no end were we so to write. We have but been able to cull a few flowers from a fragrant bouquet, a few leaves from an enduring garland.

A HOLIDAY SERMONETTE.

"And He (Jesus) said unto them, 'Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while:' for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat."—*Mark vi. 31.*

TH E Apostles needed retirement, quiet and rest after their work. They had just returned from a preaching tour on which the Lord had sent them, among other reasons, as a preparation for their future work. They had rejoined the Master, once more to attend Him in His work, to share, in their place and degree, the burden of His public ministry, and receive His private instructions. As a result of their work, so many people were crowding about them, going in and out, that "they had no leisure so much as to eat." The Lord saw that they needed a season of withdrawal from the crowd, and provided it for them. It is true that His rest and theirs was interrupted by the people, who, observing their departure and their progress, ran before, and came together to Him at His retreat. None the less was rest needful, though His plan was frustrated for the time.

"Come ye yourselves apart," He said. "Come," not "Go." He took them with Him. He did not send them away from Himself. He went with them into their retirement. He doubtless needed it Himself, but He thought of them, and shared, and went into it for their sakes.

"Come ye yourselves apart." He wished all of them to come, and themselves only. He did not wish to separate them from Himself, nor from each other. He wished to separate them from the world, which was the sphere of their work. He bade them come themselves apart *into a desert place*, where there was nothing to distract; where they would have relief from the pressure of work, and be withdrawn from the whirl of excitement. These are what the tired worker wants. His real wants are few and simple, and these wants Christ provides for in the case of His own. His sympathy with His own in the midst of their work is deep and true and tender. He demands and receives from the true-hearted, supreme love and whole-hearted devotion, but He remembers that they are dust, that their strength has limits, and would not overwork them.

He chose a desert place, where they might have quiet, and all the influences would be healthful and restorative. It was not to receive instruction, or spend the time in devotional services, or practise any austereites; it was to rest that the Saviour took the Apostles apart into the desert place. Cessation from mental, as well as physical exertion was what they wanted, rest—simple rest in His and in each other's society. The most severe and exhausting of all human toil is mental toil, and more particularly mental production. Breaks down are far more frequent among the overtaxed workers with the brain,

than among the overtaxed workers with the hands. A few hours of close mental application and production is more exhausting than a much longer period of manual labour. And Christian work, if it be done as Christ did it, and as He would have us do it, is, to a large extent, mental toil.

The humblest Christian service should ever be done thoughtfully as well as prayerfully; and the most important Christian work of all—the work out of which all other Christian work grows, and by which it is sustained and guided—the work of Christian preaching and teaching, demands and deserves the devotion, concentration, and application of all the best powers of the human mind.

"Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all;" wrote St. Paul to Timothy. All this was mental toil. No amount or kind of mental toil devoted to Christian ministry in any form is sufficient without the help of the Spirit and the blessing of God, but no Christian preacher or teacher in pulpit, school or cottage, on the roadside or anywhere else, nor any Christian writer has any right to expect the help of the Spirit and the blessing of God if he does not devote all the powers of his mind to the work, while he is engaged in it, in the spirit of the Apostle's exhortation to Timothy. Now all such workers need occasional periods of rest, simple cessation from work. Christ recognised the necessity, and provided for it.

Sometimes disciples, in their zeal, plan and engage in new forms of active service during their periodical seasons of rest, or they continue their ordinary forms of service under changed circumstances. This may sometimes be necessary, and the mere change is in so far restful, but when this course is pursued out of mere excess of zeal its wisdom may be fairly doubted. It may be doubted whether the consequent deterioration which must take place in the quality of the work done does not cause greater loss to it than the subtraction of so much time for pure and simple rest, i.e., entire cessation from work would do. This kind of mistake is often fostered and perpetuated by the applause which unthinking Christians bestow upon those who make it, and by the blame they sometimes lay upon those who do not fall into it. It is as great a mistake, and fraught with as serious consequences to the cause of Christ, for the Christian worker never to take pure rest as to think, as many seem to do, that doing a great many things in a fussy superficial way is really work, and a sign of a truly zealous spirit. Nor is it only toilers with the brain, and those who are specially devoted to Christian work, who need rest and change. Those who are chiefly devoted to what we call secular pursuits need them, and are cared for by Christ. The Christian's worldly occupation is "a calling." When pursued in a right spirit, and for a right end, as Christ would have pursued it, had He been placed in the same circumstances, it is as truly sacred as the calling of a Christian minister or missionary, and the same principles apply to the one as to the other. Secular occupations, whether mental or manual,

whether professional or commercial, make such demands upon the strength as render occasional pauses for rest and recreation, not only desirable but necessary, if the work is to be done in the most thorough and efficient manner. The merchant, the doctor, the lawyer, clerks, shop-people, artizans, and labourers, those who serve and those who are served, as well as preachers, teachers, and writers need periodical seasons of relief from the strain of work, and withdrawal from the whirl of excitement.

But for these pauses the strength and spirits of many more than those who actually break down would give way under the high pressure of our modern town and city life.

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while," (or "rest a little").

It was only for a little the Apostles were to rest in the desert place. It was only to recruit their exhausted energies and fit them for further service. The amount, kind and duration of the rest taken were to be determined altogether by these objects. These are the considerations which should ever regulate the rest taken by earnest workers in any worthy cause, by those earnestly engaged in the pursuit of any lawful calling, as well as by specifically Christian workers. The principles of Christ's conduct on this occasion apply to all analogous cases. Human nature requires periodical rest. Not only the rest of the Lord's day, but occasional pauses in the whole course of an ordinary working life are beneficial. After these pauses the worker returns with renewed strength to his work, takes a fresh start in it, and does more and better work than before, to the great advantage of all who participate in the fruits of his labours.

It is only for "a little while" however we are ever to rest here. This is the day of toil, of service, of conflict. We are sent into the world, we are called into the church, for work, and not for rest. Our working day is lifelong, and we must make the most of it; but these brief pauses that we take in the course of it are given unto us that we may make the most of it, that we may be strong to labour, that our hands may not be weakened, that our knees may not be enfeebled. In relation to the length of an ordinary life they are "little whiles," but our whole working day of life itself, even the longest working life, is a "little while" compared with the "long leisure of eternity," "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

"The rest that remaineth" to which we look forward is not idleness. Those who enjoy it serve God day and night. They never need to pause in their service, for they never grow weary. Exhaustion and fatigue are never experienced by them, therefore their life is one of perfect rest, albeit of ceaseless activity. Cessation from work here and now, when it is not needed in order to recruit exhausted energy, is idleness and not rest in any true sense. It is as much idleness as it would be for a strong man in perfect health, and quite fresh, to throw down his tools and go to sleep in the course of the forenoon. Rest, in the sense of cessation from service, is for the weary, not for the unwearied, not for those who are incapable of weariness.

The thought of the shortness of life's working

day, compared with the eternity of "the rest that remaineth," may sustain and comfort us, when, as not infrequently happens here, we must go on even though our strength be abated.

As the rest of heaven is not idleness, so true service on earth,—and our earthly occupations should be true service to God,—is not restless. The rest of heaven is rest in service, glad and ceaseless. The service of earth is service in rest, deep and abiding. The rest and the service in heaven are both perfect. The rest and the service on earth are both imperfect. The rest of heaven is outward and inward. The rest on earth is inward chiefly, if not exclusively. There is perfect harmony between the inward experience and the outward circumstances of the redeemed in glory. There is often only contrast between the inward experience and the outward circumstances of the redeemed on earth.

Rest is the very atmosphere of heaven. Unrest is the atmosphere of earth.

"Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

These are the words of Christ, to toil-worn, care-worn men, staggering beneath crushing burdens of sin and care and sorrow. He does not promise them exemption from trouble, but He promises them rest of soul if they come to Him.

"These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

These are the words of Christ to those who have responded to His call, and got rest of soul. Labour, trial, conflict are often the outward lot of the Christian.

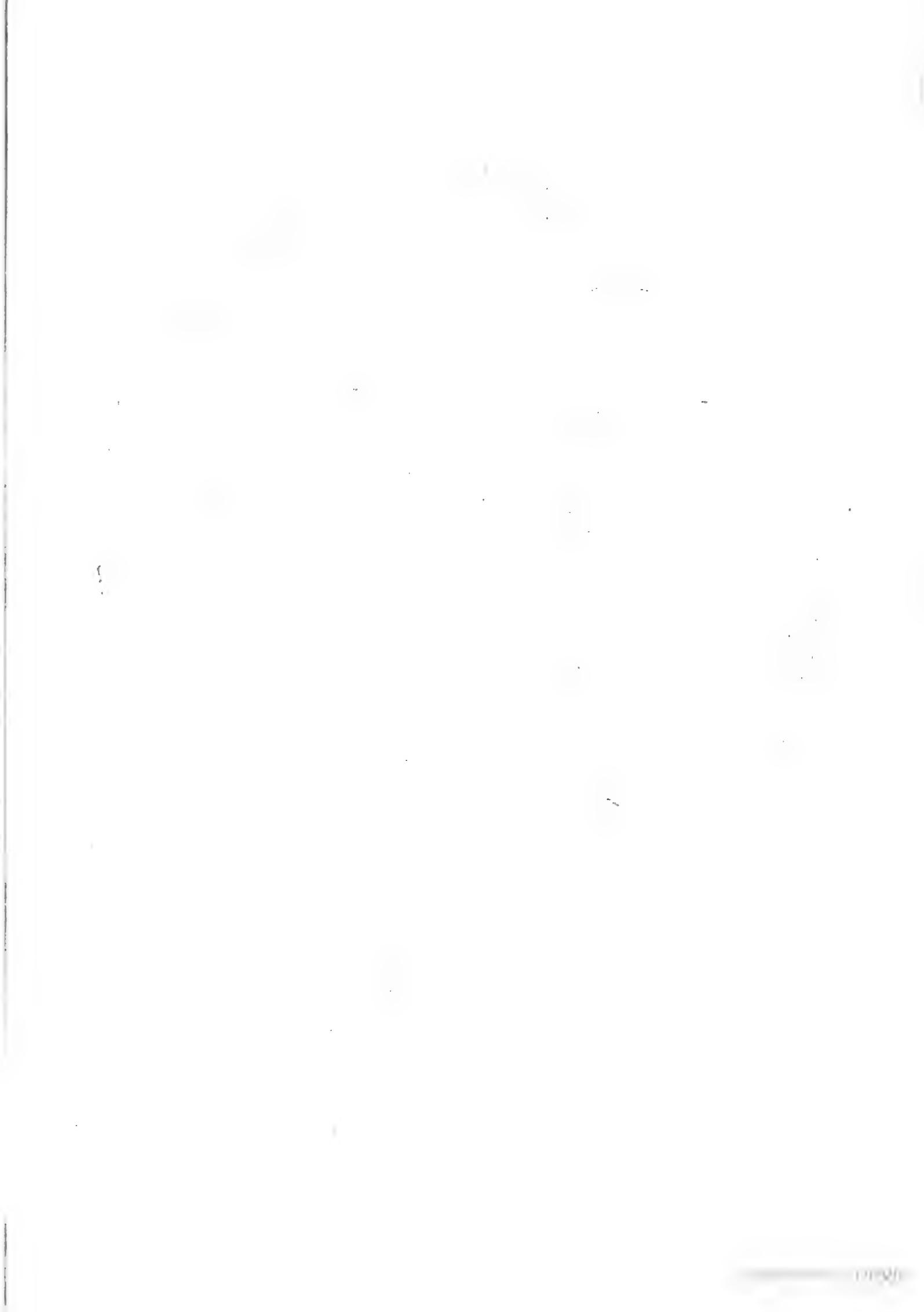
Rest of soul, peace in Christ, joy in the victory of faith, is, or may be, and ought to be his inward experience. The more of rest and peace and joy he has, the more and better will he work, the more fruitful and blessed will his service be, the more steadfast and immovable will he be, the more will he abound in the work of the Lord, and the more needful will occasional pauses be for him in his labours—the "rest for a while apart in the desert place." JOHN KELLY.

MR. RUSKIN'S POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.—The first principle of my political economy is that the material wealth of any country is the portion of its possession which feeds and educates good women in it; the connected principle of national policy being that the strength and power of a country depend absolutely on the quantity of good men and women in the territory of it, and not at all on the extent of the territory—still less on the number of vile or stupid inhabitants. A good crew in a good ship, however small, is a power; but a bad crew in the biggest ship none—and the best crew in a ship cut in half by a collision in a hurry, not much the better for their numbers.

Following out these two principles, I hold further, and always, that briefly, the health of a country is in its good men and women, and in nothing else: that the riches of England are good Englishmen; of Scotland, good Scotchmen; of Ireland, good Irishmen.—*Fors Clavigera.*



WHEN Nature's work is rarest and
completest,
And o'er the land the light of Summer
broods,
Of all her many voices, best and sweetest
I deem that whisper through the leafy
woods
Which says: "Behold in beauty freely
given
His hand who formed thee for a fairer
Heaven."



Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE.



IV.—THE FIDDLER.

ONE fine spring morning, Madeleine was seated on the door-sill of the shop. She had the charge of it, to wait on the customers, for Ceccherini was often away, as he had several different occupations to attend to; and old Rosa was preparing their humble dinner.

The little girl sat with her head resting upon her hand, looking with an absent air at the passers-by, who were going and coming along the pavement, and at the numerous carts laden with goods which came to pay toll at the gate of San Frediano, before they went to the market with a great noise of the little bells of the horses, and cracking of whips. At a little distance were some dirty ragged children playing games, and disputing who could play best.

In the midst of this bustle, Madeleine remained passive; large tears were unconsciously rolling down her pallid cheeks. She was thinking of her mother, whose tender affection she missed more and more every day. She was feeling very lonely, notwithstanding the kindness she received from Ceccherini and his wife, for the orphan was oppressed with the knowledge that they kept her for charity's sake.

Oh, if only grandfather would come, she thought; he would surely take me away with him, and I should be no longer so lonely!

At this moment were heard the distant sounds of a violin. She raised her head and listened, for she was passionately fond of music. The musician was not yet in sight; however, the tune became more and more distinct, and presently Madeleine perceived at the end of the street, surrounded by a group of children, a tall, old man, of respectable appearance, but his clothes were dusty, as if he had walked a long way.

A spaniel sat beside him, holding in his mouth a little bowl, into which half-pence were sometimes thrown. The stranger, while he played, was looking around him in an absent and inquiring manner. Madeleine came and mixed with the attentive group. When the tune was finished, the stranger looked into the animated little faces which surrounded him, and replacing his violin upon his shoulder, he said, with hesitation, "Do any of you children know French?"

At the sound of these words spoken in a language different from their own, the children began laughing and elbowing one another. Madeleine only remained serious, having understood the question of the old man; and her heart began suddenly to beat. Then taking courage, she said in a low voice, not without a slight Italian accent,—

"I understand French a little. If I can help you, I will do it willingly."

"Ah, God be praised!" cried the musician, his face brightening. "I shall now be able to obtain the necessary information. Tell me, my little girl, where is the street called San Frediano?"

"It is this street," answered the child.

The old man could not restrain a movement of astonishment.

"Do you know," he said, "a certain man named Chec—no—Ceccherini? He keeps an earthenware shop."

"He lives there," said Madeleine, pointing in the direction of the humble shop: "I live there," added she, fixing on the stranger an inquiring look.

"You live at his house! Then you can, no doubt, tell me if a woman named Catherine lives in the same house?"

At this question the orphan burst into sobs. "Mother! mother!" she said in broken words, "It is grandfather, I am sure."

"Child, what are you saying? Can you be Madeleine?"

She nodded assent, and smiled in the midst of her tears.

Jean Nodet—for it was he—led her away towards the shop in order to escape from the gaze of the curious, who had gathered around them. Then taking her in his arms, he held her close to his heart for a long time; to the great astonishment of Rosa, who had entered at the other end of the shop.

Big tears fell upon the child's head while she related to her grandfather Catherine's death.

"Then I shall see her no more upon earth," said John, in a low and voice. "I hope, however, that my letter reached her."

"A letter? Mother never received any," said Madeleine.

"Ah! my poor daughter! how unfortunate! I put it in the post the same morning I left home. It seems that the Lord would not grant her that consolation before she departed. His ways are not our ways!" At this moment Ceccherini returned home, and he was very soon put in possession of the news. Madda, proud of her grandfather, went from one to the other, or remained in contemplation before him, all the while translating the best she could, to the astonished old people, the account of his journey, and his words of thankfulness for the home they had given to Madda.

However, it grew late, and Nodet felt the necessity of resting his limbs, weary, and stiffened by his hurried journey; when he had eaten the soup, they prepared for him a lowly bed in the corner of the shop, where he lay down to rest, with his faithful Sisrah at his feet.

The next morning, without reflecting that her grandfather must still be very much fatigued, Madeleine, desirous of making him admire her dear Florence, insisted on taking him all about the town. He consented to her wish to please the child, and permitted himself to be guided by her from street to street, and to the public places.

But he was not so enthusiastic as his grand-daughter expected. The immense palaces of the Guelfs or Gibelins, with their sombre fronts and enormous curved stones, their high gateways, always guarded with a watchful eye, oppressed and terrified the old man. The sight however of the elegant *Campanile de Giotto* drew from him an exclamation of surprise and admiration, to the great joy of Madeleine, who danced round him with all her Italian vivacity.

"Is it not beautiful, grandfather?"

"Yes, yes, it is not bad. Tell me of what use is that high variegated tower?"

"It is the clock, grandfather."

"The clock? but why is it alone?"

"Oh! no, see, here is the Dôme. Let us go in, with you?"

On entering under the majestic roof of this noble edifice, John was seized with a kind of religious awe: he took off his hat respectfully; but the tranquillity of his soul was very quickly succeeded by indignation, when he saw the statues of the Virgin, the pictures of saints, the genuflexions of the worshippers before altars, dedicated to men and not to God; and especially when before going out of the church Madeleine dipped the tips of her fingers in the holy water, and made the sign of the cross.

"What," said he quickly, "would you be a Roman Catholic?"

"I do not know," she said, rather frightened at the stern expression of the old man, "people always do that when they go into churches."

"Let us go away," said John, pushing her forward by the shoulder. "We might believe ourselves to be amidst pagan deities: and as to you, my poor little one, I see the sooner we leave the better, you are already partly perverted, and these people might be still capable of claiming you as belonging to their church."

Frightened at this unexpected admonition, Madda followed her grandfather out of the Dôme. From that time the old man would go to see no other church, whatever might be the architectural beauty or artistic riches. John neither knew nor cared anything about it. His mind was constantly taken up with the great desire of returning to his country, to resume the habitual course of his simple and regular life, with the child who had so quickly taken possession of the affection of his heart; and whose moral development he hoped to promote by taking her away at once from those contrary influences, to which she would have been exposed by living in Florence. However, prudence required that the old man should rest himself awhile, before setting off on his homeward journey. Therefore, he accepted with gratitude the hospitality of Madeleine's protectors, who would receive from him no remuneration for their kindness towards her, and were full of obliging attentions to him.

John would have liked very much to visit the grave of his daughter: but, alas! her body had been laid in the common grave provided for the poor. Neither grave-stone nor crosses marked the spot where Madeleine's mother reposed.

It was a bitter disappointment to the old man, who was accustomed to the humble tombs in his own country cemeteries, where the poorest at least rest peacefully, each one in his own grave.

At the end of a week John desired Madeleine to prepare herself for their departure: the prospect of the journey did not alarm her. Children love novelty and change: besides she was ignorant of the great distance they had to travel; neither had she the least idea that she was going to bid farewell to Florence, perhaps for ever. Charmed with the stories her grandfather related to her of his home, she pictured to herself meadows and flowers, and beautiful shady fruits, and freedom, to walk in the fields: and

"a pretty little cottage for grandfather and me," as she said to Rosa, in her simple pride. She felt for the old man at once lively, instinctive affection mixed with respect; and under his protection she felt herself happy.

She knew he was poor, and that the journey would be long,—but this did not distress her. Children think little of the cares and fears of to-morrow.

Moreover, a new feeling was awakening in her heart. Every evening her grandfather placed the little black book open, upon his knees, the little girl following line after line with her finger, listened attentively to the message of peace, which her poor mother had scarcely been able to make her understand.

"Grandfather," said she, on the eve of the day fixed for their departure, "does God see us now? Does He know we are going to set off to-morrow?"

"Without doubt, Madda; God is everywhere. He knows all that concerns us."

"Then will He come with us?"

"Certainly, my child; and He will preserve us from all evil."

"Ah! I am very glad to know it," said Madeleine, with a sigh of relief. "La Rosa told me that Switzerland is so far off, and it is very difficult to go there."

"Make yourself easy, my little one," answered the grandfather, caressing her brown head; always rather rough. "It is true that all is not easy, but the Lord will provide," as He has already done, in bringing me to you. If Rosa says any more about it just tell her that what God keeps is well kept."

Madeleine's troubled heart was filled with a confidence which was not disappointed; for the next morning they met with quite an unexpected help.

One of Ceccherini's friends was going to set off for Leghorn with an empty carriage, and he generously offered to take the two travellers with him, by which they were spared a great deal of fatigue.

Madeleine was much affected in bidding adieu to her old protectors; and to the house also, in which she had lived with her mother. Ceccherini too was sad to see her go away—"all the same," he said, in wiping away a tear with the back of his sleeve, while the baroccio disappeared in a cloud of dust, "I would have kept her with pleasure, poor little creature."

"Yes," said Rosa, "and so would I if it had not been for that girl; she did not like to see her at our house; it seemed to her that it would be better to adopt our own relations. She said this to me once; and if Madda had stopped with us, we should certainly have had some quarrels."

"Pahaw! What of that!" said Ceccherini, shrugging his shoulders. Then he went to work again.

All the while the baroccio continued going further and further away from Florence. The last slopes of the graceful hills which surround the fair city had faded away from the horizon. The Dôme and the Campanile were gradually disappearing in the misty haze of the evening. All at once, a strange sorrowful feeling came over Madeleine. She sought eagerly to get another glimpse of the joyous and beautiful city, where she had passed the happy days of her childhood, that city in which she had left behind her the tomb of her parents. It seemed to her as if some part of herself were left behind: and suddenly throwing herself into the arms of her travelling companion, in a passionate burst of grief, "Grandfather," she said, "shall we come back again some day? Oh, tell me shall we come back again?"

And for a long time her little bosom was heaving with sobs, to the great distress of poor John, who sought in vain to allay her grief; for he could not promise her that she should return to the City of Flowers.

Monthly Religious Record.

POPE LEO has addressed a letter to President Grévy, in which he remonstrates against the continual encroachments of the State upon the Church. He bases his appeal upon the Concordat, and writes in a conciliatory spirit. Mr. Jules Ferry and his colleagues, having considered the matter in a Cabinet Council, have come to the conclusion that the letter should be treated as a private communication, in which case M. Grévy may reply in his individual capacity. All recent legislation in France has pointed towards the gradual extinction of existing privileges. The latest illustration of this disposition has been given by the Municipal Council. That body has the control of the great hospitals of the metropolis, and has for some years struck out from its budgets the salaries of the chaplains. On former occasions the Prefect of the Seine has ordered the re-insertion of the item, but this year he has assented to the abolition. From the present time, therefore, the hospital chapels will be closed; there will be no resident chaplain, and no priest will be allowed to enter except at the express request, repeated each time, of one of the sufferers.

ANOTHER phase of the same great question, the relation of the Church to the State, has excited great interest in Prussia. The New Church Bill, the third reading of which was carried in the Lower Chamber by 224 against 107 votes, modifies the famous May Laws, the introduction of which ten years ago, struck so severe a blow at Ultramontanism. The first clause enacts that the bishops shall no longer be obliged to notify to the Government authorities the names of those candidates for the priestly office whose appointments can unconditionally be cancelled, or who are only appointed as substitutes or delegates. The bishops will thus be enabled at once to provide the vacant parishes with chaplains, vicars, adjuncts, &c., without any previous notification to the Government. This concession is not to extend to the cases of those priests who are intrusted with the administration of parishes. The Vatican has so far prevailed, though objecting that it has not been more directly consulted in this legislation. The long contest, though ecclesiastical in form, has been governed throughout by political motives.

THE 400th anniversary of Luther's birth is to be celebrated in Germany as a national festival. The Emperor has issued an order on the subject. On the evening of November 9th all the church bells are to be rung; on the 10th, in the morning, there will be a school festival; in the evening, liturgical or other preparatory services. On the Sunday, 11th, Luther's Hymn is to be sung at divine service. The Emperor especially expresses the wish that the sermon should not seek the glorification of man, but rather express gratitude to God for the benefits granted to Germany by means of the Reformation.

THE religious anniversaries recently held in France brought to light some encouraging facts. One remarkable instance of the power of the written Word was related in connection with the Inner Mission. "Four years ago, a disappointed colonist, returning from Algeria, passed through Marseilles, where a woman offered him a pocket Testament for a penny. He refused the bargain, and the book was given him freely; but he could not read. He took it to his mountain home in the Isère, where his daughter spoke of it to a man in whose corn-field she was working, and brought it to him. He read it insatiably, soon found the immense difference between its teaching and that of the priest, and was led gradually into the ways of life. Having found a Bible in a neighbour's house, he studied the Old Testament carefully, comparing it with the New. Subsequently this man applied to a pastor in Grenoble, who has now a meeting in the village. When one of the agents of the Inner Mission went to the place, he found fifteen persons waiting for him. They spent the day in reading, prayer, and conversation on divine things."

This report presented at the annual meeting of the Foreign Aid Society puts matters in a still more encouraging light.

In France, whole villages and communes are declaring themselves to be Protestant, whilst Itomish churches are being used for a purer and simpler rite. Permanent fields of mission work have been secured in many departments where lately there were none but Roman Catholic places of worship—such as the departments of Yonne, Haute Vienne, La Creuse, and Allier. An increasingly interesting feature in the work of French evangelisation is postal colportage as carried on by the Geneva Society. The New Testament is almost universally welcomed. For some time an effort has been made to supply all the elementary teachers of Franco—both male and female—with a copy. Some 46,435 volumes have already been sent out, each accompanied with a letter of sympathy and love. Even Corsica has not been forgotten. Five hundred copies of *del Nuovo Testamento* have been sent to the teachers of that island. In Belgium there is a certainly not less interesting state of things. Even beneath the waving corn-fields of Hainaut, and along the subterranean coal galleries of "the Borringage," the lamp of life is being carried, and rough collier girls are learning to sing and live the Gospel. The Belgian Missionary Church, composed almost entirely of converts from Romanism, is carrying on a work, which God has largely blessed and prospered.

A NEW station has been opened in Rome by the Baptist Mission, under the direction of the Rev. James Wall, at the foot of the Tarpeian rock. The population has peculiarities of its own; its own piazza, its own little theatre, its own accent, tradition, and even specialities in religion, derived from the temples of the *belabrum*, which included this district. San Nicolo occupies the site of the pagan temple of the *Pietà*. Sick children, who were formerly carried to the temple of Romulus, now go to San Teodoro on the same spot. The temple of Vesta has become the Madonna of the Sun, and the temple of Fortuna is dedicated to the Egyptian Mary. Here Janus has his arch still; the head of John the Baptist is still on the charger; the horse of St. George still tramples the dragon; and the *bocca della verità*—the mouth of truth—is still open to grab the hand of the false witness. The mental and moral state of these people, the lowest of the population, is almost desperate. The room is a shop which opens on the street. It is not what would have been chosen, but it was the only place that could be got without great expense. When the doors are thrown open and the lamps lighted, people gather round the door. The men enter with their hats on and their pipes lighted, their heavy shoes sounding on the wooden floor, and their tongues noisy in various dialects. Eighty or a hundred fill the room. They are nearly all men; the women will come after. As they have supped on bread and crude beans and lettuce, they have the pods and roots in their pockets. Should the preacher be dull many will leave before the service is over, not without a noise, perhaps letting fly a Parthian shot in the form of a cabbage stalk. The priest is active, walking up and down the street; the bells of the parish church are sounding alarm; every now and then a spy comes to the door and looks round, or a mother rushes in and drags a child out by the hair; but the people inside, generally speaking, know little of religion. There is nothing to fear when the preacher has had a fair start, and Christ in the Gospel walks forth on the troubled waters. His voice is heard amid the tumult, and soon there is a great calm. During the last two months 2390 persons have come to the meetings in this room; many have given their names for instruction in the classes; and a Sunday-school has been opened, which, if we had good teachers, would soon be numerous. An important phase of this meeting is that many gather round the door and listen. To these, tracts are given, and words of truth spoken.

THE sacred city of Benares has been visited by a detachment of the Salvation Army. This procession marched unchallenged through one of the principal streets, with drums beating, trumpets blowing, and cymbals clanging. Several thousands of the people assembled, amongst whom were a large number of influential natives. The crowd was most orderly and attentive. "A striking feature of the meetings,"

says a missionary, "is that the Rajah of Benares has allowed the 'muktisauj' to use one of his large houses, what used to be the Mint of olden times, and was the refuge into which the residents fled during the Mutiny, for its meetings. The service there in the evening was an exceedingly interesting one, European and native being mixed up in strange confusion."

From Japan runs news of a "revival," which commencing with the Week of Prayer at the beginning of the year, has continued to exert its influence over several months. "The work commenced in the hearts of a few of God's own children in the experience of the Lord Jesus as a complete Saviour. This increased in more hearts, and then numbers were brought to Christ, of seamen, mostly of the English and American men-of-war in the harbour. Many souls were saved. This extended to one or two of the native pastors, and through him to others, till a work of revival, such as we have never known, has now commenced. It has extended to Tokio, and is beginning in places more remote. United prayer, frequent union services for prayer, and special prayer of a few consecrated hearts are the human instrumentalities. The good fruits are manifest in a higher standard of Christian life, love of the Word, Christian unity, and love for souls. Many of the meetings for prayer have extended over three hours, and with difficulty were brought to a close." It is added: "A great deal of prayer precedes every sermon."

The anniversary of the China Inland Mission was held at the Conference Hall, Mildmay. Mr. Hudson Taylor spoke hopefully of its work. God had given them to see some very important openings in the empire. Three large provincial capitals had been permanently opened up for missionary work. One of these was Ching-tou, the capital of the province of Si-Chuen. The people there flocked day by day to hear the Gospel. They had been steadily planning and working to obtain a footing in the city of Sin-gan, the capital of Shen-si. The agent there had had the joy of seeing his first convert. In Yun-nan, the capital of the province of Yun-nan, permanent work is being done.

Two Baptist missionaries on the Congo have sent home an urgent appeal for more men. They ask, after a full review of the position, for seven additional labourers. "We must either have the men," they say, in concise conclusion, "or else the Congo Mission will fail." Mr. Doke, their youngest colleague, has been taken away by death, having arrived only three weeks before. The Algerian Jesuits are contemplating a new mission in this region.

AMONG the subjects which created a special interest at the recent meeting of the Free Church Assembly was the question of Instrumental Music in Public Worship. The debate lasted a whole day. Finally, a motion of Principal Rainy was accepted by a large majority, declaring that, in the opinion of the Assembly, "there is nothing in the Bible, or in the laws and constitution of the Church, precluding the use of Instrumental Music as an aid to vocal praise; but at the same time expressing regret that so large a number of the office-bearers and the people of the Free Church think differently, and impressing upon all the duty in this difference of view, and in consideration of the long practice of the Church, of having especial regard to the peace of congregations, and the authorities of the Courts of the Church.

ANOTHER subject discussed, of wide interest, was the relaxation of the rule relating to the subscription of the confession by deacons. The report of a committee appointed last year suggested that instead of deacons being required to subscribe they should sign a formula, declaring acceptance of the Scriptures as God's words of the system of evangelical truth contained in the Westminster Standard; of the Presbyterian government and discipline, and of the doctrine of the spiritual freedom of the Church. The overture to this effect was now sent down to the presbyteries.

THE working men of Sheffield lately presented the Archbishop of York with a cabinet of cutlery, in token of their appreciation of his important services "to the cause of truth and morality in that town." The Archbishop, in his reply, said that during twenty years, Sheffield had spent on church building £119,500.; on church school building £32,800.; upon parsonage houses, £2,300.; and upon general Church work of other and various kinds Sheffield had spent in ten years, for they have not the facts for the first ten years, no less a sum than £179,647. These figures make up a total—

even with the ten years omitted—of £365,247. As representing one aspect of work in a single provincial town they are worthy of note.

THE work carried on among the fishermen of the North Sea under the direction of the Thames Church Mission continues to prosper and extend. A second boat, to be called "Sultan," has been recently dedicated at Grimsby to missionary purposes. A third is in preparation elsewhere. These boats, which take part in the fishing, become a centre of good influence amongst a large floating population; they supply libraries and medicines also. The rule of the fishing fleets is: two months at sea, and a week ashore; the men, who carry their lives in their hand, are consequently exposed to all weathers at every season; and there are some who have thus spent thirty or forty years upon the waters. In the North Sea alone there are eleven or twelve thousand fishermen continually afloat. There are godly men amongst them, others wage a close fight with evil. The movement thus commenced must not slacken till full provision has been made for all the "fleets."

SIR ARTHUR GORDON, speaking at a recent meeting, gave some valuable hints as to mission work. After referring to the selection of agents, he advised that special attention should be given to the accuracy, simplicity, and reality of the reports which they sent home. Another point to be borne in mind was, that it was a good thing to interfere as little as possible with the prejudices, the manners, and the customs of the people among whom missionaries go to labour. The idea often seemed to prevail that, wherever Christianity went, it must be accompanied by a set of conventional ideas and social usages and customs belonging to the country from which the message of the Gospel was sent. This was wrong in principle; it was a repetition of the error of those early Christians who sought to give to Christianity, even among the Gentiles, a Jewish stamp, and against whom St. Paul protested. And certainly it was a great practical error. Another mistake to be avoided was that of the adoption of a merely prohibitive system of teaching, making Christian duty to consist of a long string of negatives, and neglecting the inculcation of sound principle and right springs of action. A subject akin was the importance of endeavouring to understand, and, as far as possible, to teach in sympathy with, native thought.

EARL CAIRNS, presiding at the annual meeting of the London Lay Helpers' Association, said there were now between 3,000 and 4,000 lay helpers in the diocese of London. "You will find it a mistake," he said, "to suppose that it is necessary that lay-helpers should be clever preachers or talkers. So far as my observation goes, eloquent preachers are not wanted by these outsiders, but men who can speak without stammering voice, and who have sympathy with their feelings. What is wanted is that they should know clearly in their own minds what it is they want to put before the people to whom they speak. The meaning of a prayer that we very often use is perhaps hardly appreciated—'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' People use this as if it were an expression of stoical resignation to the Divine will; but it means far more than that. When we pray, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' we really pray that our hearts may be moved to take an active part in doing the will of our God on earth just in the same way as the glorified in heaven do it there."

AT the annual conference of the Blue Ribbon Army it was stated that it had been decided to discontinue henceforth the word "Army" as descriptive of the organization, and to adopt the title "Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance Mission." The returns for the year showed a total of 67,378 new pledges obtained. It had been proved by actual visitation that only 10 per cent. of those who signed had broken their pledges. The total number of pledges reported from all sources was 680,908, which, after deducting the number of those who had fallen away, gave a net result of 578,772 pledges.

THE Bible and Colportage Society of Ireland have sent an agent to the district of County Mayo, near Lough Mask, the scene of many recent outrages. Evangelistic work has scarcely touched this region heretofore, and the people are in a state of great darkness as well as poverty. This Colportage Society has in other parts of Ireland laboured for some years with much success. In one year a million of books and periodicals were sold.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WAS DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



"HELENA! MY CHILD, MY CHILD! I AM GROWING BLIND."

WINCHERLEY HALL.

BY M. M. POLLARD.

CHAPTER XI.

"He could not once have borne
His present toilsome path.
He feels no joy, yet marmurs not;
This hushes each repining thought,
'While here I walk by faith.'"

A FORTNIGHT passed away, the sittings went on, until one day they came to a sudden ending.

NO. 1581.—SEPTEMBER 1, 1882.

A thunder-storm swept over the country, great rain-drops fell splashing to the ground, as though the burning sky shed passionate tears. Helen drew her work-table close to the window of the salon, and tried to thread her needle, and do some sewing. Household needs were ever many and urgent, and she had but little idle time. The great trees outside the house, that made such a pleasant shade when the sun was blazing, seemed to shut out most of the light when their leaves hung wet and dripping, and the sky was overcast with clouds.

She knew Monsieur St. Pierre had gone into the studio, and she half expected he would come, as he usually did, for a chat with her before he went away. Presently, she heard his knock at the door, and he entered the room.

He bowed and smiled, with his usual politeness, but she could see he was ill at ease. Not for worlds would she have asked how the portrait was getting on, but he began the subject himself.

"We are getting on but tardily with our likeness, Mademoiselle Wincherley. Sans doute, I am growing old, and ugly, but bah! I did not think I was quite so fallen backwards. What would little Annette say if I sent her that—what you call scarecrow!"

Monsieur laughed, but he was visibly vexed and puzzled. Presently Mr. Wincherley came into the room, looking flushed and agitated.

"This weather is most trying," he said. "The thunder always gives me a bad headache. You must favour me with another sitting, Monsieur St. Pierre, to make up for our failure to-day. Helena, get out some of your citronade, Monsieur will perhaps like some."

His daughter speedily brought forth a large flask, a couple of glasses, and placed a dish of grapes and some cake on the table.

Mr. Wincherley essayed to give the Frenchman some of the cooling beverage. He reached out his hand to lift the flask, but failing to measure the distance rightly, he only knocked the bottle off the table.

He started up at once.

"It is true then! What I have dreaded so long has come. Helena! my child, my child! I am growing blind!"

The cry was so intensely bitter, that both Helen and the Frenchman ran towards the unfortunate man; his daughter tried to remove his hands, which he pressed on his eyes, but he held them firm, threw himself into a chair, and sobbed like a child, his whole body convulsed as the storm of anguish swept over him.

What Mr. Wincherley dreaded was only too real. For months past he had noticed a clouding of his vision, but it seemed so slight at first that he thought it of little consequence. The cloud had gradually deepened, but still so slowly, so imperceptibly, that he could fix no date when his sight really grew obscured. He had fought against the coming disaster with all the force of resolute will, he had struggled against it, prayed against it, had striven harder than ever to fulfil his task.

All day long he had been shut up in the half-stifling, half-darkened room, with his easel, his brushes, and canvas, putting forth every effort in his endeavour to paint. He was working for his children, working in proportion to the great love he bore them, to provide them still with the comforts of a home, to keep a roof over their heads. And of late he had produced nothing but failures!

Yet, is it not sometimes the case that a man's failures are his greatest successes? Perhaps the truest, deepest labours, his very strength, his very soul, has gone out to some task, and when he has finished it, men have stood aside, and sneered, and called it a failure.

Surely there is another standard by which his work will be judged! His very best attempts—though they failed—cannot be lost.

Down through the ages comes the reply. We read of One who knows the motives of the heart, the love that has sanctified the labour, the faith that has brought it to completion, despite feeble powers and failing strength, and the approving judgment will ring forth in the face of all the sneers and gibes of human criticism, "My servant has done what he could."

Monsieur St. Pierre was in despair that his portrait should have brought on this crisis. He blamed himself, though there was nothing to blame himself about, and he wished to pay the ten pounds named in the agreement, for labour and time bestowed on the painting; but of course this was not to be thought of.

After this day, Owen Wincherley never touched a brush again. He closed his books also, and waited, as the cloud over his eyes deepened and deepened.

His had been no idle life from the time he had left England with his newly-married bride. He had studied painting in various countries, but it soon became plain—to his wife first, afterwards to himself—that his genius would never soar to very exalted heights. He might prove a good painter, but he would never be a great painter.

And so, his ambition considerably lessened, he turned his thoughts from grandeur of design, from flights of imagination, from history-painting and the like, and set himself to copy nature in its various forms and moods. He produced charming little landscapes, each one of which was a poem. He took likenesses also, and his popularity grew amongst the people.

The style, the size, the price of his paintings suited those who could not expend large sums of money, but who liked artistic pictures on their walls, who wished to have their portraits, but could not give large prices for them.

Amongst the strangers, amongst the natives of the place, Owen's pictures found a ready sale, until his defective sight caused him to blot and blur his work.

His domestic life had been so happy, so very happy, that he had not regretted his marriage once. Helena proved an excellent wife to him; her practical good sense brought just the wholesome restraint needed by one whose disposition was so sensitive, so impulsive as his.

Through all his wanderings, through all his trials, and they were not a few, through all varied times and seasons, she had been his friend, his counsellor, his consoler, and when she was taken from him he mourned bitterly for her loss.

Sometimes he was thankful she would never know this new trouble that had fallen on him, and at other times he longed for her sympathy with a yearning no earthly power would satisfy.

Only the great Sympathizer with human sorrow could give him grace to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Oh, poor painter! blind and blighted,
Let the bard thy requiem sing!
For the moment of our dying
Is not when the soul takes wing."

Dead and helpless in his zenith,
Full in strength of thought and limb,
His sweet work of art unfinished!
Shall we sing a dirge for him?"

CHAPTER XI.

"Ah, brave painter! so in heaven
Thou again thine art shall find,
There resume thy dreams unfinished
That have fed thy soaring mind."

It was one of those bright wintry days, when a sudden sunshine breaks out in the midst of frost and snow, and turns the distant hills to molten silver.

Mr. Howe had been out in his parish for hours past; never had there been so many cases of severe cold amongst the junior members of his congregation, so many attacks of really severe bronchitis amongst the aged; and every one who was ill wanted to see the vicar.

"It was his own fault for giving them such a bad habit," the squire said one day to him. But Mr. Howe encouraged them still in that habit, for he knew they felt it a comfort to tell him of their ailments, and he also knew the nourishing jug of soup, the beef-tea, the nice milk pudding Sarah prepared for those who could not get such dainties themselves, were comforts to their sometimes badly-nourished bodies. And he could read and pray with them, giving nourishment likewise to their souls by spiritual teaching.

The postman came ankle-deep through the half-melted snow in the fields, with the afternoon budget of letters for the Birkdale folk, and amongst his Mr. Howe discovered one directed in a strange hand. It bore the superscription, "The Vicar, Birkdale, England." "For me, I suppose," said he, laying it on the table, while he read his other letters, the writing of which was more familiar to him.

He took up the neglected epistle again, saw it had a foreign postmark, and that the writing was evidently that of a lady, although it had more character than the usual angular style in which ladies express their thoughts.

Inside, the words were few, and ran thus:—

"Sir,—Will you kindly let me know if Squire Wincherley of Wincherley Hall is still living? Lest you may think my question one of idle curiosity, I will state that I am his grandchild, and the daughter of his eldest son, Owen Wincherley."

It was signed "Helen," and a stamped and directed envelope was enclosed. Mr. Howe looked at the missive thoughtfully. Had the squire been at home, possibly he might have shown him this letter, but he was staying in London. His daughter-in-law's only son, Gerald, had just come of age, and as the event was to be celebrated with some pomp, the squire had very reluctantly consented to be present.

"Owen Wincherley!" he mused, "living in the south of France, and with a daughter called Helen, after her mother, 'Helena,' I suppose. It can do no harm to answer this question. All the parish knows the squire is alive, and well too, I hope."

The letter was duly written, and sent away, and one day in December there arrived another epistle in the same clear and deliberate writing. It bore the London postmark.

Mr. Howe opened it with curiosity, and found it much longer than the former letter had been. The news was startling.

Helen informed him they had just arrived in London *en route* for Birkdale. Would the vicar kindly engage lodgings for them? "It does not matter if the lodgings are plain or homely," she continued; "we are used to a plain and homely style of living, but we shall need several rooms, for our family at present consists of my father, who I am sorry to say is blind and ill, my three young brothers, and myself. We will remain at the hotel here until you telegraph to say if lodgings can be obtained."

They had come to England at last!

Owen Wincherley, at one period of his life, had determined he would never return to his native-land; he declared he had bidden adieu to its shores for ever; but, as had happened with so many of his plans, ambitions, and resolutions, this resolve was overruled also.

As his ailment increased, and the beautiful southern land became dim to his sight, his thoughts turned more and more inwards; he brooded over the days of his youth until there grew in his heart an intense yearning to return to Birkdale, it might be only to die there.

Autumn sped away, winter came on, still mild and bright in that sunny clime, and then his impatience would be restrained no longer.

"I have decided to go back to England," he told Helen one morning.

"Have you, father? I am so glad."

"Why are you glad, my child? You know nothing of England; the home of your forefathers is a strange place to you."

"It will not be so long," she returned cheerfully; "I shall soon explore every corner and nook of Birkdale; indeed, I seem almost to know it already."

Though Helen spoke cheerily, her feelings went far deeper than mere surface joy. She had long felt it would be the wisest and best plan for her father to take them to England; it was her hope, her prayer. Now there were no more pictures to sell, pecuniary difficulties were fast gathering around them, and there were many mouths that must be fed. She was growing worn with the anxiety of trying to make things do, and finding her troubles only increased.

Preparations were at once made for the journey. The household furniture was sold for a mere trifle; but perhaps, after all, it made as much as it was worth, for never had it looked so poor, so mean, so shabby as it did when arranged for sale. Then, with a slenderly filled purse, Owen Wincherley left the land of his adoption, and Helen and her brothers took their last look of the place that had been so long their home.

Though Mr. Wincherley very rarely spoke of his younger days to his children, they knew all about the old ancestral Hall, with its stately rooms, its beautiful grounds, its conservatories, its stables. It was ever a region of enchantment to the boys, a *terra incognita*, tinged with the

glowing colouring of their own vivid imaginations.

As the steamer drew near "the white cliffs of Albion," Owen Wincherley had room for much reflection. He was returning to England blind, poor, and bereaved, only his children to claim his care now! He thought sadly of the past—thoughts born of sorrow. How varied had been his experience! Love, ambition, high hopes and endeavours had all ended; and, like a child whose wayward will has been subdued by chastisement, he felt meek, submissive, ready to be led and to say—

"Leaning on Thee, with childlike faith,
To Thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide."

Mr. Howe would doubtless have shown this second letter to the squire, and have consulted with him on its contents, but he was still in London; the report at Birkdale was, that he had been ill—in fact, had had a slight attack of paralysis.

The vicar met Smith, the gamekeeper, as he was going down the village lodging-hunting, and stopped to ask if this report had any foundation.

"None at all, sir; the squire was finely vexed when he heard such a report had got about, and

when I were up in town and saw him a few days ago, he told me to contradict it whenever I could."

"I am very glad it is untrue. When is your master coming back to the Hall, Smith?"

"Indeed, sir, I don't know. He has been a little out of sorts, but not near as bad as folk said, and he ain't quite himself yet, so I expect he'll stay in London a while longer."

The vicar found it no easy task to get lodgings either in or near Birkdale. He was on the eve of telegraphing to London to say his search had been in vain, when he thought of Widow Burns, whose good-sized rooms might perhaps be vacant; but she, he had heard, chiefly liked to entertain young gentlemen who came down there for the sporting season.

"But surely she will be glad to get tenants even if she is obliged to vacate the house. I dare say they will pay her well," he argued.

Widow Burns was delighted when she heard of what she considered a stroke of good fortune.

"Of course, sir, I will let my rooms to a family, for I'm getting tired of them young gents as comes and goes, and does racket the house upside down with their dogs and guns and dirty boots; and if your friends like, they shall have the whole place to themselves, and I will go and stop with my sister, who is a lone widow, same as I am."

AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

CHAPTER I.—ANOTHER PEEP AT THE MOTHERS.

SEVEN years ago, I gave in the pages of the "Sunday at Home" a sketch of my Mothers' Meeting, its objects, routine, and results.*

During the interval which has elapsed, we have naturally stepped beyond our original lines, and gained new experiences which may be of use to those who conduct similar classes.

Thirteen years' work has confirmed me in the belief that Mothers' meetings are truly Missionary meetings. Invaluable as a means of promoting Christian influence amongst large numbers of women whose hands are so tied with family cares, want of decent clothing, poverty and hard work, that they are practically excluded from attendance on the ordinary means of grace.

None the less do these meetings induce a desire for the enjoyment of such means, by spreading a knowledge of God's Word, fostering a love for it, and showing how even a mere handful of poor women under a cottage roof may realise in a high degree what is meant by the "Communion of Saints."

The work of conducting a mothers' class is one of the most enjoyable to which a loving-hearted Christian woman can devote her time, and one which yields as much and as immediate fruit as can be reasonably expected, in return for her labour and her prayers. Her work, too, has a

special value in the estimation of the class, because it is voluntary.

To the lady who leaves her comfortable home, and goes out amongst her less-favoured sisters, desiring no reward save that which comes in the act of doing good, and in the joy of working for Him who hath loved her, and given Himself for her, no one can turn round and say, "It is your living; you are paid wages for coming to talk to me."

Such expressions have been used often enough to paid mission workers, who would have been only too glad to labour without fee or reward, and from love to Christ, had they been so placed as to permit of their doing so. But when the voluntary and the paid worker labour side by side, each strengthens the hands of the other.

I wish now to offer a few suggestions for increasing the usefulness of mothers' classes, and especially for encouraging a spirit of self-help amongst the members.

I. By circulating wholesome Christian literature.

This is done at my meeting to a considerable extent. Not by means of a library, but by inducing the members to buy cheap and good books and periodicals for themselves.

The plan originated in this manner. In 1880, a beautifully illustrated weekly periodical, called

"Friendly Greetings," was commenced by the Religious Tract Society. The specimen number, containing several complete papers and handsome woodcuts, looked extremely attractive. I examined and read it, and decided that it was the very thing for our mothers. I ordered two dozen copies weekly, intending to give them away; but was pounced on at the outset by a good mother.

"Eh! you mustn't give these nice papers away! They're cheap enough, and none of us will grudge a halfpenny for a nice book with such pictures! If you gave two dozens, they'd cost you a shilling a week. It would only be a halfpenny a piece for us to buy them."

A chorus of assenting voices showed that my friend had the meeting with her. The twenty-four copies were promptly purchased, and thus the thin end of the wedge was inserted.

Our members were next quite taken by storm when the large and beautiful volume containing the six months' numbers was brought out.

"Why, we can buy these for less than we could get our numbers bound for!" was the calculation. "And they have extra pictures and texts in them!"

So a good many volumes have been purchased, some persons saving the money, twopence or three pence at a time, and sending the book as a present to an absent son or daughter.

In consequence of selling "Friendly Greetings" in volumes, we only circulate three dozen numbers weekly; but another good has resulted from this very fact.

When the number has gone the family round, some of our mothers give it away.

"We've had the good of it, and somebody else shall have a turn now," is the remark. So away goes the little messenger, and gives pleasure in another and, perhaps, yet another home.

Thus our dear mothers, instead of only taking tracts which are given to them, buy for themselves and become tract distributors in turn.

We have been accustomed to think that we effect a good thing if we induce people to accept and read religious papers. Surely we bring about a better result still, when we induce working folk to buy for themselves, to read carefully, and then to pass the papers on with a liberal, loving hand, that others, poorer still, may share the pleasure and the blessing.

It must not be forgotten that people always value more an article which costs them something, however little, than they would the same thing were it strewn broadcast for them to gather. Readers of such a position as the members of our mothers' class have, as they say—"to turn sixpence both sides up, to see how it will go the farthest." So, when our people buy a book, they read it, taking their full pennyworth for the penny expended. No skipping half the contents of the little paper when they have paid for it!

Some of our mothers who cannot read buy the papers all the same, and the better-taught children of the family read aloud for the benefit of the parents.

The "Cottager and Artisan" was next introduced, and at once became a great favourite. So much so, indeed, that the subscribers would at

first come asking for new ones, quite regardless of the fact that, being a monthly periodical, it could not be obtained fortnightly or thereabouts.

Already we have more than a hundred subscribers for the "Cottager and Artisan," who cheerfully pay their pennies, and feel that they get good value for their money. Of another little work, "Till the Doctor Comes," above 100 copies were purchased in a fortnight by our mothers. Volumes of the "Cottager" and books suitable for presents to children, and all of a religious character, have been purchased, the money being sometimes saved for the purpose by small instalments.

Satisfied of the good results of this attempt to introduce pure literature in the homes of my own dear mothers, I spoke of it to friends engaged in similar work elsewhere. In two cases, a few copies of "Friendly Greetings" were circulated in each class.

Another lady tried to bring in the periodicals alluded to; but as she had a good library attached to her class she did not succeed. She therefore introduced them to the men employed in her husband's extensive works.

Two dozen copies of each are already taken there, and another friend has made a beginning amongst the girls attending some evening classes which she superintends.

Now let us make a little calculation.

| | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| My mothers purchase annually of the "Cottager and Artisan" at least | 1,300 |
| Of "Friendly Greetings" | 1,872 |
| The two small classes, each 312 numbers | 624 |
| At the Works above named, "Cottager" | 240 |
| and "Friendly Greetings" | 1,240 |
| Making a grand annual total of | 5,276 |

This is apart from the beginnings alluded to, of which we have no definite results before us, and exclusive of all purchases in the way of volumes.

I cannot but rejoice greatly at the success of this attempt, the outcome of our little beginning at our mothers' meeting, and I am so satisfied of the blessings which have already resulted from the movement, that I confidently suggest its adoption in similar classes.

Probably very few of those who now look eagerly for the arrival of the weekly or monthly periodical, ever thought of purchasing such a thing for themselves, until the papers were introduced to their notice at the mothers' meeting. We know how vast a quantity of sensational trash is being scattered broadcast to pollute and unsettle the minds of the young. We see the country flooded with infidel publications, which are sent out with the avowed purpose of destroying man's faith in God as a Father, Redeemer, Sanctifier.

Surely, then, it must be a good and blessed work to send out these thousands of little messengers, to carry the precious truths of God's Word into as many homes. They carry wholesome food for the mind, instead of unnatural, misleading stories, full of the wildest improbabilities. In the hand of the weak and wavering, they place oftentimes just the staff that is needed to prevent the tottering faith from failing, after being subjected

to so many attacks. They carry words of warning, advice, comfort, encouragement, and all founded on the plain teaching of the Bible, and calculated to lead the anxious, troubled inquirer to its sacred pages for enlightenment, and to God for salvation through Christ.

II. Our Annual Trip Fund illustrates the principle of self-help.

Our summer trip is looked forward to as eagerly, and with as many pleasurable anticipations, as if it were to last a month instead of a day. It is not the less valued because most of the mothers pay for themselves, only the very poorest receiving help or free tickets.

We had one free trip, the money for which was subscribed by a few friends. But it would have been contrary to our principles to go begging, year by year, for members who by a little effort might help themselves.

It was therefore suggested that, by saving a penny a week the year round, the day's expenses might be fairly met by each person. Should a member be absent one week, she might pay in twopence the next.

The proposal was well received. A large proportion of the mothers make weekly deposits, some, indeed, paying in enough to enable them to cover the expenses of two or three persons, when trip time comes. We do not confine the privilege to the mothers only, but permit any of these to buy tickets for members of their families or friends at the same price—a very low one—the railway companies meeting us very liberally, and giving a long ride in good carriages for little money.

We judge that the loving wife or mother will have her pleasure doubled by the companionship of husband or child, and that the presence of a friend, not a member of the class, may brighten the holiday for one who is.

We only ask that those who introduce an outsider will be answerable for her respectability and good conduct; and in no case have we had a painful memory connected with our trip.

It is a remarkable fact that just enough money to meet incidental expenses and provide tickets for our poorest members, or some little comfort to make the day brighter at home for the feeble ones, has always been sent us by outside friends, unsolicited in the first instance, and voluntarily continued from year to year by them.

United prayer is always offered for God's gracious protecting hand to be extended over us on our journey, for His restraining grace to keep each one from falling under and into sin, and for such weather as shall make the day a happy and enjoyable one.

There is nothing to my mind more delightful than to see how entirely our dear mothers believe in the preciousness and power of prayer. *They ask and expect to have*, in accordance with the Saviour's promise. They look with confidence for an answer, as a child looks to a tender earthly father for something which will make its young heart glad.

In the midst of so much unbelief, so many discouragements and hindrances, it is truly refreshing to see the simple faith of these dear people

in a prayer-hearing, prayer-answering God. And truly, in all the years that we have taken our little journey to the seaside together, we have had enough to confirm this spirit of prayer and faith, in the gracious answers which have been vouchsafed.

It is equally amusing and delightful to see what a variety of pleasures our mothers get into the few holiday hours at their disposal. They go on the pier, they get half-an-hour on a donkey, a large number bathe in the sea, convinced that the one dip will have an invigorating influence on their health for the rest of the year.

I had the greatest difficulty in inducing one dear old woman, over seventy years of age, to forego her intention of taking a bath in the open sea, as a remedy for rheumatism.

She was so sure that it would do her "no end of good," and I appreciated at its full value her self-denial in giving up her bathe at my request.

Then there are the drives. As I go about during the day, I see carriages full of laughing mothers whirled past me. They have clubbed together to hire a showy conveyance for half-an-hour perhaps, or at so much per head for a specified distance. Not a long drive, by any means, but, as one of them remarked, as she descended from a gay landau close to the place where I was standing, "We thought we would be ladies for once, as it only cost threepence a piece to ride in a real carriage."

Some, I regret to say, go in for boating, and, being unaccustomed to marine excursions, even on the most limited scale, pay for theirs in an unexpected fashion. However, they console themselves for feeling poorly at the time with the hope of being better for it afterwards.

As a rule they scorn the use of umbrellas or sun-shades of any description, preferring to carry home on their browned and ruddy faces a certificate of their having visited the sea-side. And how brown they manage to get during a few hours' determined exposure to the action of sea breeze and sun!

In selecting our place, the mothers ask that it shall be "one where we can get a good blow, to take the smell of city smoke out of us."

We do not hire a room and prepare meals for all to sit down in one place. This was tried, and found too much of a restraint on free action, the people being scattered abroad in all directions, and not liking to keep to stated hours for meals. So they take or buy provisions and eat when and where they will.

One of our rules is that we will be contented with a reasonably long holiday, and that our excursion shall not involve a wearying journey and a late return. Husbands might justly complain if wives were kept out until midnight; so in the early evening our mothers begin to drop quietly down to the return platform, and by ten o'clock all are actually under their own roofs, unless they wilfully absent themselves therefrom.

The trip furnishes food for many a pleasant talk afterwards, and these glimpses of the great and wide sea seem to bring us nearer to the great Creator as we look upon those mighty waves, the noise of which He alone has power to still.

III. Evening classes undesirable for mothers.

As I have alluded to our early hours in connection with the trip, I may add that it would be contrary to our principles to hold an evening class for mothers.

We feel that when the husband leaves his work, and the children return from school, the mother should be at home to welcome them, and—if she rightly estimates her duty and privileges—to make it, by her presence, the brighter for them all.

IV. How to pay the doctor.

A great many poor mothers come to me for "recommends" for the various medical charities, and in such a class there are many cases where they are really needed, especially by widowed workers, who find bare bread-winning almost more than they can do; and by the aged and infirm.

Many working men and women make no provision for a season of sickness, though a very little foresight and self-denial would render them independent of outside help. It is the patients who could help themselves if they would that drag down many of our medical charities into a state of chronic debt.

Superintendents of mothers' classes may do a good work in this direction, by using careful discrimination in giving recommendations, and

by inducing the members to lay by a small sum weekly, or by subscribing to a provident dispensary, to make a little provision to meet the cost of medical attendance.

A very poor member of my class, who had an ailing husband and a large family, and who had often required and received recommendations, told me that she felt ashamed of asking, as she had received more than her share of such aid, so she had "made a push and subscribed fourpence a week to the provident dispensary."

Hers was just a case to be assisted; nevertheless, I could not but admire the self-reliant spirit which induced my friend to try and use the only means by which she could keep herself from being permanently dependent on some medical charity in time of sickness.

When help is really required, and the chief bread-winner's hands lie useless through illness, it is no time to preach about the wisdom of fore-thought. The subject should be ventilated when work is plentiful, and the mother then advised how she can best make a provision for medical attendance in a season of sickness. Not in a dictatorial tone or in a meddling spirit; but by showing, lovingly and kindly, in how many cases working men and women might preserve their independence and help themselves, instead of habitually relying on charitable institutions.

SERMON IN FLOWERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE," ETC.

FLOWER-SERMONS are not uncommonly preached. But have we noticed that flowers themselves can preach? A heavenly-minded poet observed this. Hear him in his garden.

"And flowers were preachers, and, still stranger, drew
From their own life and course
The lore they would enforce,
And sound their doctrine was, and every precept true."

Let me give two out of the specimens that Robert Wilson Evans gives of their sermons.

"First the Sun-flower spake. 'Behold,' he said,
'How I unweariedly, from dawn to night,
Turn to the wheeling sun my golden head,
And drink into my disk fresh draughts of light.
O mortal! look, and learn
So, with obedient turn,
From womb to grave pursue the Sun of life and
might!'"

Then a humbler preacher delivers his sermonette.

"Next I heard the lowly camomile,
Who, as I trod on him with reckless feet,
And wrung his perfume out, cried, 'List awhile—
E'en thus with charity the proud one greet;
And, as insulters press,
E'en turn thou thus and bless,
And yield from each heart's bruise a redolence more
sweet!'"

And are not the very hedge-rows filled with these preachers? and the garden-beds, in fair June and rich July and superb August, thronged with them, so that you would have fancied them the congregation, rather, bright in their silks and satins? And though all speak together, their voices do not clash; and though they preach continually, yet we never tire of their sermon. You may find, in their speaking, sentiment, poetry, morality; but, with all these, and above all these, if you listen, you will hear them "declare the glory of God and show His handiwork."

They take up their parable in the bleak and dreary winter-days, and the teaching of the trembling snowdrop, and the yellow winter jasmine, and the white or purple Christmas-rose, is not far to seek. They thicken in March and cluster in April, but May is the first great month for flowers. Then they, with the rest of the world, hold their crowded May meetings. And what satisfactory reports they are able to read out! And what variety of work they bear! For have they not their missions to the heathen? In the dark lands they are part of God's witness: and in the great grave forests the wondrous beauty of the orchids proclaims to the untutored savage the power and wisdom of God. He has left no shore without some of these quiet, eloquent missionaries; you find them hard at work before you already, in even every land to which you

may go. They have also their home missions, which they zealously and industriously fulfil; they preach in buildings and in the open air; the parks are eloquent with them, and the poor man's window is a pulpit for their wholesome teaching. I have even heard of a drunkard reclaimed by their powerful persuasion. They neglect no work of the country, and here and there you are sure of finding one or two of these additional curates labouring lovingly and sweetly, and giving real and effectual pastoral aid in the close and dark lanes of the crowded city. Sweet preachers, with so many tender and cheering and soothing and loving lessons to impart, now God has, Himself, and by His Ambassadors, interpreted to us those teachings. For the Master Himself, you remember, rendered plain to us the silent sermon of the lilies.

This maiden in the garden and woods of Dromore indeed has a wealth of flowers in which to revel. It might be that very garden of Adelaide Proctor's, in her beautiful "Angel's Story."

"There were trees with giant branches,
Velvet glades where shadows hide;
There were speaking fountains glancing,
Flowers, which in luxurious pride
Even wafted breaths of perfume
To the child who stood outside.

He against the gate of iron
Pressed his wan and wistful face,
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure
At the glories of the place;
Never had his brightest day-dream
Shone with half such wondrous grace."

But when I was in London, last June, I saw that the poor town children need not wander far into the country to look upon the beauty and to listen to the teaching of the flowers. Sheets of flowers, geraniums, mignonette, carnations, verbenas, stretched, in Kensington, from the shop to the pavement; superb flower-shows were borne about, free to sight, in barrows; in the shop windows, bunches of exquisite tree-peonies; delicious, not-yet-fully-open, masses of Marshal Niel, or of La France; rows of button-holes, each one in a specimen glass, each one a delight to the eye. In one, a fascinating pointed end of the saffron-buff Safrano rose, with a spray of spirea, or one double gardenia, with delicate maiden-hair fern; or a cluster of lily-of-the-valley, or one half-opened yellow, rose-bud. Then in Regent Street you are transported to a section of the Hastings dropping-well; cool fern, and dripping-moss, and fish, both brown and gold. And much-abused Covent Garden, I love it for auld lang syne. If you do wade through some débris of cabbages, etc., to enter the central avenue, have you not full reward when you attain to it? You pass down a double row of superb fruit, great strawberries out of season, kingly-crowned pines, immense grapes, grey-purple and grey-green. You come to the flower show; how splendid the mass of blossoms, backed by dark green, fan-leaved palms, and delicate and graceful ferns; leaving these, you come to the humbler market, where many-coloured pansies, and sweet williams and double

daisies and geraniums, also petunias, and verbenas, can be bought for a few pence per root.

So the flower-preachers are indeed everywhere to be found now; and they can at least interest, which is one requisite in a good sermon.

Let us go on to consider some of the thoughts which those who watch and observe may gather from the teaching of the flowers.

"Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in the stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us,
Stands the revelation of His love."

A lesson of *trust*, the Lord taught us, from the flowers. This we have before considered. Let us turn to the lesson which St. Paul draws for our patience and comfort. He illustrates, from their rising in the Spring of the year, the great truth of the Resurrection of the *Body*.

It is wonderful into what neglect this doctrine has, until of late years, fallen. In Robert W. Evans's "Ministry of the Body," he makes earnest protest against this neglect. In popular sermons, and popular religious books, and popular conversation, it becomes—unconsciously and from want of thought—slurred over, or ignored and left out altogether. Yet it is pre-eminently a Christian doctrine. True, it is thought, not without reason, that the ancient Egyptians retained this heritage, doubtless, of early revelation. But how it had become obscured, when Festus cried out to Paul, who was declaring it, "Paul, thou art beside thyself! Much learning doth make thee mad!" Or when it called forth the mocking of the clever Greeks on Mars' Hill, though among them, no doubt, were those who held that doctrine of the immortality of the *soul* which Plato had reasoned out so well before.

"But how are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?"

That was, for long, the incredulous, wondering question. And we all know how St. Paul answered it: By the simile of the small perish-ing grain, and the tall, fair, new growth that sprang from the ruins of the old.

And how much these preacher-flowers have to say, the key having been given us to their speaking, concerning the Resurrection of the *Body*!

The flowers, common in churches now at Easter-tide—every one a risen flower: not one evergreen among them—these have a sermon ready for all who do but enter the church.

"It is Easter day!" they seem to proclaim; "Christ is risen from the dead! Look at us, risen from the winter grave, and rejoice in the parable, O fleeting race of dying men!"

Thus they seem to speak, as it were, in God's own words: perfect, and simple, and sublime; the only thing on earth that seems untainted by the Fall; born of earth, but so unstained by it as to seem "relics of Eden," or to have come to us straight from heaven. Yes, the flowers, on such an occasion, seem to me always to be God's very words; and all I can do seems to be just to endeavour to interpret them.

For how easy it is to imagine the earth, in the winter-time, to be one vast, and bare, and melancholy churchyard! Bulbs, and fibres, and all



STUNNER FLOWERS.

(From a Sketch in Devonshire, England.)

kinds of roots and seeds—each lies, as it were, in its grave, decaying, save for the germ of life in them, and as though dead, dead as the ground which closes about it and confines it. But the Angel of the Spring has called them; and see, the countless multitudes have risen from their graves—not dark, and dull, and earthy, as they lay in them, but transformed into angelic beauty, exquisitely lovely, endlessly various. Regard that lily, in raiment white and glistening; compare with it the sweet and wonderful variety of its own sisters; contrast the lovely rose family; the dark-hued hyacinth, the tall iris, the fragrant orange flower—and, with all these, a million others as different, and each with its possession, its degree, of beauty!

Let us turn our thoughts now to the church-yard through which we passed to church. Aye, to the whole face of the world, which is one vast cemetery. The millions of bodies—among them the special sleepers that we love so much—lie dark, and changed, and mouldering, closed in by the earth, or become a part of it now. The soul is not dead; this we know; but the body—shall we behold this again, that which was once so familiar, so dear, to our eyes? Shall the stripped soul be clothed upon? and if so, how? “With what body do they come?”

The written words of God have answered our question; and the blossoming words of God have, with one accord, taken up the chorus, with their million million voices and tones. The body does rise; it rises the same body, but, oh, how different! As different as the tall golden fairy-wand of the wheat, or the pale drooping gold of the oat, or the tasselled waving spike of the barley, from the brown perishing grain that was laid in the earth. As different as is the pure angel-lily, or the “deep tulip dashed with fiery dew,” or the scarlet sword of the gladiolus, or the clustering white of the yellow-eyed narcissus, as different as are all these from the lifeless-seeming bulb. As different as the thick-petalled scented magnolia, or the fragrant white masses of the may, or the dim, faint depths of the crowded lilac, or the endless glory of the rose, from the buried creeping fibres of the root in the darkness underground. As different as the freaked gold of the rare-scented wall-flower, or the “darling blue” of the speedwell, or the delicate diversity of the balsam, or the quilled precision of the aster, as wonderfully different, I say, as are these from the little lifeless seeds that we lowered into the ground, crumbling the fine mould over them,—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. The same, then, but oh, how different!

The glory of the Resurrection, compared with our homeliness in this lower life may be, indeed, well hinted to us by this comparison of the flower-angel that springs from the homely seed or bulb.

But another thought, another head of the Resurrection Sermon of the preacher flowers, is worth our regard.

The *germ* of that ethereal resurrection-beauty which develops from the perishing seed or bulb, had already formed in that you laid in the ground, before you buried it in its garden-grave. And if we go to the church-yard, God’s garden,

we shall find the same requirement also obtaining there. God’s garden, Yes:—

“With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow.”

And even as it is in our husbandry, so it must be in this Acre of God.

The germ of the heavenly beauty must have been, by God’s Holy Spirit’s aid, placed in this poor earthy heart of ours before the perishing body was planted in God’s garden that surrounds His House. The germ, I say, must have been formed there, in this life of discipline, if indeed a radiant shape of glory may be expected to burst from the wintry earth, when the great Easter-time and the great spring-time came, for the last occasion that shall call them, hand in hand into this garden of God. There will be, alas! many a perished seed on that day; but, thank God, many a one also that through the long winter was not dead, only asleep.*

Should we not, then, take to heart this teaching of the flowers, and watch and pray, and use diligently every means of grace, in order that the Holy Spirit may be forming such a germ in us now? And, this effected, we must just wait in patient trust till that day “when He shall appear.” For the buried seed cannot now even guess what the FLOWER will be.

One more head of the quiet, earnest, eloquent sermon of the flowers.

Ask we, “How can there be degrees of happiness in heaven? How can one be said to be perfectly happy if there be above him a yet higher, and, to him unattainable, degree of happiness?”

These flowers make it all clear to us, I venture to say. For is not the humble daisy perfect? And yet who would not assign to the Rose the meed of higher, more glorious perfection?

We shall rise, all who fall asleep in Jesus,—we shall rise like the flowers. Each beautiful; each perfect in *his degree*. Even as, from the little green weed-flower, which is yet a flower, to the pimpernels and the forget-me-not, and the garden flowers, and the hot-house flowers, there is an infinite gradation and variety, yet each is, in *its degree*, perfect, so will it be in the Resurrection from the dead. There will be no jealousy, no discontent. And that for this very reason, that each will have his own perfection. For the gradation will not be, as here and now, from cankered rosebuds, up, through more or less for failure, to the perfect rose. No, the gradation will be as in the flower-world. In it, the violet has attained to its own proper perfection, just as the lily has to hers. And the small virginian stock is none the less a perfect flower because above it opens the distinct and different and higher beauty of the rose. And think, even among the roses, how vast the variety; how different the kinds of beauty.

The flowers have more, much more to say, but

* See the beautiful little book by the late Professor Gaussen of Geneva, “Parables of the Spring, or The Resurrection and the Life;” (published by the Religious Tract Society : price 1s. 6d.)

we will not prolong their Sermon. Must we bring forward one sad thought, about God's garden here? It is needful, in our day. What shall we say as to the Resurrection of the seeds and growths that decayed in the ground?

Ugly fungi and damp lichen and charnel mould are the loathsome growth that start up after the *first Resurrection*. For when the bright Resurrection of the spring is over, there is a second, and melancholy, rising, in the damp decaying days of Autumn. A solemn warning thought, which we do but suggest here.

And let the flowers end by saying, "Fear not, ye who have listened to our parable, fear not, howsoever the Husbandman dealeth with thee; least of all, when He puts thee in the ground. Keep fast, by God's grace, the germ of Christ's righteousness in thee. And, when the soft air of the Resurrection morning calls it into blossom, *thyself shalt marvel at the flower.*"

AMONG THE MONGOLS.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE GOSPEL IN MONGOLIA.

THE Missionary purchases, in some town on the frontier between China and Mongolia, tents, carts, utensils, flour, rice, grain, etc., then hires, from some friendly Mongol settlement, oxen to draw the carts, and a couple of men to manage the oxen, set up the tents, and do the work of the caravan generally. When a cluster of tents is reached a halt is called, the tents are set up, the goods unloaded, a fire of the quick argol is started, and soon master and men abandon themselves to tea-drinking.

Meantime natives of the place have gathered round. Sometimes they are very friendly and assist in setting up the tents, sometimes they stand by counting their beads and looking on, but almost always they are ready and willing to join in the tea-drinking. Some of them are attracted by the medicine, which, they have heard by report going before, is dispensed gratis; some are drawn merely by idle curiosity; some few come in the hope of getting a Mongol book. For the most part they are a little distant at first. Tea even fails to thaw completely their reserve, and it is not till a case of Scripture pictures, gaudy with colours, is produced, that old and young find their tongues and crowd around all eye and ear. A selection of the pictures gives a good opportunity for stating the main doctrines of Christianity, and in the case of the picture, the eye assisting the ear, even people of small intellectual ability often apprehend clearly the teaching and remember it distinctly.

The pictures exhausted then come the books. These comprise three or four tracts, some of which have illustrations, a catechism, and the Gospel by Matthew. The tracts being written in an easy style, and free from proper names, present no difficulty to a moderately good scholar; the catechism does not run so smoothly, but when he comes to the Gospel, any but a very exceptionally

good reader stumbles badly, and frequently lays down the book, saying it is too much for him. Indeed, long experience of many different Mongol scholars attempting to read the Gospel in the tent leads to the belief that the portions of Matthew's Gospel of which an unassisted Mongol can make sense at all are comparatively few. But after a Mongol has received some idea of Christianity, he for the most part expresses himself entirely satisfied. He says it is good. It is like his own religion. It is the same. And he says this though what he has read or what he has had told him includes prominent and pointed statements of Christian doctrines diametrically opposed to the fundamental beliefs of his own Buddhism. It is then necessary to go back with him and point out the differences, and if he at last understands that a man cannot be a good Buddhist and a good Christian at the same time, his next thought is that it is quite superfluous to bring any other or any new religion to him who is supplied with what he regards as such an excellent one already.

When a Mongol understands that Christianity is intended to supersede Buddhism, his first thought seems to be a tendency to despise the smallness of our Scriptures as compared with his own. Their Scriptures form a library of large volumes which it takes a good string of camels to carry. The idea of such Scriptures being superseded by a small book which a child can carry in one hand! When too it comes to a comparison of the doctrines contained in the two Scriptures the Buddhist can, if he is well up, produce no mean list of excellent doctrines, and when it comes to miracles the Buddhist thinks that those he can quote are not a whit behind those of our Scriptures.

Superadded to these intellectual difficulties which are met with in attempting to propagate Christianity in Mongolia, is another difficulty grosser in its nature and only less powerful in its operation than those mentioned above. This is the almost all-powerful sway that Buddhism has over its Mongol votaries, and the intensity of the bigoted enthusiasm with which the Mongols cling to their religion. Considerable acquaintance with Mongolia, with Mongols, and with Mongolian habits and arrangements of life, lead to the conviction that any one Mongol coming out of Buddhism and entering Christianity would lead a very precarious existence on the plain, if in fact he could exist there at all. It is perfectly true that were a Mongol really impressed with the truth of Christianity he, like many other martyrs, would not confer with flesh and blood, but still the hardship that would follow a confession of Christianity must not be forgotten in stating the difficulties that lie in the way of Mongols becoming Christians.

But there is one point where the superiority of Christianity can be made manifest to the Mongols, that is, by its fruits. Buddhism is an elaborate and in many respects a grand system, but in one thing it fails signally, that is, in producing holiness. A Mongol, when attacked on this point, for the most part, does not make much of a defense. Here then is the hope for Christianity. If it can be made manifest to the Mongols that Jesus can cleanse a man's heart and reform his conduct, can

make the vile man pure and the thief honest, that would be an argument which they would find it difficult to answer. Their own lamas make plenty of fuss and mystery over their medical system, but there are things that with all their fuss and mystery they cannot cure. And when a little foreign medicine is applied and a cure follows, no carefully reasoned out argument, no erudite chemical lecture is required to convince

them of the efficacy of the remedy. In the same way it is to be hoped that a closer acquaintance with the effects of Christianity will, when they see its purifying power, convince the Mongols of its superiority in a way that arguments and discussions on its internal, external, and historical evidences never could do. In this seems to lie the only hope for the success of Christianity in Mongolia.

NATIONAL REFORMATION, AND PERSONAL REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

I.

GERMANY is about to hold a great festival in honour of Luther and the Reformation. It is the 400th anniversary of the Reformer's birth. Many will take part in this celebration, as patriots, philanthropists, as lovers of freedom and progress, who yet have little sympathy with the religious character of Luther, or with the Reformation as a divine and spiritual movement.

The tendency to look merely or mainly at the outward and national results of that great epoch is not confined to Germany. From the sixteenth century we ourselves date a new epoch of national life, but we do not always remember that the chief power in the movement came from the Christian confessors and martyrs of those days.

Gaussin, the great preacher of Geneva, reminded his countrymen of the same truth, in a discourse on the national revival of the Jewish people in the time of the prophet Samuel. There was a national reformation then, and a time of national prosperity, but it too was the result of the spiritual life, which had been awakened and was working in individual souls. It may be useful to reproduce this discourse, as being of universal application, and as bearing upon a subject which will soon occupy the thoughts of many, not in Germany only, but in all lands. Among us there is the same tendency to esteem and honour too lightly the revealed truths of the Bible, and there is the same need for constant re-statement of the old evangelical and spiritual doctrines, such as the eloquent Swiss preacher gave in this discourse, on the occasion of the anniversary of his own country's reformation.

THE RETURN OF THE ARK.

BY THE LATE PROFESSOR GAUSSIN, D.D., OF GENEVA.

Read 1 Sam. vii. 6-12.

This chapter contains the account of one of the grandest scenes and most memorable events in the history of God's ancient people. It tells of the awakening of religion in all the tribes of Israel: of the splendid success which came at length to reward and console the ministry of Samuel after twenty years of preaching and prayers. It shows a whole nation, after a series of long errors, now mourning over its injustice, sighing after the Eternal One, returning to His law, and recovering happiness and prosperity.

However, at the moment of viewing this admirable national picture, it is advisable to point out an illusion, which may prevent the true importance of the scene being realised. I wish to put you on your guard against the false direction which the thoughts even of religious men are too prone to take, when the Divine goodness places before their eyes the effects of the gospel in national revival, as in the scenes depicted in this narrative.

When true religion resumes its empire over the masses of people it brings always along with it two sorts of benefits. The first is national. True religion enlightens, purifies, and exalts the people: it gives them life together with peace; order together with liberty; quiet together with strength: everything prospers among them: the Eternal is their God.

The second of these blessings of true religion concerns individuals, not nations. It establishes in their souls the image of God; it covers the multitude of their transgressions; it rescues them from Satan; it delivers them from eternal death. The former of these blessings are for this life below: they pass away in time: they will end soon. The latter are for the life to come: they endure for ever; they will never cease.

But it too often occurs that the sight of the one class of these benefits makes us almost forget the other, and that by giving to our thoughts only an outward and earthly direction, we regard the great work of the gospel, less as Christians than as philanthropists: we sympathize with the worldly prosperity that always returns to a nation or people in the path of religion, rather than with that heavenly joy with which angels are delighted when sinners are converted to God.

And as the existence of nations is accomplished on this earth, and their responsibility terminates in this world, we too easily forget that our existence and our responsibility are for an eternity. We forget that the Judge will pass sentence on us, not as nations but as individuals. We forget that the gospel, although it brings to all people who receive it, and in proportion to their attachment to its precepts, enlightenment, liberty, the development of all goodness—in a word, all prosperity and all glory; the gospel has not been given us so much for making nations prosper here below, as to save men individually, man by man, from a ruin which

would be without recovery. In the midst of the great events which are taking place under our eyes in these latter days, among us and in other nations, you carry in yourself a responsible soul ; it is the critical and eventful period of your own life and existence. In the midst of these national movements the voice of God is heard : Jesus Christ is calling you ; He is casting the gospel net on the shores of eternity ; whatever is good He will collect in His vessels ; what is bad will be for ever cast out !

The life of nations is, after all, only the drama of an hour. Behind those curtains which death will draw aside, and which you already almost touch with your hands, behind this passing scene, how many realities commence, in which each one of the actors, whatever may have been the drama, and whatever may have been his place in it, is going to receive from his Master, according as he has discharged his individual rôle, and according to what he did in the body.

I wish that these reflections, presented to your consciences in the commencement of this discourse, may induce you to give the gravest attention, not merely to the religious revival in the days of ancient Israel, presented to you in my text, but even more to that which the goodness of God has made us witness, in our own days in His Church.

You are well aware of this movement, no doubt. In the present age of the world, we see now-a-days, in all the parts of the Protestant community, many thoughtful minds who, like the Israelites in the days of Samuel, are rejecting their idols, are sighing for the blessings of the Eternal, are crying out that they have sinned, and are returning with all their strength towards the God of their fathers. They have found that the broken cisterns of human wisdom hold no water for the cleansing of their souls from sin (*Zech. xiii. 1*) ; they are returning to the doctrines revealed by God ; they no longer desire a half-revelation, nor a half-Christianity, nor a half-salvation, nor a half-Saviour. Men who are truly taught by the Holy Spirit desire the Word of God only, the grace of Christ only. They have come to see that they have themselves nothing to present to the righteous Judge, but what would tend to condemnation. They have, like these ancient Israelites, gone to Kirjath-jearim to search for the ark of God, so long neglected : they come back to the blood of the cross ; they find peace, and all is changed.

Now give attention to all this movement ! and when you are doing so remember that it does not concern you so much to know what may take place some years hence, either here, or throughout Europe, or throughout the world ; but what will become of you, personally, perhaps in a few months, when you have quitted this body ; and what will become of the immortal soul that has been committed to you ; that soul of which you are going to render an account, that soul that has sinned, and which God desires to save ?

It does not concern you so much to know when this or that nation will receive the gospel ; when this or that church will be brought back to the purity of the faith, as to know if this soul, if

you yourself, have received the gospel of God's kingdom, and if you possess eternal life !

Come, now, let us consider carefully this return of Israel to God the Eternal mentioned in my text, in order to compare it with what is passing to-day before our eyes. Come and assist at the touching scenes of Mizpeh and of Ebenezer, in order to understand the better those of our own country and of Europe. Let us follow in the midst of his pastoral work amongst the tribes of Israel, this great prophet, this man of prayer, whom God raised up in those remote times. Let us hear him when he preaches, in order the better to learn what is preached to yourselves ; let us hear him when he prays in order the better to learn how to pray.

We will meditate, verse by verse, on the words of our text, without proposing to ourselves any other plan than that of developing each one of its sentences, and in following their order as the Holy Spirit has vouchsafed to give them to us.

This order, which always seems to me the most safe and clear, because it is also the most respectful, will make us traverse the three successive periods of this great event, and will bring under our eyes three pictures equally instructive. I have said three periods : that of the going astray of the people in the days of Samuel ; that of their return to God ; that of their trial and deliverance. I have said in figurative language, three pictures ; in the first there is the ark of God that returns, and Samuel who preaches twenty years in the midst of an estranged people ; in the second there is this people, after straying a long time, that returns to God the Eternal, that sighs after Him, that casts away all idols, and will have no other god than the Lord ; and lastly in the third, there is after this blessed return, a people walking with God, and God walking with His people.

Oh ! let us make good use of the short and fleeting time that is given to us ; for soon Samuel and the tribes that hear him shall have passed away before the Judge Eternal ; soon this God, of whom Samuel testified on the earth, shall be before him and before us ; we must all appear soon before Him. Now is the accepted time ; things seen must soon pass away ; time must for each of us soon be at an end, and eternity begin. Let us turn to good account this day of grace, so little in its duration, but so great in its future ; and since we see so many converted souls in our days going up to Mizpeh to rejoice in God's salvation, and to raise with adoring praise the stone of Ebenezer, let none of us remain unmoved ; let us follow the people of God, go up with them, and with them fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold of life everlasting !

The first picture which our text presents to us is the return of the sacred ark, and Samuel preaching with zeal, in the midst of a rebellious and demoralized people. It was the long period of estrangement and unbelief which preceded the awakening of the Israelites, and from which the grand ministry of Samuel could not extricate them until after twenty years of labour and of prayer.

In order better to understand the record, let us

recall to our minds the condition of Israel in the earliest days of this man of God.

Every thing was at that time a subject of deep sadness and sorrow for the heart of a true Israelite, on whichever side he might turn his attention. If he looked on the earth, he saw that the people had abandoned their God; if he looked towards heaven, God had abandoned His people. Laxity and corruption had invaded all Israelitish families; and the Eternal, in order to punish them, had given them up at home to the lust of their hearts, and abroad to all the enmity of the Philistines.

As they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind; He punished them for their neglect by neglect; He allowed that depravity to increase which they had preferred to spiritual truth. The Word of God was scarce in those gloomy days, and no prophet was heard in Israel. Alas! the priests themselves had estranged the people. Instead of doing honour to their ministry, of announcing the Word of God, and of proclaiming His powerful truth, they no longer desired the Bible, nor the truths of the Bible; and people had seen even the two sons of the high priest Eli pollute the very courts of the sanctuary by the most abominable profligacy. Also, as I have said, the evils abroad equalled the disorders at home. The Philistines had been twice successful; twenty-four thousand Israelites had been slaughtered on the field of battle, together with the sons of Eli; and at last the ark, the sacred ark, even the ark of the Eternal, was left in their hands!

Scarcely, however, had it been drawn in triumph into the temple of the Philistines, than on two occasions their great idol, Dagon, was thrown from its throne, and rolled in the dust. Supernatural punishments, striking them one after another, forced them to send back this redoubtable trophy to the territory of the Israelites. The ark of God, drawn miraculously, made a return to Canaan, alone so to say, and as in the triumph of victory. But this was all in vain! The Israelites, now a long time habituated to the contempt of sacred things, having dared to look into it with profanity, a sudden and severe plague fell upon them. These unhappy people, instead of acknowledging their fault, were only too eager to rid themselves of the inestimable treasure; and, knowing the reputed piety of the inhabitants of Kirjath-jearim, they hastened to send to them, saying, "The Philistines have brought back the ark of the Eternal; come down, and make it ascend into your city."

Behold now, my brethren, what a striking spectacle is presented to us in the first verses of the text. It is God who comes in a double way to bestow His mercies on a people who do not love Him. It is the ark of His covenant that He brings back, and His prophet Samuel whom He sends in the midst of a nation rebellious against His word, and stained with a thousand vices. It is the Divine mercy which comes and knocks at the door of these hardened hearts, and which will not cease to knock there during twenty years, by the earnest preaching of the greatest of His prophets, and by the worship established before the ark at Kirjath-jearim. The people sleep,

but mercy is awake and watches; the people is corrupt, but mercy comes to seek and save that which is lost; the people fly from God, but God pursues the people; and if I may make use of His own expression, God does not cease during twenty years, "to stretch out all day long His hands towards a disobedient and gainsaying people!"

Oh! the loving-kindness of God, from whom, by whom, and for whom are all things: a loving-kindness continuing for ever, pursuing its work, never staying its hand, and making itself known by these characters!

A Scene in Bond Street.

A LONG a crowded thoroughfare,
It chanced, I took my way;
The jostling crowd from every side,
Moved onward, without stay.
In gorgeous equipages barre,
Fair ladies, richly clad,
Passed on, amidst the busy whirl,
Their looks, their voices glad.
Then suddenly my eyes did rest
Upon a figure small;
A ragged urchin near me stood,
Unheeded he by all.
Nor charm for him the motley throng
Possesses, as he stands,
With face upturned and upward gaze,
And eager, outstretched hands.
Unconscious of the swaying crowd,
That elbows him the while,
All spell-bound he. Around his lips
There plays a sunny smile.
"And what," methought, "can thus arrest
This youthful truant's sight?
Lost to all else around, whence comes
The source of his delight?"
Whilst thus I mused, anon he stirred,
And further from me drew;
More eager grew the wistful face,
The hands more eager too;
Then reaching forward with a bound,
He caught his longed-for prey.
A thistledown! I saw him clasp,
Within his palm it lay.
This then the object of his zeal!
A silky thistledown!
Whence winged that airy traveller
Its way to London town?
One moment only did the lad,
Triumphant, hold it fast,
Then ope'd his hands, and to the winds,
The downy stranger cast;
And then his cap into the air,
With vig'rous swing he tossed,
Forgetful of the precious prize,
So late obtained, and lost!

The boy a picture of the man,
Who, in ambition's pride,
Pursues an object which, attained,
He, reckless, casts aside.

Mrs. HENRY CREWE.

Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE.



V.—THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

WE have now reached the first days of April. Light clouds were floating aloft in the pale blue heaven, being gently wafted along by the balmy breeze, which was odoriferous with the blossom of the trees, whose pink and white bouquets appeared to give the country a festal air, to celebrate the marriage of the earth with the spring. In the midst of the young boughs which were covered with opening buds of delicate verdure, the birds were warbling and flapping their wings; and on high, very high over head, lost in the ether, the skylark was singing to the great Creator of all the hymn of joy and gratitude.

From Aix-les-Bains to Annecy, in Savoy, the road winds among beautiful and well-cultivated fields. It is still the rich Italian vegetation. The vine is suspended in festoons among the white mulberry-trees; the chestnut lengthens its shadow over the fragrant meadows, and the cypress bends its melancholy head to the evening breeze.

It was noon, and three travellers were walking along the road with slow and weary steps; they appeared overcome by the heat of the sun, which at that time of day shed his rays directly over their heads. "Grandfather," said a little languid voice, "shall we soon reach a village?"

"I do not know; but cheer up, my child, we will go and rest ourselves down there, under that grove of chestnut trees; although they are not yet in full leaf, they will nevertheless shelter us from the ardent sunbeams." And the old man put his arm around the child to support and help her along; while the dog, with his tongue out, was puffing and panting in the hot soft air.

These travellers are indeed our three friends, but they are much changed since they left Florence. Madeleine has grown thin, and she has an expression of lassitude and anxiety in her countenance. John Nodot's tall form is bowed down, he has no longer strength to hold himself upright, and his step is less firm. Alas! he was sick at

Genoa, and his last resources were exhausted; and now he is moving on slowly and wearily, day after day, and hour after hour, having but one desire—to bring the child into his beloved Switzerland, and put her under the care of the excellent Mr. Vernet.

On the day of which we are speaking, they had continued their journey from the early morning; for, in proportion as John was arriving nearer to his own country, he grew impatient, and stopped but a little while at each place.

The fact was, the brave man did not feel well; but he did not speak of it to Madda, for fear of frightening her.

They found under the chestnut trees a nice sheltered corner, where our three friends sat down to rest; and Madeleine drew from her little parcel some bread, some sausages, and half a bottle of wine and water. After having finished their frugal repast, scrupulously shared with Sirrah, Madeleine said, "Grandfather, we have not had our usual reading to-day."

"Very well, take the Bible, my little one, and read some verses yourself."

And the child, who was proud of her progress in reading, opened the sacred volume at those beautiful verses of St. John, "Let not your heart be troubled; in My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Here Madeleine stopped, and said,

"Grandfather, what kind of mansions are those that Jesus is gone to prepare for us?"

"I do not exactly know, but I am sure they will be very beautiful."

"And shall we have the whole of one for ourselves, grandfather, with mother and father?"

Certainly, because Jesus has told us so."

"I wish I was there now!" said the little one, with a sigh, while she looked up wistfully into the depths of the blue and smiling heaven.

The old man put his hand on his grand-daughter's head, saying, "Why do you wish it so ardently?"

"Because am so weary, and it seems to me that it would be so comfortable up there."

"Madeleine, you forget there is one condition on which to get to heaven."

"And what is it, grandfather?"

"To love the Lord Jesus more than all the world beside. When you have reached that, He will come Himself and fetch you, and conduct you to us in those shining mansions where we shall be waiting for you."

"But, grandfather, why do you say 'to us'? You are not going away without me. Oh! what would become of me all alone?" and she pressed closely to her grandfather, and began to shed tears. He embraced her, but his face was very serious, and he said, "I do not know, Madda, what the will of God is concerning me. I wish for you, my darling, that He may leave me a little longer on this earth. Nevertheless, if I have to leave you there will be nothing to fear, for God is the Father of the orphan. He is the King of kings, the Almighty, while I am only a weak and ignorant man. I have been reflecting deeply on all this for many days, and I am resolved, whatever happens, to distress myself no more about you, Madda, for the 'Lord will provide' in one way or another;" while the old man was speaking, he gently wiped away the tears which were running down the child's cheeks.

"The Lord will provide," was John Nodot's favourite text. How many times had Madeleine heard it from the mouth of her venerable grandfather; and it always calmed and comforted her. Her grandfather's voice always breathed confidence into her breast.

"Now, little one, let me sleep. I feel so tired to-day that I

must absolutely rest myself again before we continue our journey."

And stretching himself on the grass the grandfather rested his head on the small parcel of clothes that Madeleine carried, and he covered his face with his wide-brimmed hat.

Seeing her grandfather so quiet, the child continued reading to the end of the chapter, then she remained still and dreamy, her eyes fixed on vacancy. At her side Sirrah was snapping at all the small flies that imprudently ventured too near his nose. The sounds of nature only broke the silence that reigned around them.

All on a sudden the old man stirred, a hoarse sound escaped from his throat, and Madeleine thought he called her. She sprang towards him, and seeing his hands shaking convulsively she immediately took away the hat which covered his face. His eyes were open, an expression of anguish saddened his usually serene countenance, and his mouth was drawn on one side by the vain attempts he made to speak.

"Grandfather, are you ill?" cried Madeleine; "where do you suffer? tell me!"

But, alas! she could obtain no answer from him; Sirrah shared, after his fashion, in the anxiety of the little girl, he licked his master's hands with loving looks of inquiry.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" repeated Madeleine to herself, seized with the greatest uneasiness. "Of whom ask help? where go to obtain it?" She knew not what to do. Just then a distant noise struck her ear, and presently on the dusty road, which lengthened as far as eye could see, she perceived several large carriages, which were advancing slowly, drawn by lean old jades of horses. Madeleine stood up to see better what was coming. Could they come to her help? Her little heart beat very quickly as she could see the carriages more distinctly. They were strange-looking carriages, such as are often used by travelling traders and mountebanks; there were three of them; the first two, without doubt, served for houses, for they had small windows, furnished with red and blue curtains, and chimney pots; also a sort of projecting roof supported by two small wooden columns, between which was fixed a railing, upon which some children were leaning. Beside the first caravan a tall muscular man was walking, he was dressed in a close-fitting jacket and pantaloons, of an indescribable colour. He wore a wide belt, which had once been red and gold; in his hand he had a whip, and he went along whistling carelessly, and from time to time, either by voice or gesture, urging the poor old broken-winded horse. Under the projection of the second caravan two women were sitting, one of whom was young, of a marked type of beauty, the other was advanced in years, with hard, plain features. The latter was mending some wretched old clothes, and watching at the same time a chubby child who was rolling about at her feet. The former sat with folded arms, looking listlessly at the surrounding landscape. Some little boys were walking round about the caravans, all of them wearing clothes of more or less strange fashions.

Madeleine contemplated it all in silence; while she was considering whether she dared to call to them, Sirrah sprang forward, barking at the first carriage.

The driver raised his head, and saw the child standing by the road-side. He stopped, and said, "Halloo! oh! what are you doing there all alone?" He spoke in French with a strong foreign accent.

"Oh, sir! if you please! grandfather is ill. I do not know what is the matter with him!" and Madda burst into tears.

"Let us see, where is this grandfather?" asked the man, throwing his whip to one of the children, in readiness to follow her.

All the three caravans halted.

"There, sir," said Madeleine, pointing to John, where he

lay under the chestnut trees. Both of them went towards him.

"What has taken the old man?" said the stranger, stooping down to examine him.

"Alas! I do not know," answered Madeleine, wiping away her tears, which flowed without ceasing.

Women and children—the whole tribe—surrounded them. Sirrah ceased his barking. He appeared to guess that they had brought help to his master: but he stood on the defensive, showing the idle boys of the company two rows of white pointed teeth.

John Nodet was not insensible; but there he lay motionless, without strength, incapable of moving or speaking: evidently he was under the influence of a fit, as the newcomer rightly guessed.

"He is ill," said the latter, after some minutes' conversation. "Where were you going after this fashion?"

"Into Switzerland."

"But that is still a long way from this place; the old man cannot think of continuing his journey."

"What must we do, then?" asked Madeleine, wringing her hands.

The stranger reflected a moment; and the elder of the two women spoke a few words to him, in a language the little girl could not understand.

"Listen to me, child," said the man. "Have you any money?"

"I have this," said she, searching in her pocket, where she found two or three halfpence, gained in the last of the villages they had passed through.

The man took them, and shook them about several times in his hand.

"It is very little," he said, with a disdainful grimace: "however, I am disposed to do what is in my power for you, that is to say, to take your grandfather in one of our caravans to the neighbouring town, where we will leave him in good hands."

"Thank you, sir," said Madeleine, lifting up to him her large tearful eyes, full of the expression of her gratitude.

Then, at a sign from the master, two slender and flexible youths came forward, and lifted up the sick man, and with some difficulty carried him to the first caravan, where the women had hastily prepared for him one of the coarse beds which were used by the men of the company. There they laid him; Madda sat down, or rather squatted herself down beside him, with Sirrah. Then the three caravans went on their slow and jolting journey.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVIII.

Initials and finals name two weapons of war that are to be turned into instruments of peaceful toil.

1. The prophet was told to take these and hide them in the clay of the brick-kiln.

2. The Lord told the prophet to take this at his hand, filled with fury, and cause all the nations to drink it.

3. What the same prophet mourns over as "turned to strangers."

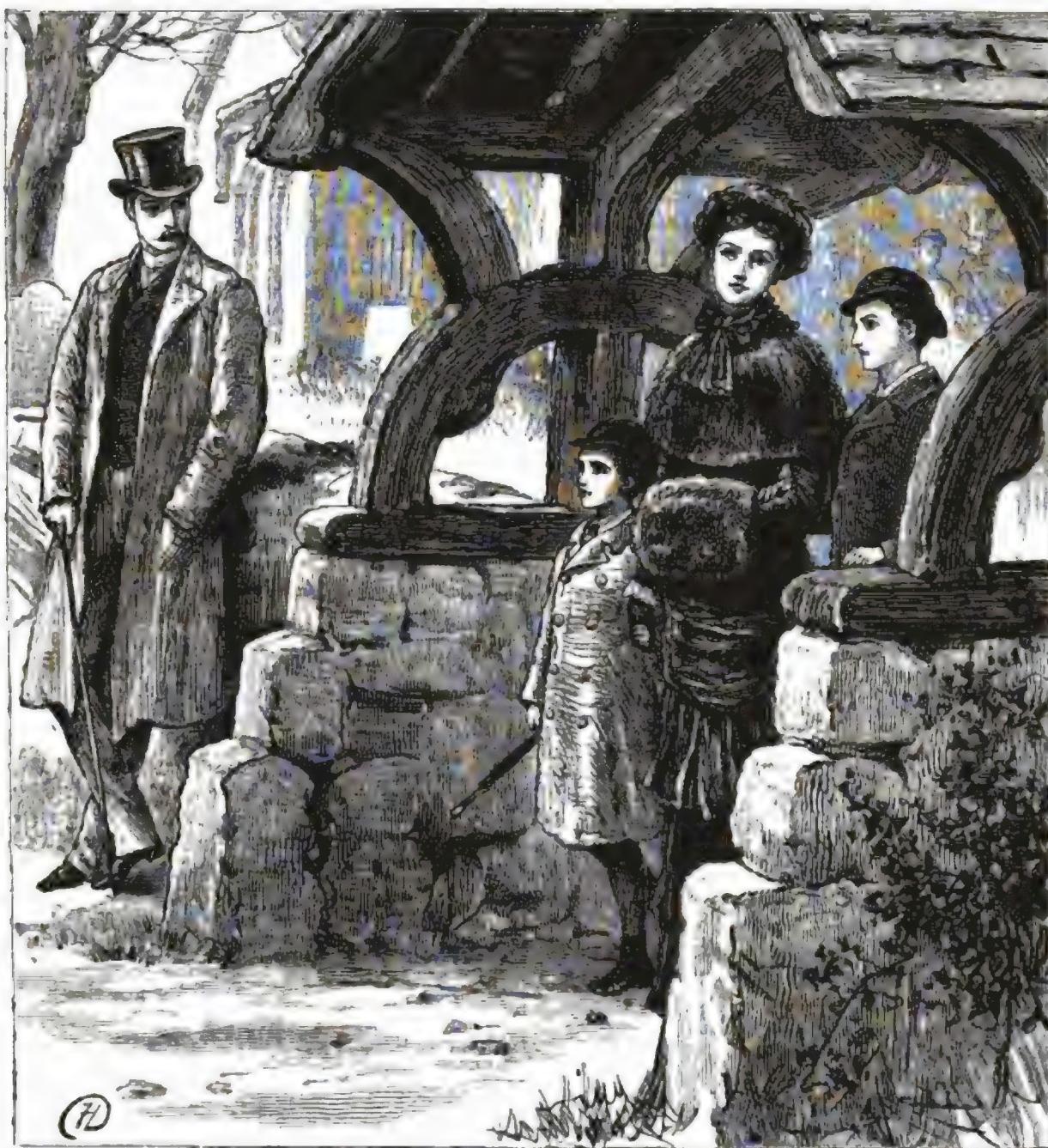
4. Where this prophet says the cry was heard, that was caused by the fall of Edom and Teman.

5. Gou said it was to be declared in Egypt that the sword would do this, all round about her.

6. Tradesmen who are mentioned along with royalty as having "departed from Jerusalem."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—Herbert.



AFTER SERVICE AT BIRKDALE CHURCH.

WINCHERLEY HALL.

CHAPTER XII.

"But when returned the youth? The youth no more
Returned exultant to his native shore—
But twenty years had passed, and then there came
A wearied, worn-out man."

OWEN WINCHERLEY and his family arrived in Birkdale one bitterly cold afternoon, when the half-melted snow was lying in little

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puddles beside Widow Burns' door-step, and when the sky was of that dull leaden hue that promises more snow yet to come.

And the next day, the vicar thought it would only be polite to call on the new arrivals, and inquire if they were comfortably settled in their lodgings.

Mrs. Burns let him in, with a look of awe on her face.

"Oh, sir! he do seem badly, to be sure!—and I have found out he is Mr. Owen Wincherley, the

PRICE ONE PENNY.

squire's eldest son. I wonder what the old squire will say when he hears he's come back?"

"I do not suppose you need trouble yourself about that, Mrs. Burns. Do you think Mr. Wincherley will see me, or have I called too early?"

"Oh, sir! he's in bed, and is not going to get up-to-day anyhow; but Miss Wincherley is in the parlour—would you like to see her, sir?"

He went in, and found Helen sitting on the little horse-hair covered sofa, with Archie's head resting on her lap. The boy had been ill on the voyage, and was still feverish and listless.

Helen lifted his head gently, laid it on the sofa cushion, then came forward to receive her guest.

She flushed slightly when she saw the "Vicar" of her correspondence was a young man, tall and dark, with kind brown eyes, sensible face, and slight, shapely figure; not like one of the easy-going Abbés she had been in the habit of meeting in the sunny South.

And he saw a girl, with deep-grey eyes, fringed with black lashes, with a delicate complexion, with grave dignity, who was thanking him for having answered her letters.

Her usual unembarrassed manner, the outcome of innate self-possession, had returned after her momentary flush of surprise; and she was soon talking frankly to Mr. Howe.

"I am afraid I gave you a great deal of trouble when I asked you to bespeak lodgings. Now I see Birkdale, how remote and small a village it is, I am even surprised you found room for us," she said, in her low musical voice.

"Widow Burns is very glad to let you have her house, I can assure you."

"Ah, yes, it is kind of her, and she waits on us so thoughtfully. Let me introduce you to my brothers Singleton and Percy. Archie is nearly asleep, poor boy! He has not got over the effects of his voyage yet."

Singleton and Percy had been staring out of Widow Burns' window for the last hour, and were being what the Americans call disillusionised. The window looked on the back yard; in one of the corners was a pig-sty, in which several black specimens snorted and grunted, a dozen or two of ducks waddled about in the half-melted snow, and a robin, perched on a bare tree near by, warbled a pensive song.

Was this the beautiful island of which they had heard such glowing histories, even from their cradles? Had not their mother praised it, and talked of it, until they believed the chief good in life must be found by dwelling in England?

Well, they had come to England, and had discovered it was strangely different to that southern clime they had just left, where the sea and sky were still sapphire blue, and the garden was still decked with bright flowers. None of the biting cold was there that here made their fingers tingle even in the fire-heated room.

They returned Mr. Howe's greeting with unaffected pleasure, but as he continued talking to their sister, not taking much heed of them, they returned to their posts at the window.

Presently the vicar went over towards them.
"How do you like this prospect?" he asked.

Singleton shrugged his shoulders, in a manner he had learnt from the French, and replied drily,

"*Chacun à son goût*,—I do not call it pretty."

"There are some nice ducks, but they do not agree well," added Percy, who thought his brother had been rather curt in his reply.

"They do not agree?" interrogatively.

"That great Aylesbury white one leads the little brown Rouen a dreadful life. He gobbles up all the corn, and flies at the Rouen for only looking at him."

"I suppose the strongest and most pushing always gets the best of the good things," replied Mr. Howe with a smile.

"Is not that the case with human beings as well as with ducks, sir?" asked Singleton, with a flash of his dark eyes.

"I think that must be the reason, Uncle Roger."

"Singleton! how can you talk so?" reproved his sister quickly.

"It is just the same way with those pigs yonder," continued Percy in his reflective way.

"That little one in the corner hardly gets a cabbage leaf at all; he may squeak, and squeak, but the big ones eat up nearly everything."

"If you are fond of birds and animals, you must come, both of you, to the vicarage sometimes, and study the habits of some that live there. I have some pigeons, a horse, and one or two dogs; the latter are famous fellows, one a terrier, the other a mastiff."

"I shall be very glad to go to the vicarage," said Singleton, much relieved in his mind to discover there was a chance of seeing some other prospect than Widow Burns' yard.

Percy wanted to hear more about the dogs.

"Which do you like best?" he asked.

"They are so different I can hardly tell. The mastiff would follow me all over the parish if I would allow him to do so, and wait patiently outside the door, however long a visit I might chance to make in any cottage. He guards the house by night, his deep-toned voice would startle any prowler, and I verily believe that dog would die, if necessary, to protect me. The terrier is a funny little fellow, with as many tricks as a monkey, he would amuse you, and make you laugh, I am certain."

"I should like the mastiff by far the best, if I were you, sir," replied Percy decidedly.

"I believe I do like him best, after all," said the vicar smiling; and he left the boys at the window, to resume their occupation of watching the ducks and pigs, and returned to the chair near the horsehair-covered sofa.

Archie had fallen asleep, Helen was tenderly placing a large shawl over him; she looked up at Mr. Howe, and asked, in a low tone of voice,

"Should you like to go upstairs to my father?"

"Very much, if you think he would wish it."

"I am sure he will be glad to see a friend;" she emphasized the last word in such a marked manner, that as the vicar met her questioning gray eyes, he could not help bowing an affirmative, and saying,

"Yes, a friend, thank you so much for calling me one."

"Perhaps I had better go upstairs first, and tell my father you are coming. Mrs. Burns has already made your name familiar to him, and to us all."

Mr. Owen Wincherley lay in a half-darkened room, his eyes closed, and the moment the vicar caught a glimpse of his blanched face, he decided he bore a refined likeness to the squire.

Helen introduced Mr. Howe to her father, then closed the door, and departed, leaving the two men alone.

Mr. Wincherley held out his hand to the vicar.

"I am glad you have come; I thought you would do so, for I have already been told of your deeds of kindness to the sad and sorrowful."

"If I can be of service to you, pray use me." He drew a chair near the bed, and Mr. Wincherley turned his darkened eyes towards him.

"You can be of use to me; I want your advice, your sympathy if you will give it." Then he added eagerly,

"Do you think my father will see me?"

"I cannot tell;" the vicar sat, thoughtful, for a little time, as he recalled to memory that incident of the picture of Birkdale Church, and the storm of passion that had been aroused when he read aloud Owen's name. He remembered also a few other circumstances that had happened during various interviews with the squire, mere trifles, perhaps, mere straws on the wave, but still these straws had indicated the way in which the current ran, and the tide was dead set against reconciliation with the first-born son.

"I cannot tell," the vicar repeated. "Doubtless you have heard your father is in London. Shall I write to him and say you are here?"

"I am afraid writing would have no effect; perhaps it will be best to let him take the initiative towards me."

"Probably you are right," said the vicar musing.

"Since the world of the present has been shut out from my sight, I cannot tell you how I have lived the past over again in recollection. Every incident of my youth seems to rise in review before my mental gaze, and I recall numberless instances of my father's love towards me. How can he keep up this bitter estrangement through all these years?"

"It seems very sad."

"Yes, and for no reason beyond a thwarting of what might be called prejudice on his part. I have never regretted the step I took; the deepest, truest happiness of my life has arisen from a union with one who was worthy of respect as well as love. My poor Helena was a good, precious wife to me!"

Owen Wincherley pressed his hand over his eyes, as though some pain, mental or bodily, lay hard on him. He said in a low voice,

"Is it not a bitter thought that even if my father and I do meet, I shall never look on his beloved face again? He is very dear to me still, Mr. Howe; my affection for him has never changed nor lessened."

The vicar answered the first part of his speech.

"Why do you think so despairingly of your ailment, Mr. Wincherley? I have heard of cases apparently quite as hopeless as yours, and yet the

sight has been restored. You ought to consult an experienced oculist about your eyes."

"I should like to do so. Some people in France advised such a step; but it would be impossible. The large fees required would be quite beyond my reach. And sometimes, too, I think this blindness is but the beginning of the end. When my eyes close in death, it will not matter much that they had lost sight of earthly things a few weeks or months before. But for these children of mine—five of them—I should not dread death. I long to go to Him who has said to every pardoned and saved sinner, 'I go to prepare a place for you.' We shall meet the loved ones we have lost there. We shall be beyond the worries and complications of this weary world, and our happiness will have immortality stamped upon it."

The interview between the vicar and Mr. Wincherley was long, and one result of it was that when Mr. Howe went down stairs to the sitting room, he asked—very nervously and shyly for him—whether Helen could show him any of her father's pictures.

"There must be some of them left," he said.

"Not any in frames, I know."

"Perhaps without frames?" he suggested quietly.

"I am not sure. For some time past my father has only painted pictures that were ordered. His later paintings, after his sight became defective, were very imperfect, they met with poor sale, and he had them disposed of before we left France. I will inquire if he has any of his earlier works left."

Helen went upstairs to her father's room, and presently returned with a light wooden case in her hands, so ponderous in appearance, however, that the vicar hurried over to the door to meet her, and took charge of her burden.

"It is not nearly as heavy as it looks," she said with a smile.

Within were some rude sketches, evidently done in those days when Owen's ambition ran high, when he believed he could compose grand subjects and idealise them.

Also there were a few water-colour landscapes, that from some reason or other had not been disposed of. A marvel this, as the subjects were of a pleasing nature, and every additional "pot-boiler" must have been an important prize during his struggling career.

Mr. Howe selected four of these small paintings, charming views taken at various picturesque points along the Riviera.

"May I buy these?" he asked, looking towards Helen, and he felt his face flush. There seemed to him something strangely incongruous in the act of this buying pictures from Squire Wincherley's granddaughter.

But the incongruity did not strike Helen. She had been accustomed from her earliest youth to listening to business of this nature. Selling a picture at a good price often meant getting out of one of those financial embarrassments that would crop up now and then. It often meant paying the rent, the schooling, and a dozen other matters, and she had seen her father and mother rejoice with great joy over such bargains.

Helen looked at the back of one of the pictures.

"The price is marked here in pencil—you see it is eight guineas, and they are all the same," continued she, turning each of them over. "Perhaps that is too much now; they were painted some years ago, when my father's pictures made a higher sum than they have done of late. May I ask him if they can be sold cheaper?"

"Pray do not think of doing so," said the vicar eagerly. "I consider them far too cheap. It is a great privilege for me to have such beautiful specimens of your father's work. The walls of my vicarage are almost bare at present, and they will be considerably embellished by these pictures."

"Father will be very glad. It will remind him of old times to get a price for his paintings," she replied with a smile; and the vicar thought the smile lit up her face like a flash of sunlight. He had decided the expression of her countenance was too sad—too thoughtful, only a minute before.

Fortunately, Mr. Howe had a good private fortune in addition to his clerical income, and thus he was able to gratify any kind impulse of his nature without the terrible worry and fret that so often accompanies small means, and that make it almost a positive merit to curb and limit the generous emotions of the heart.

Many people talk of money as the "root of all evil," quite ignoring the fact that it is the "love of money" that causes the evil, "which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

Are not riches sometimes promised as one of God's good gifts? "Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord. Wealth and riches shall be in his house, and his righteousness endureth for ever."

And money given to His servants by the Master, when spent in deeds of usefulness, in helping others—in doing God's work on earth, and in all legitimate and innocent ways, will be like the five talents that were multiplied into ten, and that received the "Well done" of commendation spoken by Christ Himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Tis strange this interwoven work,
Perplexing my poor mind,
Perplexing stronger thought than mine,
The riddle rare to find."

Squire Wincherley returned to Birkdale soon after Christmas. The morning after his arrival, he sent a note to the vicarage to say he wished to see Mr. Howe if he would call at the Hall some time during the day.

It was about noon when the summons arrived, and the vicar decided to set out at once. It was only a short distance longer round to pass Widow Burns' cottage on his way, and somehow, he was beginning to find out the cottage lay en route to very many places in his parish. He had become a constant visitor there, and Owen Wincherley would watch for the sound of his footstep on the stairs—and feel disappointed if a whole day passed without a call from the vicar.

The two men had become fast friends. Owen, in his blindness and weakness, was meek and humble as a child, he consulted Mr. Howe on every subject, asking his advice, and telling him his sorrows.

Helen did much the same in her way, and somehow Mr. Howe was glad when she suggested anything that he could seize hold of and do to help them. One of her smiles, and a grateful glance from her soft grey eyes, seemed an abundant recompense for any trouble he might take.

The boys were no longer strangers at the vicarage. They had made acquaintance with the mastiff and the terrier, and might sometimes be seen riding the vicar's horse round the paddock without bit or saddle.

It was not all amusement, these visits to Mr. Howe, for he had proposed to read with them at spare times, so they often gathered in the study, poring over Latin, Greek, mathematics, and what-not, the teacher enjoying the lessons quite as much as the taught.

When the vicar went into Owen's room on this morning, he found him not quite so well.

"I had a restless night," he explained, "and I am glad you are come to cheer me up a little."

"I cannot stay long this morning, I am on my way to the Hall, the squire has sent to request an interview with me."

"Ah! has my father returned from town?"

"He arrived last night, I understand—your brother Roger, and his step-son, Gerald, came with him, but Mrs. Wincherley is still in London."

"I wonder what he wants with you!" exclaimed Owen.

"I cannot tell—the note did not state. Shall I take any message from you to him?"

"Better not, it would hardly do any good," replied Owen with a sigh, as he composed himself on his pillows again.

The squire was seated alone in his study. It was a long oak-pannelled room, with a large Gothic window at one end, crimson-covered chairs and sofas, and it was well lined with books, that were but rarely moved from their places.

The present representatives of the Wincherley family who inhabited the Hall, were none of them readers of heavy tomes.

A large fire blazed in the grate, but the squire, who was seated in an arm-chair with a rug over his knees, still felt chilly, and feeling thus, it made him cross and out of sorts. He had just been rating a footman for having allowed the rooms to get damp during his absence—an accusation not at all likely to be ill-founded—and now he roused himself for a "passage of arms" with the vicar.

He held out his hand, without a smile of welcome on his face, and pointed silently to a chair.

"I hope you have quite recovered," began Mr. Howe pleasantly.

"Recovered? no! This racketing about half kills me. I am never well in London."

"Perhaps now you have returned home a little rest will set you to rights again."

"Rest! where am I to get rest? There seems no rest for me. I've had Smith here to tell me there's a lot of poaching going on in the parish,

and I've had half a dozen tenants here, all grumbling, and wanting something or other."

"That is trying, to say the least. Had you cold weather in town? We seem to be having a very severe winter."

"I did not request an interview with you, Mr. Howe, to talk about the weather, but I wish to know if the report is true that you have brought my scapegrace son, Owen, back to Birkdale parish to defy me?"

"Scapegrace son, defy you!" echoed the vicar, taken aback.

"Is it true, or is it not? The act is unworthy of a Christian minister."

"I scarcely understand your accusation, Mr. Wincherley. I have done no action unworthy of a minister of Christ. Your son is in Birkdale at present, that is quite true."

"And I understand you and he are great friends."

"Yes, we are friends, and I am proud to hold out the hand of fellowship to your son. He needs friendship, and sympathy also, for he is ill and blind. I do not know a more pitiable case than his."

"He brought all his trouble on his own head by his foolish marriage to a mere nobody."

"Was it a foolish marriage? Most people would say not, for he married the woman he loved, and she proved a true and excellent wife to him. He still mourns her loss bitterly." Your son is left with five motherless children to provide for. The source of his income, namely, his own paintings, has failed, in consequence of his loss of sight."

"Bah! his paintings forsooth! He has been dragging the name of which he should have been proud through the mire, using it as an advertisement for his portraits, I have no doubt. He has no one to blame but himself for his troubles; they are nothing to me! And now I must tell you it is quite impossible you can be my friend and Owen Wincherley's friend also, you must choose between us."

"Perhaps I had better retire; it may only irritate you if I repeat that your son is my friend, and that I am proud of his friendship."

Mr. Howe rose from his chair as he finished his speech, and the squire rung the bell with a snap, and told the footman, in a voice half suffocated with passion, to show the vicar out.

Mr. Howe was grieved and vexed beyond measure at this result of the interview. He blamed himself, either that he had said too much, or that he had not said enough, he did not know which. Surely, surely, there was some way of winning that hard old heart to right feeling and affection did anyone possess the secret. Then, with a prayer that the Holy Spirit would melt its stubbornness and let in the truth, that the grace of God would influence the squire aright, Mr. Howe turned his steps towards the moors.

It took an hour of rapid walking with the keen north wind blowing in his face, ere its invigorating influence gave him sufficient courage to call at Widow Burns' cottage, and tell the result of his visit to the Hall.

It happened that when Helen and her brothers first made their appearance in Birkdale Church,

the Sunday after they came to the place, the verger had put them into the empty vicarage pew that was usually appropriated to strangers—and Mr. Howe, later on, had invited them always to sit there.

The vicarage pew was opposite the Hall pew, and hitherto the latter had been generally unoccupied; but on the Sunday after the vicar's stormy interview with the squire, Mr. Gerald Thorpe, Roger's step-son, sat there.

He noticed the strange young lady with the deep grey eyes and dark hair, with her slightly foreign appearance, her refined face, and at once decided she was not a Birkdale lassie.

True, the farmers' daughters dressed far more fashionably, and wore grander and gayer clothes, but she looked like a lily amongst a bed of poppies. He noted her deep attention to the service, he caught the tones of her rich voice as she joined in the singing, and he observed how it rose clear and pure, above the rather nasal melody of the school children.

"That is Owen Wincherley's daughter," he thought, and then he determined to get a closer view of her. To effect this, he stood outside the gate of the churchyard, and watched her come out, leading Archie by the hand, and talking to Singleton.

"Yes, she is decidedly pretty! and looks better near than at a distance," thought Gerald; and having settled these points, always important ones to a young man of twenty-one years' experience, he made up his mind to go a little further, and introduce himself to her.

"It's a horrid shame the squire won't invite her to the Hall! She would be quite an ornament there, with that face and that voice."

Gerald was well acquainted with the old story of this family dissension, and had heard pretty much of the Birkdale gossip on the same topic. He knew there was no chance of Miss Wincherley ever being introduced to him, so he must trust to his own efforts to bring about the end he desired.

By dint of much persevering, and much watching, he at last found his endeavours crowned with success.

A MAN-OF-WAR SUNDAY.

BY A NAVAL CHAPLAIN.

ALTHOUGH much is said and written about England's navy, little is practically known to Englishmen in general as to the inner life of ships of war. That ships are commissioned, manned and armed before leaving England for a foreign station, all know; and that these same ships do, accident excepted, return home after a period ranging from three to five years to "pay off," is equally well known. These facts may, however, be regarded as comprising all that is known to many about "the mariners of England." It is the purpose of the following sketch to tell something about the manner in which Sunday is usually spent on board men-of-war, and the particulars in which its observance differs from that prevailing on shore.

It was once the universal custom, and is still so in some ships, to turn the *hands* up at one bell, or 4.30 A.M. on Sunday morning. After the lapse of a few minutes for dressing, the order, "Hands holystone upper and lower decks," followed. It would be a difficult matter to adequately describe the scene of noise, bustle and confusion that always ensued as fulfilment of that order. The pumps were rigged, buckets thrown about, and holystones, blocks of soft sandstone, distributed. As soon as these noisy preliminaries had been duly looked after, quantities of sand were scattered over the decks, and these plentifully wetted with water from the pumps. The work of holystoning, so called from the kneeling position of the men when engaged in it, now began in earnest, amid the noise of mingled song and execrations. An hour or more was generally spent in this work, and then followed a general sluicing of the decks with water to wash the sand away; the water being afterwards dried up with "swabs," these latter being long heavy masses of ravelled rope. At the conclusion of the work above described, the order "Pipe to breakfast" was given, when for the first time anything in the shape of food was served out to the ship's company on that day.

The practice of holystoning decks on Sunday morning has ceased in many ships, but so long as it continues in some, and might be ordered in any, the description of the operation is not out of place in an account of how Sunday is spent in a man-of-war. Even in the best regulated ships more work is done on "the day of rest" than is at all necessary; and the slightest excuse is found sufficient to increase that amount.

That holystoning on Sunday morning might easily be dispensed with altogether has been proved by the fact of its cessation in many ships. And in at least one case much good was found to result from an order that when the decks that were holystoned and washed down on Saturday remained clean over night the men would be allowed an additional hour's sleep on the following Sunday morning. Besides the general wrong-doing of employing men unnecessarily on Sunday, a further injury arose from the temper of mind it produced in men who were soon to present themselves at Divine service.

Half an hour is the time usually allowed for breakfast in men-of-war, and as the men love their after-breakfast pipe, one-half of that time is usually consumed in discussing the biscuit and ship's cocoa and the other in smoking. At six bells, seven o'clock A.M., the hands are turned up again by the order to call the watch, which is a signal to put out pipes and repair on deck to execute some routine order, nearly all of which might be dispensed with without any detriment to the naval service. At 8 o'clock, or 8.30, the order is passed, "Hands to clean," or in other words that the men are now to wash themselves and dress for inspection before church.

As soon as the ship's company are dressed, and the ship put to rights internally, the commanding officer enters that sacred region "the captain's cabin," and informs his superior that the ship's company, already mustered on the upper deck, are ready for "Divisions," this being the appella-

tion of the inspection in question. The captain soon emerges from his cabin, when he is saluted by a roll of the drum, the marines presenting arms. The commanding officer, the master, the surgeon and the chief engineer now present themselves, to accompany the captain in his rounds, whilst the master-at-arms and a posse comitatus of ship's corporals bring up the rear of a procession that proceeds to inspect every hole and corner of the ship, the seamen and marines having been first duly inspected.

Sunday inspections are as a general rule perfectly useless; they have been prepared for, and give no fair notion of the general state of a ship; which is about as different from what it appears at *divisions* as a real action is from a sham fight. A close inspection is made, however, and a diligent hunt ensues after stray garments or dirty rags that might be inadvertently left about the decks. Even this is worse than useless, as the real *locale* of these offending objects is often the inside of the nearest gun; where whole wardrobes might at times be found to have received a temporary lodgment.

When divisions are over, the order to "Rig the church" is given to the carpenters; and now ensues a noisy shipping and unshipping of forms, and placing of chairs in crescent-shaped order, whilst the pulpit-reading desk is brought up from the carpenter's storeroom, and set up conspicuously in the midst of that portion of the main deck devoted for the time to the purpose of church building. The marines soon begin to take their places on the starboard (right side), and the blue jackets on the port (left side), the officers sitting around and near the pulpit, the principal seat being occupied by the captain soon after he has been informed by the commanding officer that "church is ready." On the arrival of the captain a message is sent to the chaplain that all is in readiness for Divine service, and he being robed and in waiting in the ward-room, at once enters the reading desk and commences the service. The more attentive of the seamen will generally be found to have chosen the front forms and the seats best placed for hearing, whilst any who, after rising at 4.30 and working almost uninterruptedly since, desire to escape notice whilst sleeping, are almost as certain to select the more retired forms. As a general rule, however, it must be admitted that man-of-war congregations are very attentive, and were the regularity of their joining in the responses, and the vociferous manner in which they sing, to be accepted as infallible proofs of feeling, a naval congregation would easily carry off the palm.

To the sermon, unless unusually long, tame and soul-less, sailors are particularly attentive; and even those who may have given way unconsciously to sleep during the reading of the prayers wake up, and shake themselves into consciousness in order to hear "what the parson has got to say." In all cases of sermons on special subjects, such as those containing allusion to any passing occurrence, for instance the death of a shipmate, the chaplain must be hard to please who has to complain of the inattention of his congregation.

services being read on alternate Sundays, is generally over at from 11.15 to 11.30 A.M. As soon as the chaplain has retired, the order is given to "Pipe down," upon which the reading-desk, forms, etc., are all removed and the main deck restored to its secular uses. The men go to dinner at noon, and are then granted an hour or an hour and a half for their mid-day meal and rest.

At 1.30 the order "Clear up decks" is given, and in some ships the practice still prevails of employing the men in cleaning wood and brass work; but in others this totally unnecessary labour is dispensed with, and the men left, except when the ship is under weigh, to enjoy their Sunday afternoon in quiet. There is still much power in the hands of the commanding officer in the regulation of the Sunday routine. In one small ship the commanding officer used on Sunday afternoons to give the order to pipe "Hands make and mend clothes," and gave as his reason that "This occupation kept the devil out of the men's minds!"

Evening service is now almost general in ships of war, and is usually so arranged that the attendance of men or officers is optional. The success of voluntary services, such as evening service on board ship, depends very materially upon the zeal of the chaplain, and the captain being favourably disposed towards the cause of religion. Some captains there are who cling to the old notion that one service is enough; and that Sunday, so far as devotional uses are concerned, is over at noon; from others, however, and by far the greater number, the chaplain receives every assistance and support. Bible classes for the seamen and marines have now become so general as to be almost an institution on board well-regulated ships. Finally, whilst admitting that much has been done to introduce a more reverent tone and greater respect for sacred things than that formerly prevailing, it must still be admitted that much remains yet to be done.

POMPEII.

WHEN one hears of a buried city, it is very difficult to realise what it can look like—still more so to realise how a city can be buried so deep as to be utterly lost, and the place of it know it no more for sixteen centuries. Yet this is what happened to Herculaneum and Pompeii, Stabiae and Retina, and (some say) thirteen other cities of the plain, on the ninth day before the Kalends of September, in the first year of the reign of the Emperor Titus, and just eight years since the Golden Candlestick, the Golden Table, and the Silver Trumpets had been carried through the streets of Rome, before the Emperor's triumphal car. The eagles had been gathered together, the Abomination of Desolation had stood in the Holy Place, Jerusalem had been made an heap, there was not one stone of the Temple left upon another in that great and terrible Day of the Lord.

It was only twenty-eight years since Caractacus, with his wife and daughters, had walked in chains through the Roman streets, and but eighteen since Queen Boadicea beat the Romans, and burnt London with its Roman garrison. And it was but thirteen since Saint Paul had written to Timothy that he was now ready to be offered. That beloved disciple who had stood beside the Cross was still alive, and had not yet written his Gospel.

Thus it was when Pompeii was buried. When next the sun shone into her streets, George the Third was King of England!

There can be no place in the world so full of suggestion as that rich plain which stretches inland from the beautiful Bay of Naples, under the slopes of Vesuvius. One does not know which thought to utter first, so thick is the very air with memories. If one approaches from Sorrento, one sees the landscape slowly grow less magnificent and luxuriant, but perhaps more

fertile—as the gorgeous flowers which give a tropical splendour to the rocky road gradually yield to fields and vineyards, where the peasants drive their plough oxen, just as Virgil saw them, and irrigate their land by methods as primitive as their ploughs. On the other side of the bay, just above the Grotto of Pozzuoli, is Virgil's Tomb. It is a small columbarium, in a garden. I have seen apple-blossoms falling all about it. Farther away, round the Cape of Posillipo, is Pozzuoli. It was called Puteoli when Saint Paul came into its little harbour, on board the ship whose sign was Castor and Pollux; and his feet must have trodden those great rough stones which pave the Appian Way. Farther off still are Lake Avernus and the cave of that Cumæan Sibyl, whose dark saying set Augustus to build an altar "to the First-born God." Lastly, there is the Cape of Misenum, where Pliny the Elder lay with his fleet on the day that Pompeii was destroyed.

As we turn inland, we pass a few houses, an inn, a church—and become every moment more and more aware of the awful nearness of the Burning Mountain, which now seems to tower threateningly above the fields. The fields rise a little above the road, the grass grows high, and there is a perfect blaze of poppies. When you walk in these fields you are walking on the grave of Pompeii.

As one comes to the excavated parts, and goes down into the narrow streets—where the Roman chariot-wheels have worn deep ruts in the great paving-stones—one realises the past, and the changing fortunes of empires, and the immortality of human deeds, as one never did before. Down there, in those long-buried streets, it is easy to realise that God shall bring every work to remembrance, when the Books are opened, and the Judgment is set.

In some sort, the books are opened already

in Pompeii. Eighteen hundred years ago, life there was suddenly stopped. As in the days before the Flood, so here in Pompeii, they were eating and drinking, and knew not until the Flood came. It was a gay city; the Scarborough or Biarritz of Rome—perhaps one might rather call it the Ostend, for it was less genteel than Herculaneum, as is shown by the more frivolous taste of the decorations. Sixteen years before, an earthquake had done so much mischief

beast fight, when they saw a strange cloud rise from Vesuvius. It seemed like a pine-tree; the trunk rose up high into the heavens, and then spread out in branches—some white, some dull and spotted, until, slowly detaching themselves from the parent trunk, they began to darken the whole sky.

Pliny the Elder, over at Misenum, was reading in his study, when his sister came in to tell him of this strange cloud. He ordered a light galley

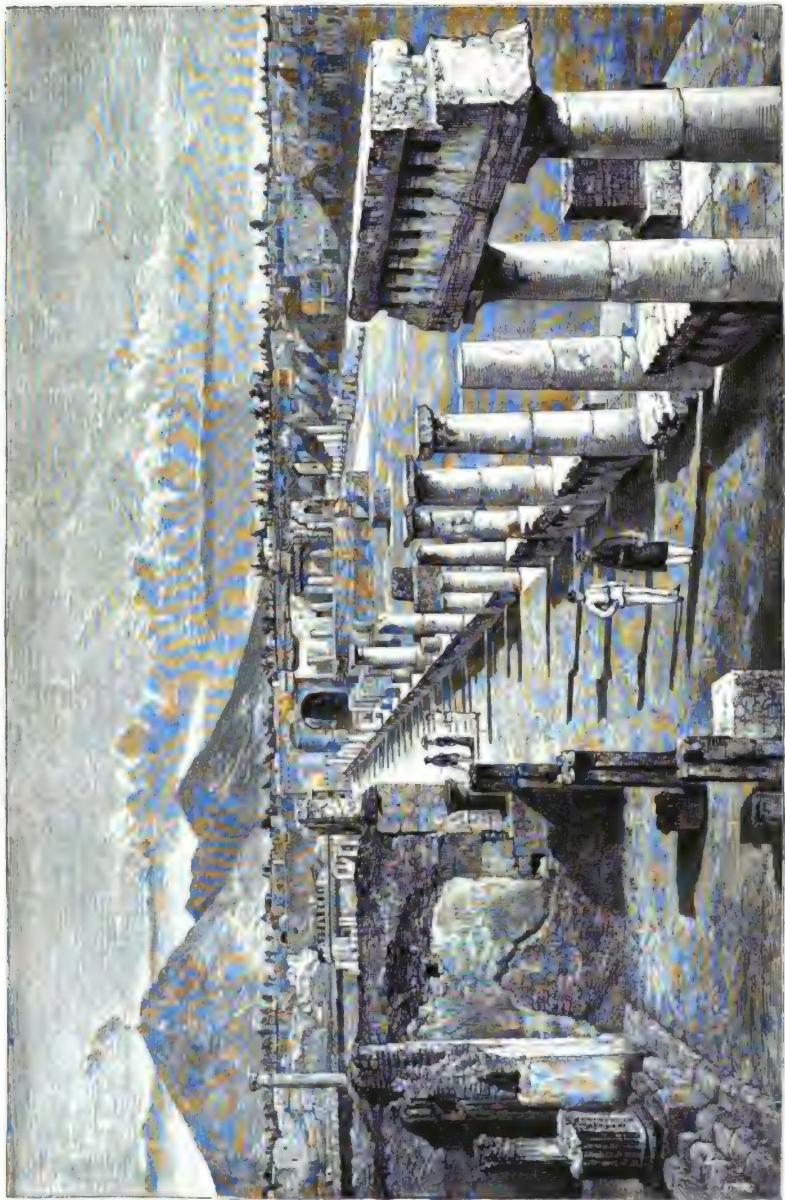


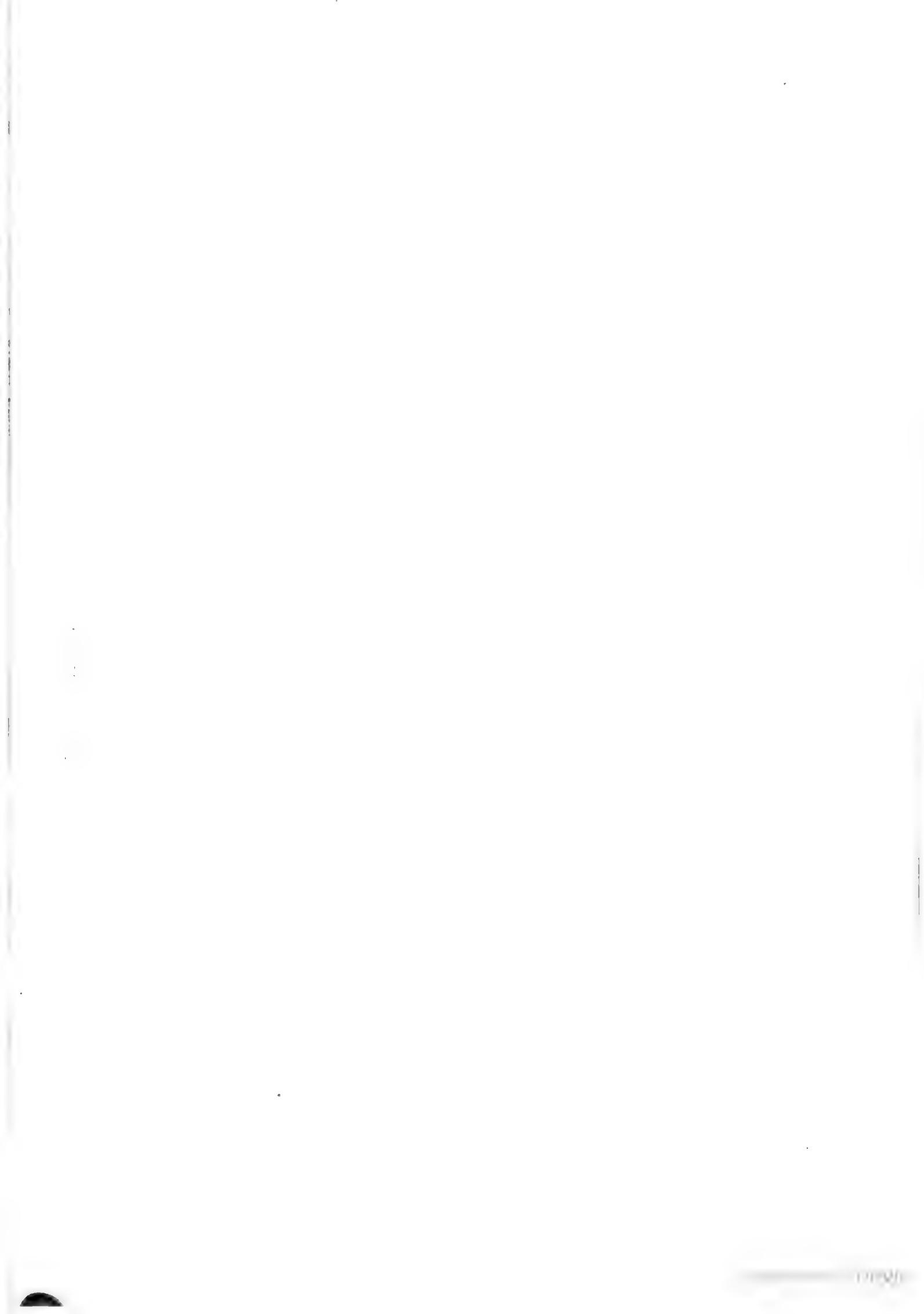
CASA DELLA GRAN FONTANA.

that the ruin was not yet quite restored; but the mountain had been quiet ever since, and people soon grow used even to a volcano, so transitory a passion is fear. It was a hot August day—a day when the parched fields made all the air dusty and dry, and the beautiful white city of Naples (called Neapolis, the new town), lying all round the head of the bay, looked a dusky yellow through the sultry heavy air. Most of the people were in the amphitheatre, at a wild-

to be got ready, and asked his nephew if he would come with him; but young Pliny said he would rather study, especially as his uncle had just given him some writing to do. As the admiral was coming out, with his tablets in his hand, ready to note down all he saw, the mariners belonging to the galleys at Retina came up to implore of him to go to their help. By the time Pliny got there with his galleys, the ashes were falling thick on his decks, hotter and thicker every

THE FORUM, POMPEII.



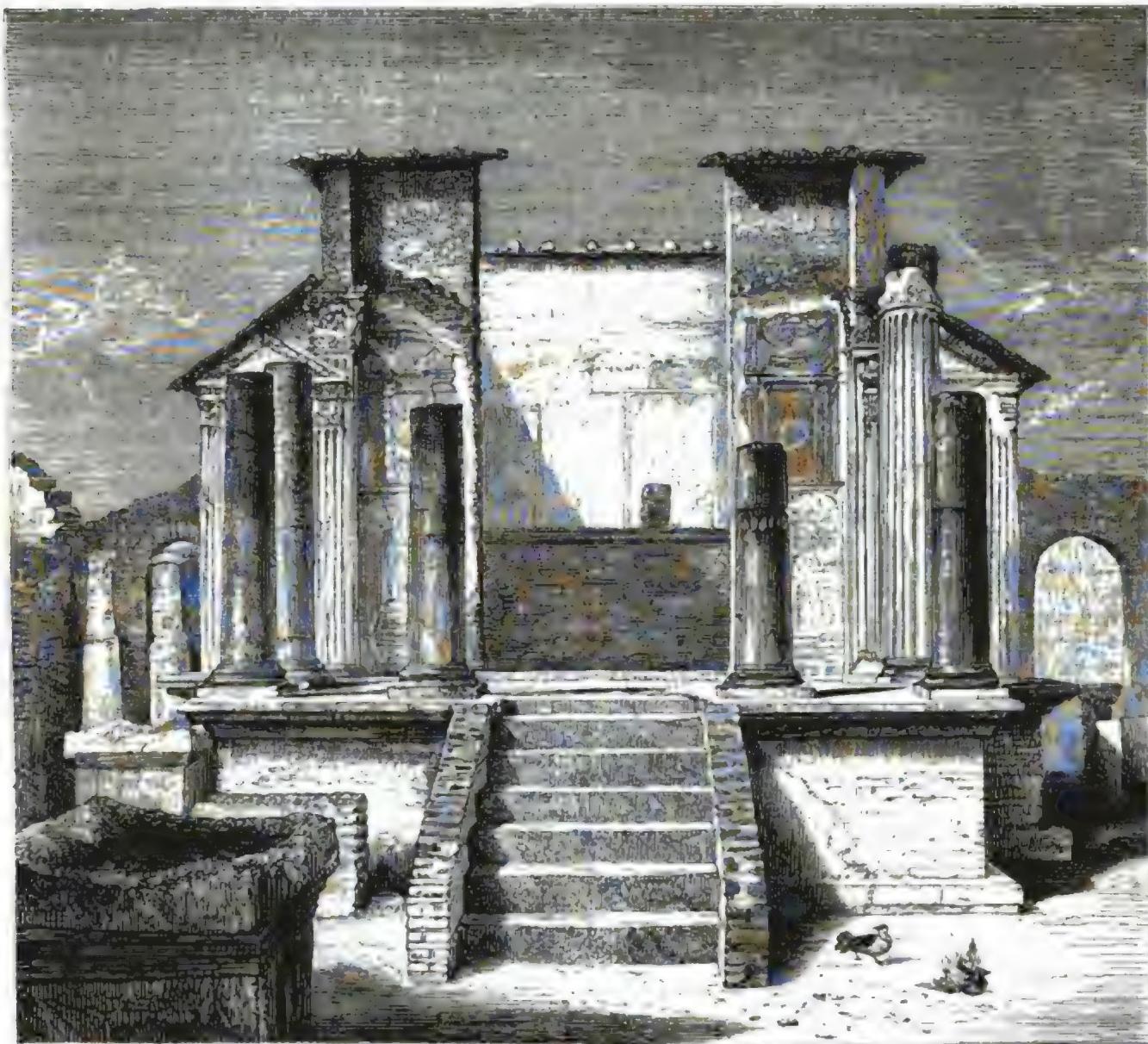


instant. Then came broken and blackened stones and pumice. Vast fragments were rolling down the mountain, and the sea had suddenly retreated. No wonder the pilot was for putting back! But the undaunted old philosopher-admiral would not go back. "Fortune," he said, "favours the brave."

Everybody knows something about the rest, and how the poor old gentleman, being weakly and asthmatic, was suffocated by a sudden out-

shine, as we wander through the houses—where the paintings are yet bright on the walls, and we may walk round their gardens, and see their dried-up fountains—one seems to hear all the Book of Revelation sounding in one's ears, and a voice saying, "Behold, I make all things new!"

In these deserted streets, life suddenly stopped eighteen hundred years ago. It is true that the destruction was not instantaneous; and a great number of the inhabitants saved their lives, and



THE TEMPLE OF ISIS.

burst of flames and sulphur fumes. In that awful darkness, when the sudden rush of flames was the only light which pierced the dense smoke, the fields were full of terrified people, fleeing they knew not whither—from the land to the sea, and back from the sea to the land. In the midst of that fiery rain, many imagined that they saw the shadowy forms of the Titans—the Giants of old, whom Jupiter had chained below Mount Etna—looming awfully through the smoke, and thought that they heard the clang of trumpets, announcing the end of the world, and the return to chaos.

Thinking of all this, in the warm clear sun-

even took away a good deal of their treasure. But enough was left to show us every detail of Roman life. The old world is set before us, with all its good and its evil, its glories and its shames. We know what manner of men and women they must have been, and what their daily lives were like, almost as well as if we had actually dwelt among them.

These old Pompeians were very modern. There is nothing new under the sun. They had folding-doors, and hot-water urns; they put gratings to their windows, and made rockeries in their gardens; their steel-yards are exactly like those your own cheesemonger uses to weigh his

Cheddars and Glosters. Their children had toys like ours—bears, lions, pigs, cats, dogs, made of clay, and sometimes serving as jugs also. Poor children! poor mothers! How did they fare in these three days of darkness and dismay?

People wrote on walls, and cut their names on seats, just as we do now. They kept birds in cages. In Naples to-day, as you walk along the Chiaja, you may find yourself in the midst of a herd of goats, with bells round their necks, exactly like those in the Museum. They gave tokens at the doors of their places of entertainment—the people in the gallery had pigeons made of a sort of terracotta. They put lamps inside the hollow eyes of the masks that adorned their fountains. They even made grottos of shells—vulgarity itself is ancient.

They ate sausages, and hung up strings of onions. They had stands for public vehicles, and the schoolmaster used a birch to the dunces. They put stepping-stones across the roads, that the dainty young patrician gentlemen and the pursy old senators might not soil their gilded sandals. It was never cold enough for their pipes to burst, but they turned their water on and off with taps; and their cook-shops had marble counters. They clapped their offenders into the stocks—two gladiators were kept there eighteen hundred years!

When their crockery broke, they riveted it. At Herculaneum there is a huge wine-jar half-buried in the earth. It has been badly broken, but is so neatly riveted—with many rivets—that it no doubt held the wine as well as ever. Those rivets have lasted eighteen hundred years! It is a strange thing to think about. What would the housewife have said, if some one had told her that her cracked pot would outlast the Roman Empire?

The view is very wide from those Pompeian streets—I do not mean the view seen by the bodily eye—though Vesuvius and the plain of Stabia can be seen at every turn—but the view of the kingdoms of this world, and of the dealings of God with them. That first year of the Emperor Titus is become the year of our Lord 79. The humble Christians whom Young Pliny persecuted in Bythinia looked indeed for the reign of their Master; but they would have been almost as much astonished as Pliny himself, if they had been told that a Christian bishop should one day rule the world from Rome, and for a thousand years sway a sceptre mightier than the Cæsars, until from that Germany which the Cæsars never could conquer, should come a poor monk, who should break the yoke which was not Christ's.

Thinking of all this, and of so much more which happened while Pompeii lay buried, one comes upon the Temple of Isis. Its name carries us back to an antiquity compared to which Rome is of yesterday. Isis—the symbol of the fertile earth, the Bride of the Sun, the Mother of all living—was worshipped beside the mysterious Nile long before Joseph was sold into Egypt, or Abraham went down thither. This temple was one of the buildings which suffered in the great

earthquake of A.D. 63. Numerius Popidius rebuilt it in the name of his little son Selsinus, then but six years old, as appears from the inscription above the temple door, where his name stands recorded among the decurions, in gratitude for this munificence. Did little Selsinus escape, or are his bones among the skeletons found in the House of Diomed?

This temple of Isis had a money-box at the door for the offerings of the faithful. And in one of the rooms attached to the building there was found the skeleton of a priest, trying to break through the wall with an axe. Think of it—how he found he was buried alive, and seized the axe, and hewed away for dear life, till the sulphurous fumes overpowered him—eighteen hundred years ago!

In the museum there are some impressions of skeletons. One can see their dying agony so plain that, after eighteen hundred years, one cannot bear to look on them. There is a poor dog among them—he was chained up with a handsome chain and collar. The poor beast was choked, and died in a convulsion—it is terrible to see even now.

But death came for the most part then, as he comes now—in slower, gentler fashion.

Just outside the Herculaneum Gate begins the Street of Tombs. A few people had villas there, but the street was chiefly inhabited by the dead. Some of the inscriptions yet remain—there is one of a father to his son. The son was a popular magistrate, who had a public funeral voted him by the decurions. There is a child's tomb—two women are shown performing the last rites. And Nævoleia Tyche, freedwoman of Julia Tyche, erected a monument for her own freedmen and freedwomen and those of Caius Munatius Faustus. Who was he? And what was the relationship between him and Nævoleia? We do not know—all that the inscription tells us is, that Munatius was decreed the *bisellium*,* with the consent of the people (here sounds the last echo of the Roman Republic!); and a ship with rowers carved on the tomb perhaps hints that he did his business in the great waters of the Mediterranean—unless the sails just being furled and the ship coming into harbour mean only that the voyage of life was over.

Very near here is that House of Diomed, of which we have all read, and which is as familiar to us as though we had ourselves called there on poor Julia, when Pompeii was in her glory.

There is a tomb erected by a grateful freedman to his master—he used to give a funeral banquet here on the anniversary of his dear master's death. And a wife whose name was Servilia, in her epitaph on her husband, calls him "the friend of her soul."

With these ancient echoes of human love ringing in our ears, let us come up out of the grave of Pompeii into the nineteenth century.

MARY A. M. HOPPUS.

* The *bisellium* was a chair of honour specially assigned to meritorious citizens at public festivals.

THE RETURN OF THE ARK.

II.

(1 Samuel i. v; vii. 1, 2.)

IT was when everything was displeasing in His sight that the Eternal prepared for the Israelites His people the prophet Samuel. It was when the cry of their iniquities arose most loudly towards heaven, that there was seen to come to Shiloh, before the gate of the tabernacle, a young woman, accompanied by a very young child. "I have prayed the Eternal to obtain this child," said she; "He has granted my petition; and now I lend him to the Lord, that he may serve the Eternal all the days of his life."

She had come from the mountains of Ephraim; this was her only son; she had very lately weaned him: it was the son of her prayers and her tears; yet she gave him to the Lord: this child was Samuel. From this time, clothed in an ephod of linen, like the sacrificing priests, and waiting on the service of the tabernacle, he grew in the sight of the Lord, "In favour both with God and man;" and very soon all Israel, from Dan to Beersheba, had him in honour as a prophet of the living God.

At the time that the unhappy Eli finished his course, Samuel, notwithstanding his youth, had begun his, and during twenty years he continued it without perceiving the fruits of his labour. He traversed the cities and villages of the Holy Land; he entreated the people to return to the Lord; he preached, to the young and to the aged, that truth ever the same, and yet ever fresh, concerning the free salvation of the sinner who believes in the promises of God: believe the good news, believe the Gospel; and since the Eternal declares Himself in it a God who pardons, come, and though your sins may be red like scarlet, they shall become white as wool!

Thus in effect did Samuel preach, whilst at the same time he prayed with earnestness; and such was the power of his prayers that God Himself compared them only with those of the incomparable Moses; and five hundred years after his death, God, in order to express the weight of His indignation against Judah, said to Jeremiah: "Though Moses and Samuel stood before Me, yet My mind could not be toward this people" (Jer. xv. 1).

See then the ministry that God deigned to keep up during twenty years amidst a rebellious people! See then how far may reach this loving-kindness of the Eternal; this grace which abounds more than our sin, which passes by our iniquities, which demands our whole heart as if He had need of it! It is as if the terms and conditions were changed; as if He was the creature, and we the Creator; He the dependent being, the heir of the tomb; we, the Ancient of Days, and the source of living waters! Oh! the grace, the loving-kindness of our God, without which there would no longer be a church here on earth; without which no child of Adam would

turn away from his dislike for the things of heaven, and his departure from a God of holiness: without which the earth would sustain only the heirs of eternal fire, and would roll in infinite space before the eyes of angels only as a wandering star, or a world without a sun, to which the blackness of darkness is reserved for ever!

Grace of my God! which of us may not find it here in the history of his own soul, and the experience of his life! To whom amongst us hast Thou not manifested Thyself even in the time of his most culpable estrangements! How many times have we not seen Thee preparing means of returning to Thee, opportunities of repenting, blessed humiliations, and salutary experiences! Which of us, even in the days when most deserving the dreadful punishment of being for ever abandoned, has not seen Thee hastening after him, calling him by name, stopping him in his flight, in order at last to cause Thy looks, so powerful with Thy reproach and Thy tenderness, to be seen by a rebellious heart!

But this was not all; for God, during the times we are speaking of, had done still more to bring back to Himself the people of Israel.

At the very time that He had raised up for them so great a prophet as Samuel, God had also restored to them, by a long course of miracles, the ark of His covenant. It returned home, then, to the Israelites, to second by its mute language the preaching of the prophet of the Eternal. Yet it returned to the midst of this ungrateful people only in the same manner as Samuel had come among them; I mean by free grace, and without any other cause than the mercy and loving-kindness of God.

"I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and you shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you. Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God; be ashamed and confounded for your own ways. I do not this for your sakes, O house of Israel, but for Mine holy name's sake." (Ezek. xxxvi. 22, 25, 26, 32).

Now, before we proceed any farther, and that we may well understand the first part of our text, it is necessary that we know correctly what was this ark of the covenant, by which the Lord God so often made His voice to be heard, and made manifest His presence.

Every one knows that the ark of the covenant contained what was most sacred of the sanctuary. The symbol of the throne of grace, covered with the finest gold, and destined to contain the sacred law of God, it was placed within the veil, in the most holy place, where the high priest alone had the permission to penetrate, and into which himself entered only once a year, at the great feast

of atonement, thus representing the entry that our great High Priest made into heaven after the death He had to suffer once for the expiation of our sins.

But there was in the ark something more remarkable and still more sacred. I mean its covering of gold, upon which the high priest shed the blood of the victims, and which was called the mercy-seat.

Now, my brethren, have you understood what was the use of this symbol and of this ceremony? Have you learnt well that it was at once the most simple and sublime representation of the means by which Divine mercy has provided, from the commencement of the world, for the redemption of all who believe through Jesus Christ? Yes, that was an admirable symbol, whose meaning, even in those early times, was within the reach of the most simple minds, and which represented to them the only way by which a guilty creature, long rebellious and still unclean, can approach a God, who ever holds sin in abomination, and who cannot hold the guilty as innocent.

Shall I explain to you a language at once so clear and so full of meaning? The short explanation that I am going to give you of it shall be from the Apostle Paul, and not from me. Why was this book of the law placed in the ark, and thus, as it were, at the foot of the throne of God? How shall I approach with confidence my Creator and my Judge whom I have so often offended, if I see open before Him, at the foot of His throne, the book of His commandments, all of which I have transgressed? The Eternal God knows all the sins of my life and of my thoughts. The Eternal knows how many times I have transgressed His law, how many things I have done amiss, how many things I have left undone! He knows how often I have done to others what I would not wish them to do to me. The Eternal knows how many times my tongue has been an unfaithful witness to the truth. In whatever I examine myself I am condemned before God, whose law is spiritual, reaching to the thoughts and intents and desires of the heart. Alas! I am in all things guilty in the sight of Him whose commandment is holy and just and good, and I can only cast myself into the dust before God.

And yet, my brethren, it is this law which was in the sacred ark, this terrible law; this law given on Sinai in the midst of lightning, whilst the mountain was smoking like a furnace, and the earth shook all around; this law which declares every one cursed who "continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. iii. 10). How, then, shall I dare approach my God, as long as I see before Him, and as at the foot of His throne, a book which He has placed there with His own hands, and all the pages of which pronounce curses against me?

But I go into His sanctuary, I see there a High priest, who passes through the veil, and who enters into the most holy place. What is He going to do there? He carries blood into it. And what is this blood? It is that of the testimony of grace. It is the blood of the great victim. And what will He do with it? He pours it upon the mercy-seat; He thus covers all the law with it. But is

not this terrible law of God still there? Can it be changed? and does it speak of curses? Yes, this terrible law is still there; it has not changed, it cries for vengeance against the transgressor; it curses every one who has violated a single commandment of it. But the blood of the great victim has covered it, this terrible law; the blood of the covenant is there, it tells of reconciliation, it proclaims that all is finished (John xix. 30). So then the God whom I approach can no longer see this law which condemns me but through the blood shed to satisfy Divine justice: for Jesus Christ, our King and our High priest has entered into heaven for us, says St. Paul, with His own blood; "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness: that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." (Rom. iii. 25, 26.) Thus, my brethren, I have continued to speak to you with St. Paul.

And remark also, that in order to impress all hearts with the greatest respect for these great mysteries of His love, and for this sacred ark, which was the symbol and pledge of it to them, the Eternal not only forbade, under pain of death, that any other Israelite than a son of Levi should dare to touch it with his hands; He ordered that there should be placed upon the mercy-seat two golden cherubim kneeling, whose faces continued intent on this august and mysterious object, as if to sound the unfathomable depths of the mystery. And it was thus that He would remind us that these counsels of His mercy, which are the joy of His elect, are the continual subject of admiration among angels; and that in the vast range of His works, these ever-blessed intelligences find nothing more worthy to occupy their ardent aspirations, than this dispensation by which, without violating His law, God makes so many millions of rebels enter into the joys of the angels and the glory of His presence.

You know that at the sight of this revealed mystery, their adorations rise to the highest pitch, and that in their magnificent choirs they utter this song, so tender and so sublime, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will amongst men."

Such was then, my brethren, the ark of the Eternal. You see that it was already, for the faithful of those remote ages, what the table of the Lord's Supper is to-day for you. This table shows forth the remembrance of Jesus Christ until He shall come; the ark represented to them Jesus Christ until He came. The one and the other were alike symbols of the mysterious counsels of the Most High, in which "mercy and truth are met together," in which "righteousness and peace embrace each other." Both alike show us that God is just, and yet a Saviour. (Isaiah xlvi. 21.) Jehovah, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and slow to anger: yet who hateth iniquity and sin, and will by no means clear the guilty. The one and the other tell all men that God, who has given them unchangeable laws, who is in holiness, as Mount Sinai, a consuming fire, and a God to be feared, is at the same

time a God who regards the blood of the Great Victim promised to our first parents from the beginning of the world; a God who is full of mercy, and who will abundantly pardon. The first voice spake from the blood of the mercys-seat, what the second speaks to us in the supper of the Lord, in this wise: "Oh, unhappy sinner, dost thou desire the pardon of thy God? Come, come! He will receive thee! Can His law condemn thee, if thou comest? Dost thou not see the sacrifice which meets the requirements of that law? Dost thou not see the body broken for thee? Dost thou not hear the voice of this blood shed for the remission of sins, and speaking better things than that of Abel? Come then, come freely. "There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus; who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." (Rom. vii. 1, 33, 34.)

In a word, the sacred ark represented the Gospel, the ancient Gospel, the eternal Gospel. I mean the good news of a free pardon, announced to the sons of Adam, from the first days of the world, and by the knowledge of which the elect of God, in all ages, have been converted and saved.

But, alas! the knowledge of these great truths had become almost extinct in Israel, and the great mass of this demoralised people had forgotten them in the midst of their worldly prosperity; they had adopted the maxims of the idolatrous nations around them; they had sunk into the depths of unbelief; they had neglected the holy Scriptures; and whilst they said at that time, no doubt, as people say now-a-days, that all religions are good, provided people live well, these Israelites lived wickedly, that is, far from God, far from righteousness and truth.

Behold, in fact, in the circumstances attending the return of the ark, the lamentable conduct of the Israelites. Who would have thought but that an event so miraculous, and so full of glory, would revive their lost gratitude! The sacred ark, during seven months, had remained in the hands of their enemies. It was a small matter that thirty thousand of their brethren had found their death on the field of battle; this ark, in the presence of which the Jordan had been arrested in its course, and Jericho had been thrown down, this sacred ark had been taken by the Philistines, and conducted in triumph into the temple of their god.

At the news of this disaster, Eli, the aged high priest, had fallen backwards and died; his daughter-in-law, the wife of Phineas, had succumbed in giving birth to a child, with her last breath saying, "Ichabod! the glory is departed from Israel!"

Never had a disaster so terrible afflicted the hearts of the Israelites; and yet suddenly it is heard in Israel that the ark, miraculously drawn, had just arrived on the frontiers of the tribes! The Philistines had been constrained to send it back, and with respect! It had lessened

their pride after victory; it had made war upon them even in their walled cities, and in the temples of their gods; it had afflicted them in the midst of their triumph; and now it returns to Israel by its own power, or more rightly to speak, through the loving-kindness of the Eternal. It is God who brings it back into the midst of His ungrateful people; it is the God of Samuel who entreats them to return to Himself! What a great event for this whole nation! Who would have thought but that at this news the tribes of Israel would have been encouraged, and that the joy of all the people would have been heard afar off? But no! it was received unwillingly at Bethshemesh; they place it with indifference on a rocky place in the country, and it is again to be desecrated by the most culpable irreverence! And when the Lord would punish such audacity, instead of returning to Him with tears, the unhappy people hasten to get rid of the ark as an object which made them fear; they sent it to Kirjath-jearim! And what is most deplorable is, that all Israel, the people and their leaders, the church and its ministers, are plunged into the same apathy. They are not concerned in any degree about this memorial of the Lord, or they forget it; they allowed it to stay twenty years in the house of Abinadab!

Alas, my brethren! this is the state that all the churches of the world, one after the other, and from age to age, have come to present to our notice. It is thus that in reading their successive history, you will see them all, after enjoying the highest blessings of the Lord, obscure the truth in their turns, depart by their own desire from the way of life, and abandon the sacred ark; I mean the great doctrine of the free reconciliation for the sinner by faith in the blood of the cross—the sinner, who has treated it like the Bethshemitee, with irreverence, with profanity, and vain curiosity; or perhaps, like the mass of the Israelites, ignoring it, neglecting it, allowing it to remain for years in some town, or in some retired part of the country. You may find some denying the most clear doctrines, and considering as useless the most sacred objects of our faith. Such is the history of all the churches one after the other, until it pleases the Almighty God to bring them back to Himself by chastisements and by deliverances!

So true is it that real religion is a foreign plant in the heart of man; it does not exist there, and is not preserved there, unless the Holy Spirit implants it there, and nourishes it from day to day.

P. P. C.

ABOUT forty years ago, when on a visit at a country house, I heard one of the ladies remark as to some discarded article of dress, "Oh, it will do for the P. P. C." The phrase, in such a connection, being new to me, I sought an explanation, and learned that she referred to a Clothing Society for the benefit of Poor Pious Clergymen and their families. I learned that

this charity was founded as far back as 1820, by a kind lady, Miss Lamb, with the help of a few friends. The object was to collect such wearing apparel and household linen as the rich could spare, for the poorer families among the clergy. It was essential that this good help should be conveyed with as much privacy as possible, so as to respect the feelings of the recipients. Hence there were no public appeals or reports, the managers volunteering to conduct the whole business by writing, and privately.

The work is still continued, the present manager being Miss C. M. Breay, Battenhall Place, London Road, Worcester. The plan of confining the business to written letters having been found too burdensome, a few copies of the annual report have been printed for private circulation. One of these has come into our hands, and we find that the charitable purposes of the founders of the society are diligently and faithfully carried out. Half-yearly supplies of clothes, according to the varied circumstances of the families brought to the notice of the manager and the collectors, are forwarded; and there is also a separate Sick Fund, as well as gifts in money, books, coals, and other things that will be welcome where poverty, or the *res angusta domi*, is too sadly felt. The report contains selected letters from the recipients, which convey most grateful acknowledgments of aid, often arriving in so seasonable and unexpected a way as to be regarded as providential, and calling forth thanksgivings to God as well as gratitude to the unknown donors. Two or three extracts from letters, which are of course anonymous in the Report, will give some idea of the work.

A.

Our Heavenly Father is indeed merciful to raise us up kind and sympathising friends in the hour of need. You will be sorry, I know, to hear that the farmer who rents the third of the land from whence my husband derives his very small stipend has given it up, and, as yet, no one else will have it; therefore, I fear we shall soon be obliged to quit our quiet happy home, as it would be quite impossible to live on the reduced income. Still there is One who maketh all things work together for good to those who love Him, and we put our whole trust in His tender mercy, and take courage.

B.

Those boxes of things seem to have come direct from God, for they came when our hearts were bowed down with care; but the Lord knows His own, and will never forsake them. The blankets are quite a handsome present in themselves, and will be such a comfort to us, for we have been short of them for some time past. The nice winter jacket fits Ella exactly, and the other fits me—and they will be a real comfort to us, as also the dresses. My daughter had just come in from school when they arrived, and so it made it quite a glad and happy day for us—on Saturday. The shoes, boots, and under-linen, etc., as well as the boys' suits, etc., are most acceptable. May God bless and prosper your Society.

C.

The widow of the clergyman who has been so prematurely cut off from us all, was saying how often her dear husband

on his death-bed had expressed his thankfulness for the comforts you had provided him with, and how they had soothed his body during his dying hour. He was a devoted servant of God.

D.

The sight of the contents quite astonished us, both on account of the extensive supply and the beautiful and excellent quality of the articles of clothing, books, etc., which you have so generously favoured us with. You could never send us more useful things, and every article will be most serviceable, our family being so numerous.

E.

I hasten to thank you very warmly for your very kind letter and its generous enclosure of £3 10s., for coal, which reached me quite safely this morning, and for which again and again let me thank you. You, I am sure, will let me ask you to thank the donor, and to assure her of the blessings that such kindness brings to those to whom they come. It is the comforting encouragement as well as the positive pecuniary help that I allude to especially, the feeling that one is not alone on earth, to bear and struggle unsympathised with. It matters not at all that one is ignorant of the giver; but it does cheer the struggle that there is a heart sensible of the struggling. I have long learnt that our God's kindness and love are over us all, and to look to Him altogether for help; it adds still to our comfort to know and feel that our God's people feel also. I thank you again and again.

It is quite unnecessary to say many words as to the excellence of this charity, or as to the need there is for it. As to the work, it is very literally suggested by the words, "I was sick, and ye visited Me; I was naked, and ye clothed Me." As to the need, there are many "good livings" in the English Church, and not a few "great prizes," but the large majority of the clergy are poorly paid, and many hundreds of them, gentlemen and scholars, often with large families, have a struggle for bare existence. There are several beneficent societies for helping them in a variety of ways, foremost amongst which is "Queen Anne's Bounty," for supplementing small livings. This humbler Bounty of Miss Lamb, and the Good Samaritans who now carry on her work, deserves wider support: as do other Societies with like beneficent objects. If any testimony is required to the genuineness of the work, we may say that a legacy left many years ago, to be disposed of according to the judgment of three trustees, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Captain the Hon. Francis Maude, and the late Admiral Sir Henry Hope, K.C.B., was by them given for the Sick Fund of this little known but most beneficent charity. There is no costly agency in the management of this Society; and it is never in debt, because help is given just as supplies are sent. If more means were at its disposal other families could be put upon the list, and larger assistance given where existing grants are far too inadequate to the distress. Much of the sickness is the effect of want of proper food, and of other comforts denied to poor homes. We have given the address of the honorary Secretary, and will gladly send that of some lady collector, to any one disposed to send a contribution in money or useful articles.

Duges for the Young.

MADELEINE.



CHAPTER VI.—THE MOUNTEBANKS.

WHILE Madeleine was thinking only of her grandfather, and Sirrah kept watch over them, the following dialogue took place between him who appeared to be the head of this wandering family and the middle-aged woman of whom we have already spoken.

"A pretty sprig of a girl, by my faith," said he.

"Just the same age and size as our poor Zerbinette. The dress would fit her admirably; she is just formed for dancing."

"And the dog too! What a fine animal! the two would suit us famously. What do you think, eh, mother?"

"I think we must keep them."

"Ay, indeed! but how? Do you imagine that they would perhaps stay with us for good? There is the old man."

"What does that signify? We shall be sure to find some means."

And the two began to whisper lower and lower, walking all the while beside the poor old horse.

Already the shades of evening were lengthening upon the slopes of the mountains, when the three caravans made their entry into a large town of Savoy, some leagues distant from Aix-les-Bains. They stopped in a large square, and it was not long before they were surrounded by numerous idlers.

The master having hastily dressed himself went off first to the mayor, to obtain his permission to "work," as he called it; then he went to the priest to command to his notice the sick man, and to beg that he might be admitted to the hospital, if so be there was one. "Yes, the town possessed a hospital, small, it is true, but very well attended to," said the priest, who was a worthy man—always ready to oblige his neighbours. On hearing the story which was told him, he put on his three-cornered hat and tucked up his long cassock, and prepared himself to go out with the mountebank.

"You said, my friend, that this man was taken ill suddenly?"

"Yes, your reverence."

"Is he related to you?"

"Yes, sir, he is my father," the crafty knave had the impudence to say, for he took great care not to speak the truth. "I fear the poor old man will not be here long; and we cannot leave him thus to die without help."

"Well, we will get him admitted, if there is room, in our hospital, where he will be well taken care of until the termination of his illness. Could you pay a small sum on his behalf?"

The man made a grimace, which was quickly concealed by an obsequious smile.

"We are poor, venerable father," he said; "however—perhaps—if it be necessary."

"Well, well," said the priest, "we shall see by-and-by. You will do all you can if the illness should prove rather long. Are you staying in our town?"

"No, your reverence, we are not able to do so; the necessities of our calling require us to travel without ceasing; but after having worked in the neighbourhood we will return to fetch the old man; if, however—" and the man gave a significant nod.

At this moment they reached the camp.

Ever since they had laid him down on the wretched bed John had not moved. Once only, when Madeleine was

calling upon him in a passionate manner, he opened his eyes and looked at her, and said with difficulty, "My little one," but that was all.

When the priest came near him, the old man looked around him again, and tried to speak, but the words came with such difficulty that they could not be understood.

The priest felt his pulse, and vainly endeavoured to catch the sense of his words; then, shaking his head, he said, "It is evident the poor man is very ill. I will send two assistants, who will carry him to the hospital, for he is in need of immediate advice. Adieu, my friends."

And thereupon the priest went away, without having noticed Madeleine, moreover the poor child was frightened, and had withdrawn to the foot of the bed, and she dared not say anything.

In half an hour after, John Nodet, carefully wrapped up and laid on a stretcher by the two hospital attendants, was carried by them along the only good street of the humble town. Madeleine and Sirrah both followed, with an air of distress and anguish. On reaching the door of the hospital, Madeleine asked to be permitted to go in also; but she was repulsed, and told they admitted invalids only.

She was standing fixed in consternation before this inexorable house when she perceived the master standing near her. "Well, little girl, what are you going to do?"

"I do not know," she said sadly, while Sirrah was growling low.

"Come back with me to the caravans; we will willingly lodge you there. You shall see our performance, and that will be more cheerful than stopping all alone in this long silent street." Thus spoke the master; there was a certain kindness in his words, in spite of the usual gruffness of his voice.

Madeleine lifted up her eyes, and looked with more attention than she had hitherto done at this man, in his picturesque dress, his dark, tawny complexion, and his thick black eyebrows, which gave him an almost barbarous appearance: the child hesitated a moment; then not knowing where to go, "Thank you, sir," she said in a low voice, "I accept your offer." A flash of satisfaction shone as a passing gleam over his dark countenance.

"That is right," said he; "let us make haste, the supper is ready this long while, without doubt, and the mother does not like to be kept waiting." He gave his hand to Madeleine, who took it with the confidence which belongs only to her age; and both of them, hurrying along, reached the camp in a few minutes.

It was in an extensive square space surrounded by a double row of plane-trees. The soldiers were accustomed to assemble there for their drill. It was here also the school-boys played at marbles, and the booths were fixed up during the fair-time; there was still a little short grass growing here and there. They had tied the three horses to one of the plane-trees; and the caravans being brought near together formed a sort of triangle, which protected in some measure from the curiosity of the public this wandering tribe assembled around their large fire. A huge porridge-pot, supported by two stakes driven into the ground, was boiling over a flame which was constantly kept blazing by two boys from eight to twelve years old. Close at hand, the old woman went backwards and forwards, giving an order to one and a box on the ears to another; her hasty orders admitted of no reply; the gloomy expression of her marked features inspired distrust and fear.

Such at least was the feeling of Madeleine, when, still being cast down by grief and sadness, she entered this strange circle. At the approach of the master all was silence, all eyes turned towards him.

"Mother," he said, "I have brought back with me a little creature who is hungry and thirsty—can you satisfy her?"

"I suppose I can," answered the woman, whose name was Judith, casting at the child a cold, apathetic glance.

"The soup is cooked; we waited only for you, then come and let us make haste!"

"Catch hold," she said to Madeleine, offering her a pewter plate; "you will be served like the rest when your turn comes."

Then all of them in different attitudes gathered round the porridge-pot, from which Judith, furnished with an enormous ladle, drew up the soup with all her might, and without tiring, as fast as eager hands presented their plates.

Near to Madeleine was a boy of ten or twelve years, thin, pale, and of delicate appearance; he perceived that the little stranger did not go forward to ask for her portion.

"Give it me," he said in a blunt manner, taking the plate out of her hands; "if you do not make haste, there will be none left for you;" and making himself a way he went to fetch the soup, and he brought it to Madeleine, who thanked him with a grateful smile.

"But you," she said to him presently, after having swallowed a few mouthfuls, "you are eating nothing?"

"Me? no, they give me nothing to-night."

"Why not?" said she with astonishment.

"Hush!" he said turning himself, "the old woman might hear you."

"Take some spoonfuls of my soup," said Madda, with a kind impulse, "you must needs be hungry."

The boy hesitated; he would perhaps have accepted, when he discovered the dark eyes of the master fixed on him in a significant manner.

"Beppo," said the latter, in a stern manner, "go and attend to the horses. It is already late." And Beppo, without saying a word, went away with his head down. Madeleine watched him. He went slowly into the third caravan, from whence he came out again very soon with two pails in his hands, which he went to fill at the nearest spring, and delayed not to return with weary steps. Madeleine thought he was going to carry the water to the horses tied to the plane-trees; but no, he returned with his pails full to the same caravan, and did not come out again; the little girl was astonished at all she saw, without daring to ask any questions. The supper having been speedily finished, the master called to him two robust young men, and gave them orders in an extraordinary dialect.

Then all three of them, laden with ropes and stakes and carpets, directed their steps to one of the angles of the square where they began to erect a temporary circus.

The preparations were quickly finished. During the time the women had retired into their caravan, from whence Madeleine heard the sound of voices and bursts of laughter. She was alone. Near her were some dirty and ragged children, who were rolling on the ground playing and disporting together, without troubling themselves about her. The little girl felt very lonesome and forsaken; she was thinking of her grandfather when the master approached her.

"What are you thinking about?" said he, tapping her on the shoulder. "You are fretting, ha! but that will not last long. We are going to amuse ourselves finely. We are jolly folks here."

"What are you going to do?" asked Madeleine, who dared not cry, although she wished very much to do so.

"You will see in a minute, and you will be sure to be the first to laugh. But where is the dog?" said he gaily.

"Sirrah?" said Madda, "it is true I have not seen him since we came here," looking about for her faithful companion; "he must have stopped at the hospital," added she, "for the poor thing is very fond of grandfather; he will have nothing to eat, *poverino!*"

"We will find him to-morrow," said the master, "and you can give him a good breakfast."

At this moment the door of the women's caravan opened and the young girl of whom we have already spoken made her appearance. She had dressed herself in a brilliant

costume, which struck Madeleine with admiration, and reminded her of certain theatrical representations she had seen in Florence, where her father, who was passionately fond of the theatre—as indeed all the Italians are—took her sometimes to Stentorello or to the circus.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XXX.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart" (Matt. xi. 28, 29). Read Matt. xi. 1-24.

After Jesus had sent forth His disciples to preach, *what did He Himself do?* Again we find Him journeying among the cities of Galilee, and working wonders, which were spoken of all over the land. The accounts of these things reached even into the depths of that gloomy prison in which John the Baptist had been shut up by Herod. He probably knew that it would strengthen the faith of his disciples to see these things, or it may have been that he wanted to have his own faith strengthened; *whom did he send, and what was the message he sent to Jesus?* Jesus did not answer them in words, but His works made answer for Him, even more plainly than words could have done. *What signs did the disciples of John behold?* (v. 5.) By these they could see that Jesus was indeed "He that should come,"—He of whom John had been sent to proclaim the coming. And *whom did Jesus say was blessed?* (v. 6.) They might have doubted when they saw John, their own loved master, cast into prison; they could no longer doubt when they saw Jesus Himself. To all who are ready to doubt, Jesus says, "Come unto me!" *whom does He invite to come?* (ver. 28.) Those who labour and are heavy laden find rest from their doubts, rest from their labours, in coming to Jesus Himself, and taking His yoke upon them. This you have learned in your text, and I hope you have so learned it that you have it in your hearts.

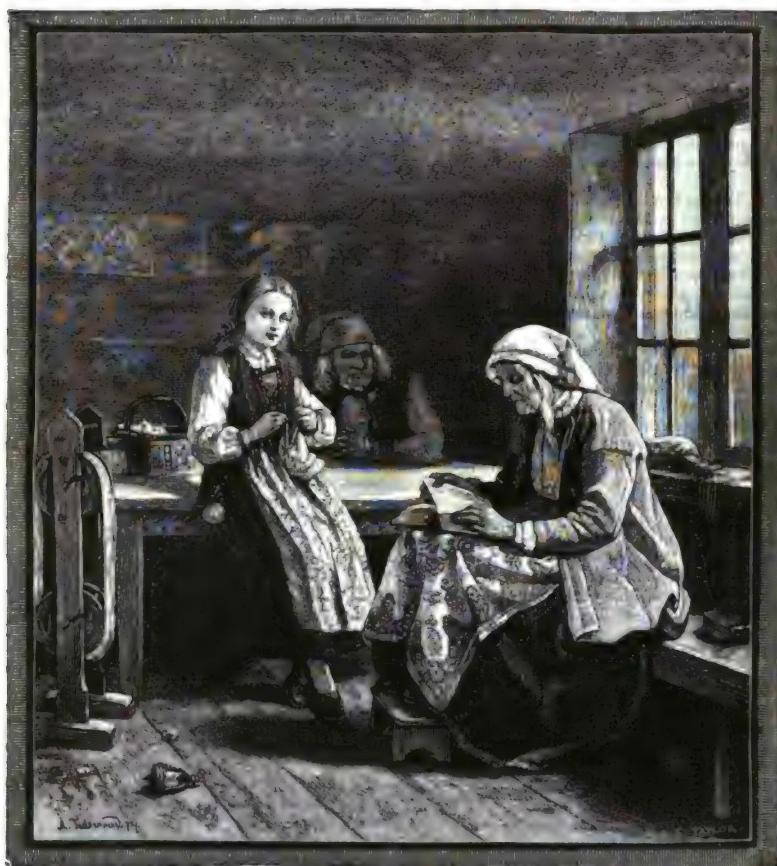
The testimony of Jesus as to John is very remarkable. Brave, fearless, self-denying John was no reed shaken by the wind! no dweller in kings' houses! A prophet? yes, and more than a prophet! *What had been prophesied concerning him?* See Malachi iii. 1. There had never been born a greater than John under the Old Testament teaching, and yet the least in the kingdom of heaven had greater privileges than he! Jesus has done greater things for us than were done for those who lived before His time; how awful is the sin of refusing to come to Him! But the men of His day would neither receive John nor Jesus. In the twentieth and following verses, Jesus shows what a dreadful thing it is to receive such privileges as those bestowed on some cities, and to be still hardened in impenitence. *What cities did He first name?* In these cities by the Sea of Galilee many works had been wrought. Never had such things been done in the great heathen cities of Tyre and Sidon; had they been favoured like Chorazin and Bethsaida, *what would have been the consequences?* And Capernaum, with whose name we are so familiar, the city so favoured that it seemed exalted unto heaven; *what would be its punishment?* *What wicked city is it contrasted with?* And in the day of judgment *what is said of the punishment of Tyre and of Sidon as compared with Chorazin and Bethsaida and Capernaum?*

I cannot with too great earnestness warn everyone of you to beware of slighting God's great mercies, granted to us all in the gospel of Christ made known to us! Pray that you may be among the babes to whom the Father reveals His love (ver. 25), and who hear the sweet voice of Jesus saying, "Come unto me."

Sing,—"Come unto me, ye weary."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



A NORWEGIAN COTTAGE.

[From a Painting by Tidemand]

LIGHT IN THE HOME.

"THE law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;

Sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is Thy servant warned,
And in keeping of them there is great reward."

WINCHERLEY HALL.

CHAPTER XIV.

ONE morning, Helen threw a fur cloak over her shoulders, put on her little round seal-skin hat, and set out for a farmhouse about a mile distant, to buy some new-laid eggs for her father. She was nimbly picking her way over the frosty fields, when she met a fashionably dressed young man, with a good-looking face, light hair, and light mustache.

His hat was off in a moment, and he paused before her.

Wondering much what so superior a being could have to say to her, she calmly lifted her soft grey eyes to his face, and waited to hear his mission.

Helen had not a speck of coquetry in her nature, she was quite unsuspecting that this young man had been watching her in church and at the churchyard gate, and that this meeting had been brought to pass by his having been rambling about within sight of Widow Burns' front door for at least two hours that morning.

"Pardon me, Miss Wincherley," said Gerald, a little confused by her calm scrutiny. "Pardon me, but I do not think we ought to be strangers to each other any longer."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"You know, I am your Uncle Roger's step-son. My name is Gerald Thorpe, you have heard of me, I dare say?"

Helen bowed an affirmative.

"And I do think it a horrid shame of the squire and my step-father to nurse an animosity that's altogether out of date. Neither of them will introduce us to each other, so I vote we introduce ourselves. Won't you shake hands with me?"

She frankly held out her hand at once, and he pressed it, and bowed over it.

"There now! I call that nice and cousinly of you. I detest those family dissensions; they are bad form, and life isn't long enough to keep up a quarrel of twenty years' standing—do you think it is, Miss Wincherley?"

"I certainly do not; it seems very wrong and wicked to me, and it is a great trouble to my poor father."

"Ah, yes! your father is ill, I hear?"

"Not only ill, but blind. He has been getting worse ever since we came to Birkdale. I think he feels disappointed."

"No wonder! Any man but the crotchety old squire would have made it all right by this time. Whatever the old people may do in the matter, we, who are without prejudice, ought to be good friends, and all that sort of thing. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think we ought."

"We must rise above that foolish resentment, and not cherish any fancied grievances in our hearts about things that happened a quarter of a century ago," said Roger's step-son magnanimously. Gerald had turned back with Helen, and

was now walking beside her, stooping now and then, to catch a glimpse of those expressive eyes of hers.

He stopped when they came to the gate of the field that opened on the high road.

"I had better say 'good-bye,' Miss Wincherley."

"Will you come in and see my father?"

"I think not. It would be too much like throwing down the gauntlet to the squire, as the vicar did, and it might only make matters worse."

"I dare say you are right," said Helen sadly.

"But we must be friends, you and I. May we not?"

"Oh, yes, certainly, if you wish it."

"I do wish it very much indeed, and I should like to show you some of the beautiful views round this place. I suppose you don't know much of the neighbourhood yet?"

"Very little indeed. I have only been to church, and on expeditions like the present, hunting for fresh eggs or chicken for my father's use," she replied with a smile.

"I know every crag and moor and crest for miles round, so I should be a first-rate guide, if you will trust yourself to me."

They shook hands once more at parting, these cousins, as Gerald persisted in saying; and Gerald went away with a firm determination of meeting Helen again on the first possible opportunity.

Miss Wincherley emptied her basket of eggs, then ran upstairs to tell her father the news.

She was always delighted when she had any little incident to relate to him that might interest his mind, and relieve the monotony of those long, weary, sightless hours.

"Perhaps this may be a first step towards a reconciliation between the Wincherleys of the Hall and the Wincherleys of Widow Burns' cottage, who knows?" she said cheerily.

"I hope your prognostics may prove true, Helena."

"I really liked Gerald very much, he is so good-natured looking, so chatty, so friendly!" said she, running up the list of virtues she could safely credit him with on so short an acquaintance.

"Of course he means kindly towards us, or he would not have taken the trouble to introduce himself to me—he will call on you next, and then tell grandfather all about us, I have no doubt. He said he thought it a horrid shame to nurse an animosity altogether out of date; that we should not cherish any fancied grievances in our hearts about things that happened a quarter of a century ago."

"Not quite so long ago as that, Helena; but a few years more or less are of little importance to the young, I suppose, and his ideas seem just and true."

Neither father nor daughter suspected that Gerald had not the most remote idea of mention-

ing their names either to the squire or to his step-father. In fact, it was a puzzle to him how to keep up this acquaintance with Helen, and at the same time hide it from the dwellers at the Hall.

"There would be an awful row if they heard of it!" he mused.

Hitherto, Gerald had always made his visits to Birkdale as short as possible, coming down for a few days, hunting or shooting, and returning to the more congenial atmosphere of his mother's house in town, or to Aldershot, as the case might be—but now he lingered on, and did not even seem to care for sport. The next Sunday found him again in the Hall pew, and he overtook Helen and Singleton as they walked across the fields,—a short cut to Widow Burns' cottage.

Before they parted, he suggested a walk to Helestone Hill the next morning.

"I could not leave my father for so long a time as it would take to get there. Singleton might go with you," said Helen quickly.

"We could do it in a couple of hours, Miss Wincherley—and it would amply repay you for the trouble, for the view from the top of the hill is the finest in this part of the country—you like fine views?"

"Of course I do, but my father will miss me so much."

"How you do make excuses, Helen!" exclaimed Singleton, who was eager to go to the Helestone Hill, but did not know the way, and had a pretty shrewd guess that Mr. Gerald Thorpe had no desire to go with him alone "view-hunting." "Percy and Archie will be with father, and Mr. Howe is sure to call in and have a talk with him. He nearly always does in the mornings, you know."

"Let me settle it this way. If my father does not object to my leaving him, I will go, for I should like the walk very much."

"Then it is settled already, Miss Wincherley, for I do not believe your father could have the heart to oppose any wish of yours," said Gerald with smiling decision.

"Will you call for us at the cottage?" she asked.

"I think the very spot on which we are standing would make a good 'trysting-place.' Will you and Singleton meet me here, in the fields, to-morrow morning at ten o'clock?"

"Yes, that might save time, perhaps," Helen replied, as Mr. Thorpe came to a stand-still, and seemed about to take his departure.

"To-morrow at ten, remember," he repeated, as he shook hands, and returned by the way he came, across the fields.

CHAPTER XV.

"I'll love my love in the winter cold;
So shall our tale of life be told."

The next day was fine and very frosty, the atmosphere clear and chill, the sky an almost cloudless blue, and a keen north-east breeze swept over the fields, as Helen, wrapped up in her warm fur cloak, accompanied Singleton to the place of meeting.

Gerald was already there waiting, with a lorgnette strapped over his shoulders.

He came forward with a smile of welcome.

"How punctual you are! and what a splendid clear day we have for our sight-seeing!" He held Helen's hand inquiringly, and looked into her soft grey eyes. "I should have suggested our taking luncheon, and making a pic-nic of it, only I supposed even our vivid imaginations could not credit the present season with the charm and warmth of summer."

"Summer!" exclaimed Singleton emphatically. "Not much like summer, with those great heaps of frozen snow lying beside the hedges. There is more snow on the ground now than I ever saw in my life before when we were abroad. Does it ever melt in England, Mr. Thorpe?"

"Sometimes!" replied Gerald laughing, "but you must have patience."

They went on at a brisk pace, talking cheerfully as they walked. Young lips always find topics to discuss, and young hearts, however much they may differ in thought and feeling, have always a kind of surface freshness and frankness, ready to spring forth on every occasion.

The vicar had not called at the cottage before Helen left, though his visits were generally early, and before he began his usual daily parish work. He came in soon after she was gone, and then Owen told him who her companion was, and how he had introduced himself to his daughter.

"We hope it may be a step in the right direction," added Mr. Wincherley, with sanguine earnestness. "If Roger's step-son seeks to be friendly with us, he may influence my father to be friendly also."

"His motives would be of a different nature, I suspect; and I have never heard that Mr. Gerald Thorpe has any great influence in the family counsels," replied the vicar drily.

A certain crisis will sometimes take place in a man's life wholly unsuspected, and wholly undreamt of by those around and about him, and such a crisis had come to Mr. Howe on this morning.

He was calling himself to account, taking stock of his feelings, and seeking hard to find out why the news he had just heard had so upset him.

Of course, it was only natural Helen should reciprocate Gerald's friendship, or even his love! Both were young, and he was just the sort of pleasant-faced, soft-speaking, brainless, fortunate fellow, who win women's affections, sometimes even the affections of the best and truest, though least discerning of them all.

Suppose they *did* love each other, Helen and Gerald, what matter could it make to him?

This was the question that made him start up from beside Owen's couch, and stand for some moments silent, sad, and convicted before the bedroom window, that looked down on the back-yard, and the pigs, and ducks.

He did not see these interesting specimens of live stock. Indeed, it may be doubtful if he knew whether it was a yard or a field he was gazing at—so thoroughly did that self-examination overmaster him.

He became aware he had been cherishing some

ideas of late that must now be utterly and entirely banished.

Why had he so often recalled Helen's words, her looks, the softness of her voice, the flutter of her dress as she passed him by? Why had he begun to consider her the most unselfish, the truest-hearted woman he had ever met: one like the type described of old, whose price is far above rubies? One in whom "the heart of a husband might safely trust," one who would do "him good, and not evil all the days of her life." Of course she had never suspected all this, she never should do so now. If love of the daughter had actuated any one of his attentions to the father, the sooner such a motive was got rid of the better. It was unworthy of himself, unworthy of her!

He turned towards poor Owen, who had been marvelling much at his unusual silence.

"Are you not well to-day, Mr. Howe?"

"Oh yes, thank you, quite well. And now I am going to read to you for half an hour, then I must run away, for I have several visits to make in the parish this morning."

"You are always kind to me!"

Mr. Wincherley liked to listen to the vicar's reading. His sympathetic voice soothed him, and added much to the beauty of the subject—always from the Bible—that he selected for the morning's meditation.

In his mental reverie, Mr. Howe believed he had achieved a victory over himself. He thought the mere discovery of these hidden feelings was a very important step towards crushing them out altogether. But somehow his steps that morning led him in the direction of Helestone Hill.

Old Harry Deane lived in a cottage a little way up the ascent, just where a rugged road had been cut, and near an old used-up quarry. Harry was ill with some chronic complaint, had been bedridden for five years, and looked on "parson's visits" as the chief pleasure in his dreary life.

"I have not seen poor Deane for a fortnight, he will think I have forsaken him," argued Mr. Howe to himself, as he set out for the cottage.

About a mile from the village, he heard horse's steps coming at a rapid pace behind him, and turning round, he saw it was Mr. Roger Wincherley.

The squire's son soon overtook him, and went on with him at a walking pace.

"I am going to see poor old Harry Deane," said the vicar presently.

"What! is he living still?"

"Yes, and wretchedly poor. He has nothing to live on but his parish allowance, and what is doled out to him from charity."

"Better to be out of the world than in it on those terms."

"So most people might say, but I do not think old Deane would agree with their views. He is quite happy, his head is clear, his heart is warm, and he is looking forward to an eternal youth by-and-by, when the infirmities of age will no longer oppress him. He teaches me a lesson now and then, and I sometimes go to talk with him when I am more than usually worried."

"It would be well if some of us could find out

Harry Deane's specific, his secret, I mean," sneered Roger promptly.

"The secret of the Lord is his," replied the vicar.

Mr. Wincherley did not reply, for a sound of voices burst on his ears, and turning round a sharp corner of the road appeared three figures, who were talking and laughing as they walked along.

"Who are these people, I wonder?" began Roger; but he had no need to wait for an answer, as he quickly recognised his own step-son, Helen, and her brother.

He gave his horse a sharp, sudden stroke of the whip across his eyes, from sheer desire to vent his fury on some object or other. The astonished animal reared, tried to throw him, and it was as much as he could do to keep it from bolting off at a full gallop.

Gerald Thorpe flushed deep crimson, and looked more silly than even Mr. Howe expected he could look, as he slipped, without a word, past his father, who was wrestling with his steed.

Helen calm, dignified, her eyes bright, her cheeks glowing from the invigorating walk on the hill, paused a moment to watch the gambols of the horse, bowed and smiled to the vicar, and then went on with her companions.

"This beast has a vile temper!" growled Roger, with a brow like a thunder-cloud.

"I suppose that is Owen's girl with my fool of a step-son, and I wonder how she got hold of him? Some of her mother's tricks have descended to her, I suppose. I always dreaded no good would come of that marriage of Owen's, that we should hear bad tidings about it sooner or later, and things have turned out worse, far worse than I anticipated. How dare he come back here to flaunt his disgraceful impecuniosity in our eyes?"

"Impecuniosity is not always disgraceful, and I am sure it is not so in your brother's case. If you knew all the circumstances you would, I believe, agree with me," said the vicar.

"I don't wish to know the circumstances. He has made a mistake all along, and now he reaps the consequences. His life has been a failure! But I recollect, you are his chosen friend, Mr. Howe, so I had better say no more. I will wish you a pleasant visit to old Deane's cottage, and I am nearly worried enough at present to go there myself for a lesson or two."

Mr. Wincherley turned his horse's head, and was soon out of sight, galloping back to the village as though he was on business of life and death.

Mr. Howe was not at all surprised to hear the next day that Mr. Roger Wincherley had gone back to London by the first train in the morning, and that he had taken his step-son back with him.

So the squire was once more left alone to the dreary solitude of the Hall, with none but servants around him, and report said he led those near him anything but a pleasant life, for he was more fidgety and restless than ever; giving orders, and contradicting them the next minute, and then flying into a passion because he could not get anything done as he wished.

THE KING'S SCEPTRE.

HINTS OF THE WONDERFUL UNITY OF THE WAYS OF GOD IN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

IX.—HISTORY INTERPRETED BY ANECDOTE.

THOSE who are acquainted with Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature" will remember his proposal for a work, which he truly says would be neither incurious nor unphilosophical, "A History of Events which have not happened." Some of the remarks made in previous papers are suggestive of such a subject. Perhaps, nicely analysed and regarded, such a review would rather tend to enhance the assurance of that Divine Providence ruling in the affairs of human history, which a more shallow and inadequate review had regarded as doubtful. We have already remarked upon the apparent loss sometimes sustained by a great cause when a great leader has fallen; "How differently," it has been remarked, "would all history have turned out had Gustavus Adolphus lived to make himself Protestant Emperor of Germany." And certainly the consequences would have been vast at the time; and yet we may at least doubt whether at this moment, or even at the beginning of the century, the distinguishing features of the world's civilisation would have been different to what they are at present; for, however great may be the power of a leader, his death or removal cannot alter a great social principle. In a similar spirit Gibbon remarks, "Perhaps the Greeks would still be involved in the heresy of the Monophysites if the Emperor's horse had not fortunately stumbled, Theodosius expired, his orthodox sister succeeded to the throne." But to this it has been replied that the Greeks might still have been involved in the discussion of the heresy; but it is exceedingly doubtful how far such a discussion would have at all helped to hinder their conquest by the Turks in the fifteenth century, or to save them from being among the most degraded of peoples in the nineteenth century. The remark of Disraeli is very suggestive and interesting, but it is not so because such speculations lead to the conclusion that had this or that circumstance broken the sequence and chain of events, the order of history would have been advantageously different, but rather as showing how the great march of ages would have held on by other routes to the destined end.

It is no doubt very interesting and most curious sometimes to attempt to explain history by anecdote; and by those who have attempted to do so the smallest, the most insignificant and microscopic events have been magnified and elevated into immense importance; but perhaps this importance has not been unreal, rather the slight and insignificant event has been a contingent link in the great chain; a number of spontaneous events were all favourable, and the slight instance was but the grain which turned the scale, the feather which broke the camel's back. *If* is a word which has been magnified into amazing importance; it

has been a kind of magnifying lens, through which impossible events have been exalted into the place of the very arbitrators of history. If Edward the Black Prince had lived; if Richard the Second had inherited the temper of the Plantagenets; if Louis XIV., instead of revoking the Edict of Nantes, had possessed the magnanimity of Henry of Navarre; if "the foolish Ishboseth," as Richard Cromwell has been called, had only possessed some portion of the majesty and character of his father; how many things in the course of European history would probably have been altogether different. An interesting writer remarks, "Daniel Defoe wrote, in 1714, on the death of Queen Anne, a pamphlet entitled 'The Secret History of the White Staff.' Being an account, among other things, of 'what might probably have happened if the Queen had not died.' What a deal may depend upon an *If*, one little *if*; how much more upon a concatenation of them." Such reflections seem to deliver history over to accident; but can we with justice read its pages thus? No more significant instance has been cited than that of the flight of Louis XVI. to Varennes. Louis XVI. was flying for his life, for his crown and kingdom; there, just beyond Varennes, were military escorts waiting for him, and he with his family dawdling along, flying for life and sovereignty at the rate of something like sixty miles in twenty-four hours, to be at last arrested by a postmaster and turned back to Paris! Had there been but a flash of kingliness, had he but been able to say to Drouet the postmaster, "Arrest me! man, I am the king! I am your king! I proceed at the peril of my life or of yours, which way you like to put it." In that case one plainly perceives that the course of affairs might have been very different; but if Louis had been able to say that and to take that stand he would not have brought himself to the obscure little French village to say it, and even had he said it, while perhaps for a time it might have delayed the course of events, it is not probable that it would have materially changed that current of circumstance, that ultimate issue of things, which was so materially to affect the entire future of France, the destinies of Europe, and the history of the world. It is possible to carry on the chain of speculation as to what might have been had certain events turned out differently through a great number of instances selected from various ages, many nations, and the lives of individuals; some writers have therefore supposed that chance has ruled and disposed of events in the affairs of the world; it is a mode of reasoning which will not bear a moment's serious reflection, and it has been truly said that to reason thus is to ascribe to the spark the effects due not only to itself but to the long previously

laid train. History cannot be explained by anecdote, although it may be very interestingly illustrated. Hence some very slight circumstance becomes very romantic and impressive. Many such instances occur in Motley's books on the Netherlands; thus, the salvation of the wealthy little city of Bois le Duc, a city which had been really taken, and taken by an insignificant number, the whole place was in confusion, the night-watch had been massacred except one wounded gate-keeper, a poor old crippled man, who, unnoticed, had crept into a corner near the gate to die. In the strange pell-mell and confusion those who had obtained possession of the city crossed the portcullis gate, expecting, however, to return instantly and sack and ravage the town; as they passed, the poor wounded and dying old gate-keeper crept forth from his shadowed concealment, cut the ropes which held the portcullis with a pocket-knife, then crept back and died. "The noses of the invaders," says an old contemporary quoted by Motley, "grew a hundred feet long with surprise when they saw the gate shut in their faces." And Motley himself says, "The hero of the day, the chief agent in the victory, was the poor crushed, nameless victim who had cut the ropes of the portcullis at the Antwerp gate." Such little incidents as this do more than constitute a great deal of the interest of history, it is such incidents which create the impression that had they not happened probably an entire course and stream of events through many ages would have been different; but this is in most instances probably a fallacy, a mirage of the fancy not justified by any clear or reasonable faith in the divine ordaining of Providence in the history of human affairs.

"A mighty maze, but not without a plan," is an expression which has often been applied to human affairs. Those readers to whom the aspects of history seem to be only a heaping of confusions, might derive the same impression from a survey of nature; what huge chains of mountains and inaccessible rocks, what fearful precipices, what apparent disorder, even what a prodigality of confusion! It is so when we look up to the seeming disorder in the bright lights in the heavens above us or amidst the forests in the world around us; but we know, on the contrary, that nature is rich and varied and grand, and that innumerable agents are working their secret way in the midst of all this apparent disorder to produce an admirable universe, a great unity out of this variety which enchants the eye and charms the lover of nature.

Almost all our great historians, Milman, Froude, Macaulay, Alison, Carlyle, have been led into a train of speculative remark as to what might possibly have been but for some truly great historical circumstance; and the contingent event which did not happen seems to arrest and enchain the attention more than the actual event which passed into history. Sometimes these remarks are not merely purely hypothetical, but they do not carry an apparent weight of probability; thus Lord Macaulay in remarking on the union accomplished in 1707 between England and Scotland, curiously ascribes the blessings resulting from the union to the fact, that while it constituted one

state it left two Churches; had there been an amalgamation of the hierarchies, he thinks that the bitterness of ecclesiastical hostility would have continued, and that five generations of Claverhouses would have butchered five generations of Camerons; but he goes on to say, "those marvellous improvements which have changed the face of Scotland would never have been effected, plains now rich with harvests would have remained barren moors, waterfalls which now turn the wheels of factories would have resounded in a wilderness, new Lanark would still have been a sheep-walk, and Greenock a fishing hamlet." It is impossible not to feel that the sonorous roll of the eloquent writer's own periods urged him forward into an unreasonable exaggeration of statement. But in any case this glancing aside at events which might possibly have happened, does appear to shed some light upon those events which really happened; seems to show that the contingent was as much beneath the ruling Providence as the more conspicuous and important event; all tending to illustrate that the order of affairs in the world is not the succession of historic fatalism, like the destiny of the ancients. In the march of Society there is a plan, a harmony, it is not a blind necessity, events are not mingled up indiscriminately in the dark urn of destiny, nor enclosed in the iron circle of fatality. Facts are dispersed, scattered here and there, they seem to present no order or contact or concert, they succeed each other, they act upon each other without the design being discovered, and men unite and separate, and co-operate, and contend and mainly refer everything in which they engage to their own self-serving instincts; and meanwhile time, that great invisible agent, is bearing all upon his stream, and a great work is going on which at last proclaims itself, accomplishing the remote and far-off designs of infinite and eternal wisdom, the sceptre of the King moving from the beginning to the end.

Thus if the attempt were made to recite history by anecdote, it would, we believe, be found that, as we have already remarked, however interestingly anecdote might illustrate its pages, such anecdotes would not convey the impression that accident has been the great mover in the order of human affairs. The great nations of Europe would furnish especially illustrations to this end; but it has been most truly said, that perhaps no country or people can show so connected and continuous an existence as England. Our history exhibits a stately and unbroken succession through all its eras, and unfolding orders of government in the Crown, the nobility, the Parliament, and the legislation; but then this history must be read thoughtfully, in order that its various links and relations may be perceived. Thus, there is a moment in the history of England of eminent interest, and which relates itself to all the subsequent chapters of our legislation; and yet its incidents have never been told with all that sufficiency and fulness which their importance demanded; it is the reign of Henry III., and especially the troubled life and manifold activity of Simon De Montfort. It is perhaps generally believed or known, that he was the real founder of our English House of Commons; but the course by which he became this is not im-

mediately seen ; he was one of those men to whom may very aptly be applied the words of Sir Henry Taylor,—

"He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
He seemed to live by miracle ; his food
Was glory, which was poison to his mind
And peril to his body. He was one
Of many thousand such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment, known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he's a prodigy Compute the chances,
And deem there ne'er a one in dangerous times
Who win the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men more gloriously endowed
Have fallen upon the course ; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes founedered by a chance,
Whils lighter barks pushed past them ; to whom add
A smaller tally of the singular few
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear ye a temperate will and keep to peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

Henry III. was one of the weakest and most faithless of despots. Simon de Montfort appears to have been one of the strongest and truest of men. It seems probable that had he not been called away to serve an apprenticeship, a long apprenticeship, as a statesman and warrior in Gascony, or had the king been faithful to his faithful friend and servant in that relation, he would not have been called upon to take that high position in which the last events of his life found him as the standard-bearer of England, the leader of the English people. England has usually through all her history been able to bid defiance to the Papacy, and to keep the emissaries of Rome certainly politically at a distance ; but the reign of Henry III. beheld the king and the country in gross unprecedented and unequalled subjection to the Papacy. The nation was aghast at the enormous exactions made by Rome. It was calculated that in 1252 the ecclesiastical revenues drawn from our country by Italian priests amounted to 70,000 marks, a sum which exceeded the entire revenues of the English crown ; and the exactions still went on, the king pledged himself to more, and the nation shuddered at the threat of the interdict which the non-payment would entail ; the finest lands, the strongest castles, were in the possession of foreigners. It has often happened in the history of our country that the exasperation arising from the sense of some great wrong has been the cause which has brought about the confirmation of national rights. There was not a district in England where foreign agents did not levy the tithes and taxes, and where the native priesthood sprung from the people were not set aside and beggared by Italian priests. The barons rose, and raised the cry of England for the English ; the king called in the Pope to issue a bull abrogating the provisions passed by the barons, and an army of foreign mercenaries to expel the sheriffs, natives of the country, who had been appointed by the barons. Then the barons called upon the people, the representatives of the people, assembled at St. Albans. They met there to discuss with the barons the condition of the nation ; there was the origin of our English House of Commons. There Simon de Montfort

was elected as the leader of the people, and the great strife went forward to the field of Evesham. There De Montfort fell, Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I., was the apparent victor, and the king resumed his monotony of imbecile despotism ; but all subsequent ages have regarded the vanquished De Montfort as the real victor. Only a few years passed away, and those great principles which he had represented passed into English law under Edward I., and constituted the House of Commons, and thus became the precedent for that illustrious line of legislation which has characterised our country's story. No circumstance can better illustrate how the apparent accidents in things are but the contingencies which give what was wanted of adequate weight to great affairs. As in so many other instances, the oppression and repression of Rome, creating in turn the depression of the people, called forth into play those feelings in all their fulness which led to the assertion of popular independence.

How slowly peoples and nations advance to the realisation of their individual and national life ; but we do not therefore fail to see how the first throbings and indications of power were related to the latest unfoldings. Ages after the battle of Evesham history tells us how Henry VIII., sending for Edward Montague, a member of the House of Commons of considerable influence—perhaps a kind of John Bright of his day, opposed to a measure the king was desirous of seeing carried—the king apostrophised him thus : "Ha ! man ! will they not suffer my bill to pass ?" He laid his hand on Montague's shoulder—Montague was on his knees before the king. "Get my bill passed by to-morrow, or else by this time to-morrow this head of thine shall be off !" The sense of relation between sovereigns and subjects in England, and the tone of their intercourse between each other, has greatly altered since those days, not only between sovereigns and subjects, but between prime ministers and their inferiors in office. The anecdote is well known of Wolsey, when in the zenith of his power he feared lest a subsidy of extraordinary amount, 800,000 pounds, should not pass smoothly, he announced his intention to be present when the measure was brought forward. He came in state for the purpose of overawing the discussion, and he delivered a solemn oration, setting forth that a less sum than that demanded would not answer the necessities of the sovereign, and he looked round for a reply ; getting none, he called upon the Speaker, and the Speaker was Sir Thomas More ; Sir Thomas bent reverently on his knees, and excused the silence of the House as being abashed at the presence of so noble a personage, able to amaze the wisest and most learned in the realm ; but he had the courage to say, that for them to make answer was not expedient nor consistent with the ancient liberties of the House, and that for himself it was altogether impossible and unmeet for him to attempt to reply to his grace for so many various wits. The Cardinal did not seem to understand this ; he was even mystified apparently by the assertion of such independence, and so he arose and departed.

But the next time he met More at Whitehall, he said, after his irreverent fashion, "I wish to God Master More, you had been at Rome when I made you Speaker."

"Your grace not offended," replied More, "so would I too, my lord, for then I should have seen the place I have long desired to visit."

Thus slowly move on those great principles of freedom which constitute the strength of nations; and have we not already said that, however bright and exemplary an individual may be, and however excellent an institution, these avail little without the development, the unfolding of the entire mind of the people? Suppose, it has been said, that instead of a Julius Cæsar there had been a Washington in the Republic of Rome; instead of the coarse Tudor, Henry VIII., a William the Silent; instead of his daughter Elizabeth—with all her majesty very much of a rough virago—a refined and majestic and womanly Queen Victoria; can we conceive that much would have resulted in the way of national advancement? It is even a painful lesson that mankind cannot be forced across a certain stage; institutions which to us look admirable, perfect in the idea of government, would at once have been impossible and impracticable, as not growing naturally in the soil of opinion. We may feel

some reserve while we adopt the words of the poet, but they contain much of truth:

"For the drift of the Maker is dark, and Isis hid by the veil.
Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about?"

Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world is wide.
Shall I weep if a Poland fall? Shall I shriek if a Hungary fail?

Or an infant civilisation be ruled with rod or with knout?

I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide."

Again we repeat it, history may be illustrated but not explained by anecdote; and, to revert again to the expression of the elder Disraeli, the history of events which have not happened, but which are conceivable, and which appeared to be on the brink of being born like those which have passed into history, seems alike to show through all the strangely tangled skein of affairs how—

"Through all the ages one unceasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process
of the suns.
Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the
younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

THE RETURN OF THE ARK.

PROFESSOR GAUSSEN'S DISCOURSE ON NATIONAL REFORMATION OF RELIGION.

III.

AND yet, my brethren, do not think that the knowledge of the true God had no longer any supporters, walking before Him in obedience and in prayer, looking by faith, like Abraham their father, for an everlasting city, a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. No, my brethren, it was not thus, and it was not possible that it could be so. The Lord still had His people in those degenerate days; and we already know through His Word, that from the departure from the Paradise of Eden until the day when the Son of Man shall come to judge the living and the dead, He will never cease to have upon the earth a church of the elect, whose hearts He will purify by faith, and who having believed according to His word that their sins are blotted out, will glorify Him here below by the lustre of their good works, waiting until He will assemble them in His Father's house in the heavens. We know, by His Word, that His church, in this sense, is imperishable, though it has remained a long time more or less concealed from human sight, and that never shall the gates of hell prevail against it.

See, for example, during those days when Jezebel had slain by the sword all the worshippers of the Lord that she could find; in those days when Elijah, pursued by her, and believing himself to be the only faithful man left in the land of Israel, exclaimed: "I have been very

jealous for the Lord of hosts, because the children of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant, O my God; they have destroyed Thy altars, they have killed Thy prophets with the sword: and I, even I only am left; and they are seeking my life!" What was replied to him? Thou art mistaken, Elijah, for "I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal."

See also, during the times which preceded our blessed Reformation, when all the world, plunged in darkness, worshipped idols, and no longer knew what a Bible was: when the priests burnt every man convicted of having read it in his own language, or for not having bent the knee before their graven images. When this idolatry covered the earth, where was the sacred ark?

Where was it, my brethren? It had taken refuge in the remote valleys of Bohemia and of Calabria; it had ascended to the hamlets and the cottages of the Apennines and of the Alps; God had given it eagle's wings to fly into those deserts from before the dragon: and there at that time was its Kirjath-jearim; there it found its Abinadab and its Eleazar: it was there that Jesus Christ had His worship, and there God's Church continued; there they read His holy Word, on their knees: there shepherds were seen teaching their children, and these in their turn made their good works to be seen even by their enemies in the amiable and saint-like conduct of

their lives, as well as in their memory and on their young lips.

See also, in the more recent days of the last century, when the Bible was an object of ridicule and contempt, when the greatest men of genius seemed to be sworn against it; when the Philistines of those times would degrade it, and the men of Israel would use sacrilegious hands; when the alone vital doctrine of the reconciliation of the sinner by faith in the blood of Christ was announced only here and there, in the twelve tribes

See in our text the touching conduct of the inhabitants of Kirjath-jearim. In the midst of the general irreligion and apostacy of an entire people, see their faith, their wisdom and firmness. Some had come from Bethshemesh, which was a town of priests, to tell the inhabitants that they did not wish to keep the ark of the covenant. Nothing deters them. If all Israel and the priests themselves neglect the Eternal, it was their delight to approach Him. "Ah! let Him lift upon them, even on them, the light of His counte-



THE MEN OF BETHSHEMESH DELIVER THE ARK TO ABINADAB.

of the Protestant world—where was it then, this sacred ark? You would have found it among men who were dishonoured with injurious names, among the artisans and labourers gone forth from the mountains of Bohemia and Moravia. And at the very time when the princes of Ashdod were crying out in Paris and in Berlin, "Let us crush this infamous doctrine," you would have seen these men, unknown to the world, but known by God, crossing the Atlantic; you would have seen them go and announce it to poor negro slaves, to the ignorant Esquimaux, and change these savage men into gentle sheep of the flock of Jesus Christ, and who even now still perhaps make ascend to heaven the purest incense that He receives on earth.

nance;" this is their delight! They run to Bethshemesh; they there take possession of this ark of the Eternal with a holy joy: they carry it up to Kirjath-jearim. This was not a rock in the midst of fields, like that of Bethshemesh, where they wished to place it. If they had had a palace, they would transport it there. Where then did they deposit it? At the house of some minister of the sanctuary? Alas! the ministers were at that time strangers to the ark of the covenant: it was not from them that anything of this kind could be expected: these were no longer the times when the lips of the priests defended and kept the truth: they had corrupted the line of Levi: they no longer regarded the ways of the Lord.

The inhabitants of Kirjath-jearim chose then the most honoured man of their city, the pious Abinadab, whose dwelling, placed on the summit of the hill, would best become in other respects the majesty of the sanctuary. In order to guard this sacred deposit, they appointed the young Eleazar, perhaps more fervent, or at least more free from other cares, than his father. When they would thus set him apart, they consecrated him, as our text says, for this august office: that is, they consecrated him to it with a religious ceremony, in which they implored on their minister the benediction of the Lord.

But now, my brethren, let us consider how instructive are all the circumstances of this event. Who was this Abinadab, and who was Eleazar? Were they priests? No; I have said they did not belong to the race of Aaron; it hardly appears that they were even Levites, for the name is not found in the numbering of the families of Levi. These proceedings of the Kirjath-jearimites departed from all the rules observed in Israel; but the irregularity of the times rendered them legitimate, and God deigned, by forty years of blessing on the city of Jearim, and on the house of Abinadab, to set there the undoubted seal of His approbation. In fact, what was to be done in these disastrous times, when the sacred ark is removed, hidden, unknown, and its ministers abandon it? If the sons of Aaron refuse to receive it, must not the unconsecrated children of Abraham do so with eagerness? Yes, certainly, they must; and that is a blessed day for a church on which such men arise for the Lord! and if there had not been found such in Israel, then strangers, then publicans, then the stones themselves, would have been raised up.

Happy Abinadab! happy Eleazar! happy son, happy father, happy friends in God! Enter then, enter together with the ark of the Eternal and the mercy-seat into your own happy abode! Enter with giving of hands, and with glorifying God, for salvation has entered to-day into your house. United for ever by a tie more durable than that of blood, you are henceforth both of you more than what a son is for his father, more than what a father is for his son! Look on the same mercy-seat, trust in the same blood, and no longer fear that death or anything in this world will separate you; you are no longer separable! Soon, yes, very soon, He, whom you have joyfully received here below, into your house of clay, will receive you Himself in turn into the palaces of His glory where death shall be no more!

Well, my brethren, do you also be to-day, each one in his house, Abinadabs and Eleazars. During these days, when God is evidently preparing a revival in the midst of our Israel, have at heart that, in the midst of the apathy which reigns in your midst, that the sacred ark and its mercy-seat may enter into your house; I mean that the precious faith in the blood shed for the remission of sins may be the refuge of all in your families. Ah! it is your safety, it is your great business. And in discharging this important duty, do not give it up to your ministers. Make a difference undoubtedly, as St. Paul says, for

those who have the rule over you, and watch for your souls, as they that must give an account for them (Heb. xiii. 17), but do not stay here; for if it should happen that we could not discharge your office, what will become of you then? If we were not clear of your blood, would it not be the less on your head? "If the sinner dies through the fault of the watchman or sentinel, I will require his blood at the hands of the watchman, saith the Eternal; but the sinner shall die in his iniquity." Your soul is your own! you will have to answer for it; "and what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Imitate the Bereans, who, when the apostle had spoken to them, went away to their houses and searched the Scriptures daily, to know if these things were so (Acts xvii. 11). They who would wish to be saved by an agent, says a father of our Church, can scarcely be saved personally! and God does not desire that our faith, should be founded on the witness of other men: it must be one's own; this is faith, personal faith in a personal Saviour, and there is no other faith.

But I must continue the unveiling of our text, and traverse with you the twenty years which at first prepared and at length consummated the revival of the people of God.

"THE FOURTH WATCH."

I.

IT was a long street sloping down from the market-place to a very ancient bridge, on which stood as ancient a gateway, flanked on either side by a grey stone tower, where, according to tradition, had been kept in old times the records of the town.

Under the bridge flowed a river, just there, as lazily and indifferently as if it had no connection whatever with the stream that a few miles away hurried along between rocky banks with such tumultuous energy as to peril the life of any inexperienced oarsman who ventured alone in one of the frail boats that were always for hire at the landing-place by the bridge.

It was a very long street, but, in spite of its taking many a curve on the way, you could see from the top to the bottom, and the bridge and its venerable keep, though softened by the veil of distance, were by no means hidden; there they stood, like dreamy shadows of the past, or grim guardians of the present.

Various in form and colouring were the buildings that bordered either side of the street. Small shops, poor cottages, here and there an inn with its swinging signboard, slim brick houses for people with moderate incomes, and large square stone ones; these last, standing a little back from their neighbours on either side, and occupied by the more wealthy of the town, who, having either inherited or made a fortune, had settled down in their native place to enjoy it comfortably, and had for the most part secured themselves from the too curious gaze of passers-by, by iron railings in front of their dwellings, in-

closing a patch of ground and a few ornamental shrubs.

The backs of the houses commanded a distant view of thickly wooded hills, studded here and there with white cottages, from which a thin curl of grey smoke rose up and mingled with the evening mist; while nearer home the river winding in and out among the grassy meadows, with its countless turnings and twistings, continually caught the eye, and added brightness and beauty to the landscape.

Round the breakfast table of one of the larger houses towards the bottom of the street was gathered, on a snowy morning in January, a family group, consisting of father, mother and three daughters, varying in age from seventeen to twenty-two. Everything in the room spoke of comfort and even luxury, and as the door closed on two younger brothers, who were obliged very reluctantly to leave the attractions of the breakfast table for the far less alluring ones of school, Dora, the second girl, rose from her chair and went to the window, exclaiming, "I should think no one will go out to-day that isn't obliged. I'm glad I'm not a boy, to have to turn out for school;" and she shivered, as she turned away from the cold and cheerless picture without to the warmth and comfort within. "I think it's delightful, Dolly," said her younger sister; "it's worth going out, if it's only for the fun of watching the people try to keep their footing in that slippery place by the bridge. I believe it's freezing, and if so the snow will lie thick down there, and there'll be drifts before long—just look how fast it's coming down!"

"I'd rather look at the fire," said her sister; "just pour me out half-a-cup more coffee, will you, Rose? I've got quite chilled with going to the window for a minute. I can't think how you can stand there, Mildred. By-the-bye, mother, dear," she continued, turning to a fragile delicate-looking woman, who was engaged with a pile of letters that had arrived by the morning post, "when is Aunt Agatha coming? Snow always makes me think of her; do you remember the wetting you and she got, Mildred, when she would go to see that child at the Braes last winter, and you got into a drift?"

"Yes. I'm not likely to forget it in a hurry," answered Mildred. "When is she coming, mother?"

"I really don't know, my dear," said Mrs. Normanby, drawing a soft Indian shawl closer round her shoulders as she spoke. "She did intend to be here on Thursday, but in her letter this morning she says it is impossible to get to the station on account of the snow, and her friends won't hear of her leaving Ellerslie till the weather improves—so she talks about putting off her visit till after Easter."

"How tiresome!" exclaimed Mildred, "I did so want her to be here for the prize-giving at the school; she's such a help."

"Yes; and the Philharmonic concert," said Dora; "I don't see how we can possibly get on without her."

"Who is this invaluable person?" inquired Mr. Normanby, as he threw down the newspaper, in which he had hitherto been engrossed, and took up his position in front of the fire.

"Aunt Agatha, father," exclaimed the three girls in chorus, even Rosamund being roused from her usual stately indifference by the news that had so disturbed her sisters.

"Well, my dears," said Mrs. Normanby in the languid tone habitual to her, "I am sure your aunt is quite right not to travel in such weather; it's enough to give her her death of cold; and really I don't see—"

"But, mother dear, what's to be done about the sale of work?" interrupted Mildred. "We can never manage it without her, especially now Edith Lysaght is away."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Normanby, "that a great deal depends on Aunt Agatha! I wonder if she has any idea what an important member of society she is; let me see—three engagements I think I heard of that can't be kept without her."

"I'm sure it will be a very good thing if you give up having the Philharmonic party in the house this year, girls," said Mrs. Normanby. "Dora, just put that screen between me and the fire—a little to the left—there, that will do. I don't know how we should manage it," she continued. "Simmons isn't half up to her work, and the kitchen-maid is perfectly incompetent. I'm afraid I shall have to give them both notice;" and Mrs. Normanby sighed deeply at the prospect of the trouble before her.

"Well," said her husband as he buttoned up his coat, "I think the sky is clearing a little; and if any one is inclined for a walk, I am going to the Forge Mills this morning;" and he glanced at his youngest daughter.

"It isn't fit for any of them to go out, Oswald. Look at the snow," said Mrs. Normanby.

"Just so, my dear, it is coming down in such large flakes that it's sure not to last long, but we'll look at the glass. I prophesy it will soon clear—however, settle it between you," he continued as he left the room, "only if any one is coming, be ready by twelve."

"Oh, mother, it won't hurt me a bit," exclaimed Mildred, "do let me go. I'll wear my snow boots, and change everything when I come in."

"As you like, my dear," said her mother, whose natural temperament, combined with the inertness induced by a youth spent in India, rendered her unwilling to contest the most trifling point with any one, least of all her youngest daughter, whose energetic disposition and high spirit were a perpetual source of astonishment to her.

Mildred having won this half-sanction to her expedition, and fearing lest any further discussion of the matter should cause it to be recalled, slipped out of the room, and hastened upstairs to her own apartment, a cheerful room at the back of the house, adorned with various specimens of her own handiwork, as well as that of her brothers.

She paused for a moment with her hand on the lock, as she heard her father's voice calling her from the library where he usually spent his mornings.

"Come in, Mildred," he said as she entered, "this is more your business than mine;" and he turned from her towards an elderly man who stood by the fire, and whose dress proclaimed him to be a clergyman.

It was the vicar of the parish, whom Mildred had known from her childhood, and she shook hands with him cordially, inwardly hoping, however, that his business would not hinder her walk with her father.

"I have come to ask if you will undertake a class in the Sunday-school, Miss Mildred," said the clergyman; "we are sadly short of teachers, and I need hardly say we cannot get on without them! Your father says he has no objection if you are willing."

Mildred hesitated, and fearing she was about to refuse, he added hastily, "You can choose between boys and girls; and I think I may safely promise that if you once undertake the work, you will never regret it. You will find it grow in interest week by week."

"Yes," said Mildred thoughtfully, "I believe that, for I am very fond of children; I was only wondering if I could do it; but perhaps," she continued, "if you were to give me some infants I might manage them."

Mr. Lysaght smiled. "That's a very common mistake, my dear child," he said; "most people are under the impression that the fittest teachers for infants are those who are not equal to the task of managing older children; whereas anyone who has had any experience in the matter will tell you, that the younger the class the greater the skill and patience required for it. However, I don't by any means want to discourage you, so, if you prefer infants, you shall have them."

"Will you give me a few days to think about it, Mr. Lysaght?" said Mildred, "I shouldn't like to say yes, and then repent of it."

"Right," said her father; "never undertake anything unless you mean to keep to it. I'm sure Mr. Lysaght will agree with me that that is a good rule."

"So good, that we have the highest of all authority for enforcing it," said Mr. Lysaght with a smile. "I will gladly wait for your answer," he added, turning to Mildred, "and fully sympathise with your desire to think the matter over before giving it. I will call again in a few days, or perhaps you will look in at the vicarage when you have made up your mind. I know Mrs. Lysaght wants to see you about something else, but she is afraid to come out this weather."

"And now, child," said her father, "I am sure our good friend will excuse me if I say, be off and get ready, if you are going out with me, for it has left off snowing, and the sooner we start the better."

As she left the room he glanced fondly after her, and, turning to his visitor, said, "You've fixed on the right one; there's good stuff in my little Mildred."

"I know there is," responded Mr. Lysaght heartily; "and, believe me, it is as much for her sake as ours that I want her help. I feel sure that if she does undertake the work it will be done from the right motive, love to the Master—and if so, she will reap the reward. 'He that watereth shall be watered also himself,' you know."

Mr. Normanby was a man of few words where his innermost feelings were concerned, but he grasped the clergyman's hand cordially when he took leave of him at the hall-door, and, as he walked thoughtfully back to the library, he said

to himself, "I wonder how many of our motives would bear that test, 'Love to the Master'—I should think the expression savoured of cant from some, but not from him—no, not from him."

As Mr. Lysaght pursued his way along the snowy street, he said to himself, "How glad I am I went—it only shows how faithful God is. I deserved a refusal, for I expected it, in spite of my morning prayer. If one were only to keep a list of answered prayers, what a rebuke it would be to unbelief, and what a quickener to faith!" I think I will!

Sabbath Thoughts.

LOVE'S INTERPRETATION.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."—Rom. viii. 28.

HOW is it that we know this great truth? The Apostle speaks of it with an unusual expression of confidence; he places it not among things which "we believe," but among those which "we know," planting his foot upon a rock where no insecurity of ground makes it tremble. The question becomes important, whence this confidence; because the fact which he states is most important to the comfort and peace of men, and we would gladly share his conviction, and rejoice in his assurance that all things do indeed work together for good to them that love God. The answer is to be found in the heart rather than in the brain; Paul knew because he loved. Read in the light of his love to God, all the "riddle of this painful world" was plain before his eyes. He saw order, where the eye of suspicion saw only confusion; he saw beyond present miseries into future blessedness: he saw character, growing, maturing, ripening, like the golden grain in the harvest field—through a long series of days of mingled sunshine and showers—brightness and darkness succeeding each other, and all in their turn working together to perfect the precious fruit of the earth.

But while the grain grows without any care of its own, it is not so with those for whom all things in God's providence are working for good. They must love God if they would profit by His dealings. Love is the wise and patient interpreter that enables the man with whom God is working to wait and trust. Love to God refuses to say "all these things are against me." Love enables the heart to hope for something better and brighter, if not in this world, at least in that above; while in the meantime, in the midst of all the varied workings that pass like storm and sunshine over the Christian's path, his love to God, and far more His sense of God's love to Him, manifested in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, works for good to his soul in the highest sense by enabling to say, "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!"

CONSTANCE.



As the years pass on, this ancient little city, retaining much of the past

unchanged, becomes more and more picturesque, and to the thoughtful mind must ever be interesting, from its peculiar historical associations.

The cathedral, in which the memorable Council of 1414 was held, displays no trace of the pomp and circumstance of that great assembly by which John Huss was here condemned to die, nor of the trial and its tragic conclusion. For us the "lofty aisle and dim religious light," had neither poetry nor charm. Methought the very stones should have cried out against the monstrous act of injustice.

In his treatise on the Church, Huss lays down the axiom that it is founded on Christ, and that Christ is its sole head. "Solum Christus est caput." If this conclusion of the Bohemian had, as he fondly hoped, been adopted by the Council, the Universal Council now for the first time to be held, what great results might not have been expected! The sunken state of the Church, the decay of doctrine, the disorder of the Papacy, the neglect of vital Christianity—all would have been rectified, and the progress of truth in the world antedated by centuries! The grandeur of the gathering was worthy of its avowed object. Emperors and Cardinals, Bishops and Princes, knights, men-at-arms, merchants and followers from all parts of Europe, made their entry into Constance, in all the state and splendour of banners and music; magnificent robes and plumes; gaily caparisoned horses of the imposing military array with which they were wont to surround themselves. The vast multitude of distinguished strangers rose to 50,000, with 30,000 horses; and at times the concourse amounted to 100,000 people.

There were 18,000 clergy, including 4 patriarchs of the Greek Church, 29 Cardinals, 33 Archbishops, and 134 Abbots. Nor were the people unrepresented. There were besides the numerous Princes, deputies from all the great free cities of Germany; and all men's minds were prepared for a solemn and searching setting forth of the great essentials of Christianity; but the final results were, on the one hand, the entire suppression of free Christian thought and action by the cruel device of martyrdom; and, on the other, the election of a new candidate as Pope, instead of any one of the three contenders for that honour, and the enactment of some trifling ordinances of ritual. Thus passed away for ever the opportunity from which so much of good was expected. The august assembly was in council for three years and six months, serving to add another to the proofs that "the wisdom of the world is foolishness with God."

The slightly carved wooden car in which Huss made his journey from Prague and his entry into Constance has been preserved, and is now on the ground-floor of the museum in the Rosengarten. He set out on the 21st October, and he was surrounded and guarded by a volunteer company of his friends and sympathisers from Bohemia, headed by the valiant and noble John of Ohlmm. He was doubtless joyful and confident, for he had testimonials of orthodoxy from his primate, the authorised inquisitor for heresy, was encouraged by Pope John, favoured by several of the higher clergy, and above all he held the safe-conduct of the Emperor Sigismund. He was indeed eager to come to the Council to clear himself from the charges of heresy. He was not a Protestant, nor Schismatic, nor Nonconformist; he held the doctrines of the Church, including transubstantiation, but he was keen enough to discern, and courageous enough to denounce, the terrible vices and worldliness of the Romish clergy, who had made religion a scandal instead of a blessing.

He had read and publicly praised Wickliffe's

treatises against the clergy, and he saw that the only security for the truth consisted in accepting the Word of God as alone supreme, and standing by it; and this he had resolved to do. He thus held the vital principle of Protestantism, and was besides, or rather before this, an ardent Evangelical; but he thought that the Council was honest in the proposal to reform the priesthood, and he suffered the extreme penalty of his misplaced confidence.

In another room of the museum, the well-known story is carried on by a view of the old door of his cell, with its massive lock and key, where-with he was securely confined in his more rigorous imprisonment, and the little eyelet hole in stone which formed the only aperture for light and air. There is also to be seen a huge stone, with a ring in it, to which he was chained. In another case is shown the original Council book of 1415, in which the sentence against him is recorded.

In a street hard by is the small plain house in which he lodged at first. Two tablets are inserted in front, the one of latest date displays a portrait of the martyr in bas-relief. He was taken from here, and committed to the custody of the preceptor of the city on November 28, 1414, and on January 3, 1415, he was removed to the Dominican convent, now the Insel Hotel, where the chambers he occupied are still shown, and finally he was strictly immured in a cell at the Franciscan convent on March 3, 1415, where he remained until his trial and his execution on the 6th July of the same year.

Following the street out through the picturesque gateway by the Evangelical church along the suburban road, easily directed by constantly recurring guide-posts, about a quarter of a mile from the town one will find his most interesting monument. It is situated in an open green field, approached from the main road by a side avenue. Enclosed by an iron railing, shaded by young trees, is a huge boulder, its base gracefully covered by ivies and other creepers—it is an unwrought, massive stone, bearing on one side the name of John Huss, July 6, 1415; and on the other Jerome of Prague, May 20, 1416.*

This is placed on the very spot consecrated by the glorious martyrdom of these two noble confessors, it is a simple, grand memorial; nothing but the canopy of heaven above it, nothing but the plain around, encompassed by distant hills; I saw it majestic in its solitude in the declining sunshine. There, surrounded by a guard of eight hundred horsemen, Huss knelt, repeating psalms, with the frequent prayer, "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me, into Thy hands I commit my spirit." The common people standing around said, "We know not what this man has done, but his prayers are excellent;" and when he would have spoken to them but was denied, he exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, for Thy sake I endure with patience this cruel death. I beseech Thee to pardon mine enemies."

Then he spoke gently to his friends, saying, "I trust that I shall reign with Christ, since I die for His gospel;" and when the Elector urgently

besought him to recant, he replied that he willingly confirmed his testimony with his life. On observing an old woman heaping wood on the fire which was consuming him, he exclaimed, "Oh! holy simplicity!" and with feeble, dying voice he continued chanting verses of the psalms, and earnestly praying to his Redeemer until he expired.

When I recalled the waggon in the museum in which the sainted martyr entered this city, borne to his shameful death, I thought surely by a chariot of fire, surrounded perhaps by a guard of ministering rejoicing angels all unseen, did he enter the Eternal City—verily a true apotheosis.

S. R. P.

Things New and Old.

THE TE DEUM ANTICIPATED.—Of the Christian character raised above the fear of death, Cyprian thus grandly speaks amidst the ravages of a pestilence in Carthage. In this closing part of his sermon here is a sentence which remarkably anticipates the noble words of the *Te Deum*: "Paradiso we have begun to count our home, the patriarchs our fathers. Why do we not haste and run to see our country, and to salute our parents? There the mighty host of our dear ones awaits us, the ample crowd of fathers, brothers, sons, desire us, certain of their own bliss and now only concerned for ours. What shall our common joy be, theirs and ours, to come to each other's sight and embrace? What delight in these celestial realms without fear of dying, and in the eternity of living what supreme and perpetual felicity! There is the glorious chorus of the apostles, there the fellowship of exulting prophets, there the innumerable army of martyrs crowned for their victory in the strife and suffering; there the rejoicing virgins, who have quelled the lust of the flesh by the strength of purity; the merciful rewarded, who did works of righteousness by their gifts and bounties to the poor, and who at Christ's word have turned the inheritance of earth into the treasures of heaven! To them, my beloved brethren, let us haste with eager desire, and long to be soon with them, that we may find ourselves soon with Christ. Such an aspiration may God behold in us, such a purpose of heart and faith may Christ our Lord discern in us, who shall give us all the brighter rewards of His glory, the more our desires have been set on their possession."—Cyprian, *De Mortalitate*.

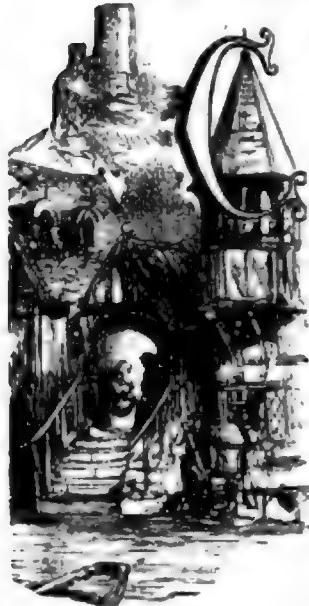
THE ALPINE HORN.—The Alpine horn has, on the lofty hills of Switzerland, another use beside that of the call. When the sun has set in the valley, and his rays still glimmer on the snowy tops of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells on the highest of them immediately seizes his horn and calls through it "Praise God the Lord!" All the neighbouring shepherds, as soon as they hear this sound, hasten out of their huts, and, seizing their horns, repeat the words. This often lasts for a quarter of an hour, and thus the name of the Lord is re-echoed from mountain to mountain. At length there is a solemn silence, all kneel, and with uncovered heads pray. In the meantime it has become quite dark, when the shepherd on the highest peak exclaims through his speaking trumpet, "Good night;" and then "Good night" resounds from all the mountains and rocky sides, when all retire to repose.

* A picture of this stone, from a photograph, was given in the "Sunday at Home" for 1866, p. 441.

Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE

CHAPTER VII.—A CIRCUS PERFORMANCE.



ISKA, for that was the name of the girl Madeleine had seen coming out of the caravan, wore a red striped skirt, a black velvet bodice encircled her slender and flexible waist; upon her head was artistically arranged a kind of red kerchief, which fell backward. Sequins of gold surrounded her neck and her arms and glittered on her forehead, and accompanied each of her free and graceful movements with a light jingling sound, and set off to advantage her uncommon beauty, which was dark like the night. A tambourine was suspended at her side, and in her hand she held castanets.

Thus attired, she approached the master.

"Here you are, Ciska," he said, fixing on her a look full of admiration. "Well, let us go; I waited only for you."

"And your large drum, have you forgotten it?"

But already he had rushed towards the caravan, and was returning with the instrument.

Two little boys in the traditional costume of clowns were following him.

The company directed their steps towards the town; they proceeded through the principal streets with a great noise of drum and castanets, and invited the honourable public to come to see the wonderful feats of Master Gasparo, the incomparable dancing of Mademoiselle Ciska, and the performances of two pretty learned ponies.

Presently a numerous crowd joined themselves to the players, and when they returned to the circus they were already accompanied by a long train of men, women, and children, who pushed each other about, the better to see.

During their absence, Judith had also dressed herself gaily, Beppo and another boy had lighted a double row of coloured lanterns all round the circus, and they drew into its neighbourhood a Barbary organ.

Madeleine, whose childish curiosity was much excited, followed with interest each detail of this scene. When all was finished, she saw Beppo, who was returning to the caravan, and she stopped him on the way, and said, "Why are you going into the caravan?"

"To look after the horses," said he, drily.

"Are they not out of doors?" Madeleine said, pointing with her finger to the three poor jades lying under the plane trees.

"Those?" said Beppo, in a disdainful tone. "Pooh! they do not perform; you shall see mine. Nothing could be prettier or more graceful than they are."

"Have you horses in the caravan?" cried Madeleine—she thought it strange that horses should be carried—"Why not let them walk?"

"Because the master will not allow them to be seen. They are ridden only at night in our exhibitions; but I have no time to stay to chat with you, I must make haste."

The little girl remained alone. "I should like very much to know, after all, who these people are, and what grandfather would think of them," said she to herself. "Poor grandfather; there in the hospital all alone!"

The child's heart was swelling with grief, when Judith called her.

"Come, little one," she said, "here they are; turn this handle while I go to tell the fortunes of those who wish to hear them."

Madeleine obeyed, and while she was zealously employed in playing tune after tune, the exhibition commenced. First, there were feats of agility and dexterity performed by the master himself and his young men. Then Ciska made her appearance, mounted on very high stilts, on which she executed, with great ease and facility, the most rapid dances, to the great wonderment of the public.

At length Madeleine, who was gazing with admiration on the exhibition, saw Beppo dressed as a jockey, leading in two beautiful ponies, one of them was white, and the other black, they came into the circus carolling, and they saluted the company and walked and reared in musical measure, obeying the slightest signs of the master, who guided them by his voice or gesture.

When the enthusiasm of the spectators was at its greatest height, Ciska and Judith made their way through the closely pressed crowd of spectators, with pleasant words and gracious smiles.

Then the master, with his sonorous voice, announced to the honourable public, that, seeing the lateness of the hour, he would close the exhibition, to begin again the next evening at the same time—and for the second performance he promised them wonderful things.

The crowd gradually dispersed, and the mountebanks hastened to shut up for the night.

"What do you think of all these fine things?" said Master Gasparo to Madeleine. "Are you not pleased with them?"

"Oh, yes!" said the child, whose imagination had been greatly excited.

"Should you not like to ride one of these pretty ponies?"

"Me? Could I?" she cried with sparkling eyes.

"Why not?" he said. "We will try to-morrow if you like. In the meanwhile go to bed and sleep soundly, like a good child."

Ciska, in obedience to Judith's order, took Madeleine with her to share her straw bed; she said but little, and seemed to be in a bad humour, to which the little girl paid no attention; but she had a long waking-dream of the wonderful things she should have to relate to her grandfather when she should see him again, for she did not doubt of his recovery.

At last she went to sleep, and did not awake until Ciska had called her several times, and was standing beside her, giving her a hard shake, saying,

"Come, get up, you are not such a fine young lady, I suppose, that you cannot open your eyes with the daylight?"

Madeleine trembled: she did not know where she was, but hearing Ciska's words brought her very quickly back to the reality. She jumped down from her rough bed dressed herself hastily, and went out of the caravan.

It was six o'clock. The sun lighted up the springtide of nature with his earliest rays, all was fresh and balmy: it was a cloudless sky, upon which was traced the outline of the varied summits of the mountains of Savoy.

Judith had lighted a fire, around which the women and children were already gathered, while the men went to and fro, busily occupied with the horses and caravans.

The master welcomed Madeleine, and Judith gave her a good plateful of soup and a piece of bread.

The child looked about for Beppo; he was also having

his breakfast, to the great satisfaction of the little girl, whose heart was much drawn towards him ; and they exchanged a friendly smile, but as soon as the repast was finished, without saying a word to anybody, Madda left the camp, and directed her steps, all alone, to the hospital, of which she remembered the road ; for trials as well as joys impress places on the memory in an indelible manner.

Nobody tried to keep her back, for they did not remark her departure.

On reaching the door of the asylum, there she found Sirrah, who jumped for joy on seeing her, and licked her hands, with a little plaintive whining, as if to reproach her for having left him alone such a long time. Then he went up the two stone steps, and stood quite still, swallowing his impatience, while the child was trying with her weak little hand to pull the rope of the large bell. Some minutes passed, and at last there was the sound of steps, and the wicket was opened a little way.

"What do you want?" said a gruff voice.

"I wish to see grandfather," answered Madeleine timidly.

"Visitors are not admitted without the priest's permission, and besides, this is not the right hour. Take away that dog, little girl ; he has disturbed the house all night by his cries."

"Oh ! only tell me how grandfather is !" implored Madeleine, joining her hands, while her eyes were filled with tears.

"In he the old man who was brought here last night ?" asked the porter in a slightly softened tone.

"Yes."

"Then I heard say he continues about the same ; but I am not at leisure to chat with you. Come again later with the priest's permission ;" and the wicket was shut.

Madeleine remained standing some minutes on the doorsill of the inhospitable house, then all at once, seized with the feeling of loneliness, and with a strong desire to see her grandfather, and to hear his kind voice speak to her some such encouraging words as never failed to calm her griefs, she fell down upon the flagstones in a paroxysm of distress difficult to describe.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XXXI.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life" (Rev. ii. 10). Read Matt. xiii. 53, xiv. 1—13. Here we find Jesus returning again to His own country, Nazareth. The men of this town had rejected Him on His last visit. *Do you remember what they had tried to do to Him?* (Luke iv. 29.) But the Saviour, in long-suffering mercy, came to them again with His offers of grace, and again taught in that synagogue where He had so often worshipped God with Mary and Joseph in His days of childhood. Alas for the men of Nazareth, they "set at nought all His counsel and would none of His reproof!" (Prov. i. 25.) They listened with astonishment, indeed, and said, "Whence hath this man this wisdom?" but because He was so well known to them, "they were offended in him." (ver. 57.) *What did Jesus say to them?* (ver. 57.) *Why did He not do mighty works there?* (ver. 58.) How awful is the guilt of rejecting Christ ! These people of Nazareth refused the merciful and forgiving Saviour a second time, and we never find that He came there again. Read Isa. lv. 6.

We shall now study Matt. xiv. and consider the history of one who was faithful unto death, and to whom God gave a

crown of life. The name of Jesus reached all through the country, and *what was the opinion of Herod?* (ver. 2.) It was Herod's guilty conscience that spoke ; He trembled on his throne in his strong castle at Machærus. He was haunted with terrors lest the holy and blameless man whom he had put to death should return from the grave to punish him. Having mentioned the death of John, St. Matthew goes back in his history to tell how it came to pass, and how it affected the proceedings of Jesus. We read before that Herod had put John in prison because he had bravely rebuked his sin in taking his brother Philip's wife. This wicked woman hated John; read Mark vi. 19, 20, but Herod rather feared than hated him. Herodias had a daughter whom she trained to do her wicked will. *How did this girl manage to please Herod?* On what occasion did this dance take place ? What was the king's rash promise ? And what horrid gift did Herodias' daughter ask ? An awful request ! What a hard heart it must have been that could make such an answer ! "The king was sorry," we are told. Why then did he yield ? Was it right of him to yield ? He was afraid to break his oath, but it was a sinful oath, which he ought to have been still more afraid to keep. He feared to offend them which sat at meat with him, but he did not fear to offend God, and so he "sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought ; and he went and beheaded him in the prison" (Mark vi. 27). And this was the end of the earthly career of him whom Jesus had declared to be "a prophet, yea, and more than a prophet !" (Matt. xi. 9.) The cruel-hearted girl bore that noble head to her still more cruel mother,—a dreadful present ! But the soul of the holy servant of God they could not harm. Faithful unto death, his was the crown of life which God has promised to all who faithfully serve Him, that crown which the blessed ones in glory "cast before the throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord!" (Rev. iv. 10, 11.)

How touching is the account of John's funeral ! His disciples were not afraid to gather round his poor lifeless body, and they "took it up and buried it, and went and told Jesus." Yes, it was to Him only that they could go, to tell their deep sorrow, and to bewail their lost master. And Jesus, being warned of Herod's designs, went to a desert place.

Have you ever heard the fate of Salome, the daughter of Herodias ? Some historians tell that many years after, she was crossing a frozen river in Spain upon the ice. Suddenly the ice broke ; she fell in ; it closed upon her ; and her head was cut off ! an awful punishment !

Sing.—"Here we suffer grief and pain."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

NO. I.

A Harvest Enigma.

My five initials show the precious seed
Which in His field the mighty Master sows ;
My finals the destructive weeds disclose
Which from the adversary's hand proceed.

1. Say first, what he who keeps his field in view,
Desires his servants till the end to do?
2. Next, name that prophet, who in days forlorn
Declared that Israel should "revive as corn."
3. My next by golden hues through all the land,
Its ripeness shows, and asks the reaper's hand.
4. A prophet's name, who spoke of Israel's host
Sifted like corn, yet not a grain was lost.
5. My last the native town of him will show
Who warns us that we reap even as we sow.

M. A. S. M.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHTEST! . . .
THE WEEK WHICH DARK SET FOR THY LIGHT.—Herbert.



THE COLLECTOR CALLING FOR THE RENT.

"THE FOURTH WATCH."

CHAPTER II.

"JUST give me a drink of water, Mercy, child, I'm parched with thirst—I wish—but there it's no use wishing;" and the sick woman turned herself wearily round on her pallet bed, and held out her hand for the mug, which she raised to her lips, and drained eagerly to the bottom, and then sank back, exhausted with the effort she had made.

No. 1334.—SEPTEMBER 22, 1883.

The room where she lay was very small, and the furniture of the poorest and humblest kind; but poor though it was, it was scrupulously clean and neat, for Mercy had been trained in orderly habits by her grandmother, with whom she had lived for the first twelve years of her life. Her father had worked as a journeyman painter, and had fallen a victim to a disease which was doubtless accelerated, if not engendered, by the use of some of the chemicals employed in his trade. He had left six children, of whom Mercy was the eldest, the others varying in age from

Google

PRICE ONE PENNY.

one year to twelve. Mercy herself was only fourteen, but her early training, combined with the many duties that had devolved on her in consequence of her mother's delicate health and her father's lingering illness, had made her thoughtful beyond her years, and the younger ones looked to her on all occasions for help and comfort in their childish troubles.

As she laid down the stocking she was knitting, and took the cup from her mother's hand, she gazed sadly and earnestly at her pallid face, worn with suffering and privation, and gently said, "Shall I read to you a bit, mother? it'll maybe send you to sleep; and I'll make a nice hot cup of tea against you waken up."

The sick woman wearily assented; and Mercy got the little Testament that had been given her at school, which opened of its own accord at the passage she had been learning by heart for the last few Sundays. Slowly and reverently the words fell from her lips, and the mother's eye brightened, and her pale cheek flushed, as she listened to the old, old story of the disciples' danger and deliverance.

"You see, mother, it wasn't till *the fourth watch* that Jesus came to them, and Miss Mildred said that was to teach us that He often lets His people get very low down before He comes to help them. She said maybe they thought He had forgotten all about them; but He was watching them all the time, and just when they couldn't get on any longer without Him, He came. It's almost come to that with us, mother, isn't it? so I think maybe He'll be coming soon."

"We've never been so low as this since your poor father died," said her mother sadly; "it has been a hard pinch many times; but if we don't get help from somewhere soon, I don't see how we're to get through this time at all."

"No, mother; but that's just what Miss Mildred said; it was so dark, the disciples couldn't see their Master coming to them at first; they thought He was up in the mountain, but He was coming nearer all the time, and it wasn't till He got quite close that they knew Him. I do like Miss Mildred, she puts it so plain, and she seems to want so for us to understand. I'll read a bit more, mother, and you'll see what a pretty story it is, and how they got safe home the moment He came to them."

"Safe home—ah! that's it," murmured the sick woman, as she closed her eyes and sank into a gentle slumber, while Mercy, fearful of disturbing her, sat still in the same position, reading over in a low voice her lesson for the following Sunday.

A footstep on the shingly path below the window roused her, and gently disengaging her hand from her mother's, she went down and, opening the door, saw, to her dismay, a stranger standing there, in his hand the little green book, which she knew well meant that he had come to demand the rent.

"I am very sorry, sir," she began, "but it's not ready this time; mother's ill, and we can't manage to get nothing but bread for the children, till she gets well again; but if you'll please wait a few weeks, you shall be sure to have it the first chance we get."

"All very well, my dear," said the stranger, in a patronising tone, "but unfortunately my business is to collect rents, and not to listen to excuses. I've not been round before, but I see from the book you are five weeks behind, so if you are not ready with it all by this day week—I give you another week, you see, and fair warning—out you'll have to go."

Poor Mercy's eyes filled with tears as she said sorrowfully, "But where can we go, sir? Mother's too ill to move, and even if she could, there is no house about here as would take us all in."

"I reckon there's a big house over yonder that would take you all, and some to spare," said the man with a hard laugh, as he pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, and, tucking the book under his arm, turned away. "Anyhow," he added, "you'll remember what I said. Have the rent ready, and you can stay where you are; but if I call again and don't find it, out you go;" and without waiting for an answer he walked rapidly away.

Mercy heard her mother's feeble voice calling her, and, fearful of the effect of the news on her, in her present state, she hastily dried her eyes, and after listening for a moment at the bottom of the stair set about some of her usual work, hoping she might drop off to sleep without calling her again.

The one-year old infant, who had been sleeping in the cradle, roused by the voices, and Mercy's preparations for the return of the others from school, sat up in the cradle and began to cry; but Mercy, taking it in her arms tenderly, soothed and hushed it, singing in a low tone the last hymn she had learned, till she had lulled it to sleep again; then she set about kindling the fire and boiling the kettle to make her mother's tea; and so busily was she engaged, that she did not hear the click of the door-latch, nor a step on the threshold, and started as Mr. Lysaght's voice fell on her ear.

"How is your mother to-day, my child?" he said kindly. "I had some business to do at the mill, so I thought I'd just look in and see her;" then, noting the marks of tears on Mercy's face, he gently drew from her the cause of her recent trouble.

"Don't take next week's burden on your shoulders, my child," he said; "you are young to have so much care thrust on you, but not too young to learn the lesson your heavenly Father means to teach you—remember last Sunday's lesson—*the fourth watch*."

Mercy's eye kindled, and he saw his words had gone home. "And now," he added, "if it won't disturb her, I'll just go up and see your mother."

The invalid was still dozing, and as he stood by the bedside Mr. Lysaght's practised eye noted the signs of poverty in the midst of order and cleanliness. "This comes of the cottage being so far away; almost out of my beat," he said to himself—"still that's no excuse—I blame myself for letting things go so far—however, I trust it's not too late;" and going gently downstairs he told Mercy to leave one of her brothers in charge as soon as they came home from school, and follow him to the vicarage as quickly as possible.

As he crossed the common on his way home,

his eyes fixed on the ground, and his mind full of Mercy and her mother, something pushed against his legs, and he recognised immediately a shaggy grey terrier belonging to Mildred Normanby, who having once for all accepted him as a friend, on his mistress's recommendation, was graciously pleased to vouchsafe him a greeting whenever they met.

"Oh, it's you is it, Scamp? then your mistress isn't far off! that's a good thing, for she's just the person I want."

Emerging from one of the clumps of trees that dotted the common here and there, he saw Mr. Normanby and his constant companion Mildred; and hastening up to them, he entered at once on the subject of which his mind was just now full. "She is one of your class," he added, turning to Mildred, "and I hope and believe she has laid your teaching to heart."

"Your teaching, you mean," said Mildred with a bright smile. "I never could have undertaken that class of big girls, Mr. Lysaght, if it had not been for the weekly preparation meetings at the vicarage. If I have been any help to any of them, it is thanks to you."

Mr. Lysaght's face wore an answering smile, and Mildred continued, "I was just going there; it was such a lovely day that I coaxed my father to bring me; mother doesn't like my coming so far alone. I was sure there was something wrong with Mercy last Sunday, her eyes filled with tears two or three times while we were talking over the lesson; I didn't like to question her before the others, but I made up my mind to come as soon as I could and see what was the matter."

"Her mother's illness has no doubt been a great trouble and anxiety to her, poor child," said Mr. Lysaght.

"I knew her mother was poorly, but I didn't know *how* ill, and she always looks so clean and tidy, that I never guessed they were badly off. What can we do for them, papa?" she added, turning eagerly to Mr. Normanby, who had been enticed by Scamp into a fruitless investigation of a rabbit hole at a little distance, and who rejoined them at this moment. "You'll help, won't you? and I'm sure Aunt Agatha will."

"We must consider the matter, my dear; and see what is best to be done. The poor woman must certainly not be left to sink for want of proper nourishment, as I gather from what you say is the danger at present," he added, turning to Mr. Lysaght, "but beyond seeing to her immediate wants I can pledge myself to nothing without investigating the case further;" then noticing Mildred's disappointed look, he continued, "don't be troubled, my child, I promise you that whatever Mr. Lysaght recommends shall be done. I know his charitable heart is kept in check by his wise head."

"Nay," said the vicar with a smile, "I will not undertake the responsibility of advising anything further at present; but if you are going on, you will be able to judge for yourself to a certain extent; and one personal visit will put you more thoroughly in possession of the facts than anything I could say. I was going to offer to turn back with you, but I'm afraid I mustn't,

for I see," looking at his watch, "that I shall only just get home in time for my confirmation class. I must have been walking more slowly than I fancied—it's such a pleasant afternoon, and I was so engrossed in poor Mrs. Butlyn's affairs: but I am thankful to leave her in such good hands," he added; and shaking hands cordially with Mildred and her father, Mr. Lysaght pursued his way across the common with a lighter heart.

Mercy was standing at the cottage door, watching anxiously for the return of her brothers, so that she might set off at once on her errand, when Mr. Normanby and Mildred reached the cottage. She watched them at a little distance, but never dreamt that the visit was for her, and started with embarrassment and pleasure as she saw them come up the little path towards the door. Mr. Normanby she had never seen, except at a distance, but Mildred, whose Sunday class she had attended for two or three months, was regarded by her with a mixture of love and reverence not often accorded to one so young, and her eyes brightened with gladness at the sight of her.

Mr. Normanby, who though liberal in his contributions to charitable objects, and open-handed when any case of suffering or need was brought specially under his notice, was not in the habit of visiting the homes of his poorer neighbours, or acquainting himself personally with their circumstances, was almost as much embarrassed as Mercy, and offered to wait outside, while Mildred went in to see what was needed; but she, anxious to enlist his full sympathy and interest, and feeling sure that would be best attained by his seeing for himself how matters stood, persuaded him to go in with her, and rather against his will he found himself inside the cottage. Being a man of quick observation, he could not help being struck by the order and cleanliness that held their own, in spite of the unmistakable evidences of poverty and even destitution that were to be seen around. Mercy hastily placed the two best chairs at the disposal of her visitors, who, however, finding, rather to Mr. Normanby's relief, that her mother was still sleeping, only stayed to ask a few questions, and leaving directions for Mercy to call at their house after she had been to the vicarage, they took their leave, not, however, before Mr. Normanby had had time to note various trifles which, though he was by no means given to forming hasty judgments, had caused him involuntarily to endorse Mr. Lysaght's favourable opinion.

"Don't be downhearted, my good girl," he said to Mercy, as she opened the wicket for them to pass through. "Your mother shall want for nothing, and I've no doubt, with proper nourishment, she'll soon recover—and then we will see what can be done."

Mercy's eyes filled with grateful tears as she murmured indistinct thanks, and Mildred grasped her hand, whispering as she passed out behind her father, "Cheer up, my child, remember *the fourth watch* and what it brought!"

As Mercy once more entered the cottage, the sound of her mother's voice fell on her ear, and with very different feelings in her heart from

those which had filled it an hour or two before she ran upstairs, her eyes sparkling with more than their usual brightness; and smoothing the invalid's pillow gently, she said, "I've got some news for you, mother, if you are rested enough to hear it. Shall I tell you before the little ones come in? Perhaps it'll be as good as what you were wishing for before you went to sleep."

The sick woman raised herself a little on her elbow and looked up. "Good news, child," she said, "it's long since I've heard any—I've almost come to think there'll be no more for me in this world; but let's hear it."

"Well, mother, I was busy making the fire, and setting the kettle to boil, when I heard the door open, and there was Mr. Lysaght—he came up ever so quiet to see you, but you were asleep, and he wouldn't have you wake; and he told me to go to the vicarage directly the boys came home to fetch something good for you. I forget what he called it, but he says it's sure to do you good—and that's not all, mother, for who do you think has been besides? You'll never guess—shall I tell you?"

The invalid roused herself and looked in Mercy's face inquisitorily.

"Why, mother, after Mr. Lysaght was gone, and I'd got the kettle to boil, I stood at the door watching for the lads, and I saw Miss Mildred and her papa go by the old mill and turn

up as if they was coming our way; but of course I never thought of them coming here, and they was close against the wicket before I could believe it, but they came in, and the gentleman was as kind as kind, and asked after you, mother, and seemed ever so sorry as you was ill, and he said we weren't to be put about, for you shouldn't want for nothing while you was bad, and after that he said they'd see what could be done—that was just how he put it, mother. I didn't just know what he meant, but anyhow I'm sure it was something good; and Miss Mildred, she didn't say nothing hardly, but she wanted to come up and see you, only you was asleep, and she said she'd come again, with another lady, and just as she was going out she turned round and said to me quite quiet like, 'Remember the fourth watch, Mercy.' I don't think I shall ever forget that lesson, mother, and I'm sure it's come for us, don't you think so? I hear the boys now, so I'll go and fetch you a cup of tea, and then Joe shall stop with you while I go to the vicarage. Mr. Lysaght told me to be quick. Now haven't I brought you good news, mother dear?"

The sick woman smiled with a dawning expression of hope in her face that it had not worn before, and Mercy ran down with a blithe heart to prepare her tea, and after she had carried it up, and installed her brother Joe as nurse in her place, she set off on her walk to the town.

THOMAS BOSTON.

BY THE REV. JAMES DODDS, DUNBAR.

THOMAS BOSTON is a bright name in the Evangelical theology of Scotland; and none is dearer to the religious people, especially to the pious peasantry, of that country. His writings, by many considered almost obsolete, are still read with pleasure by thousands who have little relish for much of the religious literature of the day. The "Fourfold State" has had a wonderful charm for generations of his devout countrymen; and, indeed, it powerfully contributed to keep alive the flame of spiritual life during that dreary period of last century when religious declension prevailed in Scotland, as in most other countries. Some of his other works have also been popular with the common people. His "Memoirs of his Life and Times," published after his death, are read by many with special interest at the present day, as flinging much light on the ecclesiastical state of Scotland in their author's time, and presenting a singular picture of a mind in which deep piety is strangely mingled with an almost painful conscientiousness.

Boston was born at Duns, Berwickshire, on the 17th of March, 1676. His parents were religious people, of the stern Scotch type. His father had suffered imprisonment and the spoiling of his goods as a Covenanter in the days of the "Persecution," which extended from 1660 to 1688; and often young Thomas, to use his own words, "lay in jail with his father to keep him company." This reminds us of John Bunyan's

little blind girl visiting her father in Bedford jail. In this way Boston's susceptible mind was doubtless early impressed with a sense of the virtue of those principles for which his father and so many of the Scottish people endured the extremity of persecution.

Boston tells us that when he was seven years old he "read the Bible, and had delight in reading it;" and that when he was twelve his heart underwent that change which gave a tone and direction to his whole life. When near his latter end he thanked God for having given him grace to serve Him when young. It is also remarkable that his first clear views of the Gospel were derived from the ministrations of the Rev. Henry Erskine, father of Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, who became the chief founders of what was long known in Scotland as the "Secession Church." In studying for the ministry of the Church of Scotland Boston had many difficulties to contend with, and he had to assist himself by acting as tutor in various families. He tells a story highly illustrative of the poverty and manly endurance of his early college days. Along with John Cockburn, a fellow-student, he left Edinburgh at the close of the College session in the spring of 1694, to walk home to Duns; but not having sufficient money in their pockets to procure a night's lodging, and getting only the poor refreshment of bread and water at a miserable change-house on the road, they were forced by

hunger and fatigue to fling themselves down on the hillside. There they were found by a neighbouring farmer, who took them to his house, and showed them much hospitality. Of these two forlorn lads who lay down so wearied on a Lammermoor hill, one of them, John Cockburn, soon disappears from human history; while the other, Thomas Boston, has left a name that will be always held in honoured remembrance.

Having taken his degree at Edinburgh with much credit, and studied theology at the same place in a somewhat irregular but effective manner, Mr. Boston was licensed in 1697 as a preacher of the gospel by the Presbytery of Duns and Chirnside. At the time he was little more than twenty-one years of age. But his character as an able and evangelical preacher, as well as a spiritually-minded and conscientious man, soon became generally known over the country; yet, instead of procuring him speedy preferment, it actually seems to have in various instances prevented his appointment to a parish. Many excellent people loved and admired the young probationer but the prevailing party in the Church, and many of the gentry, were hostile to men of his stamp. A man of Boston's gifts and piety should soon have been raised to one of the high places of the Church; but he had to content himself at first with an appointment to the small parish of Simprin, a few miles to the south of his native town of Duns.

How Boston carried on his work as minister of Simprin, preparing sermons without the help of any commentary, preaching on Sundays and week-days regularly, catechising the people old and young, visiting and dealing faithfully with the sick, instructing the ignorant, and reproofing the profane, is related with singular minuteness and simplicity in his Memoirs. He was often, meanwhile, visited with spiritual distress verging on despondency; but the word of God always in the end gave him relief and comfort. Yet he was a man versed in business, and by no means unfit for his public duties as a member of Church Courts. In early life he had been for some time

in a notary's office, where he had acquired some knowledge of law, and had written many law papers. He had learned, when at college, the art of shorthand writing, which he informs us he afterwards turned to good account. He also had acquired, at the same time, a competent knowledge of music, of which he was extremely fond. In the poor Simprin house he occupied, while the manse was in ruins, he carried on his Hebrew studies, and read "Witsius on the Covenants," in the original Latin. He attended regularly his Presbytery in the Synod of Merse and Teviotdale, of which he was a member. Of this latter church court he held for some years the important office of Clerk. On one occasion Lord Minto, who had been Clerk to the Council of Scotland, was present at a meeting of the Synod when Boston was acting as Clerk, and declared that he had never seen a man draw up a minute, or record the business of a court, with greater skill and fidelity.

Boston had no quarrel with the "Revolution Settlement," or the Constitution of the Church of Scotland as fixed at the great era of 1688; but he greatly disliked the general administration of church affairs by the General Assembly and the different Presbyteries throughout the country. In regard to the maintenance of purity of doctrine and the settlement of ministers

THOMAS BOSTON.

in vacant parishes, he thought that right principle was generally violated and true religion imperilled. In the various church courts of which he was a member, he was consequently found in a faithful and protesting minority, that looked back to the days of the Covenant and longed for the advent of better times. But though he constantly bewailed the corruptions and defections of the Church, he never entertained the idea of separating from her communion. He did not live to see the Secession of 1733, which led to such important results, having died just a year before that remarkable movement. Had his life been longer spared, he would certainly have deeply sympathised with the Erskines and their followers, though he might not actually have joined their ranks. It must also be remembered that his son Thomas, who



was a minister of the Church of Scotland, became one of the founders of the "Relief Church," a body that, along with the Church of the Secession, now happily forms the United Presbyterian Church.

When minister of Simprin, Boston married Katherine Brown, of Barhill, Fifeshire, a lady of deep piety and uncommon accomplishments. Here is part of her husband's sketch of her, written after they had been united for thirty years : "A woman of great worth, whom therefore I passionately loved, and inwardly honoured; a stately, beautiful and comely personage, truly pious, and fearing the Lord; of an evenly temper, patient in our common tribulations and under her personal distresses; a woman of bright natural parts, and an uncommon stock of prudence; of a quick and lively apprehension in things she applied herself to; sagacious and acute in discerning the qualities of persons, and therefore not easily imposed upon; modest and grave in her deportment, but naturally cheerful; endowed with a singular dexterity in dictating of letters; a pattern of frugality and wise management of household affairs; well fitted for, and careful of the virtuous education of her children." This may appear a flattering picture, painted by the hand of a tender husband. But Boston's Katherine Brown appears to have fully deserved the praises recorded of her. She became the mother of ten children, only four of whom survived their parents. Nearly her whole married life was clouded with bad health and domestic trials, which greatly exercised but never overcame her and her husband's Christian patience.

In 1707, Boston was translated from Simprin to Etterick, a parish in the small county of Selkirk. He was "admitted" to his new charge on the 1st of May, the very day on which the union between Scotland and England took effect according to the treaty. He found his parishioners, like most of the Scottish people at the time, much opposed to the union, and angry at the ministers of the Church for not having resisted the treaty with greater resolution. Boston, though himself unfriendly to the union, took pains to soothe the chafed spirits of the men of the Forest, and to heal their wounded loyalty. His motives for leaving his first and loved charge were of the purest kind. The parish of Simprin was small, and he hoped to find at Etterick not only a larger sphere of usefulness, but a place where both he and his wife were likely to be in better health, and enjoy greater repose of body and mind than had fallen to their lot in their first home. On leaving Simprin he thus wrote : "So I parted with a people whose hearts were knit to me, as mine was to them; nothing but a sense of God's command, that took me there, making me to part with them."

At Etterick the people as a body did not at first act well by their new minister. Political and ecclesiastical strife prevailed amongst them; they listened to schismatical preachers, and often deserted the parish church. But Boston had firmness enough to act with decision when the interests of truth were at stake, and never forgot the dignity of his office. His faithfulness in the pulpit made him not a few enemies, but in the end procured him increased respect. From nearly the commencement of his ministry he had been in the habit of preaching sermons in due order

on certain doctrinal subjects, and at Etterick he began to write them out at full length, as if with some view to publication. A series of sermons on Man in his Fourfold State, namely, his state of innocence, his state of guilt and sin induced by the Fall, his state of grace, and his state of glory, excited the special admiration of some of his friends, lay as well as clerical. After considerable hesitation their author consented to send them to the press; and in the shape of a regular treatise they made their appearance in 1720. Such was the origin of the celebrated book, "The Fourfold State," by which Thomas Boston obtained, and will retain, a high place among the Christian authors of his native land. In a few years the book ran through nearly thirty editions. It was quite a literary phenomenon at the time when it appeared, and made the name of the author favourably known both in England and in Germany. Like many works of the kind, it contains a system of divinity, and ranges over the whole field of Christian faith and duty. The doctrines of grace are very faithfully expounded in it, but without any harshness. Boston, from the very outset of his ministerial career, held strongly by the freeness of the gospel offer. He was a divine of the strict Presbyterian type, but we find him, when yet a young minister, thus writing : "I believe that sinners of mankind indefinitely, within or without the visible Church, have a real right to Christ and the benefits of the covenant, so that they may warrantably take possession thereof by faith." ("Memoir," p. 105.) He advocated the same view of the freeness and all-sufficiency of the gospel in his defence of the "Marrow of Modern Divinity," an excellent book written by Mr. Fisher, an English divine, and which gave rise to a religious controversy in Scotland, now all but forgotten.

This laborious minister found time to make a profound study of the Hebrew language, though, as he tells us, it was long before he possessed the luxury of a Hebrew Bible. He paid special attention to those "accents" or "points" which had long perplexed the learned, and at last convinced himself that they were of divine origin. He published towards the close of his life an essay on "Hebrew Accentuation," written both in English and in Latin. It attracted the attention of scholars like Dr. Waterland in England, and of D. H. Michaelis in Germany. There can be no doubt of the learning and ingenuity shown in this treatise; but its main position has not been accepted by Hebrew scholars, and is, indeed, quite untenable.

A memorable instance of Mr. Boston's firmness in the cause of divine truth must not be left unrecorded in this sketch. Mr. Simson, a Professor of Theology at Glasgow, was accused before the General Assembly of denying the divinity of the Saviour and other fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion, but though the charge of heresy was clearly brought home to him, he was, while silenced as a teacher, left in possession of his ministerial office. Boston, rightly conceiving that a temporising, worldly policy had prevented the plain law of the Church from being acted on, solemnly dissented from the Assembly's decision. Though naturally diffident and not accustomed to

speak in the Supreme Court of the Church, he stood alone in giving in his protest, like another "Athanasius against the world." His very opponents were constrained to admire his moral courage, and many of his friends lamented to their dying day that they had not joined him in lifting up a testimony for the truth.

Worn out and rendered prematurely old by family anxieties, pastoral toils, and excessive application to study, this devoted servant of the Lord died on the 20th of May, 1732, being fifty-six years of age. Encouraged by the popularity of the "Fourfold State," his family and friends published many of his theological works after his death, such as his "Body of Divinity," his "Treatises on the Covenant of Grace and the Covenant of Works," the "Christian Life Delineated," and the "Crook in the Lot." Of these posthumous publications, all of them excellent in their way, none but the last has kept its place in our religious literature.

We must judge of Boston as an author mainly by the "Fourfold State." The plan and method of the work, involving so many divisions, and subdivisions, objections, answers, motives, and

arguments, lead to that Puritanic prolixity which severely tries the patience of a modern reader. But the theology of the writer differs little from the plain evangelistic doctrine of the present day. His style is also wonderfully clear and pure for his age and country. It is remarkably free from glaring Scotticisms, and often resembles Bunyan's in the plainness and directness of its good Saxon English. His pages, while doubtless overloaded with Scripture quotation and references, abound in lively illustrations drawn from nature and common life, as well as from the Word of God. Many passages of the "Fourfold State" are exquisitely beautiful, others have a scriptural sublimity of a most affecting kind. We need not give extracts from a work which, in spite of objections to it raised by modern taste, must always remain one of our religious classics. Among the last words which this man of sanctified genius wrote in this world were these: "I bless my God in Jesus Christ, that ever He made me a Christian, and took an early dealing with my soul, that ever He made me a minister of the Gospel, and gave me true insight into the doctrine of His grace."

WINCHERLEY HALL.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Though to weak, short-eighted man,
All uncertain seems each plan,
Each event Thy will ordains,
Fixed immutably remains."

WINTER passed away, and spring came on, decking the hedges with wreaths of tender green, and waking up the primroses and violets by the roadside.

As the weather grew warmer, Owen Wincherley's health seemed to improve. He became a little stronger, and was able to get up; and by-and-by could take a slow ramble in the field at the back of Widow Burns' yard, leaning on Mr. Howe's strong arm. The doctor, who came over from a neighbouring village to visit Owen now and then, said it was getting time for him to consult an oculist; for if ever an operation was decided on, there was no time like the present.

The vicar had never relaxed in his attentions to the sick man. He had been his friend and companion during the dark days of winter, and now rejoiced with him at his increasing strength.

Birkdale people had kept aloof from the family at the cottage, for, though most of them were on Owen's side, they had no desire to draw down the anger of the squire on their heads by coming forward to express their opinions. So it came to pass, Mr. Howe was the only one in the parish who visited them and helped them.

More than once during that dreary winter he had been seized with a desire for another, and yet another of Owen's paintings for his vicarage

walls; and the sums of money thus obtained had kept the family from absolute want, and had given the invalid the comforts he needed.

"Such a friend as he is to us!" Mr. Wincherley would exclaim, after some fresh proof of his kindness; and Helen would echo this sentiment with something like a sigh. She, alone of all the family, missed something in Mr. Howe's manner; what it was, she could not perhaps explain or put into words; but it often made her sad and thoughtful when she was quite alone.

One day the squire's footman was seen entering Mr. Howe's gates, an unusual occurrence now, for intercourse between the Hall and the vicarage had long ceased.

He brought a message—no note this time—that the squire would be glad if the vicar would call, as he wished to see him.

"How is your master?" asked Mr. Howe, as he walked across the lawn to speak to the man.

"Not very well, sir. He seems so quiet and dull, that we think there must be something the matter with him."

"Tell him I will call at the Hall at once—I shall be there almost as soon as you are."

The squire was in his usual seat in the study. He chose that room always when alone at the Hall, as he considered it warmer, less draughty, and more comfortable.

A tall Indian screen was at the back of his chair and although his face was half in shadow, the vicar thought he looked paler, more shrunken than usual.

"Why have you never been to see me all these weeks?" he began feebly.

"I did not think you wished me to call, and consequently I have not intruded on you."

"Bah! you think far too much of a few impatient words; but draw your chair nearer to me, I want to talk to you, to ask your pardon for my rudeness."

"Oh! do not, please, ask my pardon," said the younger man, much distressed. He drew his chair near, and held out his hand at once.

"Are you still a friend of Owen's?"

"I hope so, Mr. Wincherley."

"Poor Owen! he always had a way of winning hearts to him; he was his mother's pet and darling, you know."

"So I have heard."

"And perhaps I have been a little hard and harsh to him—what would you advise me to do?"

"I would rather not advise you, Mr. Wincherley; but there is an old Statute Book, that contains the laws of a great King. Well for us, for you, for me, if we sometimes make silence in our hearts, and let the King speak."

"Oh! you mean the Bible?"

The vicar drew a well-worn volume from his pocket—his daily companion in his visits through the parish—and turning to a chapter in St. Matthew, he said,

"Peter once asked the Master's advice how often he should forgive his brother if he sinned against him. He thought it a wonderful stretch of forbearance when he suggested 'seven times.' But our Saviour replied—and the answer is for us also through all time—'I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven,'—as though there was no limit to forgiveness. You know the chapter, perhaps, as well as I do, Mr. Wincherley; but I will read the remainder of it to you, if you like;" and the vicar went through the verses, finishing with the awful sentence,

"So, likewise, shall My Heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye, from your hearts forgive not everyone his brother their trespasses."

The squire was silent for a few minutes, then he said in a broken voice,

"I should not like to die with that condemnation sounding in my ears if I was still at enmity with my poor boy. Do you think it is too late to forgive him now?"

"Too late! assuredly not. There is plenty of time yet—but you had better not delay any longer."

"I have been thinking a great deal while I have been here all alone this winter. Some words you said to me on your first visit seemed to haunt my mind until they tormented me, and I have had no peace night nor day—I was forced to send for you—and now you have come I want you to do me a favour, and witness a certain act of mine. Will you open the drawer of that escritoire yonder? this gilt key fits it—and bring me a flat box you will find there."

The box was laid on a table beside the squire; he selected another key, opened it, and took out a sealed packet.

"This is my will, made twenty years ago, when my anger against Owen was at a pitch of madness. All my property is here disposed of, and his name never once appears. I even felt a satisfaction then in hoping he would one day find himself a beggar. I will send for a lawyer soon, and make a new will; but in the meantime this iniquitous document shall never come into force."

The squire rose from his seat, walked over towards the fireplace, thrust the sealed packet within the bars, and watched it, until it was a mass of black ashes.

"Now that is gone I feel a new man. Surely that vile paper has been hardening my heart all these years. I had no love for God nor man—the heavens have been as brass to me."

"You will be far happier now, Mr. Wincherley."

"I feel happier already; that load of hatred has weighed down my heart like lead. Oh, may God forgive me!"

Tears ran down the squire's withered face; and the vicar, who knew but of one remedy for all human sorrows, for all human sin, knelt down and prayed beside him—prayed that the Holy Spirit's light might bring peace—sweet peace at last.

"I must go and see my poor boy, for he cannot come to me," said the squire.

"You could not possibly walk as far as the lodgings, Mr. Wincherley."

"No, no, I will order the carriage."

He rang the bell, and told the amazed footman to prepare his out-door coat and hat, and have the carriage got ready, for he was going out to drive, and hoped to bring back some visitors with him.

What a stir there was in the Hall when the squire and Mr. Howe drove away together, and the news spread from lip to lip that they were gone to bring Mr. Owen home again.

And what a stir there was down in the village when the Hall carriage, with the squire and vicar seated in it, rattled through the stony street, and when, finally, the pair of sleek bays drew up before Widow Burns' door.

Everybody knew what it meant; reconciliation, forgiveness, old affronts ended, old wounds healed; and everybody at last found courage to say aloud they were very glad of it, for Mr. Owen's sake.

Owen Wincherley was seated on the horse-hair covered sofa in the parlour, wondering much why the vicar had not called as usual that day.

The boys were out, and Helen was employing herself correcting some French exercises of Archie's.

She glanced up presently, and replied to his oft-repeated remark.

"We must not expect too much, father. Mr. Howe was here yesterday, and the day before."

"But I miss him greatly, Helena."

"I hear some one ringing now; perhaps he has come."

Mrs. Burns threw the door open to its widest extent, with a look of importance on her face, and



the vicar entered, closely followed by an aged gentleman.

"Owen, my boy!"

Three weak, tremulous words, that made Owen start from his seat as though he had received an electric shock, and totter forward, and grope about with his hands like one in the dark.

"Father! father! is that you come at last?"

In a moment father and son stood hand clasped in hand, and then each knew the love of old had never really died out. It had been obscured for a while, but now it blazed out bright, true and warm as ever.

"I have come to take you home with me," said the squire presently. "There is room in the old Hall for you and your family. I am lonely there, and I want you all so much."

But it was soon discovered this plan could not exactly be carried out at the moment. Helen said to her father—

"The boys are all gone for a long walk, and I had better wait here until they return."

So it was settled that Owen should go back with the squire, and that the carriage should be sent for the others later in the day.

It was a touching sight to note how tenderly the squire led his blind son away, how he guided him through the narrow passage, and finally helped him into the carriage, and seated himself beside him.

"Are you not going with them?" asked Helen, as she saw Mr. Howe turn away.

"Oh no! not for any consideration would I intrude. Father and son are all the world to each other now!"

He had returned to the parlour for his hat, and Helen looked up at him, her eyes full of tears, glad tears.

"We have to thank you for all this happiness, Mr. Howe; but for your kindness, this reconciliation never would have been brought about."

"I am glad if I have been of any service, Miss Wincherley; but I do not deserve your thanks, for even at this moment I feel selfish enough to regret our days of pleasant intimacy are at an end."

"Why should they be at an end?" she faintly articulated.

"Circumstances will be so different, you will have more friends, more duties, more responsibilities, you will not need me in your life."

Something in his voice made her look up quickly towards him; she met his eager, regretful, tender gaze, and she knew he loved her, knew also the love was mutual.

After all, Mr. Howe had not succeeded in crushing out his affection for Helen, for when love is the real, true genuine article, it is not so easily crushed out.

Ere she left Mrs. Burns' cottage, to set out for her new life in Wincherley Hall, she had promised that 'some day' she would be the vicar's wife.

The three boys were in a tumult of joy, such as only boys can exhibit, when they returned from their long walk, and found they were going to live in the 'old ancestral Hall.' It seemed like the touch of an enchanter's staff that could transform the cottage into the mansion, like the

spell of Cinderella's godmother's wand, that could make visible the splendid carriage that was to bear them off to unknown regions of joy and grandeur.

Of course their raptures moderated in due time, and Percy and Archie even grew a little nervous when they realised they were going to live with the squire, and must behave like 'fine gentlemen,' never more soil their nice new clothes by scrambling over the hedges, by fishing in the muddy ponds for tadpoles, or by filling their pockets with entomological specimens more curious than attractive.

Never again must they ramble away for miles together over hill and dale, exploring the country, and returning home too late for dinner, like the little Bohemians they were—in Birkdale, as in other lands.

But all came right in the end. The boys were thorough gentlemen in heart, worthy of the ancient race to which they belonged, and they soon became accustomed to the laws of their new home. What with the horses, the dogs, the stables, the fine gardens and grounds, they found amusement enough to satisfy them without repining for any they had lost.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONCLUSION.

"I come, to hall and hut, make room, make room,
I knock, and will come in,
The lordliest lot shall flush with tenderer bloom,
The meanest grandeur win.
Here will I make joy pure, and sorrow fair,
And crown thee elsewhere."

Half a decade makes many changes even in quiet country places, where the current of life is supposed to flow on evenly, without many breaks, or eddies, or ripples.

There had been a wedding and a death at Wincherley Hall, since the day Owen and his family went there on that memorable March morning. Once, the bells had pealed forth their liveliest chimes on the breeze, and Birkdale people were glad, for they said :

"Our vicar is married to Miss Helon to-day!
God bless 'em both, and give 'em every happiness."

The wish was very likely to be realised, as Mr. Howe experienced to the full the truth of that wise proverb of Solomon, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." Helen was a tender and true wife to him, and they loved each other.

A year after this event, the bells of Birkdale church sounded forth again—this time with a deep, solemn knell, and then the whisper passed through the village:

"The old squire is gone at last!"

It may be said of Squire Wincherley that his last days were his best. After Owen came back to live at the Hall, he seemed almost to have changed his nature. He was less selfish, less impatient. During the time of suspense and anxiety, when Owen was undergoing that fearful operation on his eyes, none were more eager and watchful than the squire. He seemed to forget his own ailments and age, as he sat for hours

with his son in the darkened room, tending on him, anticipating his wants, soothing and comforting him.

And when at last the operation proved a success, and Owen could once more look up in his face and return his smile, no one, not even Owen himself, was more truly thankful than was the squire. As the gathering infirmities of age increased, Squiro Wincherley calmly resigned himself to his lot, all his prayer was, for 'Light, more light,' that he might see yet more fully his Saviour's love to him, depend more unreservedly on His atonement for salvation.

He had passed through many a hard struggle with sin, had been nearly overcome at times when he knew of no strength but his own, but when he became a believer, he found himself more than "conqueror" through Christ who loved him, and gave Himself to the death of the cross for the salvation of all sinners.

Roger Wincherley was at first inclined to grumble a little, when he found out Owen and his family had come to live at the Hall; but when he discovered there was always a welcome for him, he soon grew used to this change of affairs.

He came down to Birkdale for the shooting season, and once brought Gerald Thorpe with him, but not as the would-be-lover of his "almost cousin" Helen. His mother had made up a splendid match for him in London, where the fiancée was of high birth, rich, and "so utterly clever!" a list of perfections considered quite sufficient by her sex.

At the squire's death, Owen's rights were found to be fairly recognised, he came in to the eldest son's portion, and was heir to the Hall and its estates.

Mrs. Roger Wincherley looked with supreme indifference on all the changes that had taken place at the Hall. "So that they do not ask me to live there, they may do as they please," she said.

Her health grew delicate, the doctors told her she must spend all her winters in Rome; and Roger, dutiful ever, bought a guide book and went forth with her to begin his experience of the endless delights of continental travelling.

Olive returned in due time from the school where she had so long been pupil teacher, and took Helen's vacated place as housekeeper and companion to her father. She is still a shy, gentle girl, and calls herself the "plainest of the family," but she has done credit to her education, for, though Singleton has been two terms at college, she can beat him in mathematics, he says.

But we must not forget Agnes Roberts, the hopper's wife, who first introduced Mr. Howe to the knowledge of the Wincherley family. She wrote a long letter to the vicar, congratulating him on his marriage to one of the young ladies of the "Hall," and in a postscript related an incident or two of her own family affairs.

"Jack never gets drunk now," she wrote, "and he has never lifted his hand to strike me since that time we were down hop-picking in Birkdale. We never go out to the hop harvest now, for we don't seem to want money as badly as we did in those days, and we are far happier together. Thank God for all His great and abundant mercies to me and mine!"

Her daughter came to live at the Hall shortly after Helen's marriage, thus proving the truth of the saying, that "Family history, like all other history, is often repeated."

And so this part of our story ends, for life's incidents are still going on at Wincherley Hall, and in Birkdale, and everywhere. The sowing, and the setting, and the planting, are in time, but the reaping, and the gathering, and the harvest will be hereafter. It is an immortal truth! Happy are they who have sown good seed, that shall blossom and bear fruit a thousand-fold in the life that is Eternal.

THE RETURN OF THE ARK.

PROFESSOR GAUSSEN'S DISCOURSE ON NATIONAL REFORMATION OF RELIGION.

IV.

SAMUEL had been passing through the towns and villages of the Holy Land, denouncing the judgments of God against them, and entreating the people to return to Him, during a period of twenty years, when at length he had the inexpressible joy to see commence in all the tribes a religious revival, which has been considered one of the most extraordinary events recorded in Holy Scripture. At the end of twenty years, it is said in our text, all the house of Israel lamented after the Lord.

Let us imagine the joy and feelings of this man of God, when he saw at length descend on his brethren these effusions of the Holy Spirit which he had so many times asked for in his

prayers; when he saw all the families of his people listen with eagerness to his exhortations, present to the Eternal weary and bruised hearts, seek among themselves to know the Scriptures, and call upon the Lord together: men, hitherto profane, arresting the course of their wanderings in order to deplore them before God; and others hitherto indifferent, or satisfied with their own righteousness, crying out with anxiety, like the jailer of Philippi: "What shall I do to be saved?" In a word, when, as our text says, at the end of twenty years he saw all Israel lamenting after the Lord!

My brethren, I ought now to address to your consciences the exhortations which Samuel, at

the sight of this blessed revival, delivered from town to town throughout the land of Israel. My text invites me to it, but before doing so I must recall to your minds the account of these facts, and present to you, concerning the years which preceded this revival of a whole nation, two indispensable reflections.

The first is, when had Samuel the joy of beholding the happy results of his exertions? You have already heard: After twenty years! like the English missionaries at Tahiti.

These twenty years are, no doubt, for most of the readers of the Bible as nothing.

They seem very short, when reading the history of Samuel; we have only to finish a verse in order to get to the end of them. But during these twenty years what became of many souls? What became of those Israelites who, borne daily unto the burial-places of the tribes, ended their present state, and passed without return into a fearful eternity?

Alas! during these twenty years, men, as they do to-day, passed rapidly down the broad road of life, and fled like the eagle pursuing its prey. Some, in flying to the tomb, had set themselves in opposition to the rule of God which Samuel announced, *and they died!* Others had dared perhaps to make it an object of ridicule, *and they died!* A much greater number, in their indifference, had disdained to listen, *and they died!* They had replied, like the son in the parable: "I go," and they went not; or, like those invited, they excused themselves: "I pray you have me excused," "I have bought some land," "I have taken a wife in marriage," *and they died!* During these twenty years people worked, they bought, they sold, they built; afterwards came this death, which awaits us continually, and which no one expects; the death which decides without appeal the most solemn of questions, are you saved, or not saved? This man professes the Gospel, but is he a living or a dead member? will he be cast away, or will he be accepted? whilst they preached, what has he done? Whilst the tribes lamented after the Lord, did he lament? Whilst they prayed, did he pray? When they put away Ashtaroth and the strange gods, did he also reject his idols? Did he choose the good part?

Oh! my brethren, look to it, for you are this day in these twenty years of which we speak. You have had the happiness to be called to live in these days when the awakening of our churches is commencing. The Word of the Lord, which has been rare during many years, is now abounding; the truths of the Gospel are more clearly declared; the religious publications which explain them are multiplying daily; men, things, events, everything speaks to you about it; the progress of the Gospel among the heathen, the Christian institutions which send it to them; human science, which until lately opposed divine revelation, and which now is inclined towards it. But during these twenty years where will you be? Ah! twenty years is a long period of time for beings such as you, who count your short life by minutes and by seconds. Do you not see your relatives go away, your friends disappear? and you also are going to fly away. What matters

then in the safety of your soul, what may pass in the world twenty years after the days of your visitation have ended, if eternal life is not in you at the hour of your death, and if it comes and finds that you have neither part nor lot in this matter?

Such is my first reflection concerning those twenty years which preceded the conversion of Israel; now this is the second: When did Samuel cause to be heard the exhortations mentioned in our text? Was it during these twenty years? No, it was at their ending. It was not during the time when the people were hardened in their hearts, when they neglected the Scriptures, when they rejected the mysteries, when they had ears only for the affairs of this world, for the news of the week, for debates in politics, for the wisdom of this age. No, it was when this whole people, acknowledging themselves sinners, cried out as at the great Pentecost. "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" it was when all Israel lamented after the Lord. In a word, Samuel did not commence with his exhortations; it was rather that he ended with them. There had then been twenty years that he had preached to Israel, when he made to be heard the exhortations in our text.

This reflection, my brethren, seems to us very important, and I recommend it to you very strongly for your religious consideration; for you cannot comprehend the exhortations of Samuel any more than those of Jesus Christ or of His apostles, if you do not know how to distinguish successive periods.

In fact, there are two periods very distinct in the ministry of every faithful servant of God, or rather there are three. In the first, he preaches the law; in the second, the Gospel; in the third, the law again. In the first, he awakens the sinner; in the second, he converts him; in the third, he makes him advance. In the first, he cries to his brethren: You are lost; fear and flee from the wrath to come! this is the first exhortation of the law. In the second, he cries to them: Return to God, for He will have mercy; this is the exhortation of the Gospel. In the third, he cries to them: Hear now, O Israel; hear thy God, who has saved thee; hear His ten commandments; this is the second exhortation of the law.

We do not mean to say by this, undoubtedly, that a faithful minister should ever forget the Gospel when he preaches about the law, nor the law when he announces the Good News; but we wish to remind you that he should always distinguish them without separating them; and that he will make the one and the other, in turn, of these words of God avail in the logical order of his discourses. He will approach the souls of men in the spirit of his Master, constantly having the law in one hand, and the amnesty or Gospel in the other.

There is a time for extending the right hand, and there is another time for advancing the left. There is a time for crying out to the prodigal son: Oh! wretched man, thou debasest thyself, thou art ruined, thou wilt perish. This is the law. There is another time for saying to him: Have courage, take comfort, poor sinner. Yes, arise, return to thy Father; He is thy Friend, He

will receive thee; His bowels of lovingkindness will be moved; He will even run to thee; He will press thee against His breast, and thou wilt then hear of great joy in His house. It is the Good News, it is the Gospel. In fine, it is a time to say to the prodigal son, as soon as he is seen to lament in the arms of his Father: Blessed child, obey now; thou wast lost, and thou art found again; thou wast dead, and thou art alive again; thou art besought then through the compassion of thy Father, to offer to Him thy body and soul as a living and holy sacrifice; be changed by the renewing of thy spirit, and acknowledge that all His will is good, pleasant and perfect (Rom. xii. 1, 2). This is the second exhortation of the law.

Well, my brethren, such was also the new exhortation of the blessed Samuel, when, after twenty years of his ministry, he had the indescribable joy of seeing all Israel lament after God. Then, says our text, Samuel spoke to all the house of Israel; then he learned, at the sight of this work of the Lord, that this was for himself the time to redouble his exertions; then he betook himself from tribe to tribe, in order to speak to all the families of this favoured people. If he had used in the former days the language which he now did, he would have undoubtedly have lost his time and his trouble. A soul can never be regenerated by the mere preaching of morality, even if it be the most pure. It is only the Good News of a pardon, it is only the word of faith, that can bring a man to God, and form him for the joyful obedience of the heart. Samuel, up to this time, in order to stir the minds of the people, had abundantly cried out, like all the prophets: "Return to the Lord, for He will have mercy on you, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." But from the time that he saw them converted, it was the law that he went on preaching to them. He wanted to make them put in practice these first emotions of their faith; he desired that an evident reform should bear witness of their sincerity.

Samuel spoke then to all the house of Israel, saying: If it is true that you are returning to the Lord with all your hearts, remove from you all strange gods and Ashtaroth, and prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve Him alone, and He will deliver you from the hands of the Philistines. This was to say: if you seek God sincerely, and lament after the Lord, then do two things: reform your worship, remove from the midst of you all strange gods; remove far from you all your idols, as people cast away impure blood, the idols of Baal and those of Tyre, and the infamous Ashtaroth: reform your lives also, prepare your hearts for the Lord; show Him that you are sincere; serve Him alone; begin by seeking Him in the path of obedience; that is where He is to be sought and to be found. This is your duty, strive to discharge it; God will do His part, and He will deliver you from the hands of the Philistines.

Such was the preaching of Samuel to the men of his time; and now I wish to make you understand it, my brethren, all among you who would begin to lament after the Lord, and have felt the diseased and lost condition of your souls.

Oh! you then, who at least for some time, seem to make of your eternal welfare your principal

duty, and you who, believing in the shortness of time, seem to thirst for pardon and for grace, listen, I pray you, to this preaching of Samuel, for it is addressed to you.

Hear first of all, these first words of the prophet: If it is true, said he to them, if it is true, that you are returning to God with all your heart; that is to say, if you seek Him in good faith, and are not of those who approach Him with their lips, but their hearts are far from Him, then remove from you strange gods, and serve God alone, and He will deliver you.

But, alas! how many are there amongst us who seem to lament for years, and yet remain continually in their sins? How many say, "I would desire to be a true Christian, to have more faith, more purity, more life; but I will wait: I have been told, and I believe it, that this faith, this zeal, this purity, and all progress in sanctification are the gift of God, and do not come from ourselves!" Oh, my brethren! beware, there might be a lie in your right hand. No doubt all these graces are the gift of God (and we cannot too often repeat a truth so fundamental for a life in the faith); but if you are sincere, there are steps to take which perhaps you have not yet commenced; there are idols to remove from the temple, idols that you cherish, and permit to continue; there are duties that God requires of you, and that you refuse Him up to this hour. Ah! if you remain so, you will be classed in the number of the faithless, and you will be convicted of having been of those concerning whom He has said: Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter, because thy heart was not right before God.

Hear then the prophet again: If it is true that you have returned to the Lord with all your heart and with all your mind; if this is true, then reform your mode of worship, and reform your life: do your duty, and God will do His.

Yes, reform your worship! remove from off the altar the maxims of the world, and in their place set up in every way the maxims of the Bible. Reform your worship! Sanctify those Sabbaths of the Lord which you have so long neglected, and which, in the great day of account, will be considered the most precious of your days. If Baal is God, celebrate his days; but if the Lord is God, then celebrate His Sabbaths; not like slaves, of course, but like sons; not as a task, but as a privilege. Profit by those precious days that God has granted you: consecrate them not to pleasure, not to enjoyments in which God is not spoken of, or to pastimes in which eternity is forgotten, or to feasts to which Jesus Christ is not invited: but let them be for seeking the God who pardons, the God of the Bible, the God and Saviour; for reading His Word; for assembling along with His friends; for visiting the widow and the orphan; for finding happy communion with Jesus; in a word, in preparation for an eternal Sabbath in the kingdom of heaven. You may perhaps no longer worship in temples of idolatry, but there may be idols in the heart, and false worship in the life. Remove from the midst of you those gods of strange nations, which, alas! so long received the worship of your earliest affections: those worldly principles which rule

perhaps the whole course of your life: those ideas of splendour and vanity which for so long a time have vitiated your judgment about holy things, and which, occupying your mind with petty ambition and fleeting pleasures, have rendered it inattentive to the Word of God. But remove, remove especially the great idol of our times, the great Ashtaroth, I mean the opinion of the world, that great goddess to which you referred everything, you sacrificed everything, you submitted everything, and to which you went so long, searching for your joys and your griefs, your troubles and your consolations, your prosperity and your renown; from which you asked so long the permission to do or not to do, to believe or not to believe, to obey or not to obey. Away with this strange god! for it is in the midst of us, alas! this great enemy of God. Great indeed, great is Diana of the Ephesians, great is this idol in the minds of our people. It has been well said that it is impossible for you to receive the Gospel into the same heart in which this idol is already worshipped: it has been well said that in such a case it is impossible also for you to have a true faith, that is, to believe Jesus Christ in your heart as the elect believe. How can you believe, said our Saviour, when you seek the honour that cometh from men, and do not seek above all things the honour that cometh from God? How is it possible to believe in such a case? But you do not really desire to come to Me for life! you desire the honour of men; and I know very well that you have not the love of God in you.

Reform then your worship, and reform also your life; fly from evil desires; give up your whole heart to the will of God, in small matters as well as in great: do not cherish any sin; and begin to-day. Yes, do these things in sincerity! You can do nothing of yourselves, no doubt; you are only inconstancy and corruption, no doubt; but go forward in the path of duty: go on, and God will bless you; you will find Him faithful: you will be aided, and delivered from the hand of the Philistines.

Look at Israel. What a fine example, and what an admirable returning to God! How touching is this movement of an entire nation, when, animated by the same spirit, it renounces its idols, tears them from the altars, abhors the thought of them, and will henceforth serve the Lord only! Never had brighter days arisen on Israel; never had greater blessings descended upon this people.

Yet all this was not enough for the wise and foreseeing Samuel: he feared the inconstancy too often prevalent among a people to-day so fervent; he knew by the experience of his own heart how needful it is that he who thinketh he standeth, should take care lest he fall (1 Cor. x. 12); and therefore how important it was, in this time of emotion, to raise to God the thoughts of all his brethren, and to induce them again to supplicate with a united voice the Author of all grace, not to abandon them to their natural inconstancy, and in His mercy to finish the work that He had also commenced in His mercy. Samuel then said to all the chiefs of the tribes and families of Israel; "Gather all Israel to Mizpah, and I will pray for you unto the Lord."

Things New and Old.

NORTHAMPTON SHOEMAKERS AND THEIR Mission CHURCH.

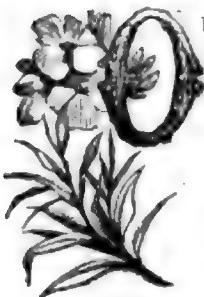
Three hundred working men, chiefly shoemakers, of the parish of St. Sepulchre, Northampton, have banded themselves together to build a Mission Church in a new district, where a hundred new houses for the working classes are being erected. Their own parish church (one of the four round churches of England which date from the period of the Crusades), though large, is inconveniently crowded by enormous congregations, and quite insufficient for the present population, numbering 7,000. Trade has been very bad; but these men have contributed £100 out of their small earnings, and engage to do more. The three hundred form a committee, all bona fide working men, with the exception of the Vicar, their chairman, and all pledged to exert themselves and to make sacrifices, and to stir up other working people to a sense of their ability to work for Christ, in dependence upon the Divine blessing. The movement began in October last year, and on the twenty-first of last April it was announced that a sum of £720 had already been realised. The "Card Committee" meets every week, and there are 254 cards out, by which numerous small sums are collected, on the principle that "Mony a mickle mak' a muckle." The site, however, will cost £600, though offered on very liberal terms by a friend of the movement; and when this is paid for the committee will have, as it were, to begin again. They will want £1,400 for the building itself. They "do not intend to spend a lot of money in architecture, but to make it a mission church in the proper sense of the word." Every seat is to be free and unappropriated for ever. More working shoemakers are continually desirous of joining their names to the committee. The church is to be called after two brothers, Crispinus and Crispianus, who, in the third century, travelled about as missionaries, full of zeal, preaching the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and working at their trade as shoemakers, like St. Paul at his tentmaking, that they might not be chargeable unto any. It is generally said that atheism and infidelity prevail more widely among shoemakers than among other classes, and especially at Northampton, as recent events seem to indicate. A movement of this kind, therefore, springing up spontaneously among them, may be regarded as a protest against such evils, and a lifting up of the banner against all irreligion. As such it is to be hoped that it will meet with support from many who have no connection with the town or parish. Help from outsiders will be quite necessary before so large a sum as £2,000 can be raised. The Hon. Secretaries, by whom subscriptions are received and acknowledged, are J. Helton, 11, Barrack Road; T. A. Ball, 60, Newland; and W. Page, 2, Albert Street.

THE DAILY ROUND AND "COMMON TASK."—The pious Jew is expected to repeat at least a hundred benedictions in the course of the day. The Talmud lays down the law in Menachoth (fol. 43 b), "A man is bound to repeat a hundred blessings every day," and this is deduced from Deut. x. 12. "And now Israel what (mah) doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all His ways, and to love Him, and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul." The word for *what*, in the original, has but two letters *m*(m) and *h*(ey), between which they interpose an Aleph, and thus, as Rashi says, the word means a hundred, i.e., "And now Israel a hundred doth the Lord require of thee;" and as a curious coincidence it is noted that with this addition there are just one hundred letters in the verse.

Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE.

CHAPTER VIII.—ALONE IN THE WORLD.



UR little Madda's nature was altogether of the south—ardent, vigorous, susceptible and wilful—she felt nothing by halves, loved nothing partially, and although she had always from her infancy a certain gift of being easily amused, yet she already possessed in a surprising degree the sad capacity for suffering which in general is only acquired later in the school of life.

How long did she remain thus, lying with her face on the ground, weeping and sobbing as if her heart would break? No one knew; but grief also exhausts itself; and having spent her strength and her tears, she at length sat up, and sought mechanically in her pocket for her handkerchief, which was not there: for she had lost it, as children often do, and in its place her hand encountered something hard, which she had totally forgotten; it was the grandfather's book!

She drew it out hesitatingly from its hiding-place.

"It is true," she said to herself, "I have not read to-day,—Grandfather would be very sorry if he knew it, and I wish to be so good! But if God sees me, why does He leave me to weep?"

She opened the book, and her eyes fell upon those gracious words of Jesus, "I will not leave you orphans. I will come to you."

Madda read them over and over several times, but she did not wholly understand their ineffable tenderness: but dimly at first, then little by little more clearly and brightly the thought came into her heart, "I am not alone, I have a Father in heaven;" and she felt less desolate: it seemed to her as if her venerable grandfather had spoken to her.

Nevertheless the hours fled away: she thought she must return to the camp, and that the master would perhaps tell her some way of reaching her grandfather. She arose, and called Sirrah; but as he would not follow her, she put her hand under his collar and drew him along, saying to him,

"Come, Sirrah! Come with me, grandfather wishes it."

The intelligent animal understood, and let himself be led away, only turning back his head several times with a very sad look.

"Where do you come from?" asked the master, on seeing Madelaine. The child related to him her disappointment, and the orders of the porter about the day.

"That must not be," he said; "we will tie him up here, to prevent his going to annoy the people at the hospital; and do not go, little one, any more to inquire for the old man. They do not willingly allow children to go into that kind of house. I will go for you, and bring you back the news—trust me for that. Now," added he, "what do you say to a ride on horseback?"

"Upon one of the ponies?" cried Madelaine.

"Upon one of the ponies," he answered, with an affirmative nod.

Who could have resisted such a proposal?—she was delighted with it! and if you could have seen her soon afterwards, properly seated on the black pony, whose tail swept the ground, you would have hardly recognised, in those bright eyes and rosy cheeks, the poor desolate child a little while before at the hospital.

Master Gasparo led the pony, directing Madelaine how she ought to sit in the saddle, and teaching her to guide the pony with particular care and attention.

Ciska saw it all from a distance, and when they passed near where she was standing she shrugged her shoulders, and turned her back, with an angry, vexed air.

As to Judith, she feigned a smile, "That will do," she said to herself, and so it did indeed, for the child was delighted, and took more and more pleasure in the exercise as she gained a firmer seat.

"Would you like to ride every day?" asked the master, while leading her back to the caravan.

"Oh yes! It is so pleasant, and the pony is so pretty," said Madda, drawing her fingers through and through the pony's long mane, while Beppo was holding the bridle.

"Very well, we will begin again," said Master Gasparo.

While Madelaine was thanking him, she encountered Beppo's eyes fixed on her, and she was struck with their mingled expression of sadness and derision. But the moment she was going to ask him a question he suddenly turned away, and led the animal to his travelling stable.

During the day the master directed his steps toward the town, from whence he did not return until late; Madelaine waited for his return with impatience, for he had promised her to go to the hospital; but, on his return, he seemed to shun the child, who dared not run to meet him. He called Judith, and had a long consultation with her.

At length they both went slowly towards the little girl with a perplexed look.

"Oh, sir!" cried she, "how does grandfather do? and when could I go to see him?"

The master coughed a little to clear his voice. "You will never see him any more," he said.

Madelaine looked at him without understanding what he said. Judith then began to speak.

"You must not distress yourself, little one. The poor man was already very aged—anyway, he would not have lived long."

Madelaine uttered a heart-rending cry. "Grandfather is dead! grandfather is dead! Oh! what will become of me!"

And wringing her hands in a fit of despair, very much like that she had in the morning, she sank down upon the ground, insensible to the common-place phrases with which Judith and the master thought themselves obliged to try to console her. Seeing it was useless, they left her crying, and went away to finish their preparations for the evening exhibition.

Long, long did the orphan give herself up to grief; no one came near her, she had no friend left—none? Oh! yes, there was One, who, stooping down towards her with love, counted the burning tears she thus shed in her loneliness; whose merciful and tender voice whispered deep in her heart, "Fear not, only believe; I will not leave you orphans, I will come to you." A more calm sadness followed the violence of her grief, and Madelaine fell into a sort of stupor, out of which Master Gasparo at length aroused her.

"Come, child, you have cried enough, come with us. You are not so much to be pitied after all. You will find us merry companions."

These words hurt Madelaine's feelings. "I am alone in the world now," she said softly.

"Do not fret yourself about it," answered the master, with a sudden good-nature. "If you will be amiable and sharp, we will keep you in our company, and you will learn all sorts of pretty things. You shall ride on horseback, and wear fine costumes—you will be as happy as a queen—will you stay with us?"

What must she do? Where could she go? What would

become of her? Madeleine had no idea; this proposal, which was thus made to her, was bread; it was a place of residence, it was a protection. No other door opened before the orphan; she felt it so; and, nevertheless, in spite of the attractive colours of the picture which had just been traced out, presented to her childish imagination, a doubt yet remained: would grandfather have liked these people? She did not like them much herself, but she had no choice; and, although hesitatingly, she answered, "Thank you, sir, I will stop, if it is not inconvenient to you."

"Well, well," replied Master Gasparo, "provided you are willing to work, you will not be a burden to us. You shall begin your exercises to-morrow, at our first halting-place."

"Are you going away from this place?" asked the child, whose heart was deeply oppressed with sorrow.

"Yes, early in the morning."

"Then I shall see grandfather no more!" said she, clasping her hands.

"What are you thinking of, little one? It is impossible; besides they have already carried him out of the hospital, and those people permit nobody to go there."

"Oh, if he had but remained here with us, he would, perhaps, have spoken to me again!" sighed Madeleine.

"He could be better attended to down there, that is why we sent him to the hospital," said he. "Now think no more about the dead, but come and amuse yourself with the living; while you are with us you shall want for nothing."

In saying these words he hurried her away from the caravans, and introduced her to the group gathered together near the fire, as making henceforth a part of Master Gasparo's company.

It was thus that Madeleine joined the mountebanks. What will become of her amidst these faithless, lawless people? Will she not forget her grandfather's God? Will she be able to put in practice her grandfather's instructions?

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XXXII.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Thou openest Thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing" (Psa. cxlv. 16). Thus God feeds us, and all men. Thus it is to His opened hand that we must look; it is to Him that we must cry, "Give us this day our daily bread!" We shall now read how it was that Jesus, by putting forth His power as God, fed in abundant measure an immense multitude, by what we call a miracle. Read Mark vi. 30–45. *What did the apostles do, and what did they tell Jesus? What did Jesus invite them now to do? Why were they to go to a desert place? How did they go to it? See them now again with Jesus on the lake. They did not cross over, but sailed along the shore to a lonely spot at the north end, near where the river Jordan falls into the lake. But when they landed they found they were not alone. Who were there? How did the people come? And when Jesus arrived and saw the multitude, how did He feel towards them? and what did He do? (ver. 34.) Thus He went on teaching them and healing them (Luke ix. 11), and they were so eager to hear His words that none thought of going home, till evening fell upon the lake and the mountains, and the disciples proposed that the people should be sent away to buy themselves bread. They must have wondered when Jesus said, "Give ye them to eat!" How much money did they say would be needed? It was not their money that Jesus asked for, however. What did He ask? How many loaves did they find when they inquired?*

and *what besides the loaves?* Five loaves, common barley loaves, and two small fishes—brought there by a lad (John vi. 9), who never thought of the honour that was to be done to his little store! This was all; and it was hardly enough to provide for the evening repast of the twelve; but in the hands of Jesus it was changed indeed! *What command did the Lord give? How were the people arranged?*

There they sat in companies on the green grass,—a hungry and a waiting multitude, easily reached by the disciples, and easily counted "by hundreds and by fifties,"—and nothing to feed them but that young boy's five loaves and two fishes! When Jesus had taken in His hands this food, *what did He first do?* He blessed and He brake! and as He brake He handed to His disciples and they to the people,—"bread enough and to spare," bread for all and fish sufficient,—and they did all eat; not one complained of not having enough, not one was unsatisfied; great fragments lay around them on the green grass; these were not to be wasted;—*how many baskets did they fill?* And then they began to count how many had been fed; *what was the number?* Five thousand men, "besides women and children" (Matt. xiv. 21); a greater number than the largest church you ever saw would hold! Thus the Lord Jesus opened His hand and satisfied their wants. And thus God every day, unseen by us, provides food for us all. It is He who makes the corn to grow from which comes our bread. It is He who gives man strength and skill to work for it.

And let us remember that it is not only the wants of our bodies that He satisfies. Jesus said, "I am the bread of life he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth in Me shall never thirst" (John vi. 35). Let us say, "Lord evermore give us this bread!"

Sing,—"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah."

ALPHABETICAL EXERCISES.

NO. III.

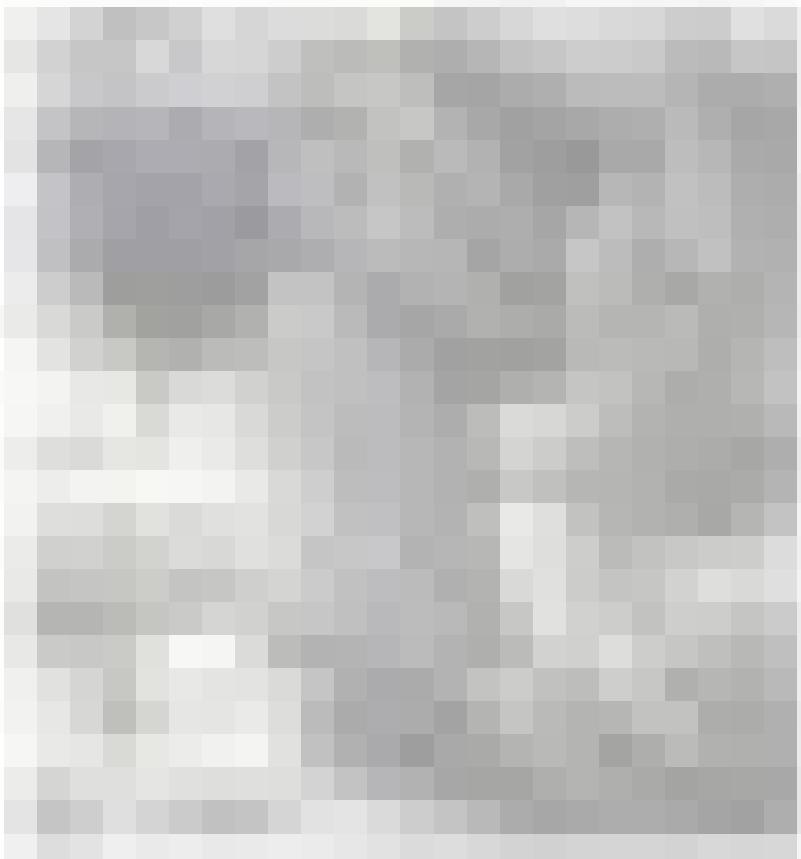
Words beginning with C, and ending with N.

1. The first child who brought grief and shame to his parents when grown up.
2. The first land in which Abram set up an altar to the Lord.
3. The name first given in reproach at Antioch, now the noblest name on earth.
4. The first ornament of a royal head.
5. The office to which Israel's first king was anointed.
6. The first recorded company of murmurers.
7. The first of two cities on which a woe was pronounced by the Lord.
8. The designation of Simon, the first man of Africa who bore Christ's cross.
9. He who first destroyed the temple of God.
10. The brook which was the first step on the Lord's path to His sufferings.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVI.—p. 496.—JORDAN.

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| 1. J-o-seph | Gen. xxxv. 24. |
| 2. O-g | Num. xxi. 31–35. |
| 3. R-ab | Josh. ii. 6. |
| 4. D-an | Gen. xxxv. 25. |
| 5. A-shtaroth | Judges ii. 13. |
| 6. N-aphtali | Gen. xxxv. 25. |



shall have Edith in before I've half got through my work ; " and even as he spoke the door opened, and the slight girlish figure of his eldest daughter entered.

" Is it ready, father ? " she asked, " or shall I come again when I have taken Gertrude to her music ? "

Mr. Lysaght held up the empty sheet of paper, and Edith laughed merrily.

" I see I needn't have asked," she said, " but you did promise it should be done by half-past ten, didn't you ? and now it is nearly eleven."

" I plead guilty," said Mr. Lysaght, " but the truth is, my child, I'm afraid I've been thinking of other things. However, come back in half an hour, and I promise you the list shall be ready. Stay a moment, Edith," he added, as she was about to leave the room; " do you think Mrs. Elmhurst would take a district ? " and as she hesitated, he continued, " go and ask your mother what she thinks, or better still, if she's not busy, tell her I should be very glad if she would come to me for a minute; I want to show her these schedules, and to consult her about a note I've just had from old Mrs. Moorsome."

" Then I'll come back in half an hour," said Edith, as she closed the door, and Mr. Lysaght was again left alone. But this time he dipped his pen in the ink, and wrote rapidly for a few minutes, then paused to glance at a memorandum book that lay beside him. While he was thus occupied, the door opened a second time, and Mrs. Lysaght entered the room. " I was just coming to ask if you had a hospital note you could let me have for Jonathan Wildman's little boy," she said, " and Edith tells me you want me for something else. Is it about the district visitors ? "

" Yes," said Mr. Lysaght, laying down his pen: " that's one thing. I want to know what you think of asking Mrs. Elmhurst to join us. She has no family, and must have plenty of time to spare. You see," he continued, as he thought he perceived a slight frown on his wife's face, " we must make up our numbers, and now Mrs. Leslie and Miss Symonds have left, and poor Mrs. Monkwell has broken down from ill-health, fresh ones must be found to take their places; whom can you suggest ? "

" I hardly know," said Mrs. Lysaght thoughtfully. " I have mentioned it to two or three, but really people do find the strangest excuses for not coming forward. One did not wish to pledge herself, for fear she should not like it afterwards. Another was afraid of infection, and did not like disagreeable smells, which she seemed to think inseparable from district visiting; and a third said she would gladly help us, but she was sure she should be of no use, for she should never know what to say to the people when she went amongst them. Altogether I got quite disheartened, and I am afraid I very nearly lost my temper at last."

" That wouldn't mend matters," said her husband with a quiet smile.

" No, I know it wouldn't, and I hope I didn't show it; but really people are strangely slow in recognising their duties as members of a church, the tie that unites them to one another is, to say the least of it, not as binding as it ought to be."

" That is because the tie that unites them to

the great Head of the parish is not as binding as it ought to be—if it were, there would be more willing workers; but it is because people for the most part look upon parish work of all sorts, as undertaken for the Minister, and not for the Master, that they feel free to give or refuse their service, as they feel inclined."

" I wish you would tell them so from the pulpit," said Mrs. Lysaght, " I really think it might be useful. Certainly in such a parish as this we ought to have no difficulty in finding workers, and yet beyond the Normanby girls and one or two more it seems as if—I hardly like to say what I was going—"

" Use me as a safety valve," said her husband, smiling again; " I see you have a good deal on your mind ! "

" Well, Reginald, the fact is, I didn't tell you last night, for I knew you were tired, and I didn't want to worry you; but I went to several houses yesterday about this very matter—Mrs. Elmhurst, amongst others—and between those that looked upon it as a sort of amusement for any that happened to have a taste that way, and others who really seemed to think that the work of a parish ought to be carried on entirely by the clergyman and his family, and that if anybody was kind enough to help we ought to consider ourselves as under personal obligations to them—I must confess I got rather provoked. Of course I was wrong—I know it now, and I knew it then, but I do wish there was more of the charity that ' seeketh not her own.' I was going to say in this parish, but perhaps I'd better add, in the world."

" And perhaps more of that charity that is not easily provoked," said her husband with a smile.

Mrs. Lysaght smiled in answer, and he continued. " I quite agree with you that the motive for work is too often wanting, which accounts for its being taken up and dropped at the will or even whim of the worker; but I think here we are perhaps partly to blame: if ' half the breath ' spent in talking about it were given to asking for the outpouring of the Master's spirit on the workers, we should, I feel convinced, see more fruit."

" I am sure you are right," said his wife, " but still—I think—now, for instance, I am very much disappointed in Agnes Falconbridge: I am downright fond of that girl, and I really thought she was in earnest, and so I believe she was for a little while; but lately she seems to have got quite careless and indifferent, and yesterday, when I spoke to her very kindly about being more regular at the school, she said something about not being able to go on with her class—home duties interfering, or some nonsense of that sort, because it is nonsense in her case, where there are five daughters at home and absolutely nothing for any of them to do—I made up my mind I'd get you to talk to her, for I felt sure it was only an excuse. And then there's Minna Lesthwain, I'm not at all satisfied about her. She is very much gone off lately—haven't you noticed it? and there are one or two more that I am very much troubled about. It isn't that they've done, or left undone, anything I can take

hold of exactly but their whole tone seems to be lowered, and it worries me very much."

"There again, my dear, if you'll forgive me for saying so, I think you make a mistake. 'Be careful (in the sense of being over-anxious or worried) for nothing,' that must mean even for the souls of others—which certainly would be excepted if anything were. We mustn't forget that we are after all only the instruments in His hands who died to redeem them, and who must therefore yearn over them with a love deeper and stronger than ours, and surely we may leave them in His hands, who can and will take care of His own. I think we are too apt to spend our time in *worrying* ourselves about the welfare of those we love, instead of *praying* for them."

"I feel sure you are right," said his wife, "but I often think of that saying I met with in one of my favourite books, 'The Diary of Lady Willoughby.' 'It seems as if our faith were weakest for those we most love.' I am sure it's true; and it is but natural after all."

"Natural, I grant you, but the fruits of nature are not those to be cultivated, are they?"

"You won't give me any quarter, I see," said Mrs. Lysaght, "and as I know you are right I'll give in; but you *will* speak to Agnes, won't you? She's such a nice girl. I should be so vexed to lose hold of her; but, with all her attractive qualities, I don't feel as if I could rely upon her—she speaks and acts too much on impulse, and like many impulsive people, she constantly disappoints you, and gives the impression of being insincere and without fixed principle."

"I don't know her as well as you do, of course," said Mr. Lysaght, "but so far as I have seen, I should not say *that*. I think she is, as you say, impulsive, and I believe she means what she says when she says it; but her feelings carry her farther than her principles; or perhaps I should say she lacks steadiness of purpose in carrying out what all the time her conscience tells her is right. I think too she is easily influenced by those with whom she associates, but I should draw a decided distinction between her and Susan Holman for instance. There you have, I am afraid, utter want of principle, while in poor Agnes the good seed is, I verily believe, sown, and though choked at present with an over-growth of weeds, it will spring up by-and-by, if we only wait in patience and prayer."

"But," said Mrs. Lysaght with a sigh, "she seems to be going backwards instead of forwards. She was so much more alive to spiritual things some time ago than she is now. Mrs. Holman told me —"

"Forgive me for interrupting you, my dear, but I would rather hear the result of your own observation than what Mrs. Holman says. I hope I am not uncharitable myself, but I believe that, for a professedly Christian woman, Mrs. Holman does more harm in this parish than any ten people taken together. She has never, as you know, liked Agnes since she won that prize at the School of Art over Susan's head, and I am afraid, in spite of her profession, she is sufficiently unprincipled to enjoy spreading, I may almost say inventing, any story that would damage her, especially with you, with whom she is known

to be a favourite. I certainly would warn you against being influenced in the slightest degree in your estimate of Agnes by anything she said."

"You are severe, Reginald," said Mrs. Lysaght.

"Not more so, I believe, than the occasion warrants. I should be sorry to judge her unfairly—but I am sure I am justified in every word I have said. Even if she gets hold of a fact, she has a way of dressing it up so that it becomes fiction in her hands. I do not say this out of any ill-feeling to her, but simply to warn you against listening to, or being guided by, her. I consider her a really *dangerous* woman, and heartily wish she could be transplanted to—we'll say Timbuctoo—as not being, I imagine, conversant with the language, she would be, for a time at least, comparatively harmless! but here comes Edith, if I'm not mistaken—and my list is not finished after all."

As he spoke, the handle of the door was hastily turned, and an eager voice exclaimed, "May I come in? Is mother here?" and, without waiting for an answer, a curly head was projected into the room, followed by its owner.

"Oh, you are here, mother dear. Miss Normanby and Mildred are in the drawing-room, and Edith sent me to look for you. See what a splendid bunch of cowslips Mildred has given me, her brother Jack got them yesterday at Prior's See—they'll make such a glorious ball!" and the speaker, who owed to the advent of the visitors her own escape from the perils and pitfalls of Czerny's five-finger exercises, and was perhaps unduly elated thereby, danced into the room with a reckless disregard of the various articles of furniture that stood in her way, contriving before she reached her father's side to imperil very considerably the safety of some of his books and papers.

Mrs. Lysaght went to the drawing-room to see her visitors, and the invader was dismissed to the school-room, not, however, without extracting a promise before she left, that her father would, when lessons were over, supply her with some string out of his own particular string-box, and lend his knife, and his assistance generally, to the construction of the cowslip-ball.

"We ought to apologise for coming so early," said Miss Normanby, as Mrs. Lysaght shook hands with her visitors; "but we are on our way to see poor Mrs. Butlyn, and my impatient niece would insist on coming to ask what you thought of a plan we were talking over last night. I think myself it might answer if she is equal to it, and my brother will give us his help."

"It is very kind of you to interest yourself so much about her," said Mrs. Lysaght.

"Oh, you don't know Aunt Agatha," interrupted Mildred, "she always interests herself in everybody's affairs wherever she goes."

"That statement is open to more than one interpretation, Mildred," said her aunt laughing; "however, we will hope Mrs. Lysaght's will be a benevolent one! In the meantime," she added, turning to her hostess, "I have a friend, a very wealthy old lady, who happily for me has a good many charitable irons in the fire, and who looks to me to supply her with servants, nurses, matrons, or any article she wants at any moment,

for any of her numerous families. She does an immense deal of good in a quiet way."

"What an invaluable acquaintance!" said Mrs. Lysaght; "but has she got an empty niche into which you think Mrs. Butlyn would fit?"

"Yes," said Miss Normanby, "that's just it; I think she has, though I can't be quite sure till I have ascertained a few more particulars about it, and her—and that is part of our errand this morning. I will not detain you now to explain all the details; but I am the bearer of a message from my sister-in-law: she wants to know if you and Mr. Lysaght will give us the pleasure of your company to dinner this evening, and we can have a quiet talk after. You will forgive the short notice and informal invitation; but to-morrow, as of course we know from Mildred, is your Sunday-school teachers' meeting, and on Friday I am sorry to say I am obliged unexpectedly to go down to Portsmouth to see some friends who are leaving England for a long foreign tour. Will you waive ceremony and come? I shall be so grateful, as it will be my only chance of seeing you, and I shall be able to tell you more about this matter when I have seen Mrs. Butlyn. Mildred tells me she thinks she is not wanting in spirit if she had her health, poor thing, and it might be the means of setting her up altogether. May I tell my sister-in-law that you will come?"

"I shall be delighted," said Mrs. Lysaght; "and though I cannot positively answer for my husband, I don't know of anything to prevent him. Even if he cannot come to dinner, however, I am sure he will look in afterwards."

"Thank you, then we will leave it so; and now, Mildred, we won't waste any more of Mrs. Lysaght's valuable time; we have done quite enough mischief this morning, for I am afraid, as it is, we are guilty of interrupting a music lesson."

"I think Gertrude will get over that," said Mildred, "if I know her, especially with a bunch of cowslips to console her! Come along, Scamp," she added, as that gentleman, who was, like his mistress, a privileged visitor at the vicarage, rose to his feet with a yawn, having indulged in a short nap during the discussion of Mrs. Butlyn's affairs. Seeing his mistress was about to make a move, he roused himself, and with a prolonged, shake, and that sublime indifference to etiquette which invariably characterises his family, pushed by visitors and hostess alike, and marched straight out of the house without vouchsafing a farewell greeting to anyone.

CHAPTER IV.

In a quiet corner of a quiet street in a very quiet seaside town, not one of your fashionable watering places, stood an old grey stone house, with two rows of square windows, the upper one relieved by a balcony which ran the whole length of the house, interrupted, however, in the middle by the roof of a portico surrounding the front door, in front of which was wrought in stone a quaint heraldic device, the sharply cut edges of it having crumbled away, like the fortunes of the

ancient family to whom the place had once belonged. Once—but how long since none of the present generation seemed to know, unless we except one old man whose mind was a blank to everything around him, and who lived entirely in the past. Once started on his favourite topic, he would ramble on for hours, to himself, or any one who cared to listen, with stories of the departed greatness of the family he had served in his boyhood, and for whom, though his memory failed him on all other points, he still cherished a deep and reverential affection.

They were all gone now, and had left no trace behind; and the house, which had stood empty for so many years, that it had not been for the solid masonry of its walls, and the well-seasoned timber that had been used in its construction, must long since have shared the fortunes of its owners, had recently been bought at a nominal price, and was undergoing a thorough restoration.

Many were the speculations of the townspeople as to the purchaser, and the advantages that might occur to them from its being once more occupied; but so far, speculation had had its way unchecked, for though various surmises were afloat, nothing positive could be ascertained with regard to it.

Some settled that it was to be turned into a school, and even went so far as to calculate the number of pupils it would accommodate; while the well-to-do tradespeople hoped it might afford an opening for the education of their children, and so save the expense and trouble of sending them to a distance. Others made up their minds that it was to be used for public baths, and wondered whether it would be worth while investing any money in shares. A third party started the idea of a joint-stock bank; but this last notion was scouted by the rest of the community, who being old-fashioned in their notions, and accustomed to transacting all their money matters, small and great, with the long-established firm of Groves and Grinder, to which they had been accustomed from their childhood, resented the idea of any invasion of their rights.

One coat of paint was added to another, till the old house was beginning to look young again, and still the mystery remained unsolved, and the townspeople were left in ignorance concerning the matter which so deeply interested them.

The village—or, as the inhabitants called it, the town—was one of those isolated spots fast dying out in these days of railroads and tramcars where you could purchase all the necessaries of life, and where, if you took lodgings in the summer, you were careful to provide yourself before you went with everything you could possibly want, that was not to be included under that head.

A little winding stream, that eventually found its way to the sea, ran right up the main street, and was crossed at intervals by wooden plank bridges of rude construction; its grassy banks being in the intervals of school hours the resort of the majority of the youthful population of the place, who spent many a fruitless hour in fishing for minnows with a crooked pin and bait that even the youngest minnow scornfully rejected!

There was a post-office—though that was a

comparatively recent institution—the bank before mentioned—a reading-room, and the inevitable circulating library combined with a fancy wool repository, for the benefit chiefly of the summer visitors, consisting in a great measure of families of children with their governess and nurses, and an occasional business man, who ran over from the county town from Saturday till Monday for a mouthful of sea air.

There was no railway within seven miles of the place, but an omnibus ran daily to and from the nearest junction, and deposited its passengers at their various destinations.

There was some talk of a branch line being opened to Birchmere itself; but opinions were divided as to its desirability, some fearing that it would take trade away from the town; others averring that, by making it easily accessible to visitors, the evil would be more than compensated by the good—however, the matter was still in abeyance, and an Act of Parliament had yet to be obtained—so although, when the idea was first started, controversy ran high upon the subject, it had been comparatively forgotten for a while, in the more immediate question of the occupation of the Moor House.

The church was as old-fashioned as the rest of the place, in its accommodation and appointments; and though it had satisfied the requirements of the inhabitants in bygone days, such of them as were in the habit of visiting the cathedral city, about twenty miles off, from time to time, were beginning to awake to the conviction that it, as well as its venerable rector, was rather behind the age.

One bright summer morning at the beginning of the season—for Birchmere had its season like other more favoured localities, when bathing-machines appeared on the beach, and children wandered about in sun-bonnets, building sand castles to be washed away by the next wave, or paddling in the shallow water—great excitement was caused in the town by the arrival of two large van-loads of furniture at the Moor House, as it was called from a waste piece of common that stretched between it and the sea. Three days were spent in unloading and unpacking the goods, and at the end of that time the house began to assume a comfortable, inhabited look, such as had been unknown to it for many and many a year.

The next morning a travelling carriage, laden with packages inside and out, drew up in front of the door, and a pleasant-looking, elderly woman alighted, followed by a lady whom our readers have met with before, under the name of 'Aunt Agatha.' They entered the house together, and having carefully inspected it all over, Miss Normanby turned to her companion, saying, "Well, Nurse, I think this is very satisfactory, don't you? I really don't believe there's a fault to be found anywhere; I do hope Mrs. Delamere will be pleased, and I don't see any reason now why the girls should not come at once, and have the benefit of this lovely weather. We must see about laying in a stock of provisions to start with. I suppose we can get most things in the town, and then the sooner you begin to initiate Mrs. Butlyn into her duties the better. I have told

her a good deal of what she will have to do; but there is nothing like being on the spot for learning to fall in with your work, and she will be here this evening by the omnibus with Mercy (I long to see the child's first look at the sea), and in the meantime we had better bestir ourselves to see what we can get in the way of ready-cooked provisions. Really one can't be grateful enough for those invaluable 'tins'—they'll be the very things to set us going."

The reader will have guessed, what as yet was a secret from the inhabitants, that the Moor House had been bought by Mrs. Delamere, the old friend of whom Miss Normanby had spoken, for the purpose of training delicate girls for service; giving them the benefit of sea air, while they were at the same time learning to fit themselves for places suited to their different capacities.

The elderly woman mentioned above had been nurse in the family of a friend of Miss Normanby's, and had been chosen by her to fill the post of matron to the Home; while Mrs. Butlyn, whose health had improved wonderfully under the watchful care and timely assistance of Mildred Normanby, was to fill the post of under-matron and cook.

Before her marriage she had lived as kitchen maid in a gentleman's family, and had picked up a good deal of information that was likely to prove useful now, and her gratitude for the kindness she had received, and for the comfortable home offered, inspired her with that determination to fulfil her duties satisfactorily, which is in itself an augury of success.

Mercy was one of the twenty girls who were to find a home there; while the other children, with the exception of the infant, who was at present too young to be separated from her mother, were located in various orphanages in which Mrs. Delamere had an interest.

The afternoon wore on, and Miss Normanby, who had settled to stay for a few days and superintend matters, stood at the open window of the matron's sitting-room, watching for the arrival of the omnibus which was to bring Mercy and her mother. Many eager eyes had followed her movements through that day, as she and her companion had visited the principal shops in the town to lay in stores, and sanguine were the anticipations of the tradespeople as they bowed profoundly behind their counters, and volunteered to send to the Moor House for orders, at any hour, on any morning, she might choose to appoint.

The truth concerning it was beginning to leak out, and already the house had been besieged with applications from butchers, bakers, grocers and dairymen, and the whole place was in a state of suppressed but eager excitement.

The train was due at Sidbrook Junction at 4.50, but the omnibus was seldom to be seen lumbering up the hill to Birchmere before seven o'clock; and Miss Normanby, who had been so busily engaged all day, that she had hardly taken a look at the sea, was enjoying the refreshing breeze that blew from it directly across the common; and watching the silvery crested waves as they broke upon the beach, when the door opened and 'Nurse'

appeared, bearing a small tray with a cup of tea and some delicately cut slices of bread-and-butter.

"I'm sure you must be tired, ma'am, with all you've done, and they tell me the 'bus won't be here for another twenty minutes or more, so you'll have plenty of time to take this before it comes," and she brought a little table to Miss Normanby's side and was in the act of placing the tray upon it, when they were arrested by the sound of wheels at a little distance.

"That can't be the omnibus," said Miss Normanby, "it's too soon, and yet it seems to be coming in our direction, and I believe this road leads nowhere but down to the sea. It's strange, isn't it? however, we shall see in a minute," and as she spoke two grey horses were seen turning the corner of the road.

"Why who in the world can it be?" exclaimed Nurse. "Mrs. Butlyn would never think of taking a fly; she was told about the 'bus, wasn't she, ma'am?"

But her companion had no time to answer, for the tired horses had pulled up in front of the porch, and Aunt Agatha had caught sight of a face and a waving handkerchief which brought her quickly to the door.

"Why, Mildred," she exclaimed in astonishment, "what brings you here, my child? how delighted I am to see you!"

"That's right, Aunt Agatha! Papa said he was sure I should plague you to death, but I gave him no peace till he promised to bring me. Oh! you needn't be frightened, he's gone on to Lymeford to see some one on business, and absolutely had to pass Sidbury Junction—it was too great a temptation, and I wouldn't tell you because I wanted it to be a surprise," and she threw her arms round her aunt's neck. "Now, Mercy, out with you," she continued, turning back again to the fly, "I want to see your first impression of the sea. I wouldn't let her look out that side all the way along, Aunt Agatha, because I didn't want to have the first view spoilt by seeing it in bits."

Mrs. Butlyn and Mercy got out, and were carried off by 'Nurse,' or 'Mrs. Whitbury' as she was now to be called, to a substantial meal, while Mildred and her aunt went to the sitting-room.

"I hope that's not all you've got for me," exclaimed Mildred merrily, as her eye fell on the small tea-pot, and wafer bread-and-butter. I'm simply starving, auntie, for papa couldn't stop to get us anything at Sidbury, he had only just time to put us into the fly—and I've had nothing but two or three sandwiches all day. I shall eat you out of house and home, I'm afraid. I wanted Dolly to come too, but mother said she was sure one would be quite enough for you. I'm so glad I came."

"So am I, my child," said her aunt heartily; "and when you have satisfied the first cravings of hunger—we will go down to the sea, if you like. I have been pining to get close to it ever since I came, and when we come back you shall have a more substantial meal."

"The very thing," said Mildred. "I never can wait till the next day to go down, as orthodox people do. I shall be ready in a minute, auntie."

A pleasant stroll they had across the common in the evening light, down to the beach, and as they wandered along the shore watching the sparkling line that stretched as far as they could see, formed by tiny herrings left by the receding tide, the moon rose gently over the waters, flooding them with her silver light.

As they turned towards home, they met Mercy and her mother, who, guided by Mrs. Whitbury, had come down for a sight of the waves. Mercy's eyes were sparkling with delight as Mildred glanced at her; but they filled with tears of joy and grateful love as, pointing to a tiny fishing-boat just starting with its crew for a night of weary toil, Mildred whispered, I'm glad we've seen that this first night, Mercy—it seems to have come on purpose to remind us both of that other night on the Sea of Galilee, and the joy that came to the disciples with the fourth watch."

AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

II.

V.—OUR MISSIONARY BOX.

FREELY ye have received, freely give." Surely these words of Jesus ought to find an echo in the heart of every true Christian. Spoken to the little band of twelve, as their Master sent them out, the first gospel messengers, to preach, saying, "The kingdom of God is at hand;" they should also prove a constraining power to all whose hearts have been opened by the Holy Spirit's influence, to receive the glad tidings of salvation through Christ.

All who truly value the gospel message will wish to help in spreading it by their words, their example, their means, and their prayers. If, in some degree, they realise the "love of Christ which passeth knowledge," they cannot be silent. They will, at least, be missionaries in their homes and amongst their neighbours.

There are members of my Mothers' Class who had long neglected every means of grace, and lived without God and without hope in the world. Late in life, they have realised their need of a Saviour, and having found an all-sufficient one in Jesus, have longed "To tell to all around, what a dear Saviour they have found."

Some of these, I rejoice to say, have done quiet, inobtrusive, but real mission work amongst their neighbours, and one who went out to Australia said, "When I get there, God helping me, I will strive to spread amongst others the glad tidings which have brought joy and peace to my own soul."

Who can tell how many missionaries may go out from a Mothers' Class? Until quite lately, however, I never asked the members to contribute of their little means towards any Missionary Society.

When I suggested that our people might show their thankfulness to God by contributing a trifle towards missionary work, in proportion to their ability, they gave a hearty assent to the proposition.

Accordingly, a box with a couple of slits in

the lid was placed on a bench not far from the door.

The mothers might pass it if they chose, or they could go out of the room without doing so, and no one was personally solicited to give.

On the first day the contributions exceeded six shillings, and, each week since, the average contents of the box have reached half-a-crown, mostly in half-pence.

A week after the start was made, one of the mothers sent a little key, with a request that it might be kept until she brought the box to which it belonged.

A few days later this was handed in, and was found to contain above seven shillings collected from workpeople and others with whom our good mother came in contact.

Again the key was left, and after a longer interval the box returned a second time, somewhat heavier than before. The contents comprised more copper and smaller silver pieces; but there were eight shillings' worth to be again added, either to the Missionary Fund or for the help of poor members.

This effort is another proof that from even a little start in a right direction others are certain to follow. It is not only what is done at a Mothers' Meeting which is of consequence. The circle itself is but a small one. It may be a class which meets in a cottage, or may spread until it becomes an important one even in numbers. The class of which I write has above 250 members, and I know of two others, admirably conducted, which are far more numerously attended.

In any case, whether the class be small or large, each member is the centre of another circle, and can exert an influence for good in her home which will, in turn, send out others to exert a similar influence, either for good or evil on the next generation and in other homes.

Our missionary effort furnishes an illustration. First our own mothers are stirred to take an interest in, and help by prayer, work, and gifts, the spread of the gospel at home and abroad.

Then our good "mother" starts what I call the "Baby box," it being the offspring of that at the meeting, and awakens the interest of many outsiders who do not belong to the class.

And I hope the telling of this little beginning may induce other Mothers' Meetings to start a missionary box. If all such gatherings up and down the country would thus "lengthen their cords," where substantial help might be afforded to Missionary Societies wanting funds to extend their sphere of labour.

The money would be no insignificant contribution, and if, with each coin dropped into the box, a prayer were to be offered, would not the "Lord of the harvest" hear and answer? Would He not send labourers to occupy the fields "white already to harvest?"

Surely we might look with humble confidence for a glorious ingathering of souls through the blessing of our God upon the preached Word. The rich give of their abundance, but it is also by the pence and the prayers of the many that some of our noblest societies are largely upheld.

I hope that Mothers' Meetings will do their

part, and that each gathering of the kind will soon have its missionary box.

PRIZES FOR THE MOTHERS.

VI. It may seem strange to give prizes to such old scholars as the members of a Mothers' Class, but for several years past a number of books and pictures have been distributed at our annual tea. These were not offered to induce women to attend the meeting, but given to them because they had shown, by their unfailing regularity for years together, how much they loved and valued the opportunity of doing so. Prize winners are allowed to choose a Bible, church service, book or picture.

One year, amongst other books, twelve bound volumes of the "Leisure Hour" and "Sunday at Home" were given. It may be imagined how much pleasure the reading of these afforded in as many homes.

"One o' those big books" is a much coveted treasure, and a young wife will ask for her prize to be of this kind. "I have a Bible, and I should like something for my husband; because he is so fond of reading. A book will be so nice for us all."

Another older member will choose a Bible, with large print, because her eyes are not so good nowadays; whilst a third will beg for a picture, adding perhaps a whisper, accompanied by a little sigh of regret, "I should like a book, but I cannot read."

The pictures are the "Birds and Blossoms," "Floral designs with texts," and the coloured "Scripture Scenes," published by the Religious Tract Society. Very pretty and artistic they are, and when surrounded by broad mounts and gilt frames, they make charming ornaments for cottage walls. We have distributed several dozens of these amongst our mothers, and the possessors are extremely proud of their prizes, and tell how they will be bequeathed, as great treasures, to their children after them.

NO CREDIT OR DEBT.

VII. In my former paper, I stated that we gave a certain amount of credit to our clothing-club depositors, and allowed them to have any article when it was half paid for. At the end of another seven years, I am able to repeat that I never lost five shillings through trusting the mothers. Still, I am inclined to think that, as a matter of real kindness to the members, it is better to make credit the exception, rather than the rule.

We can speak with true pleasure of the almost perfect honesty of our clothing-club depositors. Still, debt is a burden, and while sometimes it may be almost a necessity, it is better to put the Bible rule, "Owe no man anything," before our working women, and advise them to exercise all possible self-denial, rather than buy what they cannot pay for at once.

HELPING ONE ANOTHER.

VIII. As a rule they are kind and helpful to each other, warm-hearted, respectful and affectionate towards those who conduct the meeting. Look round our room. On one seat you will notice a

young mother and a much older neighbour, sitting together. They walk a long way, and are not related; but the younger woman would be unable to attend, were it not for the help of the elder one. The latter carries the stout baby part of the way; and nurses it at the meeting, whilst the mother's fingers are busy. Or if the mother has been obliged to miss, owing to sickness amongst the children, or if baby is too fractious to bring, owing to teething, the elder will stay to watch and nurse them, so as to let her friend be present in her turn.

Look on another bench! There is an elderly woman stone-blind! She is led to the meeting-place, week by week, carefully and kindly, by another elderly neighbour. Only a feeble body herself; but she is at least able to be "eyes to the blind."

See how that thin face has lighted up after a communication from a member who has stayed to whisper something before leaving the room at the close of our little service!

I have not heard what was said, but I can guess that there was a silver coin slipped, from palm to palm, during that hearty hand-shake, and that a word of kindly sympathy and encouragement caused the light to flash into that face. The giver is somewhat better off than the majority, and she lives in a smaller home than circumstances render needful, and spares on herself, that she may have something to spend on others. She realises the truth of her Master's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

I stop to ask another woman whether an article —one of a parcel given to me for distribution—will be of use to her! I know it will, for she is poor, and a pleased look on her face gives the first answer.

But she hesitates; then says, "Thank you, ma'am. I'm very much obliged, but there are some of the mothers that need it worse than I do. We are all very well, and the girls are working. Mrs. —— has had her children ill, and he," the husband, "has been playing for three weeks. Maybe, you would give it to them. Thank you kindly all the same."

And she goes her way, abundantly contented to give up what would be useful to herself, for the sake of one who is in greater need, because of sickness, and of the husband who has been *playing*, that is, out of work.

No solitary incident is here described. Similar ones have occurred again and again. And many too there are who would hide the poverty that is actually pinching, and never find words to ask for help for themselves; but who will plead on behalf of others, and even spare some trifle for them out "of their penury."

We who conduct such meetings see plenty of the tenderness, self-devotion, and loving-kindness of the very poor. We go to teach and learn precious lessons from our scholars. We thank God for what we see, and take courage when we were inclined to be faint-hearted. We realise the faithfulness of the promise, "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself."

There are, of course, some self-seeking members, women, generally of the idle, gossiping, slatternly

sort, who go from meeting to meeting to see what they can get. They put on miserable faces, sigh and groan when spoken to, and often show great abstemiousness in the use of soap and water, either as regards their persons or their clothing.

They seem to think that doleful faces and dirt are the things to attract commiseration, and insure substantial relief. I would earnestly advise all conductors of Mothers' Classes to be very careful in dealing with new comers of this description. Nothing does more harm than indiscriminate giving. It injures the giver, who, once deceived, becomes suspicious, even of the deserving. It hurts these, by depriving them of help alike needful and merited. It does double harm to the idle and worthless, by encouraging them in their evil habits.

An amusing instance of the manner in which one of these impostors was exposed comes to mind as I write.

A friend of mine, a shrewd Lancashire woman, had a Sunday afternoon Bible Class, which was largely attended. To it came a wretchedly-dressed female, whose miserable appearance could not fail to attract attention. She evidently wished that it should, for she took a prominent place, wept much, and made frequent use of a miserable rag of a handkerchief all through the lesson.

This went on for several weeks, but the superintendent made no sign, though cases of real need always found sympathy and help from her. She had, however, made careful inquiry, and discovered that the woman had plenty of good clothing, and was an arrant impostor.

One day the ragged member lingered behind the greater part of the class, and went slowly towards the door, weeping as usual. The superintendent was speaking to another person, and the woman stopped beside them, and first raised an imploring, tearful look to their faces, then glanced at her wretched rags.

With a spirit of fun, which she well knew how to use, our shrewd friend laid her hand on the ragged shawl, and raising her clear voice so as to attract the attention of all still in the room, she said, "See now! What a careful body we have amongst us! You must none of you think she is badly off, for she has a boxful of good clothes at home; only she is frightened of wearing them out. It's only her carelessness that makes her come here like this."

The woman looked thoroughly disconcerted, and gladly slipped away as soon as the detaining hand was removed from her shoulder. To her credit, be it told, the lesson went home. On the following Sunday she reappeared; but not in miserable rags. Decently and comfortably clothed she took her place at the meeting, and under the kind and wise influence of my Christian friend, and by the higher teaching of the Holy Spirit of God, she became a far better and happier woman.

I could add much more to what I have written, but here I will pause, only expressing the hope that this little record of experiences gained during another seven years of work may be of use to others who labour lovingly in connection with Mothers' Meetings.

RUTH LAMB.



gratitude, than they began to exhibit the sentiment with which this gratitude animated all: "O God of our fathers, we have not merited this thy favour! Thy people is an ungrateful one: We have sinned, cried they, we have sinned against the Lord!"

My brethren, this is your course before God; follow it, and He will be your safeguard; and this is what I have left to tell you of, in retracing very rapidly the third and last epoch of my text.

The sweet emotions of Israel at Mizpah were not to endure long; and their fidelity being but recent, had to be submitted to the trial of a rude encounter.

Whilst this people were giving themselves up without fear to the emotions of their piety, and were humbling themselves before Him by whom kings reign, very suddenly the news was spread in the camp of Israel that a powerful army of the Philistines was advancing upon Mizpah.

These Philistines had perhaps been themselves alarmed at this immense concourse of Israelites so near their frontiers. Could the uncircumcised imagine that such vast multitudes of men had assembled only to lament over their sins, only to fast, and to seek altogether the face of an invisible god? Besides, the opportunity must also have seemed favourable for them, to surprise at the same time all this people, and to destroy them by a single blow. As soon as they found out the intention of Israel, their chiefs secretly got ready a powerful army, and measures were taken in order to arrive unexpectedly at Mizpah, whilst the unarmed and undisciplined multitude of the Israelites was still assembled there.

At this unexpected news, the first emotion of Israel was that of terror. What was going to become of them? they were almost all without arms: besides, the Philistines had for twenty years the advantage over them in war; their army was near: already was heard at a distance the sound of their marching and their chariot wheels. It was too late to fly. In the eyes of flesh, and in all human appearance, deliverance was impossible.

What was to become of them, and what could they do?

My brethren, they did not hesitate long. There is a God who reigns in heaven, and who has made promises: it was towards Him that they looked up. "Then," we are told in our text, "the children of Israel came to Samuel, and said to him: Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God, that he will save us out of the hand of the Philistines."

Here, my brethren, Holy Scripture presents for our consideration one of the most interesting scenes contained in the Old Testament; let us now contemplate it.

At the sight of this people who gave up all their deliverance to the Lord, the whole soul of Samuel was raised towards heaven in fervent and silent prayer. Already the Philistines were seen at a distance, advancing in the order of battle: all the people with anxiety had their eyes on the prophet. Then Samuel, before making his voice to be heard, took a young lamb, which he sacrificed on the altar, in order to remind his

brethren that prayer is not received into heaven but for the love and through the merit of Him who is "the true Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world" (John i. 1, 29); and whilst the blood of the victim was flowing on the altar, "Samuel," says our text, "cried to the Lord; he cried for Israel, and the Lord heard him."

A very important lesson is here given us, you already know it: as soon as the children of Israel had cast away their idols, had deplored their estrangement, and given up their hearts sincerely to serve the Lord, then He exercises their new faith, and strengthens it, by making it pass through threatening trials, and through blessed deliverances successively.

Well! my brethren, thus it has always been with God's chosen people. When one of them has begun to lament after Him; when, receiving His word with the submission of an honest and good heart, he has turned his most cherished desires towards the Lord, then God who loves him often comes to visit him with trials, and prepares deliverances. Yes, it is by this twofold lesson that God makes His people grow in the faith, in the spirit of prayer and in holiness; by this, that He shows them their weakness: by this, that He conducts them to come humbly to the Bible; to seek its meaning, to desire that all the promises of it may be Yea and Amen; to believe them unreservedly: by this means it is that in experience He teaches them to pray, and in deliverance to bless; in trial, to see their unworthiness; and in deliverance to see His goodness; in trial, their littleness; and in deliverance, His everlasting power and faithfulness.

Undoubtedly, there are among you some souls that God is to-day causing to walk in this road. He visits them either with disease, or with mourning, or unseen pains, or, perhaps, by some internal conflict. Their enemy pursues them; He surrounds them with temptations; He loads them with distress and grief. My brethren, it is then that a faithful soul learns to place himself, like Samuel, before the Lamb of God, and to cry to the Lord.

Oh! then have true courage! for there is here one greater than Samuel. Israel, at Mizpah, was terrified at first, but afterwards sought refuge in the Eternal, and soon recovered all hope, when they saw in the midst of the plain, the man of prayer, Samuel, the friend of God, standing before the slaughtered lamb, raising his heart and his hands towards heaven, to send thither ardent prayers amidst the smoke of the victim.

Well! my brethren, have good courage; for I have told you, there is here for you a greater than Samuel. Yes, far above the plains of Mizpah, we have a Samuel whom the Father always hears, and who prays for his people. Yes! in heaven, near the Father, we have the Lamb which was slain, the true Lamb who takes away the sins of the world, "the high priest, who has entered for us into the heavens, not with the blood of lambs, but with his own blood, having obtained for us eternal redemption." Approach Him then with a true heart, and a sure certainty of faith. My brethren, I repeat it, there is here a greater than Samuel. "To him who places all his confidence

in Me," says the Eternal, "will I reveal the salvation of his God."

This deliverance will not perhaps take place for you on the same side of the tomb that the trial has: but then it will be greater, more complete, more pleasant!—Oh! how great will be this deliverance on the day of the renewing and consolation of the children of God, when, having come out of great tribulation, and having made white their garments in the blood of the Lamb, there will be no more tears, no more death, and, above all, no more sin!—Let us have courage then! However it may be, and whenever it may be, deliverance is certain. Observe how that of Israel offers us a striking example.

The people were in an attitude of much emotion, whilst the blood was flowing on the altar, and Samuel was crying to the Lord. The army of the Philistines, in the order of battle, was hastening its threatening march, and already uttering the shouts of war, when suddenly the Lord thundered on this day with a great sound, with a terrible noise. The elements seemed to be torn asunder, the earth trembled, and amidst the Philistines a profound dread seized all hearts. What are they before Him who reigns in the heavens, and whose voice shakes all nature? They cast away their arms: they are confounded; they fly on every side. It is the terror of the Lord that falls upon them. Then Israel, at the sight of such a prodigy, pressen upon them, seizing the arms cast away in their flight, and smiting them from Mizpah unto the high plains of Bethear. From this day the greatness of the Philistines is diminished, their pride brought down, and that ruin was commenced, which would in a few years extinguish the race.

But what does Samuel then? Always employed for his God and for his brethren, in order to bring them to his God, Samuel desired that the remembrance of such a deliverance should never be effaced in Israel. There must be raised immediately, on the very scene of this last deliverance, a monument of this and all other victories. They found a large stone, and rolled it between Mizpah and a rock: "This place," cried he, "shall hereafter be called Ebenezer, that is to say, the rock of succour." They rolled the stone, they raised it, and in consecrating it, Samuel pronounces on it, before all the people, these solemn words: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us!"

Christians, who are hearing me, let us finish also with these words: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us!" Yes, we also, who by the grace of God rejoice in the blessed assurance that our souls are redeemed, that our sins are pardoned, and that Jesus has prepared a place in the house of the Father for us; let us also raise the stone of salvation, and let us cry: Ebenezer! Immediately after terminating this service of meditation, in which we have gone over the way of our God towards His redeemed, let us not go forth, oh! my brethren, and let us not separate, before placing in the midst of us, the stone of our Ebenezer; without crying out also, before God, these words so deeply touching for the soul that understands them: Up to this day, up to this place, "hitherto the Lord hath helped me!"

Yes, my God, up to this day thou hast blessed me, thou hast helped me, thou hast preserved me! Thus lovedst me first! It was not I who chose thee: it was thou who choosest me: thou hast sought me, when I was not seeking thee: thou didst put the Bible into my hands: thou hast opened my eyes to perceive my Saviour in it: thou didst surround me with succour and blessings! When I might have perished, thou didst preserve me; when I wanted to forsake thee, thou didst pursue me, thou didst bring me back. When I offended thee, thou didst pardon me. When I needed chastisement, thou visitedst me, striking me with one hand, and sustaining me with the other; and when I wanted consolations, oh! my God, thou didst make them abound! Ebenezer! Oh, my God! This, my brethren, this is every day the cry of a faithful soul: "Hitherto the Lord has helped me, has supported me, has consoled me! Ebenezer!" Yes, this is his habitual thought, in proportion as he approaches eternity, "giving thanks always by Jesus Christ," and in the remembrance of the past, giving up to Him without reserve all the future!

Ebenezer! Hitherto my God has helped me!

Ah! let us *always* have written before our eyes these words, my brethren! Let us have them always as if they were written before our eyes, and on the palms of our hands, in order to learn every day to trust better, and to love more! I would like to write them on the doors of my house, on the first pages of my Bible, on the bed where I repose, on the table where I go to take my daily bread! I would wish to write them at the approach of my death, upon my bed of sickness: and when I shall be about to descend into the tomb, I would like to be able again to write them with my dying hand on the stone prepared for me: Ebenezer! hitherto my God has helped me! My friends when reading them will raise their thoughts on high to bless our common Saviour, and they will know that I have left them only to go and inscribe once more these same words, with a hand triumphant, on the gates of the heavenly city, which have been opened for me through thy grace. Oh, my God! and only through thy grace! Ebenezer! Amen.

A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

BRIGHTSIDE is a small railway station associated with sundry bright and pleasant memories for me. It is built almost at the base of a steep hill, some portion of the slope being cut away to obtain the necessary level to receive the wooden sleepers and iron rails. Around it, and stretching through the valley to the left, once lay very pleasant scenery, now somewhat smirched by the smoke of tall chimneys and the "smudge" of sundry "works" wrought by men of the artisan lineage of Tubal Cain.

Over the steep hill to the right is seen a foot-path starting from the station ground, still pleasant, and commanding an extensive prospect, changing its aspect with the ascent of the passenger till he sees, at some miles' distance, the everlasting cloud and canopy of smoke, some-

times completely covering, and seldom more than half-revealing, a large town, where gigantic workings in steel and iron are carried on in Cyclopean style.

Gaining the summit of the hill, the wayfarer may stand and muse whilst he listens, if the wind be favourable, to the distant din of human labour, accompanied with the dull thump of huge hammers wrought by steam.

Passing the summit of the hill and descending its southern slope a little way, he comes upon a scene more pleasing than that he leaves. Rustic lanes, green meadows, with interlacing hedgerows and belts and clumps of trees, dotted here and there with cottages and farm-steeds, make a rich foreground. The vale in the middle distance shows here and there groups of gables and chimneys, half-hid by intervening woods, and surrounding a lofty, "heaven-directed spire," which surmounts them all, and stands out sharply cut against the background of receding hills, reduced by distance to a sort of blue mist. Some of the loveliest scenery in England is in the vicinity of regions where mining and manufacturing have brought desolation and ugliness to the surface while drawing wealth from beneath the soil.

As we stand on the shoulder of the hill over whose head we have passed, we look down on a projection which we may call its lap; and as the stone statue of the Bishop-architect on the façade of York Minster bears upon his knees a model of the cathedral, so this hill bears in its lap, which seems made for the purpose, a certain antique hall surrounded by lovely grounds and gardens, which spread over the knees of the hall-supporting lap like an embroidered robe rich in colour and fragrant with perfume. One might imagine that a mass of earth had been cut away to form the grounds and prepare the site for the house. Snugly sheltered below the bosom of the hill, surrounded by all the beauty which lawn and shrubs and flowers could give, commanding a far-reaching and enchanting prospect, it was felt to have no small interest for a student like myself, who found it a refreshing relaxation to visit this calm retreat.

Charming was the scene, and charming were its surroundings, but the charm of the household excelled them all. Warmth of friendship, refinement of manners, intelligence of intercourse, and purity of mind, enriched and hallowed by an all-pervading yet unobtrusive sentiment of religion, combined to present a magnetic attraction for kindred souls. To such a household Watts' lines might be not unfittingly applied.

"Where streams of love from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul;
And heavenly peace with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole."

Before the railway was constructed I had gone many a time to the dear old hall on foot, and since the construction of the railway I have gone many a time by train as far as the nearest foot-path that would lead me to the same goal. The first of these journeys was one of the most memorable I ever made.

One beautiful afternoon, in company with an

eminent Christian minister now deceased, I set forth to visit the old hall, where we were to dine with the family. We took tickets for Brightside, and entered together a first-class carriage. The trip was short, and we came to a stand at our destination before we expected. The line was but just opened, and the station incomplete. It could scarcely be said there was a station. "Navvies" were still at work on the sides of the line, and as yet there was no platform. Masons were putting in the lower courses of stone walls for the waiting rooms. The officials had hardly got into training, and some confusion prevailed. We were on the down line, and should have got out on the left-hand side. Our carriage was the last in the train, and we were the only patrons of the first class. The doors of the other carriages were opened, and the name of the station shouted aloud; but no one came to us. The proper door on the left hand would not open, or would not open easily. New to railway travelling, but quite aware there could be no time to lose, I opened the right-hand door and stepped out. Before I could descend the steps the engine began to move on, and the impulse I had already received was quite enough to endanger the balance of the body when the foot reached the ground. Convinced by experience that, with less agility and larger communicated motion, my companion the doctor would be sure to fall if he attempted the same feat, I looked anxiously after him, and was alarmed to find that he had already got down upon the long wooden step of the carriage which I had just left. Seeing that the train was gaining speed at every moment, and certain that a step to the ground must be followed by a dangerous overthrow, I shouted to the doctor to go back—shouted with all my might, and knowing that he was deaf, accompanied the shouting with vigorously demonstrative signs, while I stood a little off from the carriages between the rails of the up line. The doctor, however, being dull of hearing and bowing his head to look well to his feet, was apparently moved by neither sounds nor signs. Meanwhile it had been discovered that we ought to have been let out on the other side, and there were great shoutings to the engine-driver to stop, whilst the station-master came round the end of the train to see what could be the matter.

Combined with the shoutings to the engine-driver, other shouts almost simultaneously arose from the station-master, and from men on both sides of the line.

"Ya! Hoy!" "Stand back!" "Stand clear!" "He'll be killed!"

These cries were followed by a confused roar of voices in evident terror.

The doctor was still on the step, and I was still shouting and making signs for him to re-enter the carriage. The additional noises drew his attention. He lifted his eyes, turned about, and adroitly stepped back to his seat—the train having been again nearly brought to a stand. 'Twas a near escape from damage to limb if not to life.

Till this crisis I had thought of nothing but saving the doctor. I supposed that all the demonstrations by others arose from anxiety about him, and was totally unaware that the

warnings and terrific shouts and screams had anything whatever to do with me.

Yet so it was, though I had no time to know it till the threatening danger which produced them was avoided.

The moment after the doctor re-entered the carriage and closed the door behind him, I heard a shrill piercing whistle.

I looked round and saw the "up-train" (which did not stop at that station) frightfully near, coming at full speed on the rails between which I was standing. The engine appeared almost close upon me.

Strange and unaccountable as it may seem—it has always been astonishing to think of—I felt not the slightest emotion or fear. Self-possession was happily complete. Instinctively, but calmly, one single step or stride was taken across the outer rail, and I stood clear of the engine, which shot by me almost before the left foot was brought up to its fellow.

I fancied the buffer might have touched my sleeve, and I felt the strong wind of the train as I brought myself to the perpendicular, amidst the yells and screams which rose around me, and which were almost drowned in the thunder of the passing train.

The whole thing was done in far less time than it has taken to tell. In one moment I was in a wild excitement to save the doctor's life—in the next a single step saved my own. With how literal truth it might have been said, "There is but a step between me and death."

When the train had gone past, I turned to look round on the groups about the station. One brown, brawny "navvy" (he had perhaps seen many a man killed), who had thrown down his pickaxe, seeing "all right," grasped his tool again, and resumed his work. Some looked strange and astounded; some retained the effects of recent agitation; some were evidently relieved of a painful suspense. The station-master, feeling, mayhap, as if more burdened with responsibility than others, stood before me statuesque, with lifted arms, outspread fingers, fixed staring eyes, and frightfully livid countenance—stiff as if he were petrified. I never saw a more intense expression of fear. The appalling pallor of his face was not replaced by the natural hue before we left the station. Let me do him the justice to say that he was in no way to blame.

Meanwhile the carriages by which we had come had been "brought up" again, the doctor had been safely landed on the proper side, and crossing the line in the rear of the departing train, he quickly and clearly understood the extent of the calamity we had been spared.

"It is very evident," said he, in his quiet decisive manner, yet not without the deepest gratitude in his tone, "that we have had a very narrow escape with our lives. We may be very thankful."

"It's a wonder you were not killed, sir, both of you," said the trembling station-master, recovering the use of his tongue, and in some confusion about the tickets which he had now to receive.

We gave up our tickets, and took our way towards the old hall, followed by looks of wonder

and awe, as if there was an impression that we bore charmed lives, or as if there had been some sense of a superhuman presence, which we truly felt there was.

After the first few moments we walked in silence, slowly breasting the steep ascent, each solemnly communing with himself, or in his heart gratefully praising God.

Arrived at the hall in the lap of the hill, we received the courteous greeting and loving welcome which were always found there from those who knew how to "use hospitality without grudging." Before long we were seated at the well-spread table, and found that the good cheer lost nothing of its relish from the mingling of some unusual ingredients of adventure in the accompaniment of the "table-talk."

Nor was the evening's interchange of thought the worse for suggestions and associations brought up by our recent danger and escape: whilst they imparted a savour and fervour to the family devotions which rounded the dear delights of that happy evening with an appropriate close.

The words of the 121st Psalm supplied a fitting strain of song, the last verse having a double aspect, looking forward to the future as well as back upon the past.

"He guards thy soul, He keeps thy breath
Where thickest dangers come.
Go, and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home."

Not one in all the social gathering was unmoved by the good doctor's prayer, the full utterance of a devout, strong, manly nature.

No wonder that I should cherish life-long memories of Brightside, or that I never pass it without recalling my peril and rendering grateful, albeit silent, thanksgiving for my deliverance.

Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE.

IX.—BEPO.



T was noon. The July sun was pouring down his burning rays upon the rich country of the Canton of Vaud. Everywhere the golden harvest strewed the ground; the labourers were reposing themselves, and taking their repast under the shade of some trees; the birds were still; they were too warm to sing. The air was oppressive, and the road which stretches from Geneva to Nyon was very thickly covered with dust. No traveller ventures out at this time of the day, but down there, near a grove of wood, three large caravans were standing. The unharnessed horses were cropping the thin yellow grass, in a languid and weary manner. If I am not mistaken, we already know those caravans with their narrow windows, their low chimneys, and their strange owners. Yes, for there was Judith sitting on one of the outside steps busily mending one of those unavoidable nets which the mountebanks make use of.

Near to her, the beautiful Ciska was standing, leaning her back against a tree, listening with an absent and rather disdainful air to the gallant speeches of the master, whose eyes rarely quitted her. Two or three mixed groups, young and old, men and women, were seated here and there in the coolest spots. But where, then, was our Madeleine? Had she disappeared? If you are not afraid of losing yourself, gentle reader, come with me; let us force our way under the wood, and follow that narrow path. Perhaps our search will not be in vain.

Do you hear that quiet murmur? It is a little bubbling brook running between its mossy banks, over some smooth pebbles. A beautiful willow bends its long and flexible branches over the limpid stream, and look, near the roots of the tree, with his head resting on his hands, a boy was stretching 'his listless length:' beside him a little girl was sitting; she had taken off her shoes and stockings, and was bathing, with delight, her bare feet in the stream. She leaned over the water to gather out of it some bright little stones, which she threw to a spaniel, that wholly entered into the game, and was watching with animated looks each stone as it flew before his nose, and dashed forward to seize it. Yes, it is Madda, our little Madda, and Sirrah and Beppo: all three united in the bonds of a close friendship, and rarely apart.

"Shall you not soon have had enough of that fun?" said Beppo suddenly, without changing his attitude.

Madda turned towards him laughing. "Oh! the naughty jealous boy. He does not like me to play with my dog, because I do not pay him enough attention. Is it not so?"

"It has been going on for more than an hour, and it is not very agreeable to be prevented exchanging a word with you."

"It is true, my poor Beppo. Well, here I am, quite ready to listen to you if you have something to say to me."

Here Madda jumped up upon her feet, having previously put on her shoes and stockings; then she went and sat down on the fine thick grass near her young friend. But Beppo did not speak. He was plucking spray by spray a little tuft of white flowers, and looked on the ground in an absent manner.

"What are you thinking about?" at length said Madda, rather impatiently. "You made me leave off my play for nothing at all. Is not that rather selfish?"

"Madda," he began, abruptly; "I wish all this was finished."

"Why? what do you mean?" said the astonished little girl.

"Yes, I wish I was able to go away. I had almost decided to run away when you came amongst us. I had then already had enough of this business. I do not know why I staid. Now I believe it is too late," added he, as if speaking to himself.

"But why did you think of going away?" asked Madeleine. "Were you then so unhappy?"

"I have never liked this occupation," replied the boy with a discouraged air; "but at present I can no longer continue it. I am beaten every day, and that avails nothing."

"How dreadful!" cried Madeleine indignantly. "You are beaten! Why who beats you?"

"The master, of course," he answered, lowering his voice, and casting around him a timid look. "You do not yet know him thoroughly; he treats you with consideration because you are clever and pretty, and you flatter his vanity by helping him to gain plenty of money: but if you were like me, weak, awkward, and unskillful, he would swear at you, and you would receive blows enough to disgust you with life."

"It is very wicked," cried Madeleine. "You always obey to a minute; you groom the horses perfectly; what would be have more?"

"Ah, there it is! Formerly I performed the greatest feats of skill. I could also dance on the rope; then he was satisfied; but now that I am so soon out of breath, and that it is no longer possible for me to dance, to perform feats, I am despised and ill-treated, and made to feel at every turn that I am in the way."

"Poor Beppo!" said Madeleine, in a sympathetic and compassionate tone; "I should like to be able to do something for you. If what you say is true, they are all very selfish and cruel; but I had not observed it."

"You did not pay attention to it because you are always taken up with your own performances. Besides, the master does not often beat me before the others; it is only when we are alone, and he thinks there is something to find fault with in the horses or the caravans; and he finds plenty of opportunities, I can tell you."

Here Beppo heaved a deep sigh; all at once he became pale, put his hand to his heart, and fell backwards.

"What is the matter, Beppo?" asked Madeleine, much frightened.

"I suffer so much!" stammered the boy. He was panting and endeavouring in vain to recover his breathing. Madeleine ran to the brook, and dipped her pocket-handkerchief in the water, and put it upon his forehead. This cool application seemed to relieve him, or perhaps the spasm had passed: however it might be, he drew a long sigh of alleviation, the colour returned to his cheeks, and he sat up leaning his back against the rough trunk of the willow, his heart still palpitating.

"Oh! Beppo! how you frightened me!" said Madda, clasping her hands. "Do you feel better now?"

"Yes, it is over, at least for the present."

"Does this often happen to you?"

"It depends. Sometimes whole days pass away without my feeling this difficulty of breathing; but during the night I cannot remain lying down, I am obliged to sit up in bed in order to sleep: it is very painful, I assure you."

"Then in that case you are ill! Have you told the master?"

"The master! it is just this which irritates him against me; he says I am no longer good for anything, that I shall never be any better. If I knew where people go after death, I should like to die at once. Yes, I should like to die."

"Oh! Beppo! do not say so," cried Madda, melting into tears. "Will you also leave me, like mother and grandfather?"

"You could do very well without me," Beppo sadly replied, placing his already thin and slender hand on that of the child, who was sitting close beside him. "Anyway, I can be of no use to you, what is it that I do for you?"

"What is it you do?" answered Madeleine, raising on him her large dark eyes, to which her tears gave the lustre of velvet. "You love me; yes, you are the only one here who shows any affection for me. Do you think that I do not perceive that if the master is kind to me, it is through interest, and not love? Do you think also that I do not see how Ciska detests me? She torments me continually; she laughs at me, and turns me into ridicule every time she can; and as to Judith and the others, if they do not treat me rudely, they are indifferent, and never trouble themselves about me. There are only you and Sirrah and the black pony who love me, and you well understand that you are much more to me than they are; for I can tell you everything, and you can answer me."

"Well, probably I shall stop yet a long while with you. Madda, therefore you need not cry any more. I ought not to have talked to you thus, but it was too strong for me. I am sometimes so sad! It seems to me that all around me is black, and that I am going to fall into a bottomless precipice."

Monthly Religious Record

THE gravest anxieties are entertained as to the issue of events in Madagascar. The arrival and departure of missionaries have been impeded, but more serious difficulties have also arisen. Naturally, much excitement and alarm prevail, and many of the people living at Tamatave and other places now occupied by the French have taken flight. In many localities chiefly affected, the attendance at public worship, and at the schools, has greatly diminished. The work of the mission at Tamatave, before Mr. Shaw's reported arrest, had almost ceased, and some, upon whom Christianity had but a slight hold, had relapsed into heathen practices. The bombardment of the northern ports by the French was looked upon as a declaration of war. The French residents were accordingly ordered to leave Antananarivo. The action of the Queen in this matter deserves attention. The general wish of the officers was that they should be turned out of the capital at once, and a message to that effect was sent to the Queen. The reply of Her Majesty was:—"The French call us barbarians, and, if we do as you suggest, perhaps we should prove ourselves to be so. The French gave our people at Mojanga an hour's notice; we will give the French five days. We will not take their goods; and, if they have any difficulty in procuring bearers, we will assist them." This decision was quietly acquiesced in, though not without some muttering and discontent. Such self-restraint is an indication of the growth of right principle. The French sisters of mercy, wives of traders and children, left the capital on foot, it being difficult for them to get bearers to take them to the coast. As much as ten or twelve dollars a man were offered, the ordinary wages being two, or two and a-half dollars. But the bearers were afraid that when they reached the coast the road would be stopped, and they would not be allowed to return home, and so refused these high wages. When the facts were represented to the Queen, men were found for them immediately. The foreigners remaining in Antananarivo have formed a committee to look after their own interests. Prayer-meetings have been held in the principal churches.

THE committee appointed by the French Chamber of Deputies has published its report on the Concordat. The guiding hand of M. Paul Bert is apparent in its conclusions. He is of opinion that the Church has enjoyed many favours for which no provision was made in 1802. Thus, in 1821 thirty new sees were created, the expenses of which have always been defrayed out of the public purse. The Public Worship Estimates rose from 50,000*l.* in 1802, to 2,080,000*l.* in 1877, and stand now at 1,760,000*l.* M. Bert points out that the clergy now occupy a number of buildings which they did not possess at the time when the Concordat was signed, and considers the exemption from service in the army enjoyed by young men who are being educated for the priesthood in flagrant contradiction with the spirit of the Convention. "Politics have become independent, like science, and ethics, or religion. Therefore, complete a separation which is admitted in theory, and nearly entirely carried out in practice; and, by the suppression of the Public Worship Estimates and the denunciation of useless treaties, sever the last link which still connects the Church with the State."

THE new Protestant temple, lately opened at Versailles, occupies the site of the Oratoire of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon. It was that king who, by revoking the Edict of Nantes, declared that he had sounded the death-knell of Protestantism. The congregation now occupying this church worshipped in the palace of the king while the building was in course of erection. The king was not a good prophet.

STATISTICS founded on the census of last year show that of the population of British India, which is given at 254,899,516, the various sects and castes of Hindoos make up no less than 187,937,450. The Mahomedans who come next in order, number 50,121,585; the nature worshippers, or demonolaters, 6,426,511; the Buddhists, 3,418,614. The

Jains, a sect whose worship is mingled Buddhism and Hinduism, are reckoned at 1,221,896; the Sikhs, who are simple Theists, at 853,426; while under the heading of other creeds, or altogether unspecified, are 3,057,130. The total of native Protestant Christians is set down at a little over half-a-million. But this number shows the very satisfactory increase of 86 per cent. in ten years, as in 1871 the total was only 318,363; thirty years ago the number of native Christians was only 102,951.

DR. BUTLER, General Superintendent of the Missions of the Methodist Church in Mexico, in a recent address, gave a cheering account of the state of affairs in that country. He said that Mexico was now "the most Protestant of all Roman Catholic countries." He remembered when General Santa Anna was Dictator of Mexico, and when no Bible or missionary could enter that land. He had lived to see that man degraded, and in great poverty, supported by his clerical friends. There was no nun or convent, monk or monastery, or Jesuit, in all the land. The country was now open to all Evangelical Churches, and he was told by the present President of the Republic to come to him at any time of the day or night if he received any opposition in the prosecution of his work. He had purchased the Convent of San Francisco, which was built on the site of the old Palace of Montezuma, and there the mission had a chapel, school, and book concern. He had also purchased for 10,000 dollars the Inquisition, where the awful cruelties common to such places had been practised. When the Revolution took place, the people burst into the building, as the French did into the Bastile, and, after careful examination of the walls, discovered the secret cells where some of the victims had been built up alive and allowed to perish. Four of these were brought forward by the people, and their photographs taken in the public market-place, that the sun might perpetuate to after-generations the deeds that had been done in darkness. In that place they had now an institution for training young men for the ministry.

THE prizes given annually for scriptural knowledge to the children of the London Board Schools were distributed this year by Mr. Mundella, at the Crystal Palace. These rewards, it will be remembered, were instituted by Mr. Francia Peek, in conjunction with the Religious Tract Society. No fewer than 172,403 children competed in the examinations, being 15,000 more than in the previous year, of whom four thousand have now received Bibles or Testaments. The successful competitors were represented by eighteen of their number, the remainder of the prizes, for the better economy of time, being sent round to the different schools. Mr. Mundella in his speech contended that religious education was making satisfactory progress. In all the London Board Schools the Bible is read, with such explanations and religious instruction as are suited to the capacity of the children; and but one complaint has been made by parents on that head since Mr. Mundella became Vice-President, in 1880, a complaint by a father, which, owing to the mother's remonstrance, was not persisted in; and yet these London Board Schools deal with 300,000 children. On the passing of the Education Act in 1870, only 2,000,000 children were under education in England and Scotland; now there are 4,700,000, and almost all,—Mr. Mundella said "practically all"—these children receive religious instruction in the Board Schools or Denominational schools in which they are educated. "The grand religious principles," said Mr. Mundella, in words that must be interpreted with prudence, "of doing all that is just and kind and right, is a truer teaching and better inculcation of true religion than all the dry dogmas and creeds and formulas that have ever been taught in the world." Mr. Mundella further urged that the effect of education on religious teaching had been an increase in the attendance in Sunday-schools. There are now more than 4,000,000 children under Sunday-school teaching; and as the infants do not attend Sunday-schools, that is a larger attendance of children above the age of infants in Sunday-schools than there is in the day-schools.

MR. MUNDELLA, in introducing the Educational Estimates, gave some statistics which show that the restraining influences of education are beginning to be felt. For Birmingham, the average number of juvenile offenders was in the five years ending with 1875, 1873, while in the five years ending with 1882, it had fallen to 842. In England, the maximum number of juvenile offenders was reached in 1869, when it touched the number of 10,814. In 1875, it had fallen to 7,212, and now it is 5,480. These figures indicate with some certainty the measure of the check which has been put upon the vagabondage of the streets.

We have called attention from time to time to the proceedings of the "Syrian Colonization Fund," the object of which is to aid persecuted Jews, driven from their homes in Russia and elsewhere, mainly by helping them to settle in Syria. At Latakia there is a colony, maintained by the society, a hundred emigrants having been sent there from London last year. A second batch of emigrants has been sent to Cyprus, to land granted by the British authorities, difficulties having arisen as to their being received in Syria. (Mrs. Finn, the Secretary, will give every information, from the office, 41 Parliament Street.) Meanwhile very large numbers of Jews are finding their way to Jerusalem in a state of terrible poverty and distress. Mr. Friedlander, the senior missionary of the London Jewish Society at Jerusalem, has been obliged to seek aid to keep them from starvation, their co-religionists already in the country resenting the arrival of the multitudes who would share the gifts dispensed by the Rabbis. Mr. Friedlander has been for some time in England trying to establish a "Jewish Refugee Fund," to help these newly arrived exiles. The object primarily is to purchase land, and to form colonies, where the immigrants can make their own living by agricultural labour. The two societies are distinct in their objects. In both, the purpose is in the first place philanthropic and charitable, intensified in Mr. Friedlander's case by patriotic feeling; but the kindness shown by Christians, when refused by Jews on the spot, cannot but have a favourable influence in future missionary efforts among these immigrants.

THE numerical returns presented at the Wesleyan Conference, which met this year at Hull, under the presidency of the Rev. Thomas McCullagh, give a total number of members in Great Britain of 407,085, showing a net increase of 13,331. 535 circuits report an increase in membership; 177 exhibit a decrease. There are 1,163 ministerial leaders of society classes, and 24,045 lay leaders. 38,145 young persons meet in junior society classes. The accredited local preachers number 14,183.

THE Earl of Shaftesbury's activities do not diminish with his years. His recent visit to Manchester pleasantly recalls his earlier services. First, on the day of his arrival, he laid the corner-stone of a new building which is to be added to the Central Boys' and Girls' Refuge, Frances-street, Strangeways. In the speech which he delivered on that occasion, the "enthusiasm of humanity" which has always distinguished him, came out strongly. Referring to the training of boys for the mercantile marine, he said, "he was satisfied that among the great mass of the poorer classes there were some of the noblest spirits, if only they were brought to the surface and trained in the fear of God." What happened the other day? There were in the Thames the training-ships "Chichester" and "Arethusa," which had been under his superintendence for many years. The other day, a ship going to New Zealand was run down in the Channel, and almost all the lives on board lost. The water was breaking in at every quarter, and a lady rushed on deck and called out, "Where's the boat?" A sailor called out, "There is no boat for you." There was a boy on the deck—a boy trained in the "Chichester"—and he said, "Madam, you cannot swim; I can. Take my lifebuoy, and put it on." She jumped into the sea, and he did the same, to swim as well as he could. He was saved at last, utterly exhausted. That woman was saved by his generosity. He asked where, amongst the noblest instances of history, in the midst of danger, there was a better example than this of a boy taken from the depths of society? His heart beat with exultation on seeing him, and he said, "God's grace made a boy like that." In the evening there was a large meeting of Lancashire operatives in the Free Trade Hall, when an address was presented to the veteran Earl. Lord

Shaftesbury, in reply, spoke of his audience as his "grandchildren." He reviewed the history of the Ten Hours' agitation, the obstacles which had been overcome, the results which had followed. On a subsequent day Lord Shaftesbury visited the railway carriage works of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, and addressed a large gathering of the men. In the evening he attended a demonstration of children belonging to various societies and refuges, when another address was presented to him, and acknowledged in tender and hopeful words.

LORD PENZANCE, as Dean of the Court of Arches, has pronounced final sentence in the case of Mr. Mackenzie, depriving him of all ecclesiastical promotions or appointments held by him in the Province of Canterbury. The circumstances of Mr. Mackenzie's recent resignation and subsequent institution as incumbent of St. Peter's, London Docks, were not brought under the official cognisance of the Court. But having regard to precedents, and the instructions under which he was compelled to act, Lord Penzance said it was abundantly plain that "incorrigible disobedience to the ordinary or to the canons of the Church, and contumacious disregard to the decrees of the ecclesiastical courts, were fitting grounds for 'deprivation,' as was also the disregard of the directions of the Prayer-book in the performance of divine service." The intervention of the late Archbishop Tait comes, therefore, to be without practical result. Thus far, for fifteen years Mr. Mackenzie has disregarded every sentence passed upon him.

THE death of Mr. George Eliel Sargent removes one who for many years was a constant contributor to the publications of the Religious Tract Society. Its catalogue still shows a long list of books from his facile pen. His stories, which had wide circulation, had all of them a religious bearing. Many of them were instrumental in bringing the first principles of the gospel home to the young. "The Story of a Pocket Bible," now in its twenty-second edition, may be mentioned as one illustration. "The Story of a City And" was almost equally popular. The last volume bearing his name, published only last year, was a reprint from an early volume of the "Leisure Hour," entitled "The Franklin." In the preface he bade manly adieu, under the pressure of growing infirmities, to the favourite pursuits of a long life. But he continued to the last the literary work of criticism and revision on various manuscripts submitted to his judgment. Mr. Sargent was a Sussex man. Born at Battle, in 1809, he first essayed business at Oxford; but turning to more congenial occupations, settled, after his marriage, in the quiet little village of Whittington, near Dover, where he spent the main part of his life. The first story in the first number of the "Leisure Hour" was from his pen; and it was followed in subsequent years by other more elaborate tales. For a long period also he contributed regularly to the "Sunday at Home." In the intervals he was occupied in the production of children's books. He was thus chiefly engaged in the work of the Religious Tract Society. In 1868, he was appointed tract editor; and the closer tie thus formed brought him to London, where he found another sphere of Christian influence. He died at his house in Dalston Rise, a ripe age crowning a useful life.

ANOTHER name has been struck from the list of philanthropic workers by the death of Mr. T. B. Smithies, "The British Workman" and "The Band of Hope," on which for so many years he lavished both money and labour, made him widely known as a social reformer. It is due to him to say that he was one of the first to recognise the value of the engraver's art, in its more costly productions, as a means of popular education. An ardent advocate of total abstinence, he was still more interested in the spread of Christian truth. He was a humanitarian in the best sense, and he cared also for all God's creatures. The dumb animals had never a warmer friend. By illustration and anecdote he has spoken to millions of young people, inculcating the law of kindness in its various forms with a skill rarely equalled. The enthusiasm of his gentle nature overflowed in these channels; but he shared also in many good works that had a larger aim. Mr. Smithies was never married, and devotion to his mother, a woman remarkable for her good sense and kindly disposition, may be mentioned as among his characteristics. He was a member of the Wesleyan body, but was found in constant association with good men of every class. His death followed an illness which had laid him aside for many months. He had reached the age of sixty-eight.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—//erbert.



TED APPEARED, HOLDING KEE'S BY THE HAND.

THE FISHER VILLAGE.

BY ANNE DEALE.

CHAPTER I.—THE WRECK OF THE "SEA EAGLE."

THE fisher-village of Pebbleton was at the extreme east of the coast of Norfolk. The actual village consisted of one straggling street, the houses of which seemed to be chasing one another down hill to the sea; but there were

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some outlying dwellings both along the shore and on the tremendous cliffs. It might have owed its name to the construction of its cottages, for they were all built of the large round or oval pebbles, or sea-worn stones, gathered on its rough and dangerous beach. These were cemented together by mortar, and had an appearance of strength and respectability unusual in the abodes of fisherfolk. They had brick roofs, and the cheerful red of the tiling contrasted well with the sober grey of the walls. Ornamentation

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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there was none, and one cottage was much like another in form, though each had its individuality, as had its inmates.

Perhaps this was as much discoverable in the tiny gardens in front as in anything else; for some of them were fancifully inlaid with pebbles and boasted flower-beds; while others were left to take care of themselves. The windows, also, represented, in some degree, the mind of the inhabitants, some being adorned with white blinds within, and having their frames painted without; while others took no heed of such superfluities. No trees over-topped the houses, and few even were the dwarf bushes that managed to thrive so near the sea; though within a comparatively short distance the fine woods of Pebbleton Park flourished.

One side of the hilly village street terminated abruptly in the top of a strong sea wall, which was paved and enclosed by iron railings. There the sailors were wont to congregate to "look out for squalls," and hence stone steps led down the steep acclivity to the beach. In the immediate neighbourhood of this mimic esplanade was a curing house for the fish caught, and it was perhaps fortunate that it was "a fashionable resort" for the Pebbletonians alone, as the strong fishy odour was not unpleasant to them. The cliffs between which the village was situated rose a hundred feet above the beach, and a road wound through the huge rift made by nature in bygone ages, till it reached the strand. A rivulet, also, ran its fantastic way among the cliffs to the ocean, and, like babblers in general, let its small voice be heard whenever it could. On all sides nature assumed her sternest and severest aspect.

The sea-wall aforementioned had been built by a noble-hearted philanthropist to save the village from the incursions of the sea, which, greedy of prey, was always crying "More! more!" on this fierce Norfolk coast. It had already gained much of the land, and slips frequently occurred endangering life and property. Still people dwelt fearlessly almost within reach of its voracious jaws, just as those who live close to the lava stream of volcanic mountains, continue so to live in spite of fiery warnings.

But what benevolence and science could do to protect the inhabitants of Pebbleton had been done at the most dangerous of the many dangerous spots in its immediate vicinity, and hitherto the mighty artillery of ocean had been powerless to batter down the fortress raised against it by the forethought of man. It was a suggestive and interesting sight, that of the angry billows dashing and foaming against the wall from below, and feeble man watching them from its summit.

And the fishermen were always there. A strange infatuation seemed to draw them to that strip of stone pavement, and to keep them, leaning with folded arms on the iron railing, watching—watching—for calms, for storms, for boats, for ships, for any of the monotonous yet moving scenes passing on the broad highway of ocean.

"'Tis about the time they should be home, isn't it, Job?" said old Murrell to Job Rounce.

"Very near it, I'm thinking," replied Job.

"God grant 'em safety; that North Sea is an awful place," sighed Murrell. "Our Ted is so venturesome, that he must needs go from bad to worse, from rough to rougher, in search of fortune. And 'tis but natural, for he has been waiting a long time to get married, and if your Philis wasn't one of a thousand she wouldn't have waited for him."

"For him, indeed!" ejaculated Rounce. "You forget that young farmer Breese is determined to have her. That would be a very grand match for her, and he has her mother's and my good wishes. She may wait a score of years for Ted."

Old Murrell was seated on a bench, mending a net. He was a fine specimen of the British sailor and fisherman; for he had been both. Though weather-beaten and bronzed, white-haired and wrinkled, he was hale, and would, in spite of the entreaties of his family, still "go a fishing." The bench on which he sat was sheltered by an overhanging piece of rock, and being placed in a natural alcove did not interfere with the promenade of the fishermen.

Rounce was a middle-aged man, strong and keen-eyed, but with forbidding countenance, who stood, pipe in mouth, leaning on the railings with his back to Murrell and his gaze on the horizon, if horizon it could be called. Several other men in sou'-westers and jerseys were beside him.

"Was you ever at the North Pole, Murrell?" asked Rounce, after an ominous pause. "I have been looking for him ever since I was a little chap, through the old telescope, and never seen him yet. I wonder if he sticks out or stands upright like a mast."

"Don't be foolish, Job Rounce. You know he's too far off to be seen, and isn't a pole at all, only one of the ends of the earth. But if we could see far enough, we might see the big icebergs that surround him from this very wall. Sure enough the Lord's works are past finding out, and yet He minds us, and can hold the waters in the hollow of His hand if so He thinks fit, to save us when we be in perils of the deep, and to order all our goings."

"Looking for the North Pole," was not so mythical as it sounds, for such was the expanse of sea that stretched in front and around the spot where the men were, that, as old Murrell said, there was no obstruction anywhere to impede a view of the Arctic Ocean, had sight or telescopic power been strong enough. Nothing but a waste of waters on all sides; and they were wild enough at the moment, preventing the men from launching their boats, and causing their temporary idleness. Distant vessels crossed the sight, tossing up and down upon the waves, but no boats had ventured out that day.

"The Lord preserve the 'Sea Eagle,'" murmured old Murrell, glancing across the ocean at the "white horses" that were riding and careering about in all directions.

Almost while he spoke a small vessel was seen battling with the waves at no great distance, and the eyes of all the watchers turned towards her. Old Murrell laid down his net, and rose to have a better view through a telescope. She was evidently making for land, apparently in the

direction of Pebbleton, where small craft now and then put in for shelter; but there was something amiss with her.

"The storm is rising, look to the boats," cried many voices.

"'Tis the 'Sea Eagle,'" said old Murrell, with clasped hands and prayer in his heart.

And the "Sea Eagle" it was, for with much difficulty and in considerable peril the little vessel at last came within a short distance of the landing-stage at the bottom of the steps. The fishermen hurried down, and in spite of the stormy sea, a boat was launched to board her, for on nearer view it was discovered that she was damaged, and in danger of going to pieces. She was, however, safely reached by the brave fishermen who manned Rounce's boat, the "Albatross," and old Murrell, watching and waiting in faith and prayer, saw several of her crew descend into the boat and receive from the hands of a fifth, who remained on board, a little boy, who was safely stowed away.

"That's Ted who stays behind with the Cap'en," muttered old Murrell. "He'll do his duty, God bless him."

The "Albatross" fought her way back to the little pier, and landing the freight she had brought, again faced the billows. Meanwhile old Murrell made inquiries, and found that the "Sea Eagle" was damaged, and that the safety of her crew was a miracle. While he was anxiously talking and looking at the vessel a shrill voice near him was heard shrieking, "Ted, Ted!" Turning, he saw a little fellow of some four or five years old stretching out his hands towards the vessel and repeating his son's name. He took him up in his arms and sought to console him, but the child resisted, still crying out the name the father loved.

There was, however, no time for colloquy. "The Albatross" was in danger of being wrecked as well as the ship, for the waves were high and strong.

"God is above all, Philis," said old Murrell, to one who appeared suddenly at his side, and whose hands were clasped, eyes strained, and lips parted.

The fisherwives and mothers were now thronging the esplanade as well as the steps; not that they had husbands or sons on board the small ship, but because they all loved Ted Murrell.

"Ted! Ted!" still rung out from the child's voice, and Philis glanced from the sinking vessel to the terrified child.

"He will come to us, he will be saved," she said involuntarily, putting her hand on his fair head, but he took no notice of her.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" resounded, as the boat reached the vessel.

"Thank God. Praise the Lord!" said old Murrell and Philis.

The two men still left in the "Sea Eagle" lowered such articles as they thought best worth saving into the boat, and then got down themselves. They were not too soon, for shortly afterwards she went to pieces, there, in sight of land. The danger, however, was not over. As if envious of the escape of its prey, the waves redoubled their strength and fury, and the watchers on shore

saw the "Albatross" tossed from billow to billow like a plaything. Now she mounted on the summit of one gigantic wave, anon she was lost to sight in the hollow of another; and scarcely could the spectators discern whether Rounce and his friends, together with the pair rescued from the "Sea Eagle," were within her or not. Every telescope that Pebbleton boasted was in use, and most of its inhabitants were onlookers.

"She's gone! God help the old folks!" cried one woman.

"No! there she is again!" exclaimed another.

"What's up?" broke in a somewhat gruff voice, as a sturdy young fellow suddenly joined the group of women on the wall.

A dozen voices explained.

"And Ted Murrell's in the boat!" muttered the young man, with a gleam of satisfaction on his face.

This was young Breese, as he was familiarly called behind his back, though to his face he was always Mr. Thomas. His father was a respectable farmer living in the parish of Pebbleton, and he was an admirer of Philis Primrose, and, consequently, a rival of Ted Murrell. He watched the tossing boat till it came near the little pier, and then went down the steps to watch the landing of its freight.

The first thing he saw was Philis Primrose on her knees, her face covered with her hands; the second was old Murrell with outstretched arms, receiving his son; and the third was a little boy clasping the legs of the rescued Ted, and so endangering his equilibrium. Young Breese stood on one of the steps above the landing-stage, while the other spectators crowded it; but nobody seemed conscious of his proximity.

"Thank the Lord thou art safe, my boy!" cried old Murrell, when the embraces were over, and Philis shrank back among the women, having had a long warm pressure of the hand from Ted. "And where's thy fortune?"

"Ted! Ted! Ted!" shrieked the child, pulling at Ted's jersey.

"Here's my fortune, father," replied the young man, catching the boy up in his arms, while the little fellow nearly strangled him with embraces. "He's the only living thing left of a boat-full, wrecked in the North Sea, and I saved him from drowning. He's a Dutchman, and we can't understand him; but he's mighty quick at picking up English, aren't you, Kees?"

"That's the short for Cornelis," said old Murrell, somewhat proudly.

"Ya, ya!" exclaimed the child, clapping his hands. "Cornelis van der Pol."

Forgetful of all else, Philis and the other women crowded round Ted and the boy, while the men saw to the landing of such things as had been saved from the wreck. Ted and Rounce shook hands, but not quite so cordially as might have been expected; for Rounce was Philis's uncle, and favoured Mr. Thomas Breese.

"Under God you have saved our lives; and I, for one, shall never forget it," said Ted heartily, who was never known to bear malice.

"I hope not," replied Rounce, significantly.

"Better take the boy home, though I'm sure I don't know what we shall do with him," said old

Murrell. "Run on first, Philis, and tell mother and Patience, for I'll warrant me some news-bearer or other has frightened 'em out o' their wits."

Philis flew like a bird up the steps. She was light of foot, and the message she bore gave her wings.

"Philis!" said a voice, while a hand on her arm stayed her steps.

"Yes, Mr. Thomas?" she replied, her face flushing all over.

"How is your mother? Did she get the pork we sent when we killed the pig last week? and does the milk come regular?"

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Thomas. She is much as usual, and I am sure she returns you and Mr. Breese many thanks."

"And you, Philis?"

"Oh! you know I'm bound to be grateful, Mr. Thomas." Philis made a quaint little curtsey as she said this, looked Mr. Thomas in the face, and left him to wonder what the smile in her merry eyes, and the laugh at the corners of her mouth meant.

He was by nature obtuse, and having been always much indulged, was inclined to believe every circumstance must be in his favour, and every person subservient to him.

Philis ran up the village street until she reached its topmost cottage. This was one of the neat ones, and the tiny garden in front was not only paved with round pebbles, but its beds were full of Michaelmas daisies, chrysanthemums in full bloom, and scarlet geraniums. Flowers in pots supplied the place of blind in the lattice window, but a white curtain was draped on either side of it.

"Ted's come home! Ted's all right, Mrs. Murrell!" cried Philis, entering this cottage like a high wind.

The person she addressed lay on a curtained bed in the corner of the room, nearest the fire. She was knitting, or, rather, wools and knitting-needles lay before her on the coverlet. She was a pale woman with a placid, patient face, and was, together with all her surroundings, scrupulously neat and clean.

"Are you sure? Have you seen him, Philis?" she cried, clasping her thin hands, and striving to move. But she was bedridden, and could not uplift herself until Philis aided her.

"Yes, I have seen him. He will be here directly. Where's Patience?" replied Philis, colouring and smiling.

"She crawled upstairs to try and see the ship that neighbour Nockells told us was going down. Oh! my dear! I'm thankful I didn't know our Ted was aboard. He's the youngest of three fine boys, and the others at the bottom of the sea. Their bodies, I mean, my dear—their souls are in heaven. Isn't it a blessed thought that we brought 'em all up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? But where's Ted?"

Philis was upstairs before Mrs. Murrell had concluded a speech to which she was well accustomed, and had entered a tiny room where she found a young girl on her knees.

"Patience, you know you oughtn't to kneel, and Ted's all right," she said, going towards her

friend, and assisting her to rise. "Here are your crutches. Come quick. He'll be here directly, and he has brought the loveliest child! Just like him, isn't it?"

Patience Murrell was a cripple. She and Philis were great contrasts—the one pale, fair, and necessarily quiet; the other bright, rosy, and active, ready of speech and resolute of action. They were fast friends, and their friendship was strengthened by their love for Ted.

They were scarcely downstairs when he arrived, carrying the little Dutchman.

"Here I am, mother," he exclaimed, giving the boy to Philis, and going straight to his mother's bed.

Her weak arms found strength to enfold him, and he remained a few moments in her embrace; then, placing his hands gently beneath her back, he raised her tenderly, while Philis hastened to shake up her pillows to support her.

"I haven't forgotten the knack, mother," he said, laughing while his eyes were full of tears. "Now, Patience, my sweetie, how have you got on without me?" he added, turning to give his sister a brotherly hug.

"Well enough, you vain boy," Philis answered for her. "Ted! Ted!" came from a grieving voice, and looking round he saw his little friend standing alone in the middle of the room, with his tiny fists in his eyes.

"Mother, I have brought you a present," he said, taking the boy by the hand, who, however, resisted the intended presentation to the invalid, probably being alarmed by her white face and white nightcap.

Further explanations were hindered by the arrival of old Murrell, attended by all the women, and followed by Mr. Thomas Breese, Rounce, and the rescued crew.

CHAPTER II.—ROUNCE'S RESOLUTION.

"I wish you could stop indoors, Philis. There isn't a sight in Pebbleton, however trifling, that you can resist," said widow Primrose to Philis, when she entered the cottage in which she lived.

"Well, mother! A wreck may be a common sight enough on this coast, but you can't call it trifling," replied Philis.

"Don't be pert, Philis. I say you could be of no use, and everything's neglected when girls go parading about. There's your uncle's stockings to mend, and that garnsey to finish, and Mrs. Sturt's gown to alter; and now there's your uncle's tea to lay."

"All done in no time, mother," said Philis, at once going to the cupboard, and taking out the tea-things.

Widow Primrose, as she was always called, was a grumbler, and the wonder was that Philis could have grown up such a cheerful, practical girl, under her training. She was what is called "a superior person," which meant, in her case, that she had received a decent education, and had been housekeeper in a gentleman's family. She had married a farmer of the name of Primrose, who died leaving her with one child, and no

means of support. Her brother, Rounce, who was a widower, offered them a home at Pebbleton.

But he proved an arbitrary and exacting companion, and, moreover, given to drink, so Philis was often at her wit's end between him and her complaining mother. She was, however, naturally cheerful, and whenever she felt inclined to murmur, she paid a visit to the Murrells, and, as she said, took in a good stock of patience from their example.

She was clever as well as pretty, and had learnt dress-making from a neighbouring artiste, as well as all that her mother could teach her, and such knowledge as the Pebbleton national school could impart. She was an efficient Sunday-school teacher, and a great favourite of Mr. Repton, the vicar of the parish. Indeed, the Pebbleton opinion was that Philis Primrose could do everything, and that she and Ted Murrell were made for one another, since there was nothing which Ted could not do, that he put his hand to. But being "made for one another," does not necessarily imply that the two parts shall unite, and it is too often the case that, in spite of the original intention, they do not come together after all.

Nobody could say that Mr. Thomas Breese and Philis were "made for one another," and yet, both Mrs. Primrose and her brother Rounce intended them to be joined. They had met at a village treat in the vicarage grounds, and Breese had been heard to declare that she was the prettiest and sprightliest girl he had ever seen in his life. He had haunted her ever since and bad plied her uncle and mother with presents which were, to them, irresistible—for when one has a surfeit of fish and not very mealy potatoes, what can be more acceptable than gifts of pork or vegetables or farm produce generally? Mr. Thomas had not actually asked Philis to be his wife, but certain symptoms prognosticated the possibility of such an honour, and it was as much as Philis could do to avoid him, and more than she could do to make so obtuse a being believe that she did not want him.

And this was the state of affairs when Ted returned from his voyage, and suffered shipwreck so near home.

While Philis was still engaged preparing her uncle's tea, Ted appeared at their cottage, holding Kees by the hand. He shook hands with Mrs. Primrose in a most demonstrative way. Philis was standing near, and Kees went up to her with a look of recognition.

"This is the little boy Ted saved, mother," she said.

"I should not think his father wanted any more burdens, but I suppose Ted knows best," remarked Mrs. Primrose sharply.

"He says that he doesn't consider the Lord's gifts burdens," responded Ted. "I'm thankful to be at home again anyhow, and to find you and Philis looking so well. I hope to have some money soon, and then I count upon having a little house of my own; leastways, if father and mother and Patience can do without me."

"And this fresh Godsend? what's to become of him?" asked Mrs. Primrose sarcastically.

Ted looked at Philis, and coloured. Could he

ask her to begin life with him burdened with this foreign child? But her glance was fearless, and her hand was stroking the boy's fair head.

"I may as well speak out, Mrs. Primrose," said Ted, encouraged. "Although I have been unlucky again—or, as father says, although the Lord hasn't seen fit to send me fortune, I am still hoping for the time when I can ask Philis to be my wife."

"And I may as well speak out, Ted Murrell," replied the widow. "Her uncle has other plans for Philis, and as he has given us a home I don't mean to circumvent him, and am sure Philis would never be so ungrateful as to go contrary to my brother's will. If she was to say she would marry you, he'd turn us both out of doors; and as you have no prospect of making a home of your own, with your sickly family and now that boy atop of 'em, the best thing you can do, if you have any respect for me and Philis, is to let her alone, and then she'd obey her uncle."

"I am sure I should not!" cried Philis.

Poor Ted glanced ruefully from mother to daughter. He felt that Mrs. Primrose spoke the truth, and knew that he had no present prospect of making a home apart from his parents; and that it would be impossible to take a wife to them. He was too proud to stand in Philis's way, and too much aggrieved with Mrs. Primrose and Rounce to seek to conciliate them. Indeed, he knew the attempt would be useless; for they were bent on her marrying Mr. Thomas Breese, and such a match would be a great rise in the world, both for her and her mother. Still he believed that Philis cared most for him, and he hesitated a few moments before he spoke again. He was standing in front of Mrs. Primrose, who was seated in an elbow chair not far from the fire, her knitting in her hand. All the women were usually occupied in knitting the jerseys worn by the fishermen. She had an aggressive air, and her starched muslin cap, black eyes, and knitting-needles, seemed to Ted all points that stuck right into his heart. Philis looked almost as aggressive as her mother, only she was on Ted's side. He twirled his cap, and fidgeted as he bore the widow's gaze, and finally gave her a bit of his mind.

"I should be the last fellow in the world to stand in Philis's way, Mrs. Primrose," he began, "but if she likes me best, why, she'll be constant to me, as I shall to her."

"What shall we hear next, I wonder? A fine prospect indeed! Why you have just been away for a voyage, and with your usual luck you come back penniless and are wrecked upon your own doorstep. And you to think of marrying, Ted Murrell!"

"Well, Mrs. Primrose, I'm hearty enough, thank God; and hope to begin life again tomorrow. I'm off to Yarmouth to get another ship, and shall make for a teetotal one. Although the 'Sea Eagle' went to pieces, I can tell 'ee she did good service for the Lord."

"I don't believe in your Bethels, and your missions, and your preachings and prayings. The old way's good enough for me," said Mrs. Primrose.

"You wouldn't talk like that, Mrs. Primrose, if

you knew what good is being done to sailors and fishermen, soul and body. Many a one is now a God-fearing man, as used to be on the brink of destruction."

"Why you're getting as great a cant as your father, Ted Murrell. Philis, what are you gaping at?"

"I was thinking, mother, what a blessing Ted's father had been among the fishermen, at home and abroad; how many lives he had saved, and how many medals he had won; and I was hoping Ted would follow his example."

"Thank 'ee, Philis. A good name's better than riches, and father has got that. There's no man in Norfolk more respected than he, though I say it as shouldn't; and I would rather stand in his shoes any day than in old Breese's, for all he is so well off and can leave his money to his son. You were talking to him, Philis, on the steps. I saw 'ee."

Ted's tone was so aggrieved, that little Kees pulled him by the jersey. Philis was afraid to explain lest her mother should be displeased, and made no reply. They looked at one another instead.

"Well," he began, slowly and thoughtfully, "perhaps it would be better—" here he paused, for the words stuck in his throat.

"Better what?" asked Philis, indignantly.

"What I pray will never come to pass," he replied, submissively. "But, Mrs. Primrose, I hope no harm will happen either to you or Rounce for being so hard upon those who are worse off than yourselves. Maybe my turn will come some day." And saying this, Ted took Kees by the hand, and left the house without a word of farewell either to mother or daughter.

Soon after he passed out, Rounce came in. The latter was not only out of temper, as he not unfrequently was, but the worse for drink, and asked in a surly voice, what "that fellow, Ted Murrell, was doing there, as soon as ever he came home."

"He just looked in to see us, and no harm done," said Mrs. Primrose, with a significant glance.

"He's an unlucky young man, and nothing seems to prosper with him," returned Rounce.

"I think everything prospers," spoke up Philis. "He helps to keep a good home for his mother and Patience, and has saved a child from drowning, and brought the 'Sea Eagle' near enough to Pebbleton for you to rescue the crew, uncle, and very brave you were to do it."

"Keep your opinions to yourself, girl," said Rounce, "and if you mean to have a roof over your head, give up all thought of Ted Murrell. If you keep company with him you and your mother may go to the workhouse, for anything I care."

"No need for that, uncle. I can work for myself and mother too, and I will," replied Philis.

"You won't do no such thing, for I mean you to have a first-class home of your own, and then your mother can live with you. What dost think of Overlook? I've as good as promised you to Mr. Thomas Breese."

"Promised me! What right had you to do that?" exclaimed Philis, looking defiantly at her

uncle, who had thrown himself wearily on a chair near the tea-table.

"Now, let's have no tantrums, my lass. I'm not so young as I was, and somehow the fish don't come to my net so plentiful as they used. I've got into debt, and am like to be ruined. Young Breese has lent me money, and will clear me out and out, if you marry him."

"I can't, uncle, I—I—w-wont," sobbed Philis, who had gradually broken down.

"You won't!" cried her uncle, bringing his fist down upon the tea-table, and making a terrible clatter with the crockery; "then I'll turn you both out o' doors." And with this resolve he rose and left the cottage.

A CHINESE EXAMINATION.

WE are indebted to Dr. Schofield, of the China Inland Mission, for the following account of the Great Triennial Examination for the degree of Kü-jén (M.A.), as held last autumn at T'ai-Yuen Fu, Shansi.

For the previous two months, students had been pouring into the city from every corner of the province. The examinations with which we are familiar at home afford no parallel to the system followed here. There are eighteen provinces in China, and as the procedure is identical in each, a brief description of the arrangements in Shansi will serve for all.

It must be premised that this province is divided into nine prefectures (Fu), roughly corresponding to the four provinces of Ireland. These again are subdivided into counties (Hsien), about the average size of an English county. Every one who aspires to a literary career, or to any civil appointment, begins by taking the degree of Siu-tsai, which roughly corresponds to our degree of B.A. The examinations for this purpose are conducted annually in each prefectoral capital by the Hsio-tai (Literary Chancellor of the whole province). There is no fixed standard, but a certain number of degrees must be conferred in each prefecture. Thus, the degree does not present any fixed standard, but stands for a greater or lesser amount of knowledge, according to the number of candidates. The graduates assemble every three years in T'ai-Yuen Fu to undergo a further and much harder examination for the higher degree of Kü-jén (M.A.), conducted by a senior and a junior examiner, specially deputed from Pekin for the purpose. Last year the number of candidates was 5,700, and, as the number of M.A. graduates is only seventy-two, the competition was indeed severe.

In some of the southern provinces, where literature is more cultivated, there are as many as 10,000 or even 20,000 candidates. Thus it will be seen that these great examinations dwarf everything of the kind in Europe into comparative insignificance. Early the following year, the newly-made M.A.'s (Kü-jén), together with their predecessors of previous years, repair to Pekin

from all the eighteen provinces for a further examination, similar in every respect to that for Kü-jén, only more difficult. Out of many thousand candidates, only 320 are admitted to the higher degree of Kiu-shi, and these are re-examined in the imperial palace for the highest degree of Han-lin (forest of pencils). All the civil officials of the empire are selected from the ranks of the Kiu-shi. Bribery is sometimes effectual in securing a degree, but it means a large sum, and the present must be made in a very roundabout way from the candidate's relatives to those of the examiner, long before he reaches the scene of his labours. The punishment for the examiner, if convicted, is to be sawn asunder.

The examination buildings here, which have been in course of repair during the whole summer, occupy an immense quadrangular area, about a quarter of a mile square, surrounded by a lofty wall. The whole area is divided into east and west halves by a broad road: right and left are a series of between twenty and thirty long ranges of stalls, roofed over (much like an enormously long stable with 105 stalls), very small, side by side with an open passage unroofed, running along the back. Each stall is for one candidate; he is supplied with two small benches, one for a seat, the other for a table, sliding in grooves. He provides his own bedding, curtains, cooking utensils, food, etc.: the government rations being largely consumed by the underlings, one servant being allotted to each ten candidates. Each range of stalls has a petty official walking up and down, to preserve order and prevent cheating, and also to attend to the wants of the candidates. At the centre of the great dividing road is a tower overlooking the whole area, and several smaller towers are placed at the corners, so as to overlook the candidates. The rest of the area is occupied by extensive courts, surrounded by large and well-furnished buildings for the residence of the various officials, of whom several hundred are employed. At the back of all are the apartments occupied by the two imperial examiners from Pekin. On one side is a great number of buildings for servants, and at the other is another large range of stalls for the copyists.

The examination consists of three parts; each part lasts three days and nights. The first three days the essay subjects are taken from the "Four Books," and a poem of one hundred words must be written. The second three days, the essay subjects are taken from the "five classics." The third three days, questions are proposed on history, music, military affairs and geography. On the third day the candidates come out between noon and midnight; also on the sixth day and ninth day; all essays being delivered up before leaving the building. As soon as the essays are finished and given up, they are given into the hands of an army of copyists, whose duty it is to make copies of the black-ink originals in yellow ink. Sometimes, however, they hide black ink (Indian ink) in their pigtails, and alter and improve the original, if it happens to be written by a friend. When the copies are all completed, they are carefully read by special examiners.

These yellow-ink copies are then submitted to the sub-examiners, who select the 450 best, which alone are read by the two imperial examiners. The seventy-two best graduate as Kü-jén; and their names are published about three weeks after the examination is over. This list of successful candidates is placarded in the centre of the city.

Within the examination buildings, while the examination is going on, nearly 10,000 persons are resident, for the candidates stay in day and night. Soldiers keep guard outside. There are two special officials, whose duty it is to prevent candidates carrying copies of the classics concealed about their person. Though this is the case, my teacher, who was a candidate, told me that nearly all carry small copies of the classics up their sleeves to help them to quote correctly.

The missionaries had made this examination a matter of special prayer for months beforehand. Two tracts—4,000 copies of each, one called "The Great Examination, and how to pass it"—had been printed; also a handbill announcing three prizes—15*l.*, 10*l.*, and 5*l.*—to be competed for, by writing essays on the subjects of "God," "The Soul," and "Heaven's Nobility." This plan of essay prizes had been tried three years before, and, as a result, one of the prize essayists was led to serious thought, sought Christian instruction, and is now one of the most earnest Christians in the province.

When the examination is over, about noon a gun is fired, the great gates are flung open, and the candidates begin to come out.

The six missionaries at work here, with four native helpers, after a short prayer-meeting, went forth, divided into two parties. We had a cart-load of tracts at each end, east and west, of the road leading past the main entrance, and by relieving each other kept up the work of distribution till midnight, one of our number until after two A.M. A great crowd of the scum of the city rabble were at each end of the road, and through these the unfortunate candidates, worn out and exhausted with hard work and want of sleep, had often literally to fight their way. Many had an attendant to carry their furniture and bedding, but many also carried them all unaided, struggling heroically on, till they were seized upon by five or six men anxious to carry their baggage home for them. Sometimes one more vigorous than the rest fought his way through the mob, hammer in hand, but the majority readily succumbed to one or more of the porters crying: "Where to, sir?" "Carry your bundle, sir?" "Here's a cart, sir!" "How much will you give, sir?" or like appeal.

By dint of distributing our forces, and the strictest vigilance, we put a book, sometimes two, into the hands of each candidate, with but very few exceptions.

As the day wore on we followed the crowd of city rabble, who pressed further and further up the road, and during the evening distributed right at the great doors of the main building. Here the mob was kept back by the Yamen servants, who plied their whips freely, but did not strike us. One of these men said quietly to

us, "Come in further away from the mob, you are distributing books, you are doing good." For this encouragement and evidence of favour among the people we were very thankful. Very few of the candidates refused our books; the most received them with evident pleasure and gratitude; some few trampled them under foot or tossed them away. The importance of the opportunity was obvious, when we remembered that these men represented the intelligence of the province, and might many of them be trained officials in the future.

The long-expected day at length arrived; and the list of the seventy-two successful candidates (Kú-reu, M.A.; lit. promoted men) was posted up at midnight.

Early the next morning we heard that our teacher was tenth on the list of successful candidates. Two of us went to see the list. It was written in large characters on an immense white sheet, which was placed beneath a mat screen on the wall of the great drum-tower, forty or fifty feet above the road. Besides the seventy-two columns (one for each Kú-reu) there are twelve more *proxime accessit*. Another gentleman, who had attended often at our chemical lectures and magic-lantern exhibition, was also on the list.

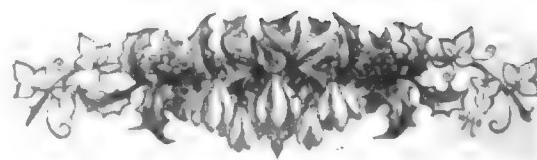
The following day, large placards on yellow paper were posted all over the city, each successful candidate taking this means to announce his promotion to the population at large. The expenses connected with success are very heavy, and most of the Kú-reu pay a visit to their ancestral home (which may be hundreds of miles away) to worship at the tombs of their ancestors and to receive the congratulations of their family and friends.

The excitement occasioned by these events had scarcely subsided when for the first time, among the dispensary patients, there appeared some of the candidates for the military examinations about to take place; most of them wanted medicine to impart muscular strength.

All about the city might be seen numbers of these military candidates from all parts of the province practising archery. They are first examined in archery on foot and on horse-back, in lifting a very heavy stone, in drawing a very stiff bow, in brandishing a heavy sword or claymore; and finally they go into the examination hall, where they have to write their names and their ancestors' for three generations, and also to copy out a small portion of a treatise on military affairs.

About two hundred are selected, and on a given afternoon finally examined before the provincial governor. Out of several hundred candidates, fifty-four pass; these are then in a fair way to receive commissions in the army.

The opportunity thus afforded was taken advantage of by the missionaries, and two of our number took their stand at the gate of the great examination hall, from early in the day until late at night, distributing gospels and sheet tracts, one to every candidate. Besides this, I went into the street to preach and sell books at intervals during the time that the candidates were in the city. If competitive examinations can make a nation, China must be a highly favoured land.



Cloudy Days.

O DAYS of cloud! O days of rain!
With face against the window pane
We watch the driving of the showers,
And count the long and dreary hours;
But wherefore murmur, or complain?

We hope, nor do we hope in vain,
The sun will soon shine forth again,
And waken into life the flowers—
O days of cloud!

Then if no shadows shall remain,
Nor shrouding mists hide hill or plain,
And birds sing in the leafy bowers,
And sapphire skies once more be ours,—
Peace lieth at the heart of pain,
O days of cloud!

CHARLES D. BELL, D.D.

The Falling Leaf.

"How like am I to thee, old leaf!
We'll drop together down;
How like thou art to me, old leaf!
We'll drop together down.
I'm grey, and thou art brown, old leaf!
We'll drop together down, old leaf!
We'll drop together down.
Drop, drop into the grave, old leaf!
Drop, drop into the grave;
Thy acorn's grown, thy acorn's sown,
Drop, drop into the grave."

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

THOU wilt drop into the grave, old leaf!

And, blending with the soil,
Resign existence, fluttering, brief,
Death's undisputed spoil.
The spring may come, with bud and bloom,—
Spring may not call thee from the tomb.

Thou wilt drop into the grave, old leaf,
Earth will demand its own,
And the oak that wears thee without grief,
Return earth's summer loan;
Then bid the light and sun adieu,
No future may thy life renew.

Thou wilt drop into the grave, old man,
And mingle with the mould;
Thou may'st linger yet a few years' span,—
Soon will their date be told;
And thy God-fashioned form of clay
Will moulder silently away.

If the perishable part must sink
Into the silent grave,
And time dis sever Life's frail link,—
Thou hast a soul to save:
Thou art not like the fragile leaf,—
Death ushers thee to joy or grief.

MRS. LINNÆUS DANER.



ARNOLD OF BRESCIA.

NO wonder that Young Italy likes to rear statues in honour of the illustrious men of old. One was raised not long ago at Florence to commemorate Savonarola; and since then another was erected in Brescia, to the famous Arnold, whose name is connected with that city. It is twenty years since the Municipal Council determined on taking this step, but it was opposed by the clergy. Last year, however, the town council decided upon placing it in the great Piazza of the city, and voted a large sum for the celebration of public festivities on the occasion. The statue represents Arnold preaching to the people, and a basso-relievo represents him as reading the Bible! A pastorale issued by the Bishop of Brescia violently condemned the act of the council, and even asked God to let him die rather than such an honour should be done to the heretic. A journal, the organ of the priests, gave out that the small-pox was raging in Brescia—with the intention of keeping away the people from the celebration, and that no absolution would be allowed to any who should attend. Brescia was, however, crowded with people. Four Waldensian ministers were present, and, what is most significant, a large deputation of senators and members of Parliament.

In notices which historians have taken of the far-famed Arnold of Brescia, we meet with a striking example of scanty information united to peremptoriness of judgment. We have nothing like "a life" of this remarkable man; nor have we his written works, if he left any; references to him are comparatively few in contemporary productions, and the chief portraiture of his character we find in controversial Epistles by Bernard of Clairvaux, who exceedingly disliked him. Yet, on the one hand, opinions have been expressed placing him in the light of a worthless heretic, and one of this world's great troublers; and on the other, views are presented which would lead us to regard him as an illustrious church reformer, and a martyr for religious truth. A dispassionate examination of what we can really ascertain respecting this conspicuous hero of the Middle Ages seems to warrant a conclusion lying midway between the two extremes.

There can be no doubt that in early youth he was lector or reader in the Cathedral of Brescia, which we may believe was his native place, that cathedral, however, being not the Duomo Nuevo; but an ancient round church near it, very quaint and odd, dating as far back as the seventh century. Amidst the dense shadows of antiquity, Arnold comes out after he had attained to manhood, as a disciple of Abelard, the great schoolman, against whom the evangelical St. Bernard carried on a long and victorious war.

Abelard was a philosopher more than a divine, and dealt with faith and reason chiefly as an intellectual question, claiming that we must believe only that which we can understand. His

great book, entitled *Sic et Non*, favoured a latitude of opinion without openly opposing church authority. He appealed to Scripture, and wrote an exposition of the Romans; but in his views of the Trinity, of sin, and of Divine grace, he deviated from predominant theological systems, dwelling on the moral influence of the atonement, and rejecting the idea of Christ having made a satisfaction to Divine law by His sacrificial death. Abelard died, notwithstanding, in full communion with the church, expressing repentance for the sins of his early life. One authority states that Arnold of Brescia was a pupil of Abelard, that he studied under him; Bernard would appear to indicate that Arnold adopted Abelard's views at a later period, and appeared as the shield-bearer of that Goliath. However that might be, certainly Arnold undertook publicly to advocate the cause of Abelard, and came to be regarded as one of his most decided votaries.

Brescia exhibited in Arnold's young days, a state of great ecclesiastical and political commotion. The corruptions of the clergy aroused indignant censure; the strife between the imperial and pontifical parties agitated the citizens; and Arnold, who after being a reader in its cathedral became a monk in one of its convents, threw himself into these conflicts, supporting imperialism against the Pope, and strenuously advocating church reform. This greatly offended the bishop of Brescia, and he complained to his holiness about this troubler of the peace. A Lateran Council was held in 1139, and in the Twenty-third Canon of the council certain heresies are condemned. Those of Abelard were not included in that condemnatory canon; but the pope condemned certain opinions held by Abelard and Arnold—and this is recorded in Harduin's Collection (vol. vi. p. 2, 1223). Further, the pope silenced Arnold, removed him from his convent, and banished him beyond the Alps. Consequently he withdrew to France. But though banished he was not silenced; and it was at Sens that he came out so valiantly as Abelard's shield-bearer, according to Bernard's account. He is even said to have taken Abelard's place in the school of St. Geneviève, when that popular scholastic retired to Cluny. The pope had directed the imprisonment of Arnold in a monastery; yet, strange to say, he remained at large, and we find him in the city of Zurich, not only unmolested by the bishop of the diocese, but actually entertained at the table of the papal legate, Guy of Castello, and that too even in spite of Bernard's protestations. It is not clear what distinctive doctrinal opinions, held by Abelard, were adopted by Arnold. Arnold was a different man from Abelard. Abelard was speculative, Arnold was practical. The former lived very much in the regions of abstraction, the latter mingled in the affairs of daily life, and principally aimed at putting an end to church

scandals, and reforming the civil government of Brescia. He was a politician as well as an ecclesiastical teacher and guide. Beyond all doubt he mixed himself up in city matters at Brescia, produced a great excitement there, and incurred the mortal displeasure of the bishop. Attempts at altering church organisations and church proceedings were immensely more hateful to the church authorities than any speculative aberrations such as Abelard broached.

Arnold's opinions, it should be further noticed, touched the pecuniary affairs of the church. He had ideas of apostolic poverty, together with those of apostolic purity. He deplored accumulations of wealth in clerical hands. Those hands grasped and treasured up the chief riches of Christendom. Revenues derived from ecclesiastical poverty were amazing. The theory on the subject was of an extraordinary kind. A distinction obtained between the idea of the church as a corporate body, and the idea of the church as made up of individuals. Individuals, it was contended, should be poor. Bishops and other dignitaries in themselves professed to be humble men, having nothing of their own. The church, not they, held enormous property, in estates, in tithes, in treasures. Gold and silver on the altar, rich vestments, costly ornaments, even the luxuries of the abbot's house and the bishop's castle were all spiritual, not temporal possessions; held by a Divine corporation for the good of souls and the glory of God. Grand processions of cardinals and prelates, with jewelled crosses and the like, and banquets given in monastic and episcopal halls to kings and potentates, were intended to support and illustrate the idea of the church being the bride of Christ, and therefore worthy of the highest glorification on earth. A princely bishop would wear a hair shirt under his robes, would eat his crust at a table covered with dainties, and leave his tapestried chamber to do penance in a cell. This separation between the individual and the corporate body, so provoking to common sense, played a conspicuous part in mediæval history, and, without recognising it, a great deal which went on is perfectly unintelligible. Much of this Arnold saw through, and contended that the spiritual church was not glorified by worldly wealth, that it was to work out its high destiny by spiritual means, and, as Canon Robertson says, "he imagined that the true remedy for the evils which had been felt would be to strip the hierarchy of their privileges, to confiscate their wealth, and to reduce them for their support to the tithes, with the free-will offerings of the laity. These doctrines were set forth with copious eloquence, in words, which, as Bernard says, were smoother than oil, and yet they were very swords." The worthy father (Bernard is sometimes called the last of the Fathers) would thus in scripture terms emphasize the inconsistency between the manner and the substance of Arnold's discourses.

The theory of the Brescian monk about clerical support would of itself be sufficient to account for a great deal said against him in his own day, and ever since; but the blending of polities with religion in his views, must be distinctly taken

into account, in order that we may understand the latter part of his history. He was, to a certain extent, an Imperialist. He was ready to support the Emperor against the Pope, but he was much more of a republican. Imperial authority could not be allowed to go far in notions of government entertained by old Italian cities, Brescia amongst the rest. They would govern themselves, they would do as they liked, with a slight modicum of control on the part of the Emperor. Arnold was in full sympathy with these republican municipalities, and wished to see their dreams realised in other places besides Brescia.

Rome, in the twelfth century, was in a great ferment. Papal, Imperial, Republican ideas came into collision there. Popes were driven out by the populace. The restoration of a Republic, like that of the Roman commonwealth, was earnestly desired by many. Imperial assistance became desirable for the accomplishment of this idea. Some have supposed that Arnold was the originator of it amongst the Romans. But there is no sufficient historical evidence of such being the case. In itself it is very improbable. It attributes, by far, too much influence to the monk of Brescia. It can be accounted for much more reasonably by what may be called a kind of innate republican sentiment, which has lingered through all ages in the Eternal City down to the present day.

We find Arnold in Rome for several years a great political power. This is certain. The Romans rose as insurrectionists, and overthrew the existing government, and proudly established in the Capitol a senate on the ancient model. The tiara and the keys were displaced, and the insignia of the old commonwealth rejoiced the hearts of citizens, as they walked amidst the ruins of the forum, at the foot of the Capitol. Dreams of revived greatness and supremacy rose upon the imaginations of the people at that era, as they did in the middle of the present century.

It is wonderful to read that in 1143, the very legate, Guy of Castello, who entertained Arnold at his table, became Pope of Rome. Perhaps that event brought the reformer there. At any rate, he had now a friend at the head of the church; and promising prospects opened from the palace of the Lateran—with which we may compare the delightful landscape of which one catches a view whilst standing on the Lateran steps. But before long a dark cloud overcast the scene. Guy, who took the name of Celestine II., died within six months. Under his successor, Lucius II., republicanism advanced. Indeed there came a violent revolution. Palaces were destroyed, cardinals were attacked, the pope was deposed from his throne, and had assigned to him for support nothing but tithes and voluntary offerings. This was in accordance with Arnold's theory. What hand he had in it we do not know, but a year afterwards, in March, 1146, he is said to have brought with him two thousand Swiss soldiers, who helped to drive Eugenius III., successor to Lucius, out of the city. It is also said they fortified St. Peter's, plundered pilgrims, and killed some of them within the cathedral walls; but this statement is open to question.

The whirl of the Crusade excitement here sweeps over the field of Roman politics, and Arnold for awhile is lost amidst dark shadows and dust driven by the winds. In 1154 Adrian IV., an Englishman, the only one raised to that honour, ascended the papal throne. "He was a man of great kindness, meekness and patience, skilled in the English and Latin tongues, eloquent in speech, polished in his utterance, distinguished in singing, and an eminent preacher; slow to anger, quick to forgive, a cheerful giver, bountiful in alms, and excellent in character." This description is probably coloured by partiality; and facts exhibit him as sometimes not very peaceful, and as, on the whole, an assertor of the highest papal claims. He opposed decidedly the republican government established in Rome; and ordered Arnold to be banished beyond the precincts. Tumult followed, and a cardinal was slain in the streets. Now, for the first time, the city was placed under interdict; and, it being the season of Lent, ceremonial privations were intolerable to the people, who, in spite of anti-papal

The Emperor was on his way to Rome, to put an end to the confusion, and was met by a deputation consisting of three cardinals, who begged he would secure Arnold, who, as a republican, and an enemy to the established church, was alike obnoxious to Emperor and Pope. Frederic, the Emperor, compelled the noble in his fortress to yield up his friend, that he might be punished and prevented from doing further mischief. So Arnold was delivered into the hands of Frederic, and Frederic delivered him into the hands of the prefect of the city. Whatever might be the proceedings against him, they were under papal direction, and summary vengeance was taken on the victim. All we are told is in general terms, to the effect that Arnold was hanged, and afterwards burnt, and to prevent his ashes from being preserved by admiring followers, they were thrown into the Tiber. "Bad as his doctrine was," says one of his enemies, "I wish that he had been punished with imprisonment or exile, or with some other penalty short of death, or at least that he had been put to death in such a manner as might have saved the Roman church from question." Under a transparent veil of hypocrisy, the papal church was in the habit of transferring offenders against its government and polity to the hands of secular authorities, that no blood might stain its own sacred garments! By such a monstrous fiction the papal hierarchy sought to save itself from charges of cruelty and violence, when inflicting martyrdom on heretics and schismatics.

But Arnold was not put to death as a heretic. He was never formally tried for heresy, though banished by the pope after the Lateran Council; and the charge against him on the ground of doctrinal error was simply that he adopted the heresies of his master Abelard. Abelard was allowed to escape by retracting some of his propositions, and died in peace under the protection of the venerable Peter de Clugny. Of both Abelard and Arnold, Bernard was an inexorable opponent and persecutor. Good a man as he was, and evangelical as a mediæval teacher, he was intolerant in his treatment of heretics, as he called them. Intolerance of error is right and just. Error must be sought out amidst its hiding-places, and brought forth for exposure and condemnation. Logic may be pitiless in its treatment of what is false, but intolerance towards principles is quite a different thing from intolerance towards persons. Bernard could not, or would not, see this distinction; and many like him may be found in the present day. But with all Bernard's vituperations against Arnold, he could not say anything against his moral character. In one of his Epistles (195), he expresses a wish that he were as correct in doctrine as he was strict in life, adding, "he is neither a glutton nor a winebibber, he only, like Satan, hungers and thirsts after human souls."

The place which Arnold of Brescia properly holds in history is that of a virtuous man, who admired greatly one of the most remarkable lights of his age, and followed him not from any close resemblance to his intellectual character, but because he was drawn towards him by superior mental power. He does not appear to have exer-



STATUE TO ARNOLD RECENTLY ERECTED IN BRESCIA.

outhersts, were superstitious to the backbone. The Pope would take off the interdict only on condition of his sentence against Arnold being immediately carried out. The latter then fled from the city, and sought shelter in the castle of a nobleman living in the waste Campagna, who regarded the reformer as a prophet, if not a saint.

cised himself in doctrinal controversy or speculation, but to have confined his attention to matters of instant practical importance. Tyranny in the State and corruption in the Church vexed his soul; and it is not unlikely that personal ambition wove itself in amongst other considerations which swayed his course. He sympathised with the Romans in their dislike to papal rule, and their dreams of municipal sovereignty. He is represented as distinguishing between Church and State, between the spiritual and the civil power, and whilst wishing to see the Bishop of Rome deprived of his control in secular affairs there is no evidence of his objecting to his primacy in religious matters. We do not discover any signs in him of eminent devoutness, or of evangelical fervour; but we do discover in him evidences of zeal for the promotion of civil and religious liberty, according to the best notions conceived in a period commonly denoted the Dark Ages. He cannot be reckoned amongst martyrs to religion, but he was certainly an apostle of freedom and one of the victims of papal tyranny.

JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

Sabbath Thoughts.

DELIVERANCE FROM EVIL.

"Deliver us from evil."—Matt. vi. 13.

IN uttering this last petition, weighty and needful as it is, it is the comfort of the child of God, that his Father in heaven knows much better than he does, what the evil really is from which he seeks deliverance. We are so surrounded by evil, our hearts are by nature so full of evil, and we are so ignorant of the ways by which our Lord can deliver us from evil, that in this prayer we must cast ourselves entirely upon Him, and rejoice that we are led by the teaching of the Saviour so to do. "Deliver us from evil" means much more than deliverance from sorrow, sickness, poverty, or even death itself. These things are the consequences of sin, but they are not sin itself, and sin is the great evil. The Christian knows that many a time it has been good for him that he was afflicted.

"Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good our ill."

Yet from external evil, also, we would in all humble submission ask to be delivered, and here it is our great comfort to be certain, that "God afflicts not willingly" (Lam. iii. 33), "but hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servant" (Psa. xxxv. 27). When we look at the cross of Jesus Christ we learn something of the depths of evil. There we behold the Holy One suffering as none ever before suffered, in order to accomplish a great deliverance, and we know and are assured that it is His will and purpose to destroy evil both in us and around us. The promise and the hope of deliverance lie wrapped up in this very petition; Christ has placed it in our hands, and commanded us to pray "after this manner;" therefore, being assured that what we ask is according to the will of God, we may be assured

also that through the all-prevailing name of Christ, we shall receive what we ask.

Let us think of all the blessed ones who have received full and glorious deliverance,—His "servants, who have fallen asleep in His faith and fear," and for whom we now give thanks to His name. These were once like us, surrounded by evil, in this "present evil world" (Gal. i. 4). They are now walking in the light of God, where no evil can dwell; and through the same blood by which they were cleansed, the same Holy Spirit by whom they were sanctified, and the same Father who gave them the adoption of sons, we too may be washed and purified, and at last safely led to the heavenly home above.

THE FATHER'S THRONE.

"For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."—Matt. vi. 13.

HOW glorious is this conclusion to those who can from their hearts begin at the beginning and say, "Our Father!" To them the capital of this pillar, rising far above earthly things into the lofty regions of everlasting praise—is worthy of its foundation, laid deep and strong, in God's everlasting love! The throne is our Father's throne! The power is our Father's power. The glory is the glory of our Father in heaven, to whom be glory for ever, Amen!

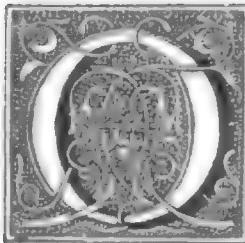
Note how the various petitions find their answers in the doxology. "Thy kingdom come,"—"for thine is the kingdom."—"Thy will be done"—for "thine is the power."—Even in asking for the supply of our wants, daily bread for all this great family on earth,—"Give us our daily bread,"—"Thou canst well meet the wants of all, for thine is the power!" In seeking forgiveness also, we may ask boldly; for with Thee is mercy—Thine is the glory of mercy! Let us raise our thoughts and our petitions as high as we can,—there is nothing too hard for the Lord. Reigning over all things, in His own great glory, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto—He whom we worship, may yet be approached by faith, through Jesus Christ, who says, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). Coming through Him we have access to the Father with confidence (Eph. iii. 12), and may venture to say even to Him who dwells in the highest heavens, "We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty!"

It is a great help to the mind of the Christian to rest in the assurance conveyed in the words of this doxology, that to his God belongs the kingdom, the power, and the glory. For we live in a world full of perplexities to those who have not the eye of faith; and the tempter, who said to the Lord Himself, "All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them, for that is delivered unto me" (Luke iv. 6), is ever trying to deceive us still with the same lying offer. But we may boldly say, "Deliver us from evil or from the evil one—for Thine, not his—is the kingdom."—Thine, Lord! and Thou art able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think!

Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE.

I.—THE BOOK.



"If I could comfort you a little!" said Madeleine, with a thoughtful air. "Ah! but I think of something," she said with vivacity; "I have with me a Book, grandfather's Book: he loved it so much, and mother loved it also. When she was ill, she said that it always made her

happy. Perhaps it will have the same effect on you—I will run and fetch it."

"But, Madeleine, I do not know how to read," cried Beppo, blushing for his ignorance, while Madda was running at the same time towards the camp.

"That does not signify; I can," she said to him, without slackening her pace. Some minutes after, she returned, holding in her hand the little black, worn book, which she had, alas! much neglected since her introduction in the midst of the mountebanks.

"Hero it is," said she; "I had carefully hidden it, for I would not let Ciska take it, as she would have done, without doubt, to tease me, if she had seen it."

"What book is it? What is it about?" asked Beppo, with some mistrust, and much curiosity.

"This book? It is called the *New Testament*. I do not well know what that means; but it is very interesting. It tells us the history of Jesus."

"Who is Jesus?"

"Oh! Beppo! do you not know who Jesus is?"

"It is not my fault that I am ignorant," answered the poor boy, at the same time confused and rather vexed. "You have had your grandfather, who has taught you a great many things, while nobody has taken any trouble about me."

"That is indeed true," said Madeleine, fixing on her companion a look full of affectionate compassion. "Well, you see, I am myself still very ignorant. Mother and grandfather had not time to teach me much, but I will explain to you all that I can. You have heard of God, have you not?"

"I think I have," answered Beppo, after a moment's reflection. "He is on high in heaven, and He made the world."

"Yes," said Madeleine. "He created all things, the earth, the trees, the animals, and ourselves: therefore we must love Him."

"Why what good could that do Him that we loved Him? He is so far off."

"Oh! Beppo," cried Madeleine, "He is not far off from us at all,—on the contrary, He is quite near. He sees us, He hears us, and it is He who takes care of us."

"Then," said Beppo slowly, "if He takes care of us, why does He not cure me? Why does He not hinder the master from beating me?"

Madeleine remained silent a moment—she found no answer. Alas! there are many *whys* in the world, before which wiser people than Madeleine draw back in perplexity.

"I do not very well understand why," said she at length; "but what I am quite sure of is, that He loves us, because grandfather told me so; and it is written there," added she, putting her hand upon the Book which lay open upon her lap. "God sent His Son into the world for us, He gave His only

begotten Son to die for us: and it was that same Jesus of whom I was speaking to you just now."

"Him? the Son of God? and you say He was killed: was He then wicked?"

"Oh! no, Beppo! do not say that!" cried Madeleine, shocked at such an idea: "on the contrary, He had done only good all His life long; then at the end He died upon a cross. Only think, they thrust large nails through His hands and His feet."

"How dreadful! who did that?"

"The Jews, who did not love Him."

"Then God was not His Father?"

"Oh! yes."

"Why did He not protect Him from these people?"

"Because," said Madeleine, lowering her voice, and speaking in a serious tone, "it was necessary that He should die. It was to save us, that we might go to heaven after our death."

"Can anybody go to heaven?" asked Beppo eagerly, laying great stress on the last words.

"Without doubt: mother is there, and grandfather also, and I hope to join them some day; they are waiting for me up there, I believe," continued Madeleine, looking up thoughtfully through the boughs of the willow, into the cloudless azure sky which was shining overhead.

"Is heaven beautiful?"

"Oh! yes, only think! God is there, and Jesus, and the angels all in white; there are never any storms there; and never any sorrow."

"Can everybody go there?"

Madeleine hesitated.

"No, I do not think so," said she, holding down her head; "grandfather told me that it was requisite to be good, to love God and Jesus, in order to be admitted there."

Beppo sighed deeply.

"Then I could not go there," said he, "for I do not know this Jesus, and I have never loved God."

"But," said Madeleine eagerly, "I am just going to read you about His life, and you will learn, I am sure, to love Him when you know how good He is."

"Is it not too late?"

"Grandfather told me one day that it was never too late to love Jesus," said Madeleine, who had implicit faith in all that her grandfather had taught her during the few weeks they had passed together.

And we, also, we will answer with Madeleine: No, Beppo, it is never too late to go to the Saviour to carry to Him a poor heart full of bitterness, a soul crushed under the weight of the sorrows of this life, and which, perhaps, without being aware of it, is sighing for pardon and the happiness of heaven. Listen, listen attentively, to the words of the Holy Book read by a childish voice, the unconscious instrument of the Father, whom thou knewest not, who lovedst thee with an everlasting love, and who will now draw thee to Himself in His merciful compassion.

* * * * *

Let us leave awhile Beppo and Madeleine deeply taken up in reading the second chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, which the little girl has chosen for the beginning of their studies, and let us go back a little.

About two months had passed away since Madeleine came to live amongst the gipsies, for Master Gasparo and a part of his company belonged in reality to that nation.

During this time they had travelled from town to town, and from village to village, and they had reached the place where we have just found them. Thanks to the natural intelligence and to the liteness of limb of the little girl, she had made great progress in those arts which the master endeavoured to teach her. She rode the pony like a true horsewoman, and it was this she liked best. She played her part very prettily in the little comedies improvised by

the master, who had a talent for such compositions; also she performed with Ciska some fantastic dances, of a kind not wanting in a certain wild and original gracefulness, and which as a rule fill the public with wonder and admiration. It was however this part of the business that Madeleine liked the least, for she was thus too nearly associated with Ciska, whose aversion for the orphan became more marked from day to day. Ciska, indeed, was quite ignorant; but jealousy had a large place in the sentiments of the young gipsy. Ardent, proud, and ambitious, she desired to monopolize all the attention, and to win all the success—to share these with another was insupportable to her: and Madeleine, although she was not so handsome as Ciska, yet she was more charming, and perhaps more pleasing; anyway, she was cheered and called back as often. This alone sufficed to excite Ciska's hatred, which for the time she was obliged to curb and repress from fear of the master.

During the first days which followed the introduction of Madeleine into this company, the child felt very sad and cast-down. By degrees, the amusement of her new occupations, and her friendly intercourse with Beppo—in short the elasticity of childhood—had diverted her grief; her cheerfulness had returned, and she had even begun to have a taste for this sort of life. She was too much of an Italian not to like the theatre and dancing.

Therefore she was in great danger; without being aware of it, she was being drawn away to a declivity which might become fatal to such a passionate temperament. But her grandfather had said the Lord would provide. He was there of a truth, watching over the orphan to lead her back to the good way. The grandfather's Book, which had been rather neglected during these weeks of heedlessness, had once more been opened, and the Divine Voice was about to make itself heard again in Madda's conscience.

XI.—THE BOOK'S WORK.

The mountebanks had reached Nyon; they had fixed their camp in a beautiful public ground, a little way out of the town. There they had set up a large booth, containing a circus and a theatre, with the intention of stopping in this antique city of Julius Caesar, as long as they should have a sufficient public audience. This was their plan in most of the larger towns through which they passed. The company was now sufficiently well composed to be able to give several different representations, rather above the ordinary street performances; for the master had an inventive genius, and a real gift for organisation; and he knew how to make the best of his company in distributing to them the parts for which they were best adapted; and some of the plays presented lively, pleasing, and original scenes.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon: the master was standing in the middle of the circus with a whip in his hand, exciting by his gesture the black pony upon which Madeleine was practising at that time a succession of perilous leaps. The pony and the child were covered with perspiration, and could do no more. The suppliant look of the one, and the snorts of the other asked for favour, but in vain.

The leaps through the hoop had not succeeded to the master's satisfaction, and they must begin over again.

Madeleine felt her legs give way, and she was becoming giddy; and perhaps, for the first time, since she had practised in the high school, she felt afraid. Suddenly with a slight scream, she fell down, and found herself seated on the pony's back. The animal had also had enough of the traditional gallop, and stopped at the same moment, thinking all was finished; but it was mistaken.

"What does that mean?" cried the master, in a more severe tone than Madeleine had hitherto heard him speak. "Have I given you the appointed signal?"

"I am so tired, and so warm!" began Madeleine. "I assure you, master, I can no longer stay on the pony; and see how he fumes! he also needs rest."

"Stop! the young lady is lazy to-day," said a clear, scoffing voice, which came from the entrance of the circus. She would like a cordial perhaps; she wants to be helped down from her pony."

Madeleine raised her eyes, and saw Ciska carelessly leaning against the door. The red curtain which fell down behind her served as a bright frame for her beautiful and haughty features; and she kept her eyes fixed on the master with an imperious, and at the same time scornful, expression.

He became impatient, and bit his lip.

"It is all nonsense!" he cried violently. "You have not jumped well once; and if we have to stop here two hours longer you must learn that. On the pony, and quickly!"

In finishing these words he gave a loud crack with his whip. The pony, accustomed to passive obedience, sprang forward, and began without hesitation his monotonous course round the narrow space that was allowed him. But Madeleine was not accustomed to be treated in this manner. She was really very much wearied and exhausted, and when she tried to get up, she missed her stirrup, and nearly fell backwards.

An oath came from the master's lips, and Madeleine felt the long leathern thong lash her shoulders, while a shrill burst of laughter sounded in her ears.

Indignation and rage gave her fresh strength; she overcame her fatigue and fear, and sprang up as she restrained the tears which were ready to flow. The poor child succeeded in executing several times following the nowfeat which cost her so dear.

At last the master whistled: the pony stopped, and Madeleine, breathless, dismounted.

Ciska had disappeared.

"That was better," said the master in a softer voice, "but, remember, child, I will be obeyed, in *all things* and *always*; and you will gain nothing from me, by giving yourself airs; I know what you can do. There," said he to Beppo who had just come in, throwing him the bridle of the pony, "take him away, and rub him down well."

Madeleine went out without speaking. A tempest was raging in her heart, and she dared not give it vent. It is in the nature of childish souls more than others to be shocked at injustice; for they are not yet accustomed to expect it.

When Beppo had finished his work, which, notwithstanding his increasing weakness, he did conscientiously, Madeleine joined him, and they both went together, to sit in a retired place with Sirrah, and the grandfather's Book.

The little girl read it regularly every day to her companion, who listened more and more eagerly to it. Beppo made few remarks; he reflected a long while on what he heard. Sometimes Madeleine, weary with his silence, lifted her head from her book, thinking to see him asleep; but the large, dark, bright eyes fixed on her, quickly undeceived her, and she went on reading without tiring to the end of the chapter she had begun. Little by little, day after day, light was dawning in the mind of this neglected boy. A sweet and persuasive influence was working in his soul; he heard the voice of the Lord; his heart, thirsting for love and happiness, was opened insensibly to the great and solemn truths of life and death. So true it is that the gospel alone, in its eloquent simplicity, has more power to penetrate the soul, and to convince it, than the reasoning of the most subtle and profound philosophers.

On this day Madeleine was gloomy; she sat down without speaking; she rested her head upon her hand and sat motionless, forgetting the grandfather's Book.

Beppo looked at her in silence. He partly guessed what

was passing in the little girl's heart, for he had witnessed the end of the preceding scene. Alas! he knew but too well that it would be the prelude of many other scenes of the same kind; he knew his master; and notwithstanding the comparative indulgence, which he had until then manifested towards Madeleine, the boy was sure it would change before long.

All at once, Madeleine hastily sat up, her dark eyes flashing with indignation.

"I hate her!" she cried, clenching her teeth.

Beppo regarded her with astonishment. "Who do you mean?" he asked.

"Her! Ciska, that wicked girl. I cannot bear her. It was she who caused me to be punished, and punished unjustly too! Oh! I have known for a long while that she does not like me. I was always mistrustful of her, but at present I hate her," added she, laying great stress on the word.

Feelings of sadness, of anger, and of hatred, were contending at this moment for her passionate soul. Ah! grandfather, what would you have said, if you had heard your little Madda speak in this way?

Beppo continued to look at her; he had never seen her in such a state. The expression of her features, usually so sweet and pure, almost frightened him—although he was used to churlish manners and violent language.

"Be calm, Madeleine," said he at length.

"No!" she replied, giving free course to her fury, "I will not be calm; she caused me to be beaten. Oh! I could kill her! yes, I could!"

"Oh! be quiet, Madeleine; do not scream so loud. They might hear you," Beppo implored her.

But the little girl was too much irritated to stop midway. Some more powerful arguments than that of Beppo would no doubt have been necessary to allay her excitement, if he had not suddenly bent himself down, pressing his hand hard upon his heart, feeling suffocated. In her terror, and her compassion for her friend, Madeleine's anger quickly left her. She stood by him in great consternation, desiring to relieve him, but not knowing what to do.

This time the paroxysm was not long. Presently the poor boy breathed more easily. He smiled faintly at Madda, who was kneeling close beside him.

"Oh! Beppo, I am so grieved. It is my fault, without doubt, that you have had this fresh attack of suffering."

He shook his head gently.

"It is passed," he said, in a low voice. "Now sit down there and read me something, will you?"

Madeleine took up the Book, which had slipped down on the ground, and opened it at the end of the Gospel according to St. Luke; she read with a voice which trembled more and more the account at once so simple and so touching of the sufferings of Christ. Beppo had hidden his face in his hands to conceal the tears which he could not withhold. At those sublime words, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," the voice of the little reader failed; she could scarcely go on, for she felt herself rebuked in her conscience. She heard an inner voice which plainly repeated to her, "Have you forgiven? Do you not know that you must forgive?" And Madeleine feared this accusing voice, because she would not yet submit to it, for rebellion and hatred were still working in her heart. She began reading again, and did not stop until the end of the twenty-third chapter.

Then there was a moment's silence.

"Of what are you thinking, Beppo?" said Madeleine at last.

"I am thinking of Him," answered the boy, at once.

"Of whom? of Jesus?"

"Yes, I am thinking that He is so good, so very good! How could we ever love Him enough?"

"As for me," said Madeleine, "I think those bad wicked

men treated Him very cruelly, and I do not understand how He could have pardoned them," continued she, in a lower voice.

"Because He loved them," said Beppo, very thoughtfully. "But neither do I quite comprehend the matter. It is so difficult to love those who treat you ill; however, I think it is possible."

"Do you really think so? For my part I could never love Ciska," said Madeleine.

"Well, you know, I really hated my master, and often I wished him every possible evil. But since you have read to me the life of Jesus, I have thought a great deal about all those lovely things He has told us in His Book; and when you have talked to me about heaven, I have wished so much to be admitted. I have not the same feelings now towards my master—I cannot very well explain it all to you—but when I see him so churlish and cruel, and greedy of gain, and think that he knows nothing of all these things, and that he will never go to Jesus, then I pity him, and I forget his wicked actions. Is not this what Jesus wishes us to feel,—what he would teach us in order to prepare us to be with Him in heaven. Do you not think so?"

"Perhaps," answered Madeleine, with hesitation; for she had not understood him very well. She had not yet reached the borders of that invisible world which is sometimes revealed to the soul which is called to enter into it; while Beppo already heard in his sleep the rustling of angels' wings, of which he now thought day and night.

Nevertheless this conversation softened the little girl. She reflected on the words of Jesus, and on those of her young friend. And in looking at the old Book, bound in black, her thoughts were led to her grandfather, and this remembrance chased away the evil thoughts from her heart.

"Can I forgive Ciska?" she asked herself at night, at the time of repeating her prayer. "O Jesus! help me, for I am not good, and nevertheless I wish to be," she cried with anguish. Then these words sounded afresh in her heart: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." She bowed her head and joined her hands.

"Jesus forgave much more than I. O Lord! I will also forgive Ciska; teach me to love her." Tears fell down her cheeks, but when she arose again her conscience was relieved of a great burden, and her eyes shone with a soft reflection.

At this moment Ciska entered their compartment. She pushed against Madeleine, who was standing in the middle of the narrow space, and she uttered a spiteful exclamation.

"What not yet in bed, beggar that you are! Go along, get out of the way, and very quickly too, or I will teach you to stop up my way," said the angry young gipsy.

Madeleine did not breathe a word, she disappeared quickly under the thin coverlet—happy in spite of her wicked companion; for peace had descended into her soul.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVIII.

What name did Christ call Himself, when He said He gave His life for the sheep?

1. Who wrote the Book of Proverbs?
2. What did the children in the temple cry to the Lord?
3. Who went into heaven by a chariot of fire?
4. Who wrote two Epistles to Timothy?
5. The mother of Samuel.
6. Who obtained a double portion of Elijah's spirit?
7. In whose house did the spies, whom Joshua sent, lodge?
8. Whom did Samuel anoint to be king?

M. A. B.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—//erbert.



A DOMESTIC CONSPIRACY.

THE FISHER VILLAGE.

CHAPTER III.—A FISHERMAN'S SERVICE.

THE parish of Pebbleton was extensive, and embraced not only the actual fishing village already described, but a considerable extent of pasture land, with a park, the residence of the squire, and many good farmsteads, of which Overlook was one.

No. 1537.—OCTOBER 13, 1883.

This was so called because the estate was entirely on the high ground, and the house was so situated as to be on the cliffs, and actually overlooking the sea. When built, it had, probably, been much farther from the edge of the cliff than it was when its present owner took possession of it; for the sea had encroached all along the coast, and carried away a good portion of the green fields above it, which could ill be spared by the tillers of the soil. Overlook was a comfortable and even handsome dwelling, having been, it

PRICE ONE PENCE.

was said, the mansion of an old but now extinct family, who were, in bygone ages, connected with a ruined priory, still extant at no great distance from the farm. It belonged to the Breeses, but they also rented largely of Squire Mordon of Pebbleton Park.

The Breeses were fabled by their neighbours to have come from Queer Street, wherever that may be, and were not popular. Still, as people said, "They were kind enough where they took," and both father and son seemed to have "taken" to Rounce the fisherman, nobody knew why. It was, however, rumoured that Rounce occasionally smuggled them a few kegs of superior spirits, which they were not above drinking, neither of them having been prevailed upon to join the temperance crusade, albeit their pastor, Mr. Repton, Old Murrell, and others were its staunch supporters. But then old Murrell was as good as a missionary, and preached and prayed, whispered his neighbours, "Better than the parson." Ted was following in his father's footsteps, and this was actually the reason why Rounce, the Breeses, father and son, and some other people, disliked the Murrells.

The evening after the wreck of the "Sea Eagle," Mr. Thomas and his father were sitting together in their old-fashioned parlour, smoking and drinking. From their window they could see a glorious sunset, for the grand orb of day was slowly descending into the ocean, as it seemed, enveloped by cloud garments of regal purple, crimson and gold. Nowhere are sunsets more magnificent than on this Norfolk coast, and from the quaint windows of Overlook, little but sky and sea was visible. True, hardy evergreens surrounded the house, and some gaunt trees turned their backs upon it and the sea, on one side; but in front of the parlour where the father and son sat, nothing but the expanse of the vast unfathomable ocean, and the yet vaster and more unfathomable firmament, was to be seen. The approach to the house, as well as another living room and most of the bedrooms, were at the back.

"Is your heart quite set upon this girl, Thomas?" asked Mr. Breese of his son, removing his pipe from his mouth, and taking a sip from the glass before him.

"Yes, father. She is as good a housewife as she is pretty, and as clever as clever can be," replied Thomas.

"But she is below us in condition, Thomas. What will folks say? We come of a respectable family."

"A fig for folks and families," said Thomas, not perceiving how alliterative he was.

"Will she have you, my boy?"

"Of course she will when I ask her out and out. Rounce is sure of her, and so is her mother, and she certainly says as much as 'I will,' when she makes me saucy curtseys and looks at me quite impudent like."

"That sounds forward, Thomas."

"Anything but that, father. She's as modest as she's pretty, and if it wasn't for Ted Murrell——"

"Those Murrells are always in the way, Thomas. They're a canting, humbugging lot. As Job Rounce says, old Murrell sees through a barn door if there's a keg of spirits t'other side

and won't drink himself or let anybody else drink. I don't know what the world's coming to."

"It seems to me it can't come to much worse, father, for the teetotallers are trying to shut up the publics."

Just as Thomas uttered this terrible prospective fear there was a tap at the window. He went to it, and saw Rounce outside, with one of these prohibited kegs at his feet.

He beckoned him to a side door, and the pair returned to the parlour bearing the illicit whiskey. Mr. Breese received Rounce cordially, and bade him sit down and have a glass, which he was nothing loth to do, for they were not like the Murrells, sober people.

"It's the finest sort to be had in Ireland, sir," he said, pointing to the keg. "I was lucky enough to get it when trawling for cod, and I thought of you directly."

"Put it away, Thomas," said old Breese, and his son rolled the little barrel to a big cupboard at the end of the room, and locked it in. "So, Rounce, I hear that you saved Ted Murrell with the crew of the 'Sea Eagle,'" he added.

"Yes, sir, worse luck. But I hear he's off again to-morrow, leastwise he's a going to Yarmouth to look for a ship, and old Murrell's going with 'un to join the North Sea fishing fleet."

"Then we shall be rid of 'em all!" ejaculated Thomas, uplifting hands and eyes as if in thankfulness.

"Yes, Mr. Thomas, and now's your time," whispered Rounce. While this trio sat drinking and smoking and settling how best to achieve their purpose with Philis, she and the Murrells were very differently occupied, at no great distance from Overlook. Pebbleton Church was not far from the farm, and was a conspicuous object from the windows at the other side of the house. Like the village, it was built of the stones and pebbles from the beach, and looked brown, hardy and picturesque as it stood, alone and bare, on the summit of a downy hill high above the sea. Although it was in the centre of the parish, it was a good way from the actual fishing village. The vicarage was not far from the church, and this and Overlook were the only houses near the sacred edifice, and both were much exposed to the elements. The park, and what was called Upper Pebbleton, lay on the other side of the hill, in more sheltered quarters.

There was a fisherman's service at the church. The boats were to go out on the morrow for the autumn cod and herring fishing, and Mr. Repton held a special service, whenever he could, on these occasions. He knew how dangerous was the fisherman's life, and that he, of all men, was "in death in the midst" of it. Thus while the trio we have left were carousing, most of the other inhabitants of the village were at church. Philis was there, for she was one of the mainstays of the choir, so her mother could not prevent her going, but Mrs. Primrose said, "she must stop at home to mind the house, as it did not pay for every one to be gadding." Of course the Murrells, father and son, were present, and with them was little Kees.

It was a simple but solemn service, consisting of a portion of the Liturgy of the Church, hymns, an

extempore prayer, and an appropriate address. The vicar warned all present of the uncertainty of life, the necessity of being prepared for death by faith in Him who bore its pains for them, and the certainty of a future state. There was no one to play the harmonium, so Philis led the singing, she and Ted being the foremost of the Pebbleton vocalists. Very sweetly and tenderly their voices mingled as they began the beautiful hymn for all mariners, "Eternal Father, strong to save," and heartily the small congregation joined. Truly touching was it, to see hardy fishermen with tears in their eyes, as they heard of Heaven, and thought of wife and children. Had they needed a reminder of the perils by waters, Kees, asleep in Ted Murrell's arms, would have sufficed.

When the service was over Ted failed to accuse the child, and was still carrying him, when he spied Philis, for whom he was watching. He went to her, and said he was going to walk home with her. She demurred a moment, then replied with a smile, "Very well, Ted, I'm not afraid."

"You've no call to be, Philis," he rejoined. "I just wanted to say that perhaps you had better try to forget me, and—and—do what they wish you. Everybody calls me 'unlucky,' and I suppose I am. Only I don't believe in luck, seeing that I pray, and God hears, and that He knows what is best for us. But I'm no better off than I was when you and I first—well, 'tis no good to go back: but I'm not a bit changed, and never shall be."

"No more am I, Ted, and I'm not going to marry Mr. Thomas Breese, no, not if he was worth his weight in gold: so you need say no more on that subject."

"But, Philis, we must not disobey—our parents," said Ted with a gulp.

"Do you want me to marry him, Ted?" asked Philis, aggrieved, pausing just where the hilly down overlooked the vast fields of ocean, which lay, restless and shadowy, beneath the cliffs.

"Oh, no! It would be the death of me," responded Ted, forgetting his prudence, Kees, and all else, as he laid his hand on her arm, and thereby let the child slip.

They had both as much as they could do to save him from falling, but the accident awakened him, and he performed the remainder of the walk on foot, a hand in the palms of each of his new friends. Little more passed between Ted and Philis, but they understood one another. When they had descended the downs beneath the flickering moon, and reached the top of the village, he ventured to say,—

"You will just come in and see mother and Patience, Philis?"

"Of course I shall, and put this your Godsend to bed. I don't think Patience can manage it."

"He would come with me to church, Philis. I don't know what he will do without me, or how they'll manage to keep him, much less understand him. You are the cleverest girl in the parish; I wish you would teach him English."

Philis laughed, and said she would, and the trio entered the cottage together. Philis took Kees at once to Patience's room, helped him to undress, and was delighted to see him kneel down by the bedside and say his prayers in his,

to her unknown, tongue. Then she kissed him, saw him safe in bed, and went below.

"He must have had pious parents," she said to Mrs. Murrell, as she sat down by her bedside.

The little kitchen was now full, for old Murrell had brought in a goodly number of fishermen and others from church, and was about to hold a prayer-meeting, so that his wife and daughter might be able to join in the petitions for the safety of those who were about to go down to the sea in ships. We have already said that he acted as a missionary amongst his fellows, go where he would, and he was in the habit of gathering congregations, either in his home on shore, or his home on sea, for his smack was almost more his home than his cottage. Nothing could be more solemn or reverent than the manner of that little assembly. All knelt at the "Let us pray" of old Murrell, and when he poured out his soul in prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God, frequent were the responses of "Amen" and "Praise the Lord." Very fervent were his words when he thanked God for the safety of his only living son and his companions from the perils of shipwreck. All heads were bent or faces covered, except Murrell's, and he knelt erect, with clasped hands and upturned eyes, his fine face and white hair seeming to shine in the firelight. Tears were in the eyes of his bedridden wife, who lay, so pale and patient, beneath the patchwork coverlet praying for husband, son and neighbours; and the white thin hand of her daughter trembled, as it covered the lids through which the moisture penetrated. Patience was seated near her father, while Ted knelt by Philis at his mother's side.

When old Murrell concluded, one after another of the fishermen offered short prayers in the homely Norfolk dialect, and when they rose from their knees all were prepared for the duties of the morrow. Then they stood to sing a hymn, Patience standing also, with the aid of her crutches. It was she who now led the choristers; for she had a marvellous voice; and the small room soon re-echoed to a volume of sound, so full and vigorous that it could be heard all down the village street, despite closed doors. Indeed so energetic were the singers, that poor, nervous Mrs. Murrell shook perceptibly as their voices poured down upon her.

However a sudden stop was put to the hymn. The door was burst open, and Rounce tumbled into the room.

CHAPTER IV.

"For men must work and women must weep."

—Kingsley.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Job Rounce was half intoxicated when he so roughly and unceremoniously burst in upon the prayer-meeting at old Murrell's. He had not been content with the amount of drink given him by Farmer Breese, but had also paid a visit to the "Pebbleton Arms;" so he was scarcely answerable either for his actions or words. He made his way to Philis, who was standing by Mrs. Murrell's bed, and, seizing her by the arm, began to drag her towards the door, uttering much coarse lan-

guage as he did so. He seemed about to strike her; whereupon Ted interfered, and, having first rescued Philis from his grasp, laid hold of his arms from behind, and resolutely pushed him back the way he came, and ejected him from the house. Philis followed, whispering to Ted not to irritate him, and telling her uncle that she would go home with him. Then she turned round to the little assembly, and entreated them to remain where they were until Rounce was fairly off the premises.

But Ted would not leave her alone with her uncle, who was struggling to escape from his grasp, and muttering that he would be the death of him, and would turn Philis out of doors.

"You saved my life but yesterday," said Ted gently, "and now I must see you safe home in return," and he locked his arm tightly within that of Rounce, and impelled him down the street.

He succeeded in getting him to his cottage with some difficulty. Arrived there Rounce turned upon the young people, and ordered them both out of the house. Mrs. Primrose was seated at work, and, although not unused to similar outbreaks, was frightened by his manner. She tried to pacify him.

"Philis is going to do everything you want, Job," she said, with a warning glance to her daughter. "Let her bide here till to-morrow, and then we'll settle matters. Good night, Ted."

"Philis, you had better come home with me," said Ted, as he saw Rounce approach her. She took shelter behind him for a moment, but she was not much afraid of her uncle, who was really fond of her, and soon came forward, and spoke to him kindly but decidedly.

"Now, uncle," she began, "you know it is too late for me to go out to-night; so you must let me stop here till the morning. You had better go home, Ted; I am not a bit afraid."

"I will not leave you, Philis. You must come and sleep with Patience," said Ted decidedly.

"And little Kees? No, I will stay here if uncle will let me. He doesn't really mean to turn me out of doors, do you, uncle?"

"I always means what I says, which is, that if you don't choose to make a good home for yourself when 'tis offered, you may take yourself away from here. I've kept you and your mother till I'm a nigh ruined, and nothing else will save me. Be off, Ted Murrell, or I'll horsewhip you till within an inch of your life. Philis Primrose don't want you, nor none o' your canting family. Go to bed, Philis."

"You need not fear for me, Ted, but go away;" whispered Philis, as she speedily took the hint, and went upstairs.

Ted lingered, nevertheless. He did not feel sure of Rounce: but an entreating glance from Mrs. Primrose, and an angry movement of Rounce, changed a resolution he had inwardly made to remain and protect Philis. But it was not in him to leave any one in anger, so he said in a conciliating voice,—

"Shake hands, Rounce, I'm off for the North Sea to-morrow, and we may never meet again. There's nothing but friendship between me and Philis; but you know, 'tis no good forcing a

woman to do what she doesn't like. Let 'em alone, and they'll come round. I won't stand in her way, but all the same—"

"All the same you take her off to church and prayer meetings, and psalm-singings, and 'tice her out of this house, and circumwent me just as I was bringing her round—I wish I'd let the 'Sea Eagle' alone, I do, and all the lot of 'ee. Then there wouldn't 'a been another mouth to feed in Pebbleton, and that furreign boy 'ould 'a been in—heaven, and the rest of 'ee in Davy Jones's locker. Be off with 'ye, I say, Ted Murrell, and never darken my door again."

"Well, mate, I shouldn't be darkening it now but for your courage and good heart. After what you've done for me, I should be sorry to circumwent you, as you say, though Philis is as dear to me as my life; and if I was to make you a promise not to interfere between her and a better match would that content you?"

"Nothing but your oath not to marry her at all would content me; I'll shake hands upon that."

"Then good-night, Rounce. 'Swear not at all,' are the Lord's words, and them I desire to obey."

Ted's shadow no longer darkened the doorway. He went out into the moonlit night, closing the door after him. But he had no intention of leaving Philis unprotected, so he planted himself opposite the cottage, within the shadow of the eaves of a house on the other side of the little street. Hence he saw the window of Philis's small room cautiously opened, and oh! how he longed to befriend her. Still, he owed a debt of gratitude to her uncle, and he would keep his promise to him. This passed through his mind, while he heard Rounce's voice in loud discourse with his sister, in front of him, and the deep-sounding bass of the eternal ocean at his back. Philis had, apparently, discovered his hiding-place, for a hand and arm that looked very white in the moonshine, beckoned to the place where he stood. All was quiet, save for that never-ceasing murmur of the sea, and no human form was visible in the street. The lights were out in most of the houses, and the fisherfolk were at rest, all but the four who had been so lately at odds. Ted stept across the road. He crossed the little paling that surrounded her garden, taking care to crush no flower, and stood beneath her window.

"You almost promised!" she whispered reproachfully.

"He saved my life, Philis! and I am so poor, and he is so rich. I will not stand in your way."

"All right, my poor Ted. I'll teach little Kees. Don't be down-hearted. Good night—good-bye. God bless you."

Brave Philis gulped down a sob as she spoke these broken sentences. Ted looked up at her, and saw tears gleaming in her bright eyes. She withdrew, and quietly closed the window. He heard a knock at her door as she did so, and felt assured that her mother was joining her. There was quiet if not peace in the cottage, so he left it, though with a heavy heart.

But he found a holy peace in his own poor home, though his parents and Patience were watching for him. The latter was, indeed, standing on her crutches at the door, anxious to

know the result of the scene with Rounce; while the former were discussing the prospects of their boy and Philis. They always looked forward to their union some day, though even they were obliged to acknowledge that Ted seemed never to come nearer to a home of his own than he had been when he and Philis first took a fancy to one another.

"I think it's all right for the present, Patience," said Ted, in answer to her inquiry. "But, mother, you will take Philis in if Rounce sends her away?" he added, passing on to his mother's bedside.

"Of course we will, dear. She can sleep with Patience, and the child can have your bed till you come back," replied Mrs. Murrell cheerfully.

"Come back!" echoed Ted, mournfully. "It seems as if I should never come back. And I've promised not to come between Philis and young Breese, so, mother, and Patience, you mustn't encourage her to think of me, but talk of him instead. Say what a fine house, and fields, and animals, and poultry she'll have; and what beautiful dresses, like a lady's—and represent to her that I—I—well, I've nothing but rough hands, and a loving heart to offer her."

Here poor Ted broke down. His mother laid her distorted hands upon him, and bade him be of good cheer, for "The Lord was sufficient for all things."

"And He will bring it to pass, my lad," put in his father, "if it is for your and Philis's good. But we see not as He sees, and disappointments chasten us."

"Philis will never marry any one but you, Ted. She has said so a hundred times," cried Patience, bending over her brother; which assurance seemed to give him courage; for Philis was more to him than all besides.

The following morning all Pebbleton was astir. Its little fishing-fleet was prepared, and some of the smacks were about to adventure in search of fish, far away, while others were going to trawl about the coast of Norfolk.

Rounce was content to be amongst the latter this season, so Philis and her mother were not likely to be rid of him for long.

It was a fine autumn day, and a brisk breeze was stirring, when the little fleet set sail from Pebbleton. Almost all the women of the place were either on the jetty or the wall to watch the departure of the boats. Mrs. Murrell insisted that Patience should go with little Kees to see the last of her father and brother; and it was pretty to watch the care the boy took to keep clear of her crutch, and to remove stones from her path, lest she should stumble. Patience looked in vain for Philis. She was neither on sea-wall nor landing-stage, and her loving heart was pained to think that she was probably kept a prisoner by command of Rounce. Glancing up to the village, however, she spied her head protruded from her lattice, and felt that she was watching and praying with her.

But her thoughts were soon diverted from Philis to Kees, who, seeing Ted busy with the boats below, darted off down the steps, and almost threw himself into the sea to reach him. It was Rounce who caught him in his arms, and gave him, struggling lustily, into the charge of some of the women near at hand.

"Ted! Ted!" resounded through the air; but the poor child's shriek was unnoticed in the weighing of anchors of the little fleet.

It looked like a flock of brown and white birds as it sailed off into the open, out of the small bay; and not a few of the women had tears in their eyes as they waved their handkerchiefs, in farewell token. Frail were the barks, and mighty the ocean to which those who were all in all to them were consigned; husbands, sons, brothers, with "only a plank betwixt them and death."

They stood watching the smacks until they dwindled into specks in the distance, and were finally lost to view: then they turned homewards, discoursing on the probabilities of fine weather and favouring breezes. But poor Kees had no one to whom he could pour out his grief, and walked, sobbing, at the side of Patience until they reached Rounce's door. Here stood Philis, and no sooner did he perceive her than he ran towards her and almost leapt into her arms.

RECENT BIBLICAL DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT.

IT is a singular fact that no attempt to explore carefully and scientifically the sites in Egypt traditionally connected with the Israelites had been made prior to the present year. The country abounds in monuments of the past; it is linked in many ways to Bible history; the solution of some of the most interesting and hitherto baffling of Biblical historical problems, if found at all, must be discovered beneath the sandy mounds of Lower Egypt; and yet up to 1883 it is hardly too much to say that nothing in the way of minute underground exploration had been done.

But a start has been made and the first efforts have resulted in most surprising success, and

have excited lively anticipations of much greater victories in the immediate future.

It may be new to some of our readers to know that there is now in existence a society called the "Egypt Exploration Fund." The object aimed at is the excavation of sites in Egypt of Biblical and classical interest. The society appears to have originated in a suggestion made by Miss A. B. Edwards in 1879. A committee was formed in 1881, and in the following year Sir Erasmus Wilson became the President. He started the subscription list with the gift of 500*l.*, other contributions were solicited and obtained, and towards the close of 1882 the society was in a

condition to begin work. M. Naville, the well-known Swiss Egyptologist, was appointed superintendent, and the excavations have been carried on under his direction.

The first question was, where to begin work? The scene of our recent campaign in Egypt was the Wadi Tumilat, and in this Wadi some mounds have long been known as Tel-el-Maskhutah. Tradition fastened upon this place as the site of Rameses, or "Raamses," one of the cities the Israelites were compelled to build by the king who "knew not Joseph." The place was one of the chief stations of the French engineers who dug the canal, and the name, which is Arabic, means "the mound of the statue."

The statue was a monolith of red granite, and was described by a French scholar, who saw it in 1798, as cut into the shape of an arm-chair, in which were seated three Egyptian figures, apparently priests. Many years later, Lepsius visited the place, and saw that the figures were representations of Rameses II., seated, between Ra and Tum. Supposing the stone to have been part of a sanctuary, he decided that the place must have been called Pa-Rameses, the abode of Rameses, and that it was a Biblical site.

The French engineers, while excavating for the canal, came upon a second stone, the counterpart of the first, and placed opposite to it, so as to form the other side of an entrance. Further search resulted in the discovery of two human-headed sphinxes and a large granite tablet engraved on both sides. These last-discovered monuments were all removed to Ismailia.

M. Naville, when considering where to begin work, went to Tel-el-Maskhutah. The village, deserted after the completion of the canal, had been plundered and destroyed by an Arab sheikh during the war. The only monuments visible were the granite monolith and the remains of the wall that once enclosed the ancient city. On all sides was the desert, and the sole inhabitant was a Greek, who had made his home among the ruins.

Why did it seem reasonable to begin work on such a site? M. Naville had observed that all the monuments found on the site belonged to the reign of Rameses II., and were put up by his command. The great tablet celebrates his victories. This is a translation of one of the sides: "Said by Harmachis to his son who loves him, the lord of Egypt, King Rameses: I am pleased with what thou hast done, my son, who lovest me, I know thee, I love thee, I am thy father. I give thee an everlasting joy in an eternal reign. Thy duration is like my duration on my throne on earth, thy years are like the years of Tum, thou risest like the god of the two horizons, and thou illuminatest the land; thy sword protects Egypt. Thou enlargest thy frontiers, all the prisoners made by thy gallant sword are brought to Egypt from Syria, Ethiopia, from the island of the sea. King Rameses living eternally."

M. Naville observed that all these monuments were dedicated to the god Tum or Harmachis, and hence he anticipated that excavation would show that the name was not "the abode of Rameses" but "the abode of Tum," Pi Tum,

Pithom. Tum, one of the forms of the sun god, is represented on the monuments as having a human body and as wearing the double diadem, red and white, indicating supremacy over both parts of the world. Tum Harmachis was also the god of Heliopolis, the Biblical On, the most ancient city of Egypt.

M. Naville asked himself, Is Tel-el-Maskhutah, Pithom or Raamses? Now in the ancient monuments, both of the time of the Pharaohs and of the Ptolemies, Pi Tum or Ha Tum is very frequently mentioned, but always in connection with the name of Thuku or Thuku-t. This last name, on philological grounds, Brugsch has identified with the Biblical Succoth. Hence M. Naville asked himself, If he discovered Pithom, would he also discover Succoth? Would he gain that most precious of geographical possessions, a certain unquestionable site in the delta of the Exodus? Influenced by reasonings like these he decided to begin at Tel-el-Maskhutah. It was not an easy task to get workmen, but, at length, a French engineer, M. Jaillon, offered to undertake the work with a gang of men, who, under him, had learnt the use of European tools. On Saturday, Feb. 3, 1883, a *dahabiyeh*, kindly lent to M. Naville to serve as his residence, by Mr. John Cook, was moored at Tel-el-Maskhutah and excavations began. The workmen, one hundred strong, were a motley crew of Syrians in yellow turbans, fellahs from the Said, and negroes dressed in the uniform of Arabi's soldiers.

At first results were not encouraging. At the end of a week M. Naville went to Cairo, and the next day received a letter, telling him that just after he left a man had found fragments of a very fine black granite statue, and also a fragment containing hieroglyphics. M. Naville hurried back and found the fragment to be the lower part of a standing man, on which were three lines of hieroglyphics giving his titles, "The chief of the storehouse," "the scribe of the abode of Tum of Succoth." The next line said, "Hathor grants that thy name may remain with this statue in the abode of Tum, the great living god of Thukut."

Here then, in the first monument found, was proof that Tel-el-Maskhutah was the abode of Tum. The next step was to find the name Pithom or, as Herodotus gives it, Patemos. A few days later, on Feb. 20, the men found two fragments of a head made of red granite with a scarabaeus or beetle at the top. Other fragments were found of a man squatting with his hands crossed over his knees. He was a magistrate under one of the successors of Shishak, Osorkon II., and among his titles is, "The good recorder of Pi Tum" (Pithom). He also speaks of Pi Tum as a residence of Osorkon II.

Among other ancient remains found on this spot the most important and interesting are:

(1) A hawk holding between its claws the oval ring of Rameses II.

(2) A great tablet, four feet high, inscribed with twenty-eight lines of text, now known as the great stèle of Pithom. It belongs to the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. This king did much for Pithom, and the tablet states that he

mado several visits to the sanctuary of the great god at Succoth, and also that "he dug the great eastern canal of Egypt, and the whole land was in a state of great joy because of the deed of the king."

(3) A Roman milestone, the inscription on which proves that Pithom was the place afterwards known by the Greeks as Heroöpolis, and the Romans as Hero or Ero.

It is impossible here to do more than indicate some of the most striking features of this important discovery.

It is certain that Rameses II. was the founder of the city. After M. Naville had been hard at work for some weeks the entire enclosing wall of the ancient city, a square 650 feet each way, was laid bare, and the character of the enclosed building clearly shown. Nearly the whole area is occupied by chambers separated by walls 8 or 10 feet thick, very carefully built, and made both of bricks *with and without straw*. These chambers *have no doors*, and the traces of ledges and beams remaining seem to prove that they were of two stories, and that the ground floor was reached through a trap-door. Hence the upper floor was used as a dwelling, the lower as a store-room. The word "treasure-cities" in Exod. i. 11 really means "store cities." These rooms are unlike any other remains yet found in Egypt, and the evidence seems clear and certain that Pithom is also the Biblical Succoth, and one of the cities built by the Israelites just prior to the exodus. So that the traveller in Egypt can now see the very walls built by Israelite hands when their lives were "bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, in brick, in all labour of the field" (Exod. i. 13, 14).

It is also clear that the builder of Pithom was the Pharaoh of the oppression, who was none other than the mighty monarch Rameses II., the king who carved the two outer columns of hieroglyphics on each side of the obelisk now on the Embankment. This has long been suspected, but never actually proved before.

But the most important result has yet to be

noticed. It has been the fashion of late to maintain that the "Red Sea" through which the Israelites passed was not the Red Sea, but a "sea of weeds," probably Lake Serbonis or Lake Menzelah. Dr. Brugsch has elaborated with great skill a route which up to the time of these discoveries seemed to have many points in its favour. He argues that the Israelites started from Ramses, which he holds to be Sân, the Biblical Zoan; marched to Pithom, which he fixed between Sân and Pelusium; thence via Daphnae and Tel-es-Saunt across some weedy shallow lake or arm of the sea, and at length into the Desert of Shur. It is not needful to trace minutely his theory, for the simple reason that careful excavation of this one site has completely upset it. Pithom-Succoth is twenty-five miles from where Dr. Brugsch fixes the starting point, an altogether impossible day's march for such a host. Pihahiroth, fixed by the *stèle of Pithom* in the neighbourhood of that city, cannot be, as Brugsch supposes, near the Mediterranean. The whole theory is overthrown, and so far the evidence of the new discoveries is wholly on the side of the traditional route.

The next site to be explored is Sân or Zoan, the Tanis of the Greeks.* It does not appear extravagant to believe that buried in its mounds are monuments and inscriptions dating from the time of Joseph. The city seems to have been the favourite residence of the Shepherd King under whom Joseph held sway, and was also high in the favour of Rameses II. After what has already been accomplished, it is not too much to hope that before long light will have been thrown upon the problem of the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings, and the Biblical information upon the sojourn of the Hebrews in Egypt supplemented and made plainer.

* Subscriptions are much needed for this work, and can be sent to the secretaries, Miss A. B. Edwards, Westbury-on-Tyne, Bristol, and Mr. R. S. Poole, British Museum. They are also willing to furnish information about the work to any who wish to have it.

RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATIONS OF EDINBURGH.

THE first sight of Edinburgh is something never to be forgotten. Many strangers have their earliest view of the city from the high bridge that crosses from the Old Town to the New, as they emerge from the railway-station below; others, more fortunate, who have arrived after dark, or in the twilight of a summer's evening, see it for the first time from some hotel window in Princes Street commanding the long sweep of Old Edinburgh, downward from the Castle Rock, fronted by tall buildings and towers are overhang the ravine; while the slopes below that gay with grass and flowers, and Arthur's Seat beyond rears its massive head. The graceful spire of the Scott Monument forms an appropriate foreground; to the right the low colonnades of the Art-galleries close in the garden view,

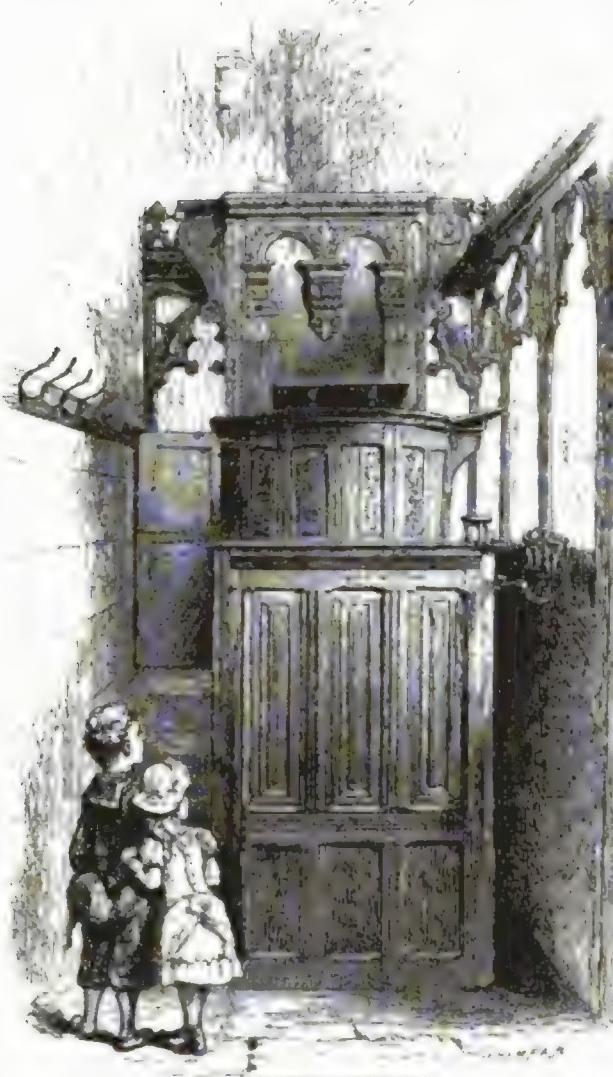
while to the left the eye ranges from the monuments of the Calton Hill, and the stately buildings at its foot, down to the level on which stand Holyrood Palace and Chapel.

The Old Town contains many memorials of the past, though more have disappeared. Ancient courts and wynds sufficiently illustrate the street architecture of bygone days. Common stairs still lead—and not in these parts of the city only—to tenement above tenement, the value and the respectability diminishing with the height. To all pastoral visitation and mission work in Edinburgh and most Scottish towns, this style of building adds a toilsomeness that doubles the fatigue.

Of the old houses which the traveller may care to visit, none perhaps will attract him more than

the manse of John Knox, still shown, in much the same state as left by the great Reformer. The quaint inscription over the lower storey : " LOFE . GOD . ABOVE . AL . AND . YOVR . NICHTBOVR . AS . YI . SELF ;" and the upward-pointing figure above the door, date, it is said, from Knox's own time. It is natural to ask for the grave of the great preacher, but the spot is uncertain. He would have no monument to commemorate his fame. No, he would be laid among his people in the old burying place of St. Giles's, and the rude inscription, " I. K. 1572," carved on a stone in the pavement of what is now Parliament Square,

out, an authentic and very characteristic Scottish relic! But more impressive still are the ranges of tombs, with the names they bear of the noble and the obscure. All ranks, all character, all creeds are here, with inscriptions, curt or elaborate, quaintly original or elegantly commonplace—material enough for a biographical History of Scotland! The scene is one in which to spend musing hours, though destitute of the romantic accessories which tempt the sentimental traveller into many a " God's acre." The situation indeed is magnificent, beneath the Castle walls and with a grand view over the city, but nothing can be more formal than the arrangement, nor more tasteless than most of the tombs. The favourite



KNOX'S PULPIT.

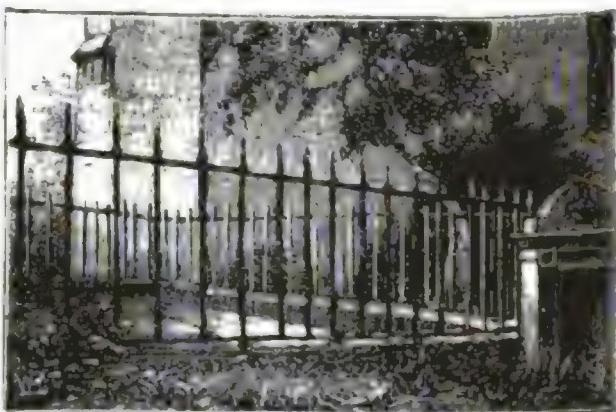
is the only indication of the place where his remains are supposed to rest.

For the monuments of others, who after Knox's time helped to make Scotland famous, we must go to the Greyfriars Churchyard, entered through a gateway to the right after crossing the high causeway leading to the Infirmary and Heriot's Hospital, and called George the Fourth's Bridge. The large ugly building just inside the gateway is Greyfriars Church, where the National Covenant was adopted in 1638: the document was brought out into the churchyard for signature, so as to make room for the anxious crowd who pressed forward to add their names or to witness the signature of others. The stone is still pointed



KNOX'S GRAVE.

mode of honouring the illustrious dead in this cemetery is by enclosing a flat grave by tall iron railings, which are sometimes carried over it as well as on its three sides, the wall with its mournment forming the back of the enclosure. The effect is that of a great iron cage; and many of the plots, being uncared for even to the planting of a flower, have a singularly desolate appearance. But for all that there are few, if any, places in Edinburgh to compare in true interest with this Greyfriars Churchyard. Here the persecutor and the persecuted rest together; one of the most elaborate of the monuments, is that to " Bluidy Mackenzie," as he was long called by those of whom in his lifetime he had been the terror; while the memorial to the Covenanters who



COVENANT STONE.

suffered for their faith, many of them in the Grassmarket below, is of a touching simplicity.

If we wish to pass from these extinct forms of strife to the discussions, and often the controversies of the present, we should take care to visit Edinburgh in May, and to secure tickets for



HOLYROOD PALACE AND CHAPEL.

the meetings of the three great Ecclesiastical Parliaments, the Established, the Free, and that which is universally called in Scotland the U.P., "United Presbyterian" being too large a phrase for every-day use. An Englishman is above all things struck by the large place which the theological and ecclesiastical debates of the several Assemblies occupy in the newspapers. Discussions on difficult points of Biblical criticism, or on details of church polity and order, engross a space in the daily press which in London would rarely be accorded to anything but politics, art, or popular amusements. In the Assemblies themselves, the galleries are thronged by audiences content to listen for hours; dispersing late in the afternoon, only to resume their eager attendance in the evening. On one memorable day in 1876, I had the happiness to be present in the Free Church Assembly, when the Reformed Presbyterian Church, the representatives of the ancient Cameronians, was solemnly incorporated into the body, and there became to all intents and purposes one sect fewer in Protestant Christendom! The proceedings were partly formal,—the reading of documents, articles of agreement, etc., but there was a dignity and seriousness about the whole that kept the attention strained to the utmost. A vacant space had been reserved in the centre of the Assembly; and when the preliminary business was over, the representatives of the newly-admitted Church, who had assembled elsewhere to terminate, in their own Assembly, their denominational existence, entered in long procession, and took their places, the multitude that crowded the hall standing in unbroken silence to receive them. It was not until the last had entered that the pent-up enthusiasm of the multitude welcoming their brethren found vent; and the proceedings of the morning were fitly crowned by an address from the Moderator of the happily absorbed community, which for dignity, tenderness, and real oratorical power seemed to me about the noblest speech I had ever heard. All this was but an episode. Now and then the atmosphere of the Assembly grows electric with the discussion of great religious questions, and of late years, as every one knows, these have had to do with very vital matters of Biblical criticism, and interpretation, as well as with the doctrine of inspiration itself. The intense seriousness as well as the vigour and brilliancy with which the debates are conducted gives them a surpassing interest; the hearers in the galleries take sides, and are often loud in their expressions of approval or otherwise. The keenness with which all classes thus engage in religious discussion no doubt sometimes degenerates into acrimony; and the eagerness with which some points are debated appears to an Englishman out of proportion to their real importance; and yet on the whole the enthusiasm is healthy. Almost anything is better than religious indifference!

The National Gallery of Antiquities, upon the Mound, contains a splendidly-arranged series of objects, illustrating the history of civilisation in Scotland, from the flint axes and arrow-heads

of a barbarous people, with relics from their caves and lake dwellings, down to the time when the ancient Celtic church had attained to a high degree of artistic refinement, as shown in ecclesiastical relics and sculptures of much beauty, and onward to quite modern times. There are some grim memorials, too, recalling times of strife and persecution; the "thumbikins" used to extort the secrets of the Covenanting recusants, and the "Maiden," that primitive guillotine beneath whose cruel knife so many of the best and bravest in Scotland fell. John Knox's pulpit from St. Giles's Church is also preserved in this great collection: with originals of the Covenants in their successive forms; and—not the least noteworthy among the curiosities—the very "cutty stool" that Jenny Geddes hurled at the Dean's head in St. Giles's when he attempted to introduce the English Liturgy into the Scottish church, on the 23rd of July, 1637.

The visitor to Edinburgh who has time and inclination to inspect the interiors of great buildings, must by all means visit two great churches, at least, in the city. The principal, St. Giles's, is often called the Cathedral; though rigid Presbyterians disclaim the appellation, there being no *cathedra* or bishop's chair in their ecclesiastical arrangements. A mournful interest attaches now to the sumptuous and tasteful restoration of this building which has for the first time brought out its full design, in stateliness of plan and richness of decoration. The work was carried on at the expense of Mr. William Chambers, the elder of the two brothers who more than any other men have set their mark on the popular literature of the age, and the simple and graceful record of whose lives will probably outlast all the works that bear their name.

Another and a very different ecclesiastical structure in Edinburgh is well worthy of a visit. This is St. Mary's Cathedral, erected for the worship of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and one of the most important works of the late Sir Gilbert Scott. The first view of those who look for a masterpiece of architectural design may be a little disappointing, owing to the disproportionate heaviness of the spire; but on entering the interior, the beauty and harmony of every part is felt at once, the general simplicity of plan being well set off by the elaborate magnificence of the details, especially in the choir. To pass in one morning from St. Giles's, the oldest of Edinburgh churches, to this of St. Mary's, the newest, is most interesting and impressive. More than six hundred years separate the two structures in point of date; and between the forms of faith which they severally represent, the difference has sometimes seemed correspondingly great. Happily, we live in days in which the true worshipper, however strong his preference may be for one or for the other, may find Christian fellowship in both. There may be many folds: but there is "one flock, and one Shepherd."

* From "Scottish Pictures by Pen and Pencil." By the Rev. Dr. Green. The new volume of the illustrated series published by the Religious Tract Society.



TELLSTROM: THE APOSTLE OF LAPLAND.

THE story of the revival of Christian life in Sweden in the middle of this century is one of great interest. In 1804 Samuel Owen went to Stockholm to superintend a few English mechanics engaged in building steam-engines, having been recently converted among the Wesleyan Methodists. He found the religious atmosphere of the Swedish capital nearly at zero, and the moral condition of his own countrymen was soon no better than that of the native workmen—godless, sensual, drunken. He besought his Methodist brethren to send out a missionary, and the request was complied with in 1825.

In 1830, the first missionary having returned, his place was filled by George Scott, a man singularly fitted by the Lord of the harvest for the great work he was to accomplish in the next twelve years. He acquired the Swedish language, and began to preach in it about the close of 1831. The little meeting-place was crowded from the first. He acted zealously as the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, distributed tracts, kept up a missionary prayer-meeting on the first Monday of each month, and otherwise exerted himself to infuse fresh life into the slumbering Lutheran Church. Scott was one of those rare men in whom the most intense zeal for souls is combined with quiet wisdom, and this union of qualities was needed to enable him to conduct an earnest spiritual movement in the face of the jealous conservatism of the State Church. He organised no society, he dispensed no sacraments, he interfered with none of the hours of public service; but thirsting souls could not be hindered from coming to the English chapel, and in answer to persevering prayer he was honoured to lay the foundations of what is to-day and has been for thirty years a truly national revival.

His first great success was the founding of the Swedish Missionary Society in 1835. The persons who came to the front in that work were high officers of State, bishops and doctors of divinity, the foreign preacher keeping carefully in the background. The second was in 1839, when Carl Olaf Rosenius, a young student of theology, in whose heart a strong and searching work of grace had been going on for years, came to him for counsel. For only two years were the pupil and master suffered to remain together in Stockholm: but when Scott was banished in March 1842, Rosenius was ripe for that career of powerful evangelising by which the face of Sweden has been transformed from stupid indifference about divine things to the eager interest which may be found everywhere to-day.

Mr. Scott was only thirty-eight years of age when compelled to leave Sweden. He resumed his work as a preacher in this country and laboured till 1874, honoured and loved wherever he went. In 1859 he paid a visit to Sweden, and enjoyed a noble recompence for all he had done and suffered there in the warm love and honour with which he was greeted.

The story of Tellström belongs to the early

period of Scott's labours, about eighteen months after he had begun to preach in Sweden.

But who is Tellström? Of his parentage nothing is known, nor of the place of his birth, nor even of the date. When he died on the 8th of March, 1862, he was fifty-one years old; that is all we know. He comes within range of our vision in the spring of 1833, as a journeyman house-painter in Stockholm, just entered on his majority, who introduced himself to Mr. Scott one night with a serious question to be answered.

"Is it right that a man should work at his trade on the Sabbath day?" said the young journeyman painter, who was about to enter into a fresh contract with his master.

"No," said the missionary with decision. A Scotchman, born just opposite John Knox's house in Edinburgh, and well taught in all matters of doctrine, he explained the fourth commandment to the inquiring Swede as strictly forbidding labour on any part of the sacred day. Tellström was convinced, and his master, much astonished, was content to retain his services on the condition that he relinquished a seventh part of his wages and his board on Sundays. These sacrifices were joyfully accepted by the earnest youth, who had known spiritual conflicts from his tenth year, and now for the first time found himself with one whole day in seven to devote to the care of his soul.

Before long the painter again found his way into Scott's study. "I am perplexed," he said: "I told the four apprentices who share my room that we ought not to go to sleep without worshipping God, and asked them to allow me to conduct the service for one week. Now not only do the apprentices beg me to go on, but others, older than I am, wish to join. I am unfit to guide these others. I know not what to do."

Scott's life-long friend, William Arthur, tells us that he had a picturesque head, covered with massive black hair, a pair of wonderfully bright eyes, and a tendency to guileless, cheery mirth: so that we can fancy how his eyes twinkled and his mouth smiled as he bade Tellström go on and fear nothing. If he felt inclined to address a few words to his little audience, he should write down what he meant to say, and submit it beforehand to him. The wise missionary never found in these papers anything to be corrected; on the contrary they were hopeful blossomings of a special faculty for expanding and applying Scripture, in which the modest journeyman's mind and heart one day bore much fruit.

"Is it right to spend the whole Sabbath in receiving for one's self, without trying to communicate anything to others?" This was Tellström's next question, and the missionary showed admirable wisdom in letting it come from himself. The church was dead: such a thing as Christian effort in any form made by private persons was unknown in Stockholm; those who about this time began to make such efforts had to bear frowns, rebuke, ridicule and positive abuse.

Very anxious for the Gospel's sake to give no offence, Mr. Scott answered (in effect): "No: it is not right. The impulse which prompts your question is a gracious one: gather a few neglected children around you and teach them about the Lord Jesus Christ."

Presently Tellström "found himself at the head of a very interesting and promising Sabbath-school," the very first formed in Sweden, where to-day the Sunday-school is flourishing beyond all precedent. The name may be found before this date, 1833, but these schools were held to enable apprentices to acquire secular knowledge on the sacred day: the high honour of founding the Sunday-school as a religious institution in Sweden belongs to this quiet journeyman painter.

Having once found that he was right in trying to do good to the souls of those about him, although the whole Church thought otherwise, Tellström did not confine himself to the Sabbath-school. He visited workshops on week-days; he became a Bible colporteur; he spent the mornings of the Lord's day in going to the doors of poor and rich alike, distributing tracts and urging all to go to some place of worship. All this while he went on with his daily work, and pondered a great purpose, which he feared to utter, of larger and more arduous service.

Somewhat less than two years had passed since Tellström's first visit when he came into Pastor Scott's study with a face more than usually grave and earnest. He began by expressing a fear that his good friend might condemn as presumptuous the aspiration which he had allowed himself to cherish. He had been reading about the Swedish Lapps, and was deeply moved by their miseries, temporal and spiritual. There were ten thousand of his countrymen inhabiting a land which was a swamp during their day of six weeks, and iron during their night of more than ten months. He knew that the country was divided into parishes, so that probably the people were baptised; but he had reason to believe that that was all: they were ignorant, superstitious, degraded, baptised heathens. "Oh, tell me if I am wrong," he cried, "in ardently desiring to go and labour for Christ among these semi-barbarians!"

Scott did not answer rashly. He was aware of some things which must have made this offer, coming from such a man, seem remarkably providential. The movement was then on foot for the formation of a Missionary Society in connection with the Swedish Church; and a sum of money had been sent to him (by persons to this day unknown) to be devoted for the spiritual welfare of the Lapps: the missionary effort had sprung directly out of Scott's monthly prayer meeting, and the money was in Scott's hands to be used at his discretion. But he did not mention either of these striking coincidences to Tellström; on the contrary he took such dealing with him as would have disheartened anyone whose zeal was not firmly rooted in principle.

"The Lappish tongue is a very hard one to learn; a preacher must pronounce it accurately, and that is a power scarcely to be acquired by a stranger," said the man of keen eyes.

"Yes, I have thought of that," said Tellström. "I could not find a grammar in any book-shop,

and asked the Royal Librarian to lend me the copy I had seen in his hands. He told me he could not do that; but assured me copies of the grammar in Latin and Lappish must be lying about some shops in Stockholm. I searched again, and got a copy in sheets, and have had it bound. The Latin a benefactor taught me in boyhood comes back to me sufficiently, so that I am not afraid in the matter of the language. I have also got a Lappish New Testament, and can read it."

"Have you thought of the hard living? No vegetables? Rein-deer flesh almost all the year round?"

"Not for a moment," said Tellström, smiling. "If the Lord sends me, He will support me there."

"But about the fearful cold?" Mr. Scott insisted. "We rarely have the thermometer here in Stockholm lower than 15° below zero, in Lapland it is often 40°, and the native huts are wretched. Could you live there?"

"I have been making experiments," said the resolute young man. "This has been a severe winter as you know, and I have been going about the court where I lodge and up and down the stone stairs on my bare feet, just to try. I find no evil consequences, beyond the inconvenience, so I am delighted to think I must be specially fitted for work in Lapland."

How Scott's eyes must have gleamed and moistened before he pressed his final difficulty!

"You must relinquish all the Church fellowship you so much enjoy and profit by in Stockholm, if you persist in going to Lapland."

"Ah!" said he, that has been my great difficulty. "I am so weak, so ignorant, so wayward, and require such faithful dealing, that I might well dread leaving the rich advantages and dear friends of Stockholm: but if God my Saviour is calling me to Lapland shall I be presumptuous in appropriating the promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world?' And if His presence go with me, what more do I need?"

Thus Tellström overcame, and Scott was glad to be overcome. He was now told of the approaching formation of the Swedish Missionary Society, and of the remarkable gift of money by friends in England. He was taken from his trade, and set to work as a city missionary and colporteur, the British and Foreign Bible Society furnishing something toward his support. And he was encouraged to go on preparing himself for preaching to the Lapps, biding the Lord's time.

The income he derived from the Bible Society was so small that Mr. Scott frequently offered him help from the fund in his hands; but Tellström's answer was always the same, "I have need of nothing." Once his friend knew he must have been in straits, and questioned him. "I could not think," he said, "of touching that holy missionary money while I had silver in my possession; and yet it cost me a struggle to part with the silver tablespoon which a noble sponsor gave me at my baptism." He would not spare what should have become a treasured heirloom at the expense of a fund which he thought he had as yet no right to use.

The Missionary Society was formed, and Tellström became its first agent. Tellström's joy was great when the formal appointment was given him, and when a large company of praying friends gathered in Mr. Scott's house to commend him to the grace of God for the work on which his heart was set. Among other parting gifts, there was put into his hands, by one who knew nothing of his act of self-denial a few months before, a silver tablespoon! It must have been one of substantial size; for Tellström forthwith had engraved on it the following words:—"Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house or parents or brethren or wife or children for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." In July 1835 he sailed for Umeå.

We cannot follow this most devoted labourer through the seven-and-twenty years he was permitted to enjoy the desire of his heart in doing the work of Christ among the degraded Lapps. He kept up the monthly missionary prayer-meeting even on board ship. When he had reached the border-town of Lycksele, and was under the roof of the clergyman there, he begged leave to gather the domestics round him on the afternoon of the Lord's day to hear him read a sermon of Luther's; and the meeting so grew that the pastor, who had himself become one of the audience, placed the church at his service. He went to hold a meeting in an adjoining village, and, encountering not the handful he had expected but a dense crowd, enjoyed in astonishing measure the sustaining grace of his Master, in answer to his humble cry. Finding that half-yearly fairs were held on the borders where Swedes and Lapps met for a few days to traffic, he attended one of these, hoping to enjoy a great opportunity; but, alas! his wicked countrymen had on the first night placed a jar of ardent spirits beside each Lappish tent, and the poor men were thenceforth in no condition either to trade or to receive the unsearchable riches. Tellström took revenge by instituting, with large success, temperance societies. His hopes as to his constitution notwithstanding the cold might have been realised had he not, to save the expense of a guide, undertaken a solitary journey in the huge northern darkness, in which he lost his way and brought on acute rheumatism. For nearly two years he was confined to his bed, but even there did not cease from teaching old and young who gathered about him. At length a journey to Stockholm became necessary if his life was to be prolonged, and his new friends prepared a long box, 'not unlike a coffin,' padded it sumptuously with wool, placed it on a sledge, and conveyed him tenderly to the sea-board, thirty miles distant. When he had recovered, Mr. Scott, who reckoned it a high privilege to have such a guest, earnestly urged him to resume his work as city missionary in Stockholm, and give up a field in which he could not expect to live; but Tellström, with tears running down his cheeks, cried, "Oh, do not hinder my return to Lapland! I must go back there." He would only promise that should his health again break down, he would place himself fully at his friend's disposal.

But very soon after Tellström's return to Lapland, Scott was banished from Sweden; and, indeed, his disease, rheumatic gout, did not become so severe as to lay him long aside until about a year before his death.

As the result of Tellström's unwearied and prayerful efforts, night schools were established in as many Lappish parishes, through which three thousand children have passed. These are under the care of godly catechists, several of whom regard him as their spiritual father. Bibles and Christian books are largely circulated. Superstition has been in great measure put to shame. A marvellous change has passed upon the people since the commencement of this mission. Government authorities testify to the great diminution of crime; markets are held where ardent spirits do not appear, and where fair trading takes place; and a pious and talented Swedish clergyman, sent to inspect the work, was so impressed and affected by what he saw, that he could have wished, but for age and ties already formed, to spend his strength in promoting it.

Tellström foresaw his end for several months, and continued teaching to the last, even when he could no longer leave his room and his bed. One of his catechists overheard him utter these words, and hastened to write them down. "There is a God enthroned in heaven, a Father eternally kind and good; there is a God who spared poor sinners, in virtue of His Son Jesus' precious blood; there is a God who hears our humble prayers, and crowns every good work with success."

He was buried among the people whom he served with so strong a love, in the churchyard of Åsele, wept by many who shall follow him to the City that hath no need of the sun to shine in it, where neither pain nor night interrupt the service of the Lamb.*

A MACLEOD SYMINGTON, D.D.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE?

St. John v. 6.†



ESUS, going up to Jerusalem on the occasion of a feast of the Jews, saw lying near the pool of Bethesda, a certain man which had an infirmity thirty and eight years. Knowing that he had been now a long time in that case, Jesus saith unto him, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

The reply of the palsied man of Jerusalem was of course not doubtful; it would not be more so for ourselves if only it concerned the healing of some malady of the body. Where is the invalid who does not willingly submit to the most severe regimen, though he has little expectation of recovering his health? Voyages or travels to a

* "Tellström and Lapland." By George Scott, D.D. London, 1868.

† From a discourse by the Rev. Pastor Paumier.

considerable distance, constrained inaction, repulsive medicines, painful operations, none of these prevent the order of the physician from being immediately and strictly obeyed.

But what as to health of the soul? The case is then very different.

For example, a young man complains of the force of temptations, of the irresistible impulse of his temperament. He thinks himself sincere in his desire to resist sin: but tell him to give up acquaintance with those false friends whose advice or whose example have been for him an occasion of falling; tell him to leave off the reading of those pernicious books which familiarise him with evil; advise him no longer to frequent such scenes as kindle the fire of the passions; and you will see him retreat before this severe regimen, which alone might save him.

The head of a family acknowledges with grief that the cares of the world, the tumult of business, and other things, too often keep him away from the house of God, and induce him to profane the day of our Lord; but propose to him to discontinue his Sunday trading, or to bestow on the poor a part of his gains, and immediately you will see him retreat before these requirements, and like the rich man in the gospel go away murmuring against the severity of that Master whom he had desired to serve.

Here is a man who complains bitterly that his life is empoisoned by strife and quarrelling, of which selfishness is the principal source. He feels how mischievous and wrong these family contentions are. But tell him that he must make the first advances, forego his pretended rights, sacrifice something for the sake of peace and concord, immediately all his good intentions, all his desires of reconciliation, vanish.

Or again, take the man of our times, quite depressed as he says on account of his state of doubt and scepticism. How he regrets those happy times when a simple faith seemed to spring up more easily in the soul! He envies the happiness of those who are able to arrive at a settled and strong faith. But point out to him the way by which they arrive at it; urge him to meditate, as they have done, on the precepts of the gospel, to have recourse to prayer, tell him to abase the pride of his pretended wisdom, and receive the truth as a child, and he will complain of the requirements of the gospel, and refuse to submit to its law of renunciation and humility.

In these different cases, notwithstanding the variety of their spiritual maladies, there is a feature in common of resemblance. These persons are double-minded; they would and they would not. They would partake of the peace of the children of God; receive like them the assurance of pardon; taste the joys of holiness; provided that the regimen imposed on them by the heavenly Physician does not deprive them of any pleasure; provided that the remedies are not unpleasant. They wish to secure future happiness, but must continue to enjoy the present, and thus they put off to the last years of their life, the blessed discipline of repentance and conversion! The obstacle is not in the Saviour, but themselves; it is because they love the evil from which He came to deliver them.

Is this also your case, my readers? Is it also the real obstacle which prevents your cure?

Ah, the Saviour comes and says to you, as He did to the palsied man, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

Will you be cured of the fleshly lusts which war against the soul and cured of that love of the world, which is enmity against God? Will you be cured of that secret sin, different in each one of us, but which must be mortified? Do you sincerely desire to be made whole, and without delay—this very day? Approach then, and behold the poor sick man of Bethesda, and learn by His example how Jesus receives a sinner; how at all times He realises for them this blessed promise: "Thou hast destroyed thyself by thine iniquity, O Israel, but I am the Lord that healeth thee."

"Arise," said Jesus to the palsied man, "take up thy bed and walk." What a strange command! You think this command is impossible! to arise. Can he do so, when for thirty-eight years his limbs, bound and fastened together by an implacable disease, have been rendered powerless to obey?

And yet scarcely has he tried to obey than his limbs recover their flexibility, and the disease, unmoved by all human remedies, yields before the word of the Saviour.

Repent, believe all the gospel tells us; and assent to it ourselves. But this is exactly what I cannot do! Where shall I find that power which is wanting in me? Whence shall I derive the strength necessary to obey?

Ah! we can here call in witness some who were spiritually blind, and God has opened their eyes; some sinners who were palsied by their passions, whose consciences He has awakened, and whose will He has renewed. Try, like them, to reply to the appeal of our Divine Master, first by an act of obedience; and you will feel by degrees strength from God, developing in your weakness. But do not be contented merely with vague resolutions, the fruit of a fugitive impression or of a passing sentiment.

Begin at once with an effort which does not exceed the actual measure of your strength and of your will, in order that it may be sincere. Do you acknowledge with secret grief that the Word of God and that prayer have not had in your daily life the place they ought to have occupied? At this very moment resolve in the presence of God, and imploring His help, not to end the day without having consecrated some moments to the study of the Bible and to prayer.

Do you acknowledge that your easy life has too often given occasion to habits of luxury and self-indulgence, and too little place for self-denial? At this moment, before the thought pass, make a resolution before God, which He will not fail to bless. Say to yourself, I will retrench this expense, I will deprive myself of these superfluities; and you will begin, by making this first sacrifice, to know and to wish to enjoy fully the delight of doing well.

Be then faithful to the gracious Spirit of God who pleads with you. According to His promise He will be faithful in His turn, and after having commenced this good work in you He will perfect it to the end.



Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE.

XII.—ANOTHER ADIEU.



"*EPPO,*" said Madeleine to her companion, some days later, "you have never told me about your childhood; have you always lived with this company?"

"No, but I scarcely recollect my earliest years. I lived in a narrow, dark street, in a large town; it was in a poor and dirty neighbourhood. I had plenty of little playfellows, ragged and ignorant like myself, and we played all day in the interior court of our house."

"Had you not a mother?"

"No," replied Beppo sadly. "I have never even known the name of my parents."

"Oh! poor Beppo!" cried Madeleine, touched with compassion at the thought of this complete destitution. "With whom, then, did you live?"

"I lived with an old woman who brought up me and several other children. She sent us to beg in the best parts of the town, and when we did not carry her back enough half-pence, she beat us."

"Do you remember the name of the town?"

Beppo thought for a moment; then he answered, "I am not sure of it; I know that the people did not speak French there, although I have forgotten my native tongue. It was a seaport, and I remember I loved to see the masts of the ships in the bright sunshine. There were also fine churches. Sometimes the air was very hot, so hot that I often slept, lying on their white marble steps."

"It was in Italy, then, for certain," said Madeleine.

"I believe it was."

"How did you come here?"

"One day the master came into our court; he talked a long while with our old woman; then she called us—we were four or five little boys—and she made us stand up before him. He examined us carefully, and ordered us to run and to jump; at last he counted some pieces of money, and gave them to the old woman, took my hand, and led me away, telling me that henceforth I belonged to him. As he did not beat me, it was all the same to me, and I went away with him, without concern."

"How old were you?"

"Five, or six perhaps."

At this moment an imperious voice called the children. It was time for the rehearsals. Beppo made haste to go and get the ponies ready, and to lead them into the circus.

When another hour had passed, he returned to fetch the two fuming animals. He said to the master, while gathering their bridles in his hand,

"Master, may I teach Birichino to take care of them? I think he will do it conscientiously."

The master started and frowned.

"What do you mean by that, you good for nothing fellow? Have you another fit of laziness?"

Beppo looked up to him with the honest expression of his large eyes, which appeared still larger, now that his face had become thinner, and more lengthened by sickness.

"You know the contrary, master," he answered quietly; "but I could not do it much longer: my strength fails me."

"Very well," muttered the master in an impatient tone, "call Birichino, and do what you like."

Thereupon he turned on his heel, and went away whistling, to keep himself in countenance, for in reality he well knew that poor Beppo was not lazy, and that stripes of the whip would not restore his strength.

Birichino was a young clown of astonishing agility and suppleness;—his origin was not well known; his shape, his face, and even the sound of his voice, combined to give that burlesque air which just suited his vocation; and whenever he entered the circus, whether it was on his head or his feet, a general burst of laughter was the result. The master appreciated his talents, and scarcely ever treated him harshly.

As to his companions, they all liked him because of his good humour which was at the same time both waggish and sweet. He was merry, well disposed, incapable of doing harm to anybody or anything whatever. Beppo was very fond of the ponies; and for some weeks past the thought of giving them up to the mercy of a surly or cruel man had tormented him. On reflection it had occurred to him that Birichino alone deserved his confidence; and he worked up his courage to the point of speaking about it to Master Gasparo.

At Beppo's call, the young clown, who lay stretched carelessly in the shade, answered him with the voice of pulcinello.

"What do you want of me, my little boy?"

"Come here, I pray you."

After a long groan which expressed what a trouble he experienced in rising, he stood up, and came waddling forward.

"At your commands, my darling," said he, placing one hand upon his heart, and accompanying the gesture with a grimace.

"Come, Birichino," said Beppo, looking him full in the face, "can you be serious for a moment and listen to me?"

"Serious? forsooth! Nobody is more so than I am," cried the clown, beginning a succession of capers, "speak, for I am listening."

Beppo had known him for a long time: so without troubling himself further, he gave him the master's orders that he should help him to take care of the ponies until that—here Beppo stopped. The clown immediately ceased his somersaults.

"Me!" he cried, "that I should become a groom? that would little suit me! How came you to think of me? I shall certainly brush the poor beasts' coats backwards, or I shall tie their tails to the rack and they might meditate on their supper without touching it: that would be a good joke!" and sitting down on the ground, the clown held his sides which shook with laughter.

Beppo, becoming impatient, remonstrated,—

"Come, Birichino, be reasonable, if that is possible: look at these poor things, the water is streaming down their coats, we cannot let them wait any longer; come with me to the stable, you shall help me to rub them down, and I will explain everything to you."

There was mingled sweetness and firmness in Beppo's way of speaking which was irresistible. Birichino followed him without saying more. When they were in the stable Beppo began his work, but he trembled so much that he could scarcely get to the end of it. His short and hurried breathing, and the cold perspiration which bathed his temples, indicated great weakness. Birichino watched him for a moment in silence, then taking himself a handful of straw he gently pushed his comrade aside, saying in quite a different tone,—

"Go away, my boy, you are too weak for this task: let me do it—your favourites will never have been better rubbed down, you may believe me."

"You see plainly," replied Beppo, with a faint smile, "it

was necessary for me to get a substitute, and it is because I knew that my ponies would be in good hands that I named you to the master."

Birichino continued his work with an energy of which he would not have been thought capable when he lay stretched in such a lazy manner under the trees.

He mixed his work with friendly or comic phrases, sometimes intended for the ponies, who looked at him greatly astonished at the change of hands, and sometimes for Beppo.

"They are very pretty, these two little things," began the clown, when he was sure there was not a trace of humidity left on their firm and shining coats. "Do they never kick?"

"There is no danger of that while they are treated kindly: but, if they were used roughly and offended, I would not answer for them—they are proud. Poor darlings," added Beppo, passing his wasted fingers through the long and silky mane of the black pony, "they know me so well! we love one another. You will be good, will you not? with Birichino, for he is kind, and when I am gone he will take great care of you."

A tear shone in the clown's eyes—an incautious tear which he disguised under a grimace, while the pony, to whom Beppo was speaking, pricked up his fine ears as if the better to listen to his friend.

"These animals," said Birichino, "speak and feel like we do—they must not be depreciated or tormented; I understand how one gets attached to them."

"Yes," said Beppo, "you have a good heart, Birichino, and that is the reason why I wished to give them up to you, before I go away."

"You go away? what do you mean?" and the clown, who was filling the rack with hay, stopped short.

"You know quite well, my friend," said Beppo calmly: "have I the look of health?"

"Not altogether, it is true; but with time and care,"—here Birichino, rather troubled, stopped short again.

"Time, it can do nothing for me:—care—" Beppo laid a particular stress on this word, "we must not expect that here; no, Birichino, I do not deceive myself. Very soon I shall be gone from this world, and I rejoice at it," added he.

"Well, that is something quite original!" cried the clown; "and you rejoice at it. Did any one ever hear!"

"Do you think that I have been happy?" asked Beppo. "Life has given me nothing, neither enjoyment nor affection. I should now be in heartfelt despair if God had not had pity upon me; He has taught me about Jesus and heaven, and I believe that I shall go there," continued he, with a bright smile.

The clown looked grave.

"I do not understand much about all that," he said, shaking his head; "but come, now our animals are in order, let us go and enjoy the cool air under the awning of the caravan, and you shall tell me a little more about it, will you?"

The two boys sat down, one of them on the rail, with his legs dangling, the other leaning against the door. Then Beppo related in a few words the history of the past weeks, he recited some of the beautiful stories which the grandfather's book contained, and he finished by repeating that he was glad to go to Jesus. Birichino went away quite thoughtful.

"It is curious, all the same," he said to himself. "Here is one who has not perhaps three weeks to live, yet I would change places with him, yes, I would; for after all, the great leap must be made sooner or later and then?"

Ah! Birichino, poor clown, you are not the only one before whom there rises in letters of fire this terrible question, "And then?"—but if your soul is hungry and thirsty, He who created it will not leave it without a response.

HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XXXIII.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe; and I will have respect unto thy statutes continually." (Psa. cxix. 117.)

Read Matt. xiv. 22–36. The multitude had eaten and been satisfied with the bread that Jesus gave them; and now, where did He send His disciples? What did He do with the multitude? And where did He Himself go? He went to the mountain, not to rest, but to pray, for there was nothing that so refreshed His spirit as communion in prayer with His heavenly Father. And there He knelt on the mountain side alone, while the darkness fell on sea and land, and the stars shone out in the clear heavens as hour after hour passed away. But it was no time of peace with His disciples. Their little ship was now far out upon the waters, on their way to Capernaum (see John vi. 17); when one of those violent storms to which that lake is liable swept wildly down from the hills, and in spite of all their toil in rowing they could not make way against it; the boat was "tossed with waves, for the wind was contrary." How they must have wished that Jesus had been in the boat! How they must have called to mind His words of power when once before they had been in danger on that lake! Do you remember what He said at that time to the stormy wind and the raging sea? (Mark iv. 39). And what was the effect of His words? Now He was not with them, and great was their danger. But the eye of Jesus pierced the darkness. Read Psa. cxxxix. 12. He saw the tempest-tossed vessel, and He saw the trouble of their hearts, and in the fourth watch of that dreary night, "Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea!" What a journey was this! Here we may trace the footsteps of God! Read Psa. lxxvii. 19. Through the darkness the disciples dimly saw a form approaching them, walking where human foot had never trod. What did they feel? What did they cry? They took Him for a spirit; they did not know it was their Best Friend who was coming to help them. But soon the voice of Jesus dispelled their fear; what did He say? Oh, blessed and welcome words to all who love their Lord!

"Toas'd with rough winds and faint with fear
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear?
'Tis I; be not afraid!"

One of those loving disciples now asked leave to go to his Lord; which was it? who could it be but the warm-hearted, eager, ardent, fearless Peter? And Jesus granted his prayer. "Come," he said, but when once fairly out on the stormy waves with the boisterous wind roaring round him, the disciple's heart failed him; ah! he could not tread on that watery floor like his Master! Sinking, fearing, trembling, he uttered one short prayer, only three little words—what were they? And immediately the Lord saved him; immediately His hand was put forth and Peter was raised from sinking, and led to the ship safe and sound. But what did the Lord say to him? It was a warning and a rebuke; if he had not doubted, Peter would not have sunk. Then when Jesus and Peter were in the ship, the wind ceased, and the other disciples, full of wonder and thankfulness, came and worshipped; and what did they say?

To what land did they now come? and how were they received?

Repeat your text for the day. These might well have been Peter's words. May they be yours in every time of temptation and trouble, when the rough waves of life fill your heart with fear and you feel ready to sink! Jesus is near! Jesus cares for you; He never turns a deaf ear to the cry of "Lord, save me!"

Sing,—"Just as I am."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WAS DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—Herbert.



BARNABAS AND PAUL BEFORE SERGIUS PAULUS.

BARNABAS.

A STUDY IN APOSTOLIC HISTORY.

OF all that "glorious company of the Apostles," how few stand out with any distinct individuality in the minds of ordinary readers of the New Testament! "Paul we know"—we know him even better than did many of his contemporaries; unbiased by controversial considerations, we judge him more fairly and esteem him more highly for his works' sake. But we also know him better because we know others less: we bestow far less regard upon his companions than they received

in their own day, and during even succeeding ages, are yet the memories of those Apostolic heroes had degenerated into "profane and old wives' fables."

The colossal genius of Paul has dwarfed those who stood at his side. The superior lustre of his character dazzles us and hinders us from doing full justice to the intrinsic merits of his brethren.

It is, however, worth while making the attempt to get out of the line of obscurity, otherwise we shall have but an imperfect and one-sided view of the inner life of the early church, and shall fail to realise the various influences which shaped the destiny of Christianity, and to appreciate the rela-

tive positions of the men, who marched in the van of that mighty movement, which "turned the world upside down."

Barnabas is undoubtedly one who occupied a far higher position in the estimation of his brethren, and who stood forth with a far more clear and definite personality in the recollections and traditions of the early Christians, than those notices of him, which are contained in the Acts of the Apostles, would at first, at least, lead us to suppose. It is true that he comes most prominently before us in that period of his career during which he co-operated with Paul, but it would be a very superficial estimate of his character and worth to regard him as simply a satellite shining with a borrowed light, or a mere *fidus Achates*, whose only claim upon our consideration is due to the fact that he had the good hap to be a great man's friend; and we should equally misjudge his position even if we ranked him in the same category as Silas, Titus, and Timothy.

Far from this being the case, there are unmistakable indications, even in the Acts, that Barnabas enjoyed great personal prestige, and that his rare endowments of mind and disposition, his self-denial, and abundant labours had gained for him a name and a position in the mother-church long before Saul of Tarsus had entered upon his apostolic career. It is only natural that he should be well known at Antioch and in Cyprus, and that his fame should be in all those churches which he had assisted in establishing; but his renown has gone beyond these limits, his self-denying toil is known at Corinth (1 Cor. ix. 6), and his name is deemed a sufficient introduction for his cousin Mark to the churches in the valley of the Lycus (Col. iv. 10).

We have another indirect evidence of the reputation in which he was held, down at least to the third and fourth centuries, in the fact, that those writers who have contributed so liberally to our Apocryphal literature have done Barnabas the doubtful honour of, once and again, borrowing his name for the purpose of securing circulation and authority for their productions—an expedient which succeeded so well, in one instance, as to obtain for an Epistle of very doubtful merit a place in the sacred canon in one of the most important ancient manuscripts.

Neither the assertions of ancient tradition nor the conjectures of modern criticism throw any very reliable light upon the antecedents of Barnabas; and the indications afforded by the sacred historian are only slight and incidental, but such as they are they seem to point Barnabas out as a "Hebrew of the Hebrews," although, like his friend Saul, born "outside the land."

Although a Cypriote Jew by birth, the name he bears, *Joseph*, betrays no trace of that Hellenistic influence to which his brethren of the Western Dispensation were so prone to yield in the matter of names; unless the title "*Lerite*" is a mere honorary distinction, implying no more than that Joseph was of the tribe of Levi, it indicates a connection with the Temple, and a liability to service in its courts, "in the order of his course," which would necessitate either a permanent residence in, or regular visits to, Jerusalem, from

the age of twenty. He has *near relatives*, Mary and John Mark residing in the holy city. These are the only clues which the Scriptures give us, and they lead us to connect Barnabas with the Aramean section of his race, with Jerusalem and the Temple.

The statement of Clement of Alexandria, that Joseph of Cyprus was one of the "Seventy" sent to preach the gospel in the towns and villages of Galilee, is unanimously discredited, and doubtless arises from a confusion of names between Barnabas and Barsabas (Acts i. 23). Other traditions, such as that in the Clementine Recognitions, that Barnabas preached the Gospel in Rome, even during the lifetime of our Lord, are only valuable as curiosities of absurdity. The question how and when he became identified with the disciples, is one which, however interesting, cannot be answered.

Certain it is, that, at the very early period when his noble largo-hearted benevolence first brought him into prominence, he already occupied a recognised position and enjoyed the honour of a distinctive "surname"—"Bar-nab'ua."

This surname the writer of the Acts has paraphrased rather than translated—"Son of consolation" or "of exhortation"; but which primarily indicates the *Spiritual Charism* with which Joseph of Cyprus was endowed—that of "prophecy." It is noteworthy that the Greek is not a literal rendering of the Aramaic name. The one may be termed generic, as it refers to the general nature of his endowments, whereas the other is specific, and suggests the special development of the Spirit's gift in the after career of Barnabas. When the Aramaic name was bestowed upon him, the baptism of the Holy Spirit was yet a recent occurrence, and the various charisms were only distinguished by certain broad and marked differences, and designated in general terms—prophecy, miracles, tongues; but when the Church had settled down to the calm consciousness of its divinely bestowed power, and, by the time that Luke began to set in order the records of the Apostolic era, these gifts were better defined, and their various scopes and functions more clearly recognised, even the same charism being marked by "diversities of workings" according to the individual capacity of its possessor, the "analogy" of his faith, and the "will of the Spirit." Thus, the self-same gift of prophecy which proved in Agabus a power of *foresight*, developed itself in Barnabas into the no less supernatural power of *insight*; of making manifest the secrets of men's hearts, of recognising latent talent and energies, of stimulating zeal and courage, of strengthening faith, in short of moving among men as an incarnation of the Paraclete's influence for warning, conviction, exhortation, and comfort.

But there is another "grace" which appears even more prominently in the character of Barnabas—that of "charity." It is this which first brings him into historic note, prompting him to bestow his goods to feed the poor (Acts iv. 36-37). It is this which distinguishes him throughout his recorded career, which "thinketh no evil, but believeth all things and hopeth all things" (Acts ix. 27, xv. 36-39), which

"rejoiceth in the truth" (Acts xi. 32) and, as his whole intercourse with Paul bears witness, which "vaunteth not itself, envieth not, seeketh not her own."

This trait is all the more distinct and noticeable since it reveals itself in a series of contrasts from first to last. It is strikingly exhibited in relief against the sordid pretentiousness of Ananias and Sapphira; against the suspicious caution of the disciples; against the resolution and stringency of Paul.

The first of these contrasts comes out all the more clearly if we disregard the existing division of chapters iv. and v., and note only the logical sections at iv. 32, and v. 11.

We are here reminded that the pressure upon the slender resources of the church was sustained by the voluntary offerings of the wealthier members who sold their possessions, and, in some instances, devoted the whole of the proceeds to the common fund. There was of course a danger of this fervent charity degenerating into a vulgar ostentation in some cases, and this indeed happened, and brought a swift and sad doom on the unhappy pair who were guilty of the attempt of deceiving the Holy Ghost. But as an instance of the genuine and spontaneous benevolence which doubtless characterised the majority the gift of Joseph of Cyprus is specially recorded. Whether it involved the sale of the whole of his "real estate" does not transpire. He sold "land" or, as the Revised Version renders it, "a field;" a vague expression; but later on it is certain that the whole of his patrimony had been expended, for he, like Paul, feels compelled to toil with his own hands, to "minister unto his necessities," that, "he should not become chargeable unto" those for whom he laboured in the Gospel. (1 Cor. ix. 6.)

A very natural question may be asked—why should special mention be made of this gift of Barnabas, as there must have been many others distinguished by like-minded generosity? Is it improbable that the Apostles, some of whom, as Matthew, were not destitute of financial skill, should have kept some kind of an account of receipts and disbursements of the Church fund? And when, in after years, Luke was in search of material for the compilation of his history, among the sacred archives placed at his disposal, may there not have been such documents as lists of contributions to, and payments from, the "Daily Ministration Fund," wherein he would find probably the earliest mention of one, who became afterwards so well known to himself, and so prominent in the Church, as Joseph Barnabas?

The period which intervened between this first notice of Barnabas and the second (Acts ix. 27), may have been five or six years; an interval during which the destiny of the Church was being shaped by the expansion of a vigorous life from within, and under the pressure of a fierce and persistent persecution from without. That Barnabas employed his rare gifts in some work for the Master during this period hardly admits of a doubt, perchance the fervent exhortations of the Levite may have been partly instrumental in bringing that "great company of priests" into obedience to the faith (Acts vi. 7).

Whether he was one of those who fled before

the violence of that storm, which arose after Stephen's death, cannot be known, he may have retired to his native island; but when Saul's fiery zeal had been diverted, and the Sadducean rage effectually restrained by the arrival of the new procurator, and when at length "the Churches had rest," we find him once more at Jerusalem.

An event soon occurred which threw the disciples into the utmost consternation and perplexity. The quondam persecutor, Saul of Tarsus, presented himself alone and unexpectedly before them, and sought fellowship with them. The presence of his namesake of old among the prophets could not have excited more surprise. It must be acknowledged that the conduct of the church in this emergency is justified by almost every *a priori* argument. Doubtless the strange tidings of his sudden conversion had been long ago confirmed, but much that was mysterious and inexplicable had occurred since then; and a very plausible doubt may have been expressed by many, whether the whole affair was not a deep-laid plot suggested by the cunning of the high priestly party. Were they not commanded to be as wise as serpents? Might not this Saul be a wolf, which had donned the sheep's clothing the better to make havoc among Christ's flock?

How would Peter Titelmann have been received by a Calvinist congregation in Antwerp, or Claverhouse by the Scottish Covenanters? Indeed, so natural does this treatment of Saul by the Church seem to us, that the chivalrous courage and magnanimity of Barnabas appear strange and unaccountable, and the ancient traditions and modern conjectures that they must have been previously acquainted, that they had sat together at the feet of Gamaliel, or that the "promising young Levite of Cyprus must have been sent to the 'university' of Tarsus," are neither more nor less than confessions of this surprise. But, even if we regard these hypotheses favourably, the breach between Barnabas and Saul had been so great, and the hostility of the latter had produced so profound an impression upon the disciples, that the prompt and generous confidence of the former is scarcely less striking.

It is by no means improbable that the effect of this "cold-pausing caution" upon one of Saul's ardent and highly sensitive nature, conscious as he was of his own integrity, and convinced too of his high destiny in the service of Christ, would be to drive him into a painful and embarrassing isolation. It is at this juncture the generous and warm-hearted Barnabas comes to his aid—his broad charity, his candid and confiding nature was proof against all ignoble suspicions.

That this service was rendered spontaneously, and not because of any entreaty on the part of Saul, seems clear from the language of the narrative. "But Barnabas took him and brought him to the apostles." The word here rendered "took" is the same which is elsewhere employed by the same writer in the sense of *seizing forcibly*, (Luke xxiii. 26; Acts xvi. 19, xviii. 17, and perhaps xvii. 19); and if we attach the same meaning to it here, it suggests more than that Barnabas "took" Saul "by the hand;" it implies that he sought out the new disciple, listened to

his story, overcame his reluctance to court further rebuff, and induced him by persuasion and argument to accept his sponsorship. And, further, there is no small probability in Dr. Farrar's surmise that the house where Saul "abode fifteen days" with Peter on this occasion, may have been the hospitable home of Barnabas' kinswoman Mary; and what means of "bringing" Saul "to the Apostles," would occur more readily to Barnabas, and be at the same time more agreeable to Saul, than by prevailing upon him to become the guest of his relative?

Thus did the kindly and timely sympathy of the "Son of Consolation" attach to the Church one who, though "born out of due time," was destined, in the measure of his zeal, in the abundance of his labours, and in the extent of his sufferings, to be "in no whit behind the very chieftest of the Apostles." Thus, too, was commenced or renewed a friendship, which produced more lasting results for the good of mankind than any in the world's history.

Barnabas appears before us next (Acts xi. 22) in the character of Apostolic Legate and Plenipotentiary, invested with apparently discretionary powers, to inquire into the truth of those startling reports, which had been received from the Syrian metropolis—Antioch.

In the very compressed account which is given (vv. 19, 20) of the origin of this almost revolutionary movement, there seem to be indications of, at least, two waves of Christian zeal—waves set in motion at the same time, and by the same disturbing influence, but flowing in different channels, and reaching Antioch at different times. The former, flowing northwards through Phoenicia, was probably composed of Antiochene converts, such as Nicholas the deacon, who would naturally fly for safety to their own city, arriving there at a time nearly coincident with those migrations recorded, in almost identical terms, in the eighth chapter, and working along similar lines—"preaching the word to none, but unto the Jews only." The later wave would be composed of Cypriotes and Cyrenians, coming at a later date from their own shores, giving the work already commenced, a new impetus, breaking down the barriers of Judaism, and spreading as a vivifying flood over the arid wastes of Syrian vice and idolatry.

Whatever human considerations led to the selection of Barnabas for this mission, the overruling of the Holy Spirit is distinctly manifest in the singular felicity of the appointment, for events of momentous importance hung upon his decision, and, although he was not conscious of it, the fate of the early Church lay in his hands. It was the action of Barnabas in Antioch, and not that of Peter in Cæsarea, which virtually emancipated Christianity from the bonds of Judaism. Had he condemned the zeal of these unknown propagandists as irregular and indiscreet, this outpost in heathendom might have been abandoned, and Christianity might, for a time at least, have retreated once more within the lines of Mosaism. It is almost certain that the progress of the gospel would have suffered a check, the consequences of which would, in all probability, have been felt even down to our own day.

But when he "had seen the grace of God, he was glad." His liberal and courageous discrimination cheerfully acquiesced in the necessities imposed by widely different conditions and circumstances from those which had hitherto shaped the action of the Church. In his repeated exhortations to the new converts, he urges them in no way to turn to "the weak and beggarly elements" of Judaism, but simply to guard against lapsing into the old life by "cleaving unto the Lord" with courageous resolution. His conduct and counsel, although dictated by no time-serving policy, but by a bold and clear discernment between the accidentals and the essentials in the new faith, was highly acceptable to the community at Antioch, and won for him the emphatic approbation of the historian Luke, who, perhaps, now became personally acquainted with Barnabas—"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

Another evidence of his judgment and clear-sightedness may be seen in his choice of a fellow-labourer at Antioch. And, by enlisting Saul of Tarsus in the work in this congenial sphere, Barnabas once again does Christianity an incalculable service, although at the price of ultimate self-effacement. Henceforth, until Barnabas disappears from history, their careers run in parallel lines; the calm tranquil lustre of the older Apostle wanes and pales before the fierce, fervent radiance of his former *protégé*. The rough and ready estimate of the Lycaonian boors conveys no very inaccurate idea of their respective positions. One is distinguished by calmness and dignity, perchance by a certain "venerableness of aspect" also—he must be Zeus. The other, the active and eloquent Paul, must be the companion and *factotum* of the "father of gods and of men"—Hermes.

It is worthy of note how carefully and accurately the historian marks the gradual interchange of position between Barnabas and Saul. It is in this order that they are commended by the Church at Antioch to the grace of God. But, from the time that they issue from the presence-chamber of the Cyprian Proconsul, "Saul (who also is called Paul)" takes the first place. It is he who stands up in the synagogue of Pisidian Antioch, who heals the impotent man at Lystra, whose bold recriminations of the unbelieving Jews and impetuous protests against the superstitious reverence of the Lycaonians excite their vindictive rage, and provoke them to stone him. But when the returned missionaries stand together before the Council in Jerusalem, Barnabas is still better known there, and precedence is given to him; he is bidden to speak first, and his name stands first in the commission of the encyclical letter (Acts xv. 12, 25).

Surely this rare trait, this quiet, uncontentious self-obliteration, this noble elevation of soul above the petty jealousy which so often neutralises the co-operation of ordinary men, has a merit and a charm of its own too frequently overlooked; and in our estimate of the two Apostolic heroes, the very assertiveness and positiveness of Paul's character prevent us from justly appreciating the voluntary negativeness of Barnabas.

But in God's providence these "souls that

have toiled, and wrought, and thought" together are destined to be severed. The self-same Spirit that had commanded Barnabas and Saul to be separated from their brethren at Antioch, now ordains, in another way, that they should be separated from one another.

From a human point of view, it is very possible that the misunderstanding between the two Apostles, which culminated in that memorable "paroxysm" concerning John Mark (Acts xv. 39) might have had a different issue, or, more probably, might never have happened, had it not been for the tension, which already existed, ever since the unfortunate vacillation of Peter, and Barnabas, and other Jews, at a critical time, had provoked the stern protest of Paul (Gal. ii. 11 sqq.). But under this additional strain their friendship gave way.

Sad and painful was the memory of their first dissension to Paul. Once, and once only, does he refer to it, when in self-defence he recounts to the Galatians the story of the whole conflict concerning Gentile rights: and, in this reference, it is easy to see how much more keenly he felt the desertion of his companion, his guide, his own familiar friend, than that of Peter and of the other Jews: the very climax of his disappointment was reached, when the contagion of timidity induced his fellow-champion in the cause of liberty to stoop to dissimulation. The famous "*et tu Brute*" of the wounded Cæsar scarcely betrays a more pathetic, mournful surprise than does Paul's "even Barnabas" (Gal. ii. 13, Rev. ver.). In this controversy and "contention" we see the strength and weakness of both these noble minds, and we need not shrink, as did some of the early Fathers, from this evidence of their being men "subject to like passions as we are." One is conciliatory, charitable, sympathetic; the other firm, resolute, uncompromising; but, as it is possible to be too conciliatory in matters of principle, so it is possible to be too rigid in the treatment of individuals; and if Barnabas erred in the former direction, events proved that Paul erred in the latter. "They departed asunder one from the other."

Undoubtedly the wholesome and righteous severity of Paul must have had a beneficial effect upon the irresolute John Mark, mitigated as it was by the kindness and gentleness of Barnabas. But, in befriending his young kinsman on this occasion, the "son of consolation" renders the Church his last recorded service, by retaining in a sphere of activity and usefulness one destined in after years, by his faithfulness and devotion, to make full amends for his previous fickleness, and, at last, to bequeath the most graphic biography of the world's Redeemer.

The claims of Barnabas to literary immortality have been examined and disallowed by abler judges than we are, and we believe their verdict to be just. It would be wearisome and profitless to sift that accumulation of other legends and fables, which has gathered around the memory of the devoted Christian Levite. We have only one certain glimpse of him after the vessel, which was to bear him to Cyprus, weighed anchor in the harbour of Seleucia. Six or seven

years later when Paul is at Ephesus, "disputing in the school of Tyrannus," writing his epistle to the Corinthians, and weaving goat's-hair tents,—Barnabas is still living, still working in the same high calling, emulating Paul's own noble abnegation, eating no man's bread for nought, but maintaining himself by the labour of his own hands, while preaching unto men the gospel of God. Thus, as he came before us at first, so now he fades from our sight, a bright, ever-consistent example of self-sacrifice, charity, and devotion, showing us "all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

THE PEDLAR ON LONDON BRIDGE.

IT was a bright May morning, early in the present century. London Bridge was densely crowded, and almost impassable, as it was wont to be in those times, for it was not the stately structure of Rennie with which we have to deal, but the old, narrow, many-arched bridge, which for centuries had formed the only link between the City and the adjoining borough of Southwark.

The carts and carriages toiled along, every now and then coming to a deadlock, which generally provoked an angry and protracted wrangle; for there were no police to enforce order, or overawe violence. The foot-passengers made their way, like men swimming against a rapid current, thankful if they accomplished the passage, after half-an-hour's exertion, without damage to limb or pocket.

In the embrasures formed by the projecting piers, small traders had established themselves, and offered their wares to the passers-by, the slow pace to which the latter were restrained giving them a better opportunity than ordinary, of descanting on the merits of the articles offered for sale. In one sheltered nook stood an old woman with her basket of oranges and cakes, and at her side a flower girl, with her nosegays of primrose or violet. In another, a hardware man offered his scissors, and thimbles, and many-bladed pen-knives, or cheap rings, and brooches, and pinchbeck jewellery.

In one of the abutments, near the City side, on the day referred to, a man was very busy advertising sovereigns for sale. "Here you are, gentlemen," he vociferated, "real golden sovereigns, one penny a-piece—only a penny a-piece—real sovereigns fresh from his Majesty's mint! Here's an opportunity that will never happen again—only a penny for a real golden sovereign, twenty shillings value, two hundred and forty pence—all for one penny! Don't let the chance slip, gentlemen. It will never come again. Buy a hundred sovereigns for a hundred pence!"

The crowd surged by, taking little notice of him, or when any one did make any response to his invitation it was to express surprise at his folly in believing that the public could be so taken in. "You've brightened up those farthings

of yours pretty smartly," said one. "If you'd sell 'em four for a penny, you might do some business." "Best mind what you are at, my lad," growled an old City clerk; "if you attempt to pass off those Brummagem buttons as sovereigns, you may have the constables after you."

The pedlar listened to these remarks with the utmost composure. He did not appear to be in any way disturbed, though he had stood for nearly three quarters of an hour without receiving a single bid for his wares, nor did his eye ever turn aside from the tray which was slung by a band round his neck, except to glance at a man occupying the same niche in the bridge as himself, who was leaning carelessly against the parapet, referring every now and then to the watch which he drew from his pocket.

Presently it seemed as though a customer had come at last. "Oh! papa," said a little boy, "those are the things mother is always wanting. Look here. I've got fourpence which she gave me for bringing a good character home from school. I'll buy four of the sovereigns, and take them home to her, if I may."

"You're a good boy, Dicky," said the father, "but I am afraid your mother wouldn't get much good out of them. They're only pretence, my lad. In this world, no one ever parts with anything under its value. You may give good money, and get what's worth very little for it. But you'll never give what's worth very little, and get good money for it. Come along, and buy your bullseyes."

The pair passed on, and presently another man stopped and looked wistfully at the tray.

"If they were only real," he muttered. "Twenty of them would keep me out of gaol, and I might come all right again. There's many a man now, to whom twenty real sovereigns are of no more consequence than that chap's medals would be. Ah, but though he doesn't want them himself, he won't give them to me."

He too resumed his way, and was succeeded by a very different personage from the last, a buck, in fact, of the first water. His three-cornered hat set jauntily on his head, his peagreen coat with large brass buttons, his buckskin breeches, showy waistcoat, and the mass of neckcloth round his throat, were all in the height of the fashion. He paused a moment in front of the pedlar, and narrowly scrutinised the contents of his drawer.

"A good imitation that," he muttered, with a fashionable oath; "I wonder whether they would pass at Crocky's. If I could venture fifty of them at the board of green cloth, at a cost of only four and twopence, that would be a deal better bargain than I shall get out of Moses. But no, it wouldn't do. The croupier's eyes are too sharp for that. I should be kicked down-stairs, and never allowed to come again; and that would be all I should get by it. But it's a pity—upon my life it's a pity;" and so saying, he sauntered on to the money-lender's.

"What is the time now?" asked the pedlar of the lounger beside him.

"Just a quarter to twelve," was the answer. "You have exactly fifteen minutes to stay, and that is all. Hallo," he added, under his breath, "here is a customer at last, I do believe."

As he replaced his watch, a man having the appearance of a decent mechanic, carrying a small bundle, stopped for a moment or two, eying with curiosity the contents of the pedlar's tray. Then he took up one of the coins and turned it over.

"Well, it's a clever sham," he said, "and it will please my little boy. I've just got a penny left after paying for the tea and sugar, and I'll take one of these home to him."

He laid down his penny accordingly, received one of the coins, and went on his way. He could not put it inside his bundle very well, and he had a hole in his pocket, so he was obliged to keep it in his hand. As he passed on into Gracechurch Street, under the window of the large jeweller's shop, a crowd, which had gathered round a fallen horse, forced him into the doorway, and he took the opportunity of examining his purchase again.

"Well, it is uncommon like, that I must say," he exclaimed. "I haven't fingered too many of these, to be sure; but all I have seen are as like this, as one pea is to another. There can't be any chance of its being a real one, I suppose, that would be too good a joke! and yet there is no harm in asking, and this chap will tell me what it is in a minute."

He stepped up to the jeweller's counter accordingly, and, laying his coin on it, inquired of the man "What that might be?"

"That?" said the jeweller, taking it carelessly up and weighing it on his finger, "why, what should it be, my good man, but a sovereign?"

"A sovereign, a real sovereign!" exclaimed the other, "you don't mean it, to be sure. Just look again, sir, if you please, and make certain."

"There's no need to look again," said the shopman rather sharply, "I should know gold by this time, when I see it. It's as good a sovereign as ever came from the Mint, and is quite new into the bargain. I'll give you twenty shillings for it, if you want to change it."

The journeyman stared once more in the jeweller's face, and then turning short round, he made for the door, elbowing his way without ceremony through the crowd outside, and paying no heed to the angry remonstrance addressed to him on all sides. Two or three minutes sufficed to clear his way through the crowd gathered in Gracechurch Street, and then turning down one of the narrow alleys which in those days intervened between the broad thoroughfare and the river, he hurried on with all the speed he could command. Presently, he emerged near the entrance to the bridge, and still fighting his way vigorously reached the embrasure where he had left the dealer in sovereigns. Alas, he was gone, and his place was occupied by a vendor of gingerbread nuts, who was commanding his articles with an earnestness, which far exceeded that of his predecessor.

"Where is the man, who was selling the sovereigns?" exclaimed the journeyman breathlessly.

"Man with the sovereigns," repeated the person addressed. "I don't know of any such. There was a chap with a tray here about five minutes ago, just as I come up, but he shut up business, and walked off with his friend, just as twelve o'clock struck."

Not improbably the reader has heard the explanation of this strange occurrence already—how two fashionable loungers at the West End had made a wager as to what would be the consequence, if one hundred sovereigns were offered for sale, at one penny a piece, for an hour on London Bridge, during the most busy period of the day. The one party had contended that they would all be bought up the moment they were exposed to view, the other that the public would totally disregard them. The experiment was tried, and with the result which has been related of the hundred sovereigns only one was sold, and that to a man who had no belief in the value of his purchase.

It may seem strange to us that men should have shown so little discernment. Yet what is it,

but the very same thing that is going on every day on the Bridge which leads from this world to the next? The servant of his Lord stands by the wayside, and offers to all the pure gold of everlasting life in his Master's name, and bids them buy it without money and without price. But they pass by it, and heed it not, thinking that that which is so freely offered must needs be worthless. Few or none make purchase of it; and they only find out its true value when it comes to be tested by use. Here also the precious prize is offered only during the brief hour of human life. The angel witnesses stand by, and mark the throng as it heedlessly passes by, and when the hour is ended the offer is withdrawn. Vain will it be then to strive and haste to redeem the past. There is no repentance in the grave.

THE KING'S SCEPTRE.

HINTS OF THE WONDERFUL UNITY OF THE WAYS OF GOD IN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

X.—GREAT MOMENTS OF HISTORY.

THAT great moment has often been described when the Spanish discoverer, Nunez de Balboa, fulfilled his strong desire in the discovery of the great Pacific Ocean. Columbus had sought the sea in vain, but Balboa had boldly marched across the Isthmus of Darien, a wonderful march for its enterprise and its endurance; at length, transported, he reached the end and the object of his search, he ran before his comrades, and climbing a high mountain saw rolling beneath him the waters of the great sea of which he had heard so often, of which rumour had said so many things, when—

"Much of a Southern Sea they spake,
And of that glorious city won,
Near the setting of the sun,
Throned in a silver lake."

He had discovered it, his delight must have been boundless; hurrying from the height of the mountain to the shores beneath with many of his companions he plunged into the waters and claimed the Southern Sea, what we now call the Pacific Ocean, the most amazing massing of waters in the world, for the crown of Spain. It brought the discoverer no good; the Spanish court, with its usual gratitude, superseded him in the government of Darien, and his successor, in the jealousy of a little mind, soon found an excuse for the execution of Balboa. But nothing can divest the moment of its amazing and romantic interest, or the discovery of its startling splendour. If Columbus, in the discovery of America, unlocked a new continent, not less dazzling was the discovery when Balboa, having pushed his way with such singular intrepidity across its enormous and untracked wastes, unlocked a new ocean.

There are points of view in history which are

like the discovery of the great Pacific Sea; there have been great moments, sometimes the laying bare some mystery or secret of science; sometimes the alighting of a superior, a civilised and highly cultivated people among nations with the fulness of mental capacity but great inferiority in mental culture; sometimes the discovery of a new geographical route, a new highway along which commerce and trade might advance. These are all indications of the movements of the Sceptre of the Great King, signs of the route along which progress is to travel. Future hours, days or years, are not known as such moments strike. Such, for instance, was the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope; what a change this effected in the trade and commerce of Europe. Bernal Diaz had twice doubted that noble promontory in seeking for it, he at last descried it, and when Vasco de Gama gave the crowning demonstration of the passage to India by this route, it was a great event in the world's history. Such a passage had been decried as a vain and wild chimera, but it became an accomplished fact. No doubt Venice owed her ruin and wretched fall to her internal corruption, but the discovery of the Cape diverted the course of her commerce. "Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles," because she was able to "hold the gorgeous East in fee." But with the discovery of the Cape the course of commerce changed its route.

There are many such pieces of geographical discovery, which however comparatively unnoticed or unknown at the time, have yet changed the entire affairs of the world; it may be that there are some such in the course of development even now. Thus momentously interesting is the entire story of maritime and even inland discovery as tending to show how the course of human progress greatly depends

upon the neighbourhood of nations, their power of exchanging not merely their goods and productions but also their ideas. We have referred in a previous paper at some length to the influence of the sea, and Dr. Arnold says : "The sea deserves to be hated by the old aristocracies, inasmuch as it has been the mightiest instrument in the civilisation of mankind. In the depth of winter, when the sky is covered with clouds, and the land presents one cold, blank, lifeless surface of snow, how refreshing it is to the spirits to walk upon the shore, and to enjoy the eternal freshness and liveliness of the ocean ! Even so in the deepest winter of the human race, when the earth was but a chilling expanse of inactivity, life was stirring in the waters. There began that spirit, whose genial influence has now reached to the land, has broken the chains of winter, and covered the face of the earth with beauty."

And all this is especially true of the Mediterranean, that sea which still holds such a spell over the spirit, the many-nationed sea, "its shores were empires," Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, their grandeur was greatly derived from it. The peoples of its shores were in such near neighbourhood to each other; compared with the Atlantic, Pacific, or Indian Oceans it was only like a lake; but the populations of Europe and Asia were small in the days when its triumphant waters sounded along the walls of great cities, or transported their vessels from one coast to another. It is a fascinating poem, it is a succession of stirring histories. Dr. Johnson most truly says : "The great object in travelling is to see the coasts of the Mediterranean. On those shores were situated the four great empires of the world, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman ; all our religion, almost all our law, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean." And Lord Beaconsfield, in his own way almost repeats the words of Johnson, when he says, "Say what they like there is a spell in the shores of the Mediterranean Sea which no others can rival ; never was such a union of natural loveliness and magical associations ; on these shores have risen all that interests us in the past, Egypt and Palestine, Greece, Rome, and Carthage, Moorish Spain and feudal Italy ; these shores have yielded us our religion, our arts, our literature and our laws ; if all that we have gained from the shores of the Mediterranean were erased from the memory of man we should be savages." If we speak of geographical predispositions in history, the Mediterranean is one of the most remarkable and marvellous. Such a variety of races blended, such a variety of means, for the culture of some people, and for the taming the ruggedness of the more rude by the polish of the more refined, while even in those remote times the lesson seems to be given, that it is by the brotherly neighbourhood of man with all the brotherly differences which climate or character may bring, that the benevolent sway of a loving Providence asserts itself.

For evil or for good much is left to man, the parable of the talents is realised by nations and by individuals ; and while the nobleman goes

away into the far country and leaves his benevolent bequests amongst his several servants, it is possible and common enough for a perverted will either to let the goods run to waste or recklessly to misuse them ; but such seems the divine law, the donation is of God, the use or misuse is of ourselves. The language of the great poet, which he puts in the mouth of Roderick Dhu, will bear another argument than that of the rough soldier.

"Ask wo this savage hill we tread
For fatten'd steer or household bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,—
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore !
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'"

Hence the pathway of battle, as it has been one of the most cruel and mysterious, so it has not the less been one of the most assured pathways along which the Sceptre of the King has travelled. True, as the Apostle says, "From whence come wars and fightings ? from your lusts, your evil desires and passions." But we have said that the Divine Providence in the world does not allow, does not permit the wild and malevolent passions to rave and rage merely to spend themselves. It is a wonderful and inscrutable law that all great and even all national blessings come through suffering ; blood has been the price of freedom to every nation. It has been well said that it is to the Garden and the Cross we must go in sorrow and humility for our highest hopes and most enduring promises. For instance, the last American struggle, her great Civil War, was terrible and severe. England achieved the emancipating of her West-India slaves without the shedding of a drop of blood in war ; but Americans now look back upon those years of strife and feel that they too may boast, that while their country embraces all climates, from the summer breezes which linger over the broad gulf, to the wintry winds which howl and sweep over the mighty lakes of the North, its atmosphere is so pure that no slave can breathe it and remain in bondage. So blessings grow out of conflict.

It has not been sufficiently realised that Europe received almost illimitable benefits during the earliest of the dark ages from the Saracens and the Moors. Spain, which perhaps received them in the richest and largest degree, proved herself most unworthy of them by her inability to profit by them. With wild insanity she persecuted and expelled the Moors who were her noblest artizans, her wealthiest merchants, her most illustrious scholars, her most gorgeous architects. But the seeds of their illustrious Eastern learning were wind-wafted and scattered broadcast over Europe, in Italy, Germany, and England. The Crusades brought back many of the elements of Eastern knowledge for assiduous cultivation in European nations and cities. The Rev. Charles Forster, in his most interesting work, 'Mohomanism Unveiled,' published some years since, has certainly with much enthusiasm, but scarcely less truth, shown how indebted is almost every department of knowledge and science to Moorish



and Saracenic learning; how to it we owe our first great doctrines in experimental chemistry, in medicine, in mathematics; how to it we owe the first achievements in the collection of vast libraries, and in the foundation of colleges and schools. We are furnished with a very eminent instance of the way in which one race confers benefits and blessings on another; nor can there be any doubt that those singular people were regarded with suspicion as in alliance with dark and unseen powers, from the fact that their knowledge placed in their hands the key to chambers of science looked upon with dread, and which ignorant minds regarded with awe and as unlawful to enter. In every direction of intellectual cultivation they appear to have given hints which the wise and thoughtful knew how to employ, although the ignorant regarded them with superstitious fear. How beautiful one thinks it would have been if these ancient brethren could have dwelt together in amity, and ideas and knowledge could have been received without the invasion of the sword or the barbarous ingratitude of the stake.

It is a fact which suggests many reflections, that looking along the entire line of ancient or modern history, we discover no traces of any savage tribe which has risen to civilisation without the aid of civilised people. Archbishop Whately, in his lectures on political economy, has dwelt at some length on this, and argues from hence, that all savages must have degenerated from a more civilised state of existence. And he quotes at length a passage from an interesting volume on the New Zealanders, published many years since, in which the writer remarking that the New Zealanders appear to have been in quite as advanced a state when Tasman discovered the country in 1642, as when Cook visited it a hundred and twenty-seven years after, observes how that which more than anything else everywhere keeps man a savage is his ignorance of letters, since it is only by letters that knowledge can be transmitted and its continuity sustained, and the experience of one generation be so stored up as to be available for another. Thus the savage is reduced almost to the level of the lowest animals, he is unable to exercise in its higher degrees that admirable prerogative of man by which he becomes the heir and inheritor of that which is past. Only the necessary arts of life which are in daily use and cannot be forgotten are retained; and hence it is that the oldest man, the patriarch of the tribe, is looked up to and regarded with peculiar honour because his memory and experience travel back farthest. As there are no books, only oral communication, men in that state can only be aware of that which their experience has taught them. If, then, they lie in the remote wastes of inaccessible seas, where no foreigners with new and useful ideas, with more refined and cultivated tastes and habits can alight upon their shores, how shall they emerge from their condition of barbarism? This then appears to be the law of human progress, as the poet has described it in his verses on the Grecian Torch Race—

"I saw the expectant nations stand,
To catch the coming flame in turn:—

I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, though struggling, glory burn.
And each, as she receiv'd the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray;
Then, smiling to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way."

Such, through all ages from the earliest to these latest times, has been the course of civilisation and the progress of society. Whatever may have been the circumstances which have caused the deterioration of tribes, races, or nations, social advancement has depended on the communication which people have had with each other; very few are the instances of those who left alone have been able to retain manners and usages of high intelligence, dignity or even morality. If men and society suffer as they exist together in crowds, they deteriorate yet more when left solitary and unimpressed by the neighbourhood of emulative minds. An interesting circumstance in connection with Captain Cook and his visit to New Zealand, is the story of Omai, whom the great navigator brought with him to England. He appears to have been one of the most gentle of savages, and had the singular honour to be a cherished favourite of Cook, to become the subject of one of the most graceful portraits from the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and to be immortalised in some of the sweetest words of the poet Cowper. But it was a sad moment when he returned to his own native state; he shed bitter tears when Cook left him. He dreaded not merely the persecution to which he might be subjected from barbarous chiefs, although Cook threatened them with his vengeance if they dared to molest him; he probably dreaded yet more, and recoiled from, the relapse into a life the harsh degradation of which must have been brought painfully home to him by such intercourse with society as he had known.

How easy it is then to conceive from a case like this the relapse, if not entire in the individual, in the following generation. They are foolish dreams in which sentimental philosophers have indulged of the brightness of that golden age when

"Wild in woods the noble savage ran."

Rousseau was regarded for a long time as the chief teacher of those absurd ideas, in which the natural state of man was exhibited as a state of innocence and purity; "everything," said Rousseau, "degenerates in the hands of man." The assertion is contradicted everywhere, and he might have seen the contradiction to such a philosophy along the smiling borders of the lake of Geneva he loved so well. The natural state either of a plant or a man is that of which they are susceptible by improvement. There are evidences innumerable that in the earliest society there existed and were given to man those first great means of improvement from which all progress proceeds and in which we trace the high beginnings of civilisation. At the same time it is exceedingly difficult to describe that point of degradation from which, when once reached, it seems impossible to emerge without successive influences from without. While the passion of war especially, so easily excited

and so fatal in its influence, may be alone sufficient as a cause for degradation, it is not less certain that the gradual advance from the darkest social state, the growth in wealth,

intelligence and power greatly arises from inter-communicated ideas. Thus the brotherhood and fellowship of nations becomes one of the chiefest influences in extending the Sceptre of the King.

THE FISHER VILLAGE.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER V.—POOR PHILIS!

PHILIS was wiping her eyes and feeling very unhappy, when Kees jumped upon her like a faithful dog, and when she put her arms round him, he laid his head against her, and began to wail piteously. This brought Mrs. Primrose to the door, looking very much out of sorts. Her brother had scarcely spoken either to her or Philis that morning, and it was she who bade her daughter remain indoors while the fleet set sail. She had been much disturbed the previous evening by Rounce's repeated declaration that if Philis did not accept Mr. Thomas Breese, they must both find a home elsewhere. She had found it difficult to keep her temper, for she could not see why she was to suffer for her daughter's obstinacy; still, she had quietly assured him that she was, herself, "all for young Breese." "Then," said he, "you must make Philis do what you tell her; and give up that canting Methodist of a Ted Murrell." "I will," she had said, knowing full well that Philis had a very decided will of her own.

But Philis was not prepared to wreck her mother's comfort, although she was indifferent to her own, and had been much distressed when Mrs. Primrose repeated to her, word for word, what her uncle had said. She was on the look out for her friend and adviser, Patience, longing for some one to comfort her, yet scarcely knowing whence comfort could arrive. It came in the shape of Kees, who must be, she felt, more unhappy than herself, and who seemed given to her in the place of Ted.

"Won't you walk in and rest, Patience?" said Mrs. Primrose stiffly; she had always rather a grand and distant manner, as became, she thought, her former position.

"Thank you, Mrs. Primrose, but,"—began Patience, who was about to decline, but caught an appealing look from Philis—"but I cannot stay long," she added, changing her tactics.

She went in, and the three women sat down, Kees climbing into Philis's lap. It was a solemn little conclave, and neither appeared to have anything to say until Mrs. Primrose began to talk about the child, wondering what in the world the Murrells could do with him.

"Ted is going to ask a Dutch friend at Yarmouth to look in when he comes this way and question him," said Patience. "Meanwhile he will share what we have."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Primrose, as much as to say, "That's none too much."

Kees understood that they were talking of him, and, looking from one to the other, inquiringly, uttered his favourite name, "Ted," as if to ask what had become of him.

"Ted come—back—soon," said Philis, fancying that if she spoke a peculiar lingo, he was sure to understand. "Come back!" echoed the boy, clapping his hands, for the words were somehow familiar.

"He will soon speak English, the darling," cried Philis, hugging him, and he returning her embraces.

"I'm sure we can do very well without Ted," said Mrs. Primrose in an injured but majestic voice. "I am very sorry for you and your mother, Patience, but he never seems to do you any good."

"Not Ted! Why, Mrs. Primrose he never does anything but good," exclaimed Patience. "You forget the medal he had from the Humane Society for saving life; and how he converted ever so many of his mates, who are now God-fearing men; and how he brings home all his earnings to mother and—"

"Not too many of them," interrupted Widow Primrose, scornfully. "He mostly manages to lose all he gets."

"Poor Ted! he can't help that. You're very unjust, mother," said impetuous Philis, who had better have held her tongue.

"Poor Ted!" repeated Kees, who had been gravely striving to understand the conversation.

"Little pitchers have long ears." That boy knows more than he pretends. I'll answer for it he's 'double Dutch,'" said Mrs. Primrose, shaking her cap, as she pronounced what she considered an oracle.

"I think I had better go now," said Patience, rising with difficulty, and resuming her crutches; but Kees clung to Philis. "He likes healthy, good-looking people like you and Ted, which is but natural," she added. "He is half afraid of mother, and I scarcely know what to do with him. But he'll get used to us."

"I'll be back in a minute, mother. I'll just help Patience home with the child," said Philis and, without waiting for permission, she took Kees by the hand and walked up the street with Patience.

On their way she poured out all her doubts and difficulties, and they were legion. She had not half finished when they reached the house.

"Come in and tell mother," said Patience.

"I had better not," returned Philis with unusual prudence, not liking to take any one save Patience into her confidence. "But what am I to do? I can't marry Mr. Thomas, and yet I cannot be the cause of mother being turned out of doors. Ted has as good as given me up, because he says he won't be ungrateful to uncle or stand in my way. Uncle has been very good to us, and I'm sure I would not ruin him for the world. I can't think what he means when he says that if I don't marry that awful—oh, Patience, I really don't mean to abuse him, for he has been very kind, but would you marry him if he asked you?"

"I? He would not fancy me," laughed Patience. "But," she added gravely, "if you could bring yourself to care for him, maybe he'd make you a good husband, and there seems no chance for poor Ted."

"Poor Ted!" echoed Kees, who, little pitcher-like, had learnt this much of the talk.

"Patience! I could never have thought you would have said this," cried Philis, desperately, and without another word she turned from her companions and almost ran down the street.

They looked after her, and then the child gazed, inquiringly, at Patience, and followed her into the house. She soon forgot her friend's affairs in waiting upon her infirm mother. It was, as that mother would often laughingly say, "The lame leading the lame;" nevertheless, with the occasional help of the neighbours, she managed to keep a tidy house. She suddenly found an auxiliary in Kees. Her mother's ball of worsted rolled from the bed to the floor, and while she was striving to pick it up, he had it in his hand, and, climbing on the bed, gave it to the sick woman.

"Thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Murrell.

"Dank oo," repeated Kees.

It was an illumination to Patience. She began his education at once. She pointed with her crutch to sundry little things that she wanted, repeating their names, and he, quick as thought, brought them to her, echoing her words intelligently, if not accurately. He began to fetch and carry like a dog, and Mrs. Murrell grew so interested in this sort of teaching, that she imagined many curious devices to induce him to learn. He was an apt scholar, and before the day was done had learnt many English words. "Puss, and cat," were among the first; for there was a splendid tabby and a black kitten on the corner of the settle that greatly fascinated him. When they tried to teach him the word "Kitten," however, he persisted in saying "Ted, poor Ted," so by that name went the small blackamoor from that day forth.

With Kees, as with the rest of us, occupation brought consolation, and he became reconciled to Mrs. Murrell and Patience through the amusement he found in helping them. Moreover, several children peeped in to see the strange boy, and Mrs. Murrell, who loved all children, bade them come and play with Kees. The sight of tops and marbles was overpowering, and he was soon engaged in spinning a top, "Just like an English lad," as Patience said admiringly.

"I will make him a little jersey out of those odd bits of wool," said Mrs. Murrell. "How

can we clothe him, for he has only just what he stands up in? And Ted was obliged to take some of father's things, and that beautiful jersey you made for sale, Patience."

The good woman sighed.

"Lucky we had it ready, mother," replied Patience, who was already beginning on a new skein of blue yarn. "Poor Ted couldn't go to the North Sea without one, and his old one was worn to a thread. He was thankful for the cuffs and scarf Philis knitted for him, and gave me to keep against he came back."

"Poor Philis! Poor Ted."

"Poor Ted! Top!" cried Kees, running to Patience with this plaything in his hand.

"He's sharp as a needle, just what your brother Jim was when he was a child," said Mrs. Murrell with the customary sigh.

Yes, Kees was quick enough, and kept not only our friends, but half Pebbleton alive with his talents.

In a day or so the Dutchman already alluded to arrived. He spoke English, so there were no difficulties, and the messages he bore from Ted were intelligible to all. His name was Van der Does, and no sooner did he announce it in his own vernacular, than our Little Pitcher opened his long ears to some purpose. He did not, however, as was anticipated, make immediate friends with the speaker, but stood at a distance from him, his finger on his lips, listening to his somewhat broken English. He was a sailor, and traded between Holland and Great Britain.

"I'm sure we're much obliged to you, sir, for coming all this way to see us," said Mrs. Murrell. "Patience, lay the cloth," she added aside.

"I would do more for Ted Murrell, ma'am. He saved my life, and after made me sober," said Van der Does. "He is good. The captain of the 'Sea Eagle' has got him a berth as made, and he will do well yet."

"Praise the Lord!" ejaculated the mother and daughter.

At the familiar word "Ted," Kees stole up to the Dutchman, who began to question him in Dutch; upon which the child fixed his eyes upon him, and said he wanted to go home, and for Ted to take him.

"Where is your home?" asked Van der Does.

The child shook his head.

"What is your name? your long name?"

"Kees Van der Pol." "And your father's?"

"Captain Van der Pol."

"Have you a mother? Where is she?"

"At home, in a pretty house. Father is in his ship. He put me into the boat with Jacob in the storm, and we all fell into the sea. Ted found little Kees."

"Who calls you little Kees?"

"All of them. Will you take me home to mother?"

Kees began to cry, and the sailor tried to comfort him, but no reliable information could be drawn from the child. Still, Van der Does told the Murrells that he had heard of a Captain Van der Pol, and promised, when he returned to Holland, to make inquiries concerning him. But he took it for granted, that when Kees was placed

in the boat, the vessel that contained his father was about to break up or sink, and that the captain and crew must have perished. Ted had told him that he picked up the child in an awful tempest, when ships and smacks were equally powerless to battle against winds and waves, and when the "Sea Eagle," was injured and drifted south.

It seemed strange that Kees expressed no wish to go with his countryman, though he repeatedly entreated that Ted should come back and take him home; indeed, when asked if he would like to accompany Van der Does, he crept up to Mrs. Murrell, climbed upon her bed, and hid his face in her pillow.

"Tell him that he shall not leave us," said the good woman, embracing him.

The sailor did so, and the blue eyes looked up again.

While this was going on, Patience had prepared the tea-table, to the evident surprise and admiration of Van der Does, who watched her move about on her crutches, and remarked, with pitying voice, that he was sure they had enough to do to live without the addition of Kees. But Mrs. Murrell declared she already loved him as if he were her own child; upon which the Dutchman put some questions to Kees concerning his feelings, and found, from his replies, that he was not unhappy.

When seated at tea, the child grew more communicative, and chattered of his pets, flowers, and other matters, which convinced the sailor that he lived in the country; but he could recall no name of house, village or town, shaking his head when asked, and not always choosing to answer at all. It was very perplexing. However, there was nothing for it, but that Kees should remain where he was for the present, and the Dutch sailor could only promise to set inquiries on foot, and to let the Murrells know if he made any discovery. In token of his good-will and gratitude he asked Mrs. Murrell if she chanced to have a jersey by her, as he wanted one sadly, and had put money by for the purchase. She had one knitted for her husband, which she was glad to turn into ready cash; but she feared, she said, that it was very expensive, since less than fifteen shillings would not repay her for wool and labour. Patience displayed it, spreading it out on her mother's bed. Van der Does and Kees examined it together, while the two women trembled with expectation.

"I will give you zo much as one bound vor zo many as you vill make, and zell dem wid brovit;" said Van der Does, laying a bright sovereign on the table.

While Mrs. Murrell was remonstrating, Philis came in and added a touch of brightness to the somewhat sombre colouring of the picture. A neighbour had told her that a strange sailor had been seen to enter Murrell's cottage, and she stole up in the hope of having news of Ted. She was not disappointed. Her hopes rose when she was told that he was mate, and that he had been praised for saving poor little Kees, and for other of his self-sacrificing actions. But she dared not remain, and was away again almost as soon as she came. Van der Does also left soon, begging that the remainder of his sovereign might be applied

towards clothing Kees, who seemed rather relieved than pained by his departure.

CHAPTER VI.—A STOCK AND A STONE.

Philis's budding hopes soon faded. Not long after she left the Murrells, Mr. Thomas Breese made his appearance, and, to her dismay, her mother was out. She did not know that all this had been previously arranged, and that before her uncle left, he had informed his sister that Breese would call one of the first evenings at about six o'clock, and that she had better absent herself. Accordingly, Mrs. Primrose had improvised some sort of errand every evening at the hour named, and when Mr. Thomas arrived Philis was alone.

"Good evening, Philis," he said, as he walked in uninvited.

"Good evening, sir," returned she, stiffly, "will you sit down? Mother will be in directly."

"Thank you; but I came to see you, miss," he said, taking the chair she placed for him, and laying his hat, gloves, and stout walking-stick upon another, with much composure. "Won't you sit down yourself? It is easier to talk sitting than standing, as it seems to me."

Philis sat down in the corner by the window. She had her knitting in her hand when he came in, and began to use her needles vigorously. He was slow of speech, and she felt inclined to laugh at the deliberate way in which he hemmed, took out his handkerchief, remarked on the weather, and finally wiped his face.

"Yes, Mr. Thomas, it is a fine day for the fishing. Some of the boats may be back this evening if they've had a good haul. I wonder where mother is! and she wanted to thank you for the bit of pork you sent her," said Philis demurely. "Mother will be so vexed she was out. There she is, I do believe."

Philis rose and peeped through the hedge of geraniums that served as blind to the window; but it was not her mother.

Breese was not slow to introduce the subject on which he had come. He told her solemnly that he meant to marry her, as if there could be no two opinions on the subject; and as he had never been thwarted he took her consent for granted.

"'Tis rather off-handed, Mr. Thomas, and sudden," she said.

"Everybody will say it's a nice thing for you, Philis," he replied. "But I consider you far superior to any of the girls about, and took a liking to you the first time I saw you at the school treat, and have never changed since. I made up my mind then."

"But, Mr. Thomas, I haven't made up my mind."

"You soon will, Philis. I don't believe that you think of Ted Murrell. He hasn't a rag to his back; while I have the best of clothes, and can dress you in as fine a satin gown as the squire can give his wife. He hasn't a hole to call his own, while I have a fine farm with parlours good enough for any lady. He hasn't a pound in the world, while I've lots of money in the bank, and

flocks and herds and horses and pigs and poultry. We should be king and queen of Overlook. Now what do you think of that, Philis?"

"I think you needn't cast scorn upon an honest lad because he isn't so rich as you, sir."

Philis laid down her knitting on her lap, and looked straight at him. She could scarcely help laughing. He had taken his stick from the chair, and was leaning his chin upon its knob, and gazing at her out of his very lack-lustre eyes.

"But you know it's all true, Philis," he replied, with the same imperturbable air.

"Nothing is true that is said against Ted," she spoke up. "He is unfortunate, and his parents are poor, that's all any one can find to say, and they're all good pious people, and that's better than riches."

"And I am fortunate and my father is rich. That makes all the difference, Philis."

Mr. Thomas chuckled, and Philis fancied she saw the ghost of a smile about his mouth. For her own part, she scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry, she felt so provoked. He was so much in earnest, and believed so fully in what her uncle had told him, that it seemed impossible to undeceive him. The fact was, that he was quite selfish, and had no religion to counterbalance his selfishness. He had fixed his mind on one object, and did not pause to consider whether its attainment was right or wrong. She did her best, however, to prove to him that she did not care for him, upon which he said, sententiously,

"Then, Philis, your uncle will have to pay father and me what he owes us, and I'm afraid he will have to go to prison, for there's a many things against him, and father's very determined when he makes up his mind; and he'll think you've been over persuaded by those Murrells, and he hates 'em all."

"It is very wicked to hate any one, particularly God's people, sir. They have never persuaded me; on the contrary, they have advised me,"—she paused—"but I am going to improve myself, and become a teacher or lady's maid or something to help mother, so that uncle may be rid of us."

"That would make no difference, Philis. I've let your uncle have money because of you, and he knows it."

"You're very cruel, Mr. Thomas. I am not to be sacrificed because you and uncle have been smuggling, and drinking, and making bargains about me. It is very wrong and unjust."

"I don't see that, Philis, when it is all in your favour. You don't know what a nice place Overlook is."

She choked back a rising sob, for, in truth, she was distressed and annoyed. What could she say to such a man under such circumstances? Her face flushed, her hands trembled, her knitting fell down. She rose, stood before him a minute, and looked him in the face. There he sat, his chin on the hands that rested on the knob of his stick, his face as quiet and impassive as an image. She felt, intuitively, that neither jest, satire, nor entreaty would move him, for he was fixed in

his purpose, and understood nothing beyond it. Argument was vain, and he would put no faith in her decision. She must have time for thought, and try to learn what was her duty.

She went to the window and looked up the street. She saw her mother gossiping with a neighbour a few doors off, and, she suspected, dawdling about until Breese made his exit.

"There she is! There is mother!" she exclaimed, with a gasp of relief.

"No call for me to see her to-day, Philis. I'll come again to-morrow evening. By then you'll have made up your mind," said Thomas, taking up his hat, and standing a moment opposite her in the doorway.

"Indeed I have made up my mind," she said, but he was gone before she could add more.

He was succeeded almost instantaneously by her mother, who, with a "Well, Philis," shut the door behind her. But Philis fell into a chair, and burst into uncontrollable weeping. Her mother asked her kindly what was the matter, but she was unable to reply for some time. When, at last, she grew calmer, and told her tale, all she said was that she could never, never marry him. Mrs. Primrose reasoned with her, and laid before her all that she knew of the obligation that her uncle was under to Mr. Breese, and of the ruin in prospect if she kept her resolution; but all she could get from her daughter was, that she would work for her, die for her, but never marry Thomas Breese for her or any one.

"This is all because of that unlucky Ted," said Mrs. Primrose.

"He has given me up, mother; but if he hadn't, I'd rather beg my bread than marry such a stock and stone as that."

"King and Queen of Overlook! A satin gown! Very nice, I'm sure, Philis," said Mrs. Primrose, who was not much more sensitive than Breese.

Philis, who was all smiles and tears by nature, could not help laughing at the recollection of Mr. Thomas's comical face, and her mother took advantage of this to impress upon her the necessity of changing her resolution.

"Why should I be forced to marry against my will?" she cried passionately. "I would do anything else in the world for uncle—give up poor Ted, who—who has given me up," she sobbed. "Keep away from Patience and Mrs. Murrell—never—never go to another prayer meeting, though perhaps that would be wrong—go to service even, yes! that's what I'll do. I'll go directly and ask dear Miss Mordon to get me a place."

Before Mrs. Primrose could remonstrate, she had seized her hat and shawl, and was half-way up the street.

"I declare she's turned the corner towards the park," ejaculated Mrs. Primrose, following her to the door and looking after her. "I wonder what she'll do next? Be our ruin if she don't obey her uncle," and the good woman returned to her chair, and uttered a groan, as she took up her work.

Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE.

XIII.—LAST WORDS.



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE, MADELEINE?"

THE hot days of summer passed slowly away. The mountebanks had left Nyon, and advanced by short stages, from town to town, and from village to village, along the shores of the beautiful Lake Leman, so often sung by the poets, and so much beloved by those who dwell on its borders.

As to Beppo, he no longer left the miserable corner he occupied in the horse-caravan. It was a small compartment, filled with bundles of straw for their litter, but which, in the meantime, served him for a mattress. The light penetrated into this narrow space through a small window, and by the door, which Beppo kept open day and night to admit the air. Here he passed long solitary hours in a reclining posture, following with his eyes the people of the company going backwards and forwards, and the little birds flying from bough to bough; and above all, oh! above all, watching the heaven overhanging with its deep purple hues on a fine summer's evening, or the glittering Alps, or the Lake, so blue and so limpid. All these things spoke to Beppo of the love and the goodness of that God and Father to whom he longed to be soon called.

And our little Madeleine, what had become of her? She was not happy, poor child. She had but one thought, which was to stay with Beppo, and that was impossible; for the master, urged by Ciska, found means to employ her almost continually. Nevertheless, whenever the little girl had a minute of liberty, she ran to her friend with the precious Book.

One afternoon in the month of August, while the weather was heavy and hot, Beppo had seated himself very near the

door, that he might have more air. With his back leaning against a bundle of straw, he remained quite still and passive, his transparent complexion, his almost frightful thinness, his short and panting breath, plainly revealing the rapid progress of his malady.

A footstep was heard near the caravan, and Madeleine appeared heated and out of breath.

"Oh! Beppo, I have left you alone such a long time. I wished so much to come to you sooner, but I had to begin the exercises over again, I do not know how many times. The master was never satisfied, and I am so tired!" added she, throwing herself down by the side of Beppo. "I do not like riding on horseback now; I am always afraid of being beaten when I miss the hoops."

"Listen, Maddie," said Beppo gently; "will you do me a favour?"

"Two, if I can."

"Then promise me that you will not remain with this company when I shall be gone."

"Oh! Beppo!" exclaimed the child—she hid her face in her hands.

"Yes, Maddie, believe me; what I say is for your good. I have thought about it very much these many days, and I feel that it is not good for you to be with these people; you do not know them well yet; but the more you know them, the less you will like them; and you will understand me better. I am almost sure your grandfather would not have been willing to trust you with them. Before I heard you read his book, I was unhappy here, it is true; but I did not feel as I do at present—that it is not a good life—a life that I would continue; and for you who are a girl, it is still worse."

"Neither have I much wish to remain with them," said Madeleine, in a pensive tone; "but what can I do? where can I go?"

"I cannot tell you," replied Beppo, embarrassed in his turn. "But you see, that will become clear. The Lord Jesus will take care of you, because He is always with us; only promise me that you will take advantage of the first opportunity to escape, and I shall be more easy."

"I promise you to do it," said Madeleine seriously, very much touched by her friend's solicitude. "Besides," continued she, "it is very difficult to bear with Ciska; she is more and more malicious towards me. I have prayed and striven in vain. I feel that I do not like her at all, and I often get very angry with her, especially when I see her laugh if the master scolds or beats me."

"Has he beaten you since a certain day?"

"Yes," replied Madeleine in a gloomy manner, "it is unjust and cruel."

"Poor little Maddie!" said Beppo, "you could not long bear this life, or—you might become crafty and wicked, like them. No, no, leave them as soon as you can. And now will you read the chapter of the *Missions* out of your book, I have been rejoicing all day in thinking of it."

Madeleine opened the Gospel according to St. John at the fourteenth chapter; she read the whole of it slowly, and rather low; her voice trembled several times, for she thought of those who had gone before into these promised "mansions," which she pictured to herself, so beautiful and so happy!

Beppo listened in silence. Then, the reading being finished, Maddie was silent also. He said all at once,

"Madeleine, what shall I say to your mother, for you?"

Surprised at this sudden question, Madeleine melted into tears. Beppo placed his hand upon hers in a friendly manner.

"I did not wish to make you sad," he said, "but you see I am going away very soon; perhaps it may be to-night the Lord will come and fetch me, and then I could ask you nothing more."

"You must tell everything to mother and grandfather,"

said Madeleine, with childish simplicity, in the midst of her tears. " You must tell them that I do not forget them, and that I will try always to be—a good girl."

" How shall I know them? " said he, in a thoughtful tone, " for I have never seen them."

Madeleine had not thought of that.

" It is true," said she, " but—perhaps they see us, and then they will come to you, to ask about me! "

The two children conversed, exchanging their questions of innocent wonder until the sun sinking below the horizon warned Madeleine that it was time to go and prepare for the evening exhibition. But she could not decide to go away. She was still kneeling near her young friend.

" I cannot leave you thus," she said softly. " Oh! if the master would for once let me off!"

" Do not trouble yourself about me, Madda," said Beppo with a sweet smile. " Go courageously. But if you will do me a favour, leave me the grandfather's Book."

" You do not know how to read! " said she, astonished.

" No, but I like to look at it, and to hold it in my hands; it speaks to me of the Lord, and then I am no more afraid."

" Afraid of what? "

" Of dying," said Beppo, in a low voice. " Sometimes when I remember how wicked I have been, it seems to me almost impossible to go to heaven; then I think of the 'thief'—you know? Jesus pardoned him, and He will pardon me also. I feel it here," added he, placing his hand on his heart. " But the sight of the Book helps me."

" What are you doing there, Madeleine? " cried Birichino, popping his head suddenly through the inner door which led from Beppo's retreat into the ponies' stable. " Did you not hear the call? I am getting the ponies ready. Be quick if you would not be too late."

" I am coming, I am coming! " answered Madeleine, frightened at being late; " adieu, Beppo, or rather *au revoir*, " she said, correcting herself.

He smiled and said, " Adieu, do not forget your promise! "

Madeleine went running away; she looked back and waved her hand to him.

Her heart was heavy that night, she had a vague presentiment of misfortune.

" You are terribly behind," said Ciska, who was finishing her toilet in their compartment. " Where do you come from, gad-about? "

Madeleine made no reply, but dressed so quickly that she was ready just at the moment when it was her turn to make her appearance before the public. But her mind was absent, and she did not perform her part as well as usual.

More than one severe frown from Master Gasparo; more than one prudent warning from the clown, who, from time to time, found means to approach her in a quiet way, brought her back to the reality. At last, for good or for ill, she came to the end of her part in the little *improvised play*; she danced, she executed feats of jumping on the black pony. Thus the hours fled away; the evening was ended, and the crowd dispersed.

Madeleine free from all restraint, escaped without being seen, and ran, still in her riding dress, to Beppo's caravan. When she came near, she saw him, still reclining in the same attitude, his face turned toward the heavens, holding the little Book pressed closely to him with both his hands.

The stormy clouds, which had rendered the atmosphere so heavy during the day, were dispersed; the moon shone in the clear sky; and a light breeze which came from the Jura cooled the burning cheeks of the little girl as she went up the steps of the caravan.

" How are you, Beppo? I could not go to bed without coming again, to say good-night—are you asleep? " she added, bending over him, for he did not answer. But

quickly Madda drew back with such a sorrowful cry that Birichino, who had just brought back the ponies into the stable, ran to her, quite frightened.

" What is the matter? "

Madeleine, without speaking, pointed with her hand to the pale face of Beppo, rendered still more pale in the silver moon-beams which fell directly upon him.

Birichino understood it immediately. " Poor boy! " he said in a tone very different to that in which he usually spoke. " It is ended and well ended too," added he, placing his hand gently on the already cold fingers of the boy who, orphaned and without an earthly home, had just a moment before entered into the Father's house.

" Is he dead then? " asked Madeleine, in a scarcely intelligible manner.

Before he could answer, an imperious, angry voice sounded near.

" What is the matter again? Must this boy put all my people into disorder? What are you doing here, you good-for-nothing minx? " continued the master harshly, addressing Madeleine.

Birichino interposed.

" Look at him, master," said he, in a tone at once firm and respectful.

And the master looked—his anger cooled as if by enchantment. What did he see then, that he was thus subdued?

Beppo appeared to repose in the calmest sleep; his relaxed features had taken the expression of an almost heavenly purity; there was a smile upon his lips—his whole person, indeed, bore such an impress of tranquillity and happiness, that as he looked, the master felt himself penetrated with an involuntary respect, and an unaccountable fear.

Madeleine's sobs at length recalled him to himself. He passed his hand rapidly over his forehead.

" We must make the declaration, and he must be buried to-morrow," said he hastily to Birichino: " and you, little one, go away to bed, it is quite time," added he, turning to Madeleine.

" Oh! let me stay here a little while longer," she besought him.

He answered only by a nod of the head, and went away quite thoughtful. Of what was he thinking?—of that uncivilised, careless mountebank?—of that smile upon Beppo's countenance, that mysterious sweet smile which he did not understand, but which followed him in spite of himself. What was it then that made Boppo so happy in leaving this world? Master Gasparo felt perplexed, and in his dreams in the night season he still had glimpses of poor Beppo's smile.

The next day, towards evening, a grave was dug in a retired corner of the cemetery of the little neighbouring town. A humble coffin was let down into it, without ceremony and without show. A boy, a little girl, and a dog were the only mourners. When the last shovelfuls of earth had been sufficiently heaped up by the grave-digger, the little girl knelt down upon the lowly mound, and exclaimed in the midst of her tears, " Oh! Beppo, Beppo! why did you not take me with you? I should have been so glad to go also."

And the orphan wept a long while without restraint.

" Come, Madeleine," at last said Birichino, in his gentlest voice, " hush your grief, you cannot make the poor boy come back again."

Madeleine rose up without replying. What could she have said? Slowly she took, with her companion, the road to their encampment. She felt very lonely. That night she pressed close to her heart, with more love than ever, the grandfather's Book, to which was now joined the remembrance of Beppo.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



MISS MORDON SEES MRS. PRIMROSE ON THE SUBJECT.

THE FISHER VILLAGE.

CHAPTER VII.—CHANCE OF ESCAPE.

PHILIS was as light of foot as she was eager of mind. She almost ran through the village, not pausing to look right or left. She even forgot to glance into the Murrells' cottage, in her desire to accomplish her purpose. Indeed, she feared lest Patience might disapprove of the

hasty step she was taking. She did not therefore see Kees on the doorstep, at play with Jack Callow, child of Mrs. Callow, who kept the village shop. But Kees saw her, and was after her in a moment. Jack went in to tell Patience that Kees had run away in pursuit of Philis, which caused Patience to hasten to the door. She saw the child almost at Philis's heels, and said to her mother, "She will bring him back with her. She can't be going far at this time of the evening. It's nigh upon seven."

Kees did not overtake Philis until she was quite out of the village, and had turned into the high road that led into the country. She heard something pattering and panting behind her, and found it was her little friend. He was quite out of breath, and she did not know what to do with him. She would not return, so she took him by the hand, and let him trot on by her side.

"I shall not be long," she thought, "and I can carry him back if he's tired."

He amused and somewhat delayed her, by pointing out the various wild flowers in the hedgerows, for, as they proceeded, fields and country scenes took the place of the sea, and finally they entered the park. Here he was so much taken with the scarlet berries of the Rowan tree mountain ash, that she was compelled to pause and stretch out her arms towards them. But it was some time before she could reach a bunch, and her many futile jumps and efforts were accompanied by shrieks and shouts so shrill that she fancied the child was gone mad. She neither understood his words nor gestures as he hallooed and leaped towards the resisting branches. She succeeded, however, at last, and was more than repaid by the ecstasy he showed at possessing his bunch of shining red berries and graceful leaves.

The park was full of trees and shrubs of all descriptions, but as they hurried along, Philis was too busy with her thoughts, and he with his prize, to note them. It was a lovely spot, and the glow of an autumn sunset lighted up the slopes and woods with magic radiance. Here and there glimpses of the sea were visible, and on all sides was the serene grace of sun-illumined nature.

The great house was at least a mile from the lodge, through the gates of which they passed; but Philis did not make for this. Not far from the entrance was a smaller abode, a sort of dower house, and it was to the back-door of this picturesque and comfortable dwelling that she went. Every one knew pretty Philis Primrose, by sight at least, so she was at once shown into the servants' hall. She said that she particularly wanted to see Miss Mordon, if she might make so bold as to ask for her. The parlourmaid took her message at once, and she was soon ushered into a pretty drawing-room, where she found Mrs. and Miss Mordon, the widowed sister-in-law of the squire, and her daughter Emily. They both welcomed her kindly, and bade her be seated; but it was Miss Mordon she knew best.

The mother was such a grand lady in the eyes of Philis, that she felt quite abashed at being so suddenly in her presence, and distressed that Kees should be resolutely clinging to her skirts.

"What a dear little boy! Who is he, Philis?" cried Miss Mordon, and so set her at ease.

"The little Dutch child that was saved from the wreck in the North Sea, Miss Emily," she replied.

"Bring him to me. Let me show him some pictures," said Mrs. Mordon, taking a book from a table near which she was sitting.

Philis led him to her, but he was shy at first. However, the sight of the pictures, and above all the sweet smile and gentle manner of the lady

reassured him, and he stood at her knee, still holding firmly the hand of Philis.

"Sit down near him," said Mrs. Mordon, and Philis obeyed in trembling. But her friend Emily joined the little group, and she, also, was reassured.

"Ted! Ted!" suddenly exclaimed Kees, as the picture of a sailor was displayed by the lady.

Philis had to explain what he meant, which she did with glowing cheeks, and was rewarded by hearing Miss Emily tell her mother that Ted was the young man who had already received medals for saving life. Then, turning to Philis, she inquired what she wanted.

"If you please, Miss Emily, I want a place," said Philis abruptly. "I have learnt the dress-making, as you know, and have been used to teaching in the school, and mother has taught me a little of everything. You said you would help me if ever I settled to go out, so I made so bold as to come to you at once."

"You were quite right, Philis. But I thought—I heard that you were going to do a much better thing, and to get married," said Miss Mordon, archly.

"That is a mistake," replied Philis, colouring to the temples. "I should like to go out to service."

Miss Mordon saw that there was something amiss. Philis did not know when she left home so hastily that her eyes were swollen by the tears she had shed, but this was apparent to her friend.

"Perhaps you have not well considered what you are about, Philis. We could not do without you in the school and the choir; and what would your mother and uncle do at home?"

"Much better, Miss Emily. I cannot stay at home any longer, and if only I could get a place before uncle comes back from the fishing, I would go directly."

"I will talk to your mother about it. You must not be hasty."

"Please say nothing to mother. Oh, Miss Emily, do help me."

Here Philis broke down. The tears, which had scarcely been dried, started forth afresh, and she put her handkerchief to her eyes. Kees sprang upon her lap, threw his little arms round her neck, and, with a mysterious sympathy, whispered, "Ted! Ted!" She smiled.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Mordon, kindly, laying her hand on the girl's arm. "My daughter is much interested in you, and so am I through her, perhaps we may help you. Although I am not well enough to pay visits in the village, I know most of the inhabitants, by name at least."

"Oh, yea, ma'am, I know you do. Everybody says how kind you are. Mrs. Murrell always uses the warm counterpane you knitted for her."

"Thank you, I am truly glad it is appreciated," interrupted Mrs. Mordon, a slight flush rising to her pale cheek. "But will you not tell us what really troubles you? We will keep your secret, if you have one, and help you if we can."

"It is—it is only because I cannot marry Mr. Thomas Breese," sobbed Philis. "And I am

afraid uncle—but I think I had better not mention his affairs," she added, with an effort at composure. "If I could get away from home for a while, perhaps things might change."

Mrs. Mordon and her daughter interchanged glances, and each, simultaneously, said, "Perhaps she might do."

"Would you like to come to us for a month or so, while our maid goes to visit her friends in France?" asked Mrs. Mordon.

"Mam'selle Céleste, you know, Philis," supplied the daughter, for so was the said maid known in the village.

"It would be heaven!" cried Philis, clasping her hands.

The ladies smiled, but, apparently, it was "heaven" already, since Philis's face was suddenly transformed. Mrs. Mordon, whose life was spent in acts of charity, performed unostentatiously at home, and ministered by her daughter abroad, had rarely witnessed such an instantaneous change from grief to joy. They were both much interested in the villagers and fisher-folk, and Miss Emily spent her life between her duty to her mother and her efforts to aid those poorer than herself, both in temporal and spiritual things.

"May I come to-morrow, ma'am, and may I tell mother when I get home, for I know she would not refuse you anything," said Philis. "May I say that you want me at once, because Mam'selle Céleste is going home for a time—May

"Not so fast, Philis," said Mrs. Mordon, smiling. "But my daughter shall call on your mother to-morrow, and settle it. See! the poor little Dutchman is asleep."

Yes, Kees had let his head fall down on Philis's shoulder, overpowered by fatigue, and they made a pretty picture, there, between the stately lady in her soft silks and laces, and the dark-haired Emily, who was bending over Philis. Sunset glories crept through the oriel window just behind the group, and glinted from form to form, from mirror to couch, making of the room and its inmates a study for an artist. But night was coming on apace, and Mrs. Mordon bade her daughter send one of the servants back with Philis to help to carry little Kees, adding that she hoped to see the boy again.

"If you please, ma'am, I can manage him," returned Philis, not liking the probability of interrogations from the domestics. "Perhaps, Miss Emily, you will not tell mother what I said about—about," she added, turning to the younger lady, and blushing.

"About the future owner of Overlook?" supplied Miss Emily. "No, I will not name it, but I hope this cloud may pass over, and that you may think better of his proposal."

"They're all alike, they don't understand," thought Philis, as she curtseyed to the ladies, thanked them, and wished them good-night.

"She is a pretty girl, I do not wonder at Mr. Thomas Breese," said Mrs. Mordon, as soon as her back was turned.

Philis had come to one of those critical moments in life which test the true character. She wished to do right both towards God and man,

and to forget herself, if possible. But she was naturally hasty; and now she longed to be alone to think and pray. So she aroused the slumbering Kees before she returned to the back settlements, for fear aid should be offered, and dragging him through the hall and passages, slipped away unperceived. But he was too sleepy to walk, so she took him up again, and made her way through the Park. She was pretty well exhausted by the weight of her burden when she reached the village and night had come on. Patience was standing at her door anxiously looking out for her. She went in a moment to rest and explain. She was of so truthful and transparent a nature, that Mrs. Murrell and Patience soon knew all that had happened to her.

"You have been hasty, Philis," argued Patience. "Your mother will be displeased, and your uncle very angry."

"It is their own fault," pouted Philis, "for they have no right to make me marry against my will."

"Honour your father and your mother," said Mrs. Murrell gently. "Have patience one with another."

"I would do anything in the world for mother, except marry Mr. Thomas," returned Philis. "Let me pop Kees into bed, Patience. Mother knows where I went."

She had carried the child upstairs, undressed him and laid him in his bed, almost before Patience had mounted the stairs, so rapid was she of act and speech. She knelt a moment at his side, and offered a short prayer for him, for herself, for all. Patience silently joined in it, and when Philis rose, she hastily kissed her and hurried away.

She found her mother anxious and displeased; but she avoided reproaches by taking the initiative.

"Mother, you mustn't be angry. Mam'selle Céleste is going home to see her friends, and the ladies have asked if I would like to take her place while she is away. Miss Emily is coming to ask your leave to-morrow. You won't refuse, dear mother?"

"I certainly shall, Philis. What right have you to go and offer yourself without my consent? You are a very forward, disobedient girl, and your uncle will be furious."

"Indeed I am better out of the way, mother," argued Philis, humbly. "I did not mean to be forward or disobedient, but I cannot marry young Breese. You must tell uncle so."

"And be turned out of doors, and bear the brunt of his anger! That is very fine for you. And I should like to know why you can't make a comfortable home for yourself, and maybe for me; and help your uncle, who has been so good for you, through his difficulties. It is very hard of you, very hard indeed."

Poor Philis began to think that she must be very hard, since everybody said so; and she had scarcely a wink of sleep that night, for meditating, as she did, on her own delinquencies, her mother's commands, her uncle's displeasure, Breese's obtuseness, and Ted's virtues. Still, she had one hope, and it was the surest. She had not seen so much of the Murrells in vain, and

had learned to believe that if she prayed for help she should be guided aright. So she committed herself to One who knew her inmost heart, and she was comforted.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE FAVOUR ASKED.

"Perhaps a taste of service and a first separation from you might show her things in a different light, Mrs. Primrose," said Miss Mordon during her conversation with the widow the following morning.

Philis was keeping out of the way, and her mother had forestalled Miss Mordon's request by telling her the true state of the case, which she knew, in part, already. Miss Emily, as she was called because the squire had daughters, having reached the staid age of thirty, was considered a proper receptacle for many confidences, and Mrs. Primrose had poured out hers with unusual volubility.

"It would be only like taking a holiday to go to you, ma'am," said Mrs. Primrose, "and just putting off what her uncle wants done at once. He has his good reasons for wishing her to marry; and so have I; for I am afraid her heart is set on Ted Murrell, and she might just as well think of a pauper."

"He may get on, Mrs. Primrose. The Murrells are excellent people. Still of course Mr. Breese would be a better match, and he is as steady as possible. Perhaps if you gave her time for consideration, and would let her come to us for a month or so, she might be persuaded to do what you wish. She is now afraid of her uncle, and, from what I hear, it is scarcely safe for her to remain with him unless she obeys him."

"Whoever told you that, Miss Emily?"

"It is the gossip of the village, and, as you know, Philis is such a favourite that every one would be up in arms if she were ill-treated. They say her uncle has struck her already more than once. I wish he could be persuaded to join the temperance party."

"I'm sure I wish he could, ma'am. But people are very impertinent to meddle with our affairs. I take care not to interfere with anybody, and this is my reward. When would you want Philis?"

"At once, if she can come. Céleste is waiting for a stop-gap, having been ready to start for some weeks. It might be well for you to tell her uncle that we esteem it a favour that you have spared her to us, and that I called to ask it. It is, indeed, a great favour, for my mother dislikes strangers, and she took quite a fancy to Philis. Could she not come to-morrow?"

This was quick work, and Widow Primrose demurred. Still, she felt that if Philis were to go at all, the sooner the better. It might please her uncle to find that she was thought so well of by her betters, and she could explain it to Mr. Thomas as "A favour," granted to the squire's family. She liked to consider herself as such, for Mrs. Primrose had not lived as housekeeper in good families, without imbibing high notions, and, as she said, "I'm all for keeping myself up." She was, perhaps, too proud for a Christian woman; but then she did not, like the Murrells, "keep God in all her thoughts."

"If my brother doesn't come home and refuse to let Philis go, Miss Mordon," she said, after due consideration, "I'm sure I shall be glad to oblige you. I have often thought of offering to help you when you were in difficulty with your servants, and they don't keep their places as they used, but I've always had a cook under me, and I can't bear the fire."

Miss Emily smiled as she thanked her. She, too, had heard of Mrs. Primrose's small vanities.

"We are not rich, you know, Mrs. Primrose, and I am housekeeper," she said simply.

She was far more humble than Widow Primrose who sat opposite her with a cap as starched as her manners, and waved her hands and head majestically as she spoke. When she took her leave she shook hands with her, and said she hoped to see Philis the following day. Philis was waiting for her round the corner, and went into ecstasies when she heard that her fate, for the present, was so happily decided.

She found her mother discoursing with two neighbours, who had looked in to find out what Miss Emily had wanted. When she entered, she was saying, majestically: "She came to ask Philis as a favour, to take the place of the French maid for a month, who is going for a holiday. French maids was my aversion. I was always obliged to keep them down in the housekeeper's room."

"She dresses a deal smarter than the ladies," said Phoebe Pank, who stood with her arms akimbo in the doorway.

She had just come from one of the curing-houses, where she was in the habit of aiding in the salting of herrings and cod.

"I suppose you'll be getting as fine as my lady, Philis," remarked Mary Harmer, a pretty fisher-girl, who sometimes hawked her father's cargo at Cromer. "But when you're Mrs. Breese you can wear what you like," she added, in a whisper.

Both women had kerchiefs over their heads, and so, for that much, had Philis, who followed the custom of the place when she merely went out for a stroll or an errand. Hers was scarlet, and took, almost, the form of a hood.

"I wish you wouldn't talk such nonsense, Mary," said Philis.

"It's very convenient your finding a place when you want one. I wish I could," replied Mary, using "w" for "v" according to Pebbleton custom.

When the neighbours were gone, Mrs. Primrose resumed her severe manner, and Philis felt that she was still in disgrace. But the hope of getting away before her uncle's return comforted her, and she made a great effort to keep down her temper, always too ready to rise at opposition. "I hope you will forgive me, mother, if I've been hasty," she said.

"I think you have been in a great hurry, to leave me, your poor mother, Philis, so you may as well pack up at once," sniffed Mrs. Primrose.

Philis went upstairs, hoping to be alone for a little while, but her mother soon followed her, and continued to pour out her grievances, and to declare that she expected to be turned out of the house. But her mood changed when she found that her daughter was submissive, and

strovo not to argue upon the subject; and she began to suggest various alterations in Philis's wardrobe, expressing a hope that she would not disgrace her, who had been over a much larger household than Mrs. Mordon's. Philis thankfully encouraged this new frame of mind, and they both soon forgot, for a time, other subjects, in that all-absorbing topic, dress.

Still Philis's heart beat with apprehension at the interview in prospect with Thomas Breese. She suddenly asked her mother to be so kind as to see and speak to him in her place; but this Mrs. Primrose positively refused. With much pleading she prevailed upon her to be present, at the meeting, saying that she was afraid she should offend him, if again left alone with him. Indeed she felt he had exhausted her stock of patience, and that she would be at a loss what to say.

The tea-things were removed and they were busy over their needlework when he arrived. He looked annoyed at seeing Mrs. Primrose, but having shaken hands, recovered his customary stolid manner. She told him that they were doing a bit of needlework preparatory to a visit Philis was about to pay to Park Lodge, and explained that Miss Emily had called to ask her to take Mam'selle Céleste's place during her absence for a holiday.

"Why need she go from home at all?" he asked.

"We couldn't very well refuse, Mr. Thomas? Mrs. and Miss Mordon have been very kind to her," replied Mrs. Primrose submissively.

"So have I, and to you and to Rounce; and I want a decided answer," said Breese, looking at Philis.

"Mother, will you give it to Mr. Thomas? You know what to say," said Philis, appealingly.

Mrs. Primrose was all for temporising, so she explained to him that she believed, if he would wait patiently until the visit to Park Lodge was over, Philis might give him the answer he desired. But she knew that she was not speaking the exact truth; and Philis felt that half-measures were of no avail, and wished her mother would be decided. She was, herself, a truthful girl, and would not have told a lie for worlds: still so much seemed to be at stake, that she almost feared positively to refuse one who appeared to have the fortunes of her relatives in his power.

She was truly in a strait, though she firmly believed that her heavenly Father could bring her through it, if only she had the courage to act aright. Again, she looked entreatingly at her mother, as much as to say, "Speak plainly, for I cannot," but Mrs. Primrose avoided her glance. Breese saw it, however, and for once understood it. He replied to it, by taking up the conversation, and inquiring when Rounce was expected home, as he would soon settle matters. Mrs. Primrose replied that it depended on the fishing, he might be absent days only; or he might be away weeks.

Then Breese spoke ominously of the money Rounce owed him, and the many obligations he was under to him, adding significantly, with a side glance at Philis, that she alone kept her

uncle from jail, whither he would certainly go, if she continued obstinate.

Poor Philis! She was only a young girl, unused to the ways of the world, and this was a new experience to her. She could not really believe that he was in earnest; still she tried to realise what he said.

It depended on her, humanly speaking, to save her uncle from prison, her mother from poverty.

But, she asked herself, "Can I do this thing, and sin against God? Will He be pleased if I do evil that good may come?" She was, as we have said, quick of temper, and the threat roused her. She seemed to see at a glance that this man was so selfish that he would not hesitate to act as he had said; but she would not be forced into doing what she felt sure would be displeasing to the Great Being who understands the secrets of the heart, even though the world would commend her for the act. So she laid down her work, looked Breese in the face, and said, decidedly,—

"If you think to frighten me into making up my mind, sir, you are mistaken. I should have done so long ago, but for mother and uncle, and other friends who advise me not to be hasty. I am going to Park Lodge for a month, and if you will wait for my answer till the end of that time, I will give it you for good and all. If uncle is in your power, you would act a more Christian part to release him, than you are acting by taking advantage of our poverty. I should like you much better if you didn't threaten uncle, and make him angry with mother and me, for no fault of our own. It is like going to the fair and buying a poor inoffensive animal that you have set your heart upon. It is no good to rebuke me, mother, I must speak."

"And how well you speak. Quite like a lady," said Breese. "Father will have no reason to complain. I will wait out the month, Philis. And your uncle will be back, and he and I will talk it over. I will look in again to-morrow morning, and walk with you as far as the park gates. Good evening, Mrs. Primrose, I'm not offended; girls are all alike; they're hard-mouthed, and it takes a good bridle-rein to manage 'em. Good-bye for the present, Philis. Only a month."

He held out his hand, and Philis put hers limply into it. What could she say to such a man? He thought of no one but himself. He had no real feeling for her. He did not even consider whether he were acting right or wrong. God was not in any of his thoughts, and he was so stolid that he would not mind ruining her uncle, if he was crossed. What was she to do? She did the best thing she could under the circumstances; she ran upstairs, and asked for help and direction of Him who alone can make a straight path through the most thorny ways. Then she sat down and meditated on many a lesson she had both learnt and taught at school, and finally took her Bible and read the passages she loved best; until her mind grew quiet, and she was able to submit herself to Him who proves men by their circumstances, and who would, she was sure, guide her aright, even if she must pass through trial and disappointment before she was safely through the deep waters.

THE JEWS IN GALICIA.

DURING the recent persecutions of the Jews in Russia, the Austrian province of Galicia afforded hospitable shelter to many thousands of the unfortunate refugees. They knew that in that country their countrymen enjoyed unusual prosperity, and possessed many social, religious, and political advantages. It was not always so. In Galicia, as elsewhere, and at no very distant date, the Jews had suffered persecution, and had as a race sunk into a low state of civilisation.

I am about to tell the history of a truly noble Israelite who took upon him to reclaim his languishing brethren from a state of comparative barbarity; to describe the obstinate opposition he met with in his undertaking, even from his own countrymen; to tell of his toils and sufferings, and of the brave band which carried on the same work after his death, until its final triumph. All this comprises a history of about half a century, a history worthy of being better known.

Galicia, which now forms a part of the Austrian empire, was originally known under the name of Halitz. Its authentic history dates from the time when, in the great migration of nations, this land was taken in possession by the Slavs. Up to the ninth century, we find the inhabitants successively under the protection of the more powerful people of the neighbouring countries, to the west and south, namely, Moravia, Bohemia and Hungary. Towards the close of that century they leaned more on the kingdom of Poland. The Poles seem to have tried more than once to incorporate them into their own kingdom, but with no result until after long intestine conflicts, and many devastating wars, the land fell at last into the hands of Casimir, in the year 1340, and thus became part of Poland. It formed part of that kingdom until the first dismemberment, in 1772, when it was allotted to Austria, under the rule of Maria Theresa.

Galicia has now a population of about 6,500,000 souls, of whom the largest part belong to the Roman Catholic Church; 2,250,000 to the Greek and other churches, while the number of Jews is estimated at present at no less than 600,000.

The history of the Jews during the middle ages, is a record of suffering. Every one knows the main points of the sad story; the cruel outrages perpetrated upon them in most countries of Christendom, the horrors they had to undergo during the Crusades, and in the days of the Holy Inquisition, profanely so called, when a hundred thousand Judaizing heretics perished by rack and torture, while those who preferred banishment to death were robbed of their treasures. They were fined and fleeced by almost all governments, and everywhere insulted and persecuted by the populace. But the greatest calamity that befell the Jewish nation, after the Roman conquest, was during the outbreak of the plague in Europe, in 1348-49. The origin of that fearful disease was attributed to the Jews poisoning the wells. This was the signal for a general and wholesale persecution. They were banished

from city to city, chased from village to village, pursued by fire and sword, and thus driven along the highways, worse than wild beasts. It was during this terrible time that numbers reached the borders of Poland.

Casimir III., surnamed the Great, was at that time king of Poland. He was the last of the dynasty of the Piasts, who date from the year 840, when a farmer of that name, having raised himself to the title of duke, soon received the first royal crown and converted the Duchy into a kingdom. The Christian religion was a century later introduced into the country under his grandson, who was wrought upon by his wife, the daughter of the duke of Bohemia, to become a Christian. The whole nation, however, did not embrace Christianity until the year 966, when it became the established religion.

History, in the main, agrees that there were already Jews in Poland before the close of the tenth century. We have, however, no record left how it fared with them; nevertheless the Poles maintain that the few Jews that were then in the land enjoyed the same liberal privileges as were accorded to other foreigners. Under King Casimir's mild reign the country was in a flourishing and prosperous condition. He hated warfare, loved peace, mitigated the bondage of the peasants, instituted wise laws, and made every endeavour to rule wisely and well. He founded many benevolent institutions, among which was the first university at Cracow. Jewish tradition says that the German refugees were compelled to purchase their new home in Poland at a very heavy price, a sum in silver, written in thirteen figures. It is a very unlikely story, as most of them came in a poor and forlorn condition. It is also a statement at variance with the better feeling which ascribes to the ruling providence of God the great freedom and good treatment they experienced. For God had raised up a second Esther, a charming Jewess of that name, who became the wife of Casimir in 1358.

The Jew, who is naturally a child of peace, and attached to his hearth and family, made himself soon at home in his new settlement. He became the broker both to the nobleman and the king, and formed the medium between the farmer and the peasant, a middle class which, up to that time, was wanting. For, it is well to notice that almost every Pole above the servile class considers himself belonging to the nobility, and in Poland's golden age there were no less than 120,000 noble families! Even now it is hardly possible to find a landlord or nobleman without a "Moszku" (meaning Moses, a generic name for every Polish Jew) acting as his agent, his privy-counsellor and even legal adviser. Without this Moszku nothing is undertaken, nothing transacted on the estate. In short the Jew in Poland is what the Armenian is in the East.

No page in the history of Poland is marred by incidents of persecution. On the contrary, the Jews pride themselves on the patriotic spirit

they have displayed in times of trouble. Thus the Rabbi Miselis, in one war, while four of his sons fought in the ranks, emptied his rich coffers to provide means for the struggle. They speak of him still with reverence, and to perpetuate his memory, the fur cap which he used to wear became the national cap, being called after him "Miselovka." After the dissolution of the kingdom, the Jews incurred some measure of national distrust. They were loyal to the new ruler, and gave little heed to the dreams of independence by which ever and anon Poland was disturbed.

We can ourselves remember a time when in some towns in Galicia, the Jews were obliged to keep their shutters closed on Good Friday. On that day the effigy of a Jew was dragged through the streets, accompanied by a rabble shouting, "Judashu : Judashu !" viz. Judas Iscariot, while Jewish houses were mercilessly pelted with stones. But even this petty persecution, common in most Catholic countries, we hear, is almost discontinued. And why? Because the Jew has made rapid progress in learning and liberal education, and has been raised to the same stage of civilisation with his Gentile neighbours. He is now able to raise his voice with effect against any ill-treatment, or abuse of his civil rights, which he justly claims both as man and as loyal citizen. These attainments the Jews of Galicia owe to the unsparing efforts of one man, a fellow countryman, bearing the name of Jacob's royal son, Joseph, surnamed Perl. So great is the estimation of his services that one of his contemporaries has said, "From Joseph in Egypt to Joseph in Galicia there was no Joseph any more."

We are not able to give the exact date of the birth of that remarkable man. It was at the time of the accession of Francis II. to the throne of Austria, in 1792, that he appears on the stage, as a married man having but one child, Michel, who is still alive at the time that this is written. The father of Joseph was a wealthy wine merchant, who had the only business of its kind in the little town Tarnopol. His wines stood in great reputation, and were purchased by the Polish nobility of the surrounding towns and villages. He belonged to the best family of the community, over which he presided for many consecutive years. Josef, his son, received such an education as was then becoming to a young man in his station. The best Talmudical teachers of the age were his instructors. It is well to remember that the study of the Talmud constituted at that time the sole education of the young. The state of secular learning was at its lowest. A Jew who could write or even read in the vernacular tongue was suspected of rationalism or infidelity, and consequently slighted by everybody. If a letter was to be written to one not a Jew, nay, even to direct a letter to a Jew, it was usual to resort to a Christian, or a Jewish Apostle. Joseph, however, learned to write in Polish and German, and could even decypher a well-penned notice from the magistrate. This art, it is asserted, he acquired in secret, without his father's knowledge, and the story goes that an old and disabled officer, a customer of his father's, was his teacher, whom he paid at the rate of a glass of wine per lesson!

After the death of his father, Joseph undertook

a journey into Hungary for the sake of replenishing his wine-stores. There he made the acquaintance of a diamond-merchant, who was very much struck with the open honest face, good breeding, and especially with the craving desire of the Polish-Jew after knowledge. At the merchant's suggestion, Joseph went to Vienna, as a great seat of learning and civilisation. Here he found ample opportunities of forming schemes for improving the deplorable intellectual condition of his Galician countrymen. Through the kind offices of a friend of the diamond-merchant, to whom he had been warmly recommended, he obtained the permission of the emperor to open a school in his native town, for the education of Jews, together with an assurance that the authorities in Tarnopol would be duly called upon to render all possible help to his undertaking. Armed with this document, and inspired by the gracious encouragement of His Majesty, he returned home, fully determined to develop his generous scheme at whatever cost or sacrifice.

In less than a twelvemonth a large building was erected at his own expense, two excellent teachers engaged, and the Jewish community over which he still presided, kindly invited to send their boys at the age of thirteen for four hours daily to school. The Jews, who had watched with great anxiety the growth of the building, despite the same curse pronounced upon it as once upon the rebuilding of Jericho, raised a cry against the violations of their time-honoured traditions. The Rabbi laid Josef and his family in the ban. The bill of excommunication was affixed to his door; his private house as well as the school were marked with charcoal round about, and wherever the eyes turned in the Jewish quarter, they read in large characters the curse, pronounced upon Amalek and his seed, applied to the family of this reformer.

Joseph, however, remained firm; he was not to be defeated by blind fanaticism. Though all the powers of superstition, backed by prejudice, were against him, and numberless anathemas were hurled at him, he got some of the better-minded to more tolerant if not liberal views.

To this end he resorted to the large synagogue on a Sabbath morning, accompanied by a small band of his followers, among whom was the famous Rappaport, afterwards Rabbi of Prague. No sooner had he crossed the threshold, than the whole congregation began to spit and to shout with one accord: "Cursed! cursed! his name be blotted out." The violence increased till the anathematized man had at last to run for his life. He returned home depressed in spirit, and yet fully resolved to spare no efforts to carry out his noble task. His first care now was to defy the authority of the Rabbi who had dared to excommunicate him for no other reason than his generous effort to lead his benighted brethren out of moral darkness. Unlike Henry IV. who crouched at the feet of the proud pontiff to free him from the ban, Josef Perl summoned the Rabbi and his council in a most dignified manner to publicly declare the excommunication null and void. This being obstinately refused he resorted to more stringent means.

On the morning of the preparation for the



*image
not
available*

or place in society, or friendship, or even of their good name, cheerfully accepting in the place of these, poverty, loneliness, the censure and scorn of the world, often encountering the basest ingratitude, yet, most marvellous of all, continuing implicitly to believe in the existence of noble qualities, of which no one but themselves can discern the faintest trace; still assured, notwithstanding a hundred disappointments, of the ultimate triumph of their hopes. Of these Monica, the Mother of Augustine, is a good example.

She was the wife of Patricius, a heathen, and a man of a hot and angry temper, who was won in his later years to the Gospel, by his wife's unvarying meekness and devotion. But, just at the time when his influence for good would have begun to tell upon his son, hardly nineteen years of age, he died, and Augustine was thenceforth left entirely to his mother's care. Her task was hard and trying. The youth was wayward, idle, and prone to self-indulgence. Though never openly disrespectful to his mother, he turned a deaf ear to her godly admonitions, and grieved her deeply by his sinful life. She had great hopes that the teaching of the Church, and especially of the pious ministers to whom she confided her anxieties, would gain a hold over him. But not long after his father's death, to her indescribable grief, he adopted Manicheism, the most pernicious heresy of the day, which taught that it was not necessary, in order to acceptance, to hold any belief at all. While he held these opinions, it was of course impossible to make any impression on him, and he persisted in them for more than ten years, until even Monica herself was sometimes tempted to despair. But she persevered in her prayers, her entreaties, and her efforts. It was to her that the famous reply was made, which has comforted the heart of many a despondent parent, "I will never believe that the child of so many prayers will be permitted finally to perish." Her prayers were heard at last. Just when her own life was drawing to its close, she received the glad assurance from her son, that henceforth they were one in heart and hope. Then she "departed in peace," for in truth it might almost be said that "her eyes had seen her son's salvation."

To take another case, widely removed, as regards time, and place, and circumstances,—Margaret Atheling, the wife of Malcolm Canmore, deserves the same title. As Monica devoted herself to the restoration of a wayward and erring son, so did Margaret give up her life to the care of a rude and fierce husband. She was the sister of Edgar the true heir of the English crown, which William of Normandy had usurped. Along with her brother, she took refuge from his pursuit in Scotland, and there Malcolm was attracted by her beauty and married her. He was wholly illiterate, brought up in the midst of fierce quarrels and feuds, where bloodshed was an every-day occurrence, and savage revenge counted a duty. But her gentle example gradually gained such influence over him, that he learned to love mercy, and forgive his enemies. He delighted to share the holy labours in which she passed her life, helping her to spread food before the hungry, and wash the feet

of beggars, as was the custom of her day, and bind the wounds and dress the sores of the sick. He would take part in her devotions also, and kiss the sacred books, which he was unable to read. She gained such influence over the wild chiefs of her court, that no angry speech nor unseemly jest was ever heard in her presence. Yet notwithstanding the astonishing effect she produced, the times were so hard and evil, that her life was one of continual peril and disappointment, sorely trying to her patient spirit. Her death was like her life. While she was lying on her death-bed, there came the tidings that her husband had been defeated by the English at Alnwick, and he and his eldest son were slain. The news was brought to Margaret by her second son. When he was introduced alone to her chamber, she guessed at once what had occurred. But she nerved herself to meet the blow. She charged him to tell her at once, without reserve, what had occurred. When her worst fears were confirmed, she simply said, "The will of God be done," and soon afterwards expired.

Another heroic woman was Lucy Hutchinson, in the stormy day of Charles I. Her husband was a gentleman of good family in Nottinghamshire. He had been earnestly desirous that peace should not be broken; but when obliged to range himself on one side or the other, he took service with the Parliament, and was put in command of Nottingham Castle, a most responsible and perilous post. The years which followed were full of difficulties and trials; but Lucy shared them all with admirable fortitude—a source of strength and comfort to her husband, which he deeply valued. After Charles I.'s death Mr. Hutchinson retired to the country, and Lucy devoted herself with equal singleness of heart to the education of her children. Subsequent to the Restoration, Mr. Hutchinson was thrown into prison, and died soon afterwards of an ague contracted in consequence of the damp of his dungeon. His wife clung to him to the last with the same devoted affection. Lord Jeffreys pronounces her to have been "a worthy counterpart of those heroines of antiquity, the Valerias and the Portias."

Another woman, a strange contrast to Lucy Hutchinson as regards all outward circumstances, but one nevertheless with her in heart and mind, was Radegunde, Queen of Clotaire I. of Neustria, in the sixth century of Christianity. In early childhood she had fallen into his hands, when he attacked and slew her uncle Herman Froi, King of Thuringia. Clotaire, who had been impressed with her beauty, placed her in a convent for education, intending her to become his wife when she grew up. From her childhood she seems to have devoted herself to duty, in the shape under which it had been placed before her. When married to Clotaire, she at first endeavoured to submit herself with wife-like humility in all things. But she soon perceived that this would be incompatible with higher duties. Clotaire had several wives already; and though the Bishops might be compelled to tolerate his polygamy, the word of God declared it to be sinful. Moreover her husband's cruel outrages and murders, in which he expected her to sympathise, were sins of

the darkest dye, against which she felt it her duty to protest, though wholly without effect. She could not live the life of a faithful servant of God, thus linked to one who daily outraged and blasphemed Him. Though few men, even the bravest, dared to face his anger, and she knew it would enrage him to the utmost if she separated herself from him, she nevertheless did so. After a fierce and perilous struggle, she was permitted thenceforth to dedicate herself to a holy life, in which she persisted for many years, even to her death.

Another heroic woman of much the same type, allowing for the difference in time and manners, was Marie Jacqueline Arnould, better known as Mère Angélique. The times in which she lived were as corrupt as any which history presents, not only as regarded doctrinal truth, but life and manners. Profligacy had extended itself even to the clergy; and Angélique, when she entered on the duties of her office as Abbess of Port Royal, found herself brought face to face with evil, which she must either secretly connive at, or openly oppose. The situation was strange as it was trying. For a young woman, hardly yet more than a child, to be required to strive with women, hardened, unscrupulous and skilful in the ways of the world, required faith and courage, beyond what woman could be expected to possess. Yet Angélique not only carried on this unequal contest for many years, but came out of it victorious. Her whole subsequent life, till she died, at the full age of threescore and ten, was one long struggle with the corruption round her. There is much, of course, in her life with which we are unable to sympathise; but if zeal, sincerity, persistent courage and lifelong self-sacrifice make a heroine, she surely may claim the name.

Another truly heroic woman was Madame Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI. of France: and in her instance the cruel and unjust termination of her life awakens a more than common feeling of indignation and pity. From her earliest years she too, amid the pomp of a splendid and dissipated court, gave herself up to a daily round of Christian duty. She would have retired from the world to a religious life; but at her brother's entreaty she sacrificed her wishes to his. When the Revolution broke out, and brought with it horrors which imagination could not have pictured, she trod the dark and bloody ways in which she was compelled to walk, as calmly and firmly as though they had been those of peace and safety. No calumny nor wrong could provoke her to anger; no threat could make her afraid; neither imprisonment nor death could shake the firmness of her faith. Left without the ministrations of religion, without the sympathy of a single friend, alone amid a crowd of strangers, she went serenely to the death to which she had shamelessly been doomed, exerting herself to sustain and cheer her fellow-sufferers to the last. If any one ever deserved the title of an Heroic Woman, it was Madame Elizabeth.

To pass from her to a woman who, though born not long after her, differed widely from her in birth and rank and early teaching and surrounding circumstances; in everything in fact but the one thing needful, the love of God and man—Elizabeth Fry may claim a place in our catalogue.

She was both by birth and marriage a Quakeress, and early devoted herself to the good of her fellow-men. In the year 1813, she paid her memorable visit to Newgate, which induced her to commence her labours for the reformation of female prisoners. The condition at this time of these outcasts from society, for whose souls no man cared, was shocking beyond description. Abandoned to the lowest impulses of our nature, untaught, without employment, and without hope of improvement, they had sunk to the lowest point our nature could reach. It speaks much for her courage that she ventured herself alone among them, for the attempt must have been dangerous, as well as to the last degree revolting. But her gentle firmness, and never-failing kindness introduced, we are told, order, industry, and cleanliness into these haunts of foulness. The astonishing change she had effected soon attracted attention; and through her influence introduced changes into the metropolitan gaols, which has entirely revolutionised them. The improvement spread from London to the provinces, and from England to continental Europe; and untold thousands of prisoners, who never beheld her face nor heard the sound of her voice, had yet had the deepest reason to bless her name. Her energies were not confined to this one subject, but devoted to a variety of philanthropic objects.

One more woman should be mentioned, who deserves to be associated with Elizabeth Fry in love and honour, and that one is Sarah Martin. She differs from Mrs. Fry in that she belonged to a much humbler grade of society. She was the daughter of a tradesman in a village near Great Yarmouth. The condition of the borough prison early attracted her attention; and near about the time of Mrs. Fry's visit to Newgate, Sarah began to entertain the idea of doing something for the inmates of the dreadful gaol, the condition of which filled her with horror. While she was in doubt how to put her intentions into practice, she was roused by a case of peculiar atrocity which had just occurred. A woman had been committed to prison for some shocking act of cruelty to her own child. Sarah took the step of going to see her. The woman was at first amazed and bewildered at the visit, but Sarah's gentle words moved her to tears, and she gladly accepted her ministrations. Others were presently induced to listen to her also, and she began giving lessons in reading and writing, always making Bible reading a part of her morning's work. Employment of various kinds was next introduced; and as her influence extended, she got together a congregation for worship on Sundays, of which the clergyman of the parish agreed to take charge. Money was now not unfrequently offered her by visitors, and by this means, and the sale of work done in the prison, she was enabled to establish a fund for the benefit of those discharged from the gaol. The work thus commenced was carried on patiently and perseveringly for years, and continued, notwithstanding many disappointments and trials, to prosper. Sarah never sought to advance her own interest. She lived in the plainest and simplest manner, and was with

difficulty persuaded to accept at last the modest pension of 12*l.* a year, which the Corporation insisted on settling upon her. This was all the reward she ever received for her life-long labours. She died at the age of fifty-two, content to die, rejoicing indeed to depart.

De Profundis.

I.

AND be it so—that, till this hour,
I never knew what faith has meant;
A slave to sin and Satan's power,
Have never felt this heart relent.

II.

What shall I do? Shall I lie down,
Sink in despair, and groan, and die?
And, sunk beneath the Almighty's frown,
Not glance one cheerful hope on high?

III.

Forbid it, Saviour! to Thy grace
As sinner, stranger, I will come:
Among Thy saints I ask a place—
For in Thy mercy there is room.

IV.

Lord, I believe! Oh, chase away
The gloomy clouds of unbelief.
Lord, I repent! Oh, let Thy ray
Dissolve my heart in sacred grief!

V.

Now spread the banner of Thy love,
And let me know that I am Thine:
Cheer me with blessings from above,—
With all the joys of hope divine!

Lux e Tenebris.

Things New and Old.

"JESUS, I WILL TRUST THEE."—This beautiful hymn, given as an illustrated frontispiece to our February Part, was written by Mary Jane Walker, widow of the Rev. Edward Walker, formerly Rector of Cheltenham, from whose son we had permission to publish it. The lines are also in Bickersteth's Hymnal Companion.

LUTHER'S FAVOURITE DAUGHTER.—Among all his children, Lenichen, a pious, gentle, loving child, and heartily attached to him, gave him special joy. We still possess a pleasing portrait of her, in which, according to an old tradition, she has been represented by the friend of the family, Cranach. But she, when she had grown up full of promise, was snatched from him by death, September 20, 1542, after a long and severe illness. What he indeed had experienced at the loss of his little Elizabeth, he was again constrained to feel still more deeply and painfully. When

she lay so ill he said, "I have much love for her, but ah! my God, if it is Thy will that Thou willest to take her hence. I will submit to know that she is with Thee." To herself he said, "Magdalene, my little daughter, thou willingly remainest here with thy father, and also willingly goest to thy heavenly Father?" "Yes, dear father, as God wills." When he was with her, as she was dying, he fell down upon his knees, before her bed, wept bitterly and prayed for her deliverance, whereupon she fell asleep in his hands. When she lay in the coffin he looked upon her and said, "Ah, dear Lenichen, thou wilt rise again and shine as a star; yea, indeed, as the sun." And again, "I am so happy in spirit, but according to the flesh I am sad; the flesh will not submit, the departure grieves one above measure; it is a wonderful thing that she is certainly in peace, and it is well with her, and yet still I am so sad." To the multitude of mourners he said, "I have sent a saint to heaven. Oh that we had such a death! One such a death would I accept this very hour." The same sorrow, and yet the same rising above sorrow, he expresses in his letters to his friends. Thus he writes to Jonas: "Thou wilt have heard that my most beloved daughter has been born again to the eternal kingdom of Christ; and although I and my wife should be only joyfully grateful for such a happy departure to her, that she is thereby taken from this evil world, the might of the natural love is still so great that we cannot help sobbing and sighing; yea, indeed, a weighty inner dying; so deeply and firmly abide in our heart the ways, the words, the gestures of the living and dying, obedient and respectful daughter, that not even the death of Christ can quite drive away this pain." His Hans, who longed once more to see his sick sister, he had summoned from Tongau fourteen days before her death. In writing to Crodel, he said, "I would not have anything neglected that my conscience might afterwards reproach me with." But when Hans, several weeks afterwards, about Christmas time, under the influence of grief and the moving words which his mother had addressed to him, desired to come home again from Tongau, he exhorted him manfully to overcome his sorrow, not to increase his mother's sorrow by his own and to obey God, who through his parents had sent him there. The dear child Magdalene was born in May 1529 so that she was in her fourteenth year.

CONDITION OF WOMEN IN INDIA.—I do not use exaggerated terms, when I say that I may describe the great mass of women in India—and, of course, speaking of quite the higher classes—as being simply beasts of burden. And whilst they are the greatest sufferers from heathenism, there is no class that has gained so much where they have accepted Christianity as these women. You can see it in their faces. As you go about places like Travancore and are in the habit of meeting constantly heathen and Christian women, I would undertake to choose correctly in any given street the Christian women, quite apart from dress, from the heathen women. There is a tone of depression and of sadness, a haggard and a worn look—something unsatisfied; but on the Christian women, on the other hand, there is that look of growing refinement and satisfaction, and something that tells of a hope that is brighter than what they have known before.—Mr. A. Spicer at the London Missionary Society Anniversary.

A HORSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS.—The following epitaph in Folkestone Churchyard dates from the 17th century:—

A house she hath of such good fashion,
The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation.
Nor shall the Landlord ever raise her rent,
Nor turn her out of doors for non-payment:
From chimney money too this cell is free,
Of such a house who would not tenant be?

Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE.

XIV.—NEW TRIALS.



"OW long are you going to lie there like a lazy bones?" said Ciska, one day in a tone of derision, to our little Madeleine, who was lying on her bed, having had a fall from her horse.

Madeleine made no reply. Life appeared to her very hard; her heart was weighed down by complete solitude. Poor Madda! since the death of Beppo, everything had appeared to her to go wrong. She could neither play her part, nor perform her exercises in the high school with the same animation as formerly; and she had even lost her interest in the ponies themselves. Also she had been scolded and beaten many times, and at length she had the awkwardness, as the master called it, to fall from her horse in a dangerous leap, and from that time she had lain on her bed, having for her only companion her faithful dog Sirrah, who would not leave her.

Ciska had finished her gay toilet as dancing girl. It was with a proud smile of triumph that she turned from the little looking-glass. She was prepared to go out, but on stepping backwards, she trod upon Sirrah's foot, and he gave a sharp bark. "You ugly brute," exclaimed Ciska, giving him a kick, "you are always in my way!"

"Stop; you have no right to touch him! it was your fault!" cried Madeleine, raising herself quickly.

"What is that you are saying?" she said; "that I have no right to strike this wretched dog. I like that. There, take that for your impertinence," and she gave Madeleine a box on the ear. Then opening quickly the door of the caravan, she pushed the dog outside, without troubling herself about his growling.

"Oh! you are bad, bad," cried Madeleine pale with anger, the gipsy answering only with a scornful laugh.

Similar quarrels were too frequent.

Madeleine had scarcely recovered herself before the door opened to let in Master Gasparo. The stern and cloudy expression of his face foretold nothing good.

"Still in bed!" said he roughly; "you ought to have been well long ago; get up and let me see how you can walk."

Madeleine dared not reply. She got up trembling, and took some steps across the narrow space.

"Well, lazy one, it seems to me that you are better. What hinders you from returning to your work?"

"But," said the child, "it still hurts me to put my foot to the ground, and I cannot stand upon it."

"Bah! that is only an excuse. To-morrow you must come to the exercises. I will not feed you if you do not work."

And the man went away. Madeleine drew a deep sigh, and then she began to cry.

"It is Ciska, I am sure," she murmured; "who has told him that I am well, and that is not true. She is so wicked! Oh! I will not remain here!"

While she was thus grieving in solitude, she felt something cold suddenly placed in her hand. It was Sirrah, who had found means to glide into the caravan after the master, and who was thus seeking to comfort her.

"It is you, Sirrah, poor fellow. I love you very much," Madeleine said to him, holding with her hands the fine

large head of the spaniel. "What should I do without you? But we will go away soon, will we not?—far away from these bad people who hate us."

The dog looked at her with his intelligent eyes, and wagged his tail as a sign of affirmation; then licking her hands, he lay down close beside her, as if to say, "I will never leave you."

The following days were painful. Madeleine's foot still caused her much suffering, nevertheless she was forced to take her part in the plays; but the more severe performances of which she was incapable were dispensed with. She felt herself more and more isolated and unhappy in the midst of these people.

Birichino, it is true, was kind to her. Every time he met her, he had a friendly word for her, and rendered her little services when opportunity offered. But the volatile and careless temper of the clown prevented Madeleine from confiding in him; besides, he was much older than she was, and that alone would have been an obstacle to their intimacy. The child instinctively avoided the young men of the company, for their language and manners among themselves were often offensive, and notwithstanding her youth and inexperience she was disgusted with them. So true it is, that the first impressions received in childhood, the first principles implanted in the heart, leave a conviction so deep and lasting that it requires many years to weaken or efface it. Madeleine had always lived surrounded by poor but honest people, which she could not forget.

Until now, however, she had never suspected the mountebanks to be wanting in honesty. She knew they were uncivilised, coarse, and even cruel; but though certain circumstances and certain things had sometimes astonished her, she did not think they were thieves. A disagreeable surprise was still in store for her on that point.

One evening, before her foot was quite well, there was a grand performance in the public place at Yverdon. After a little comic play, Ciska began performing by herself a Spanish dance, and while the public were gazing with admiration at the native beauty of the young gipsy, her graceful attitudes, her undulating, supple movements, Judith called Madeleine, and ordered her to carry round the collecting bowl. As the child passed through the crowd, dressed in a pretty "little red riding hood" sort of costume, Judith followed her. Affecting an air of indifference, and taking advantage of the attention of the spectators being taken up by the little collector, she contrived, with great dexterity, to steal different articles, such as pocket-handkerchiefs, tobacco-boxes, and purses. At a certain moment, Madeleine, as she was holding the bowl to an honest countryman, who was gazing intently with his mouth open, suddenly caught sight of Judith, partly concealed behind him.

"Ah, you are asking for something, little one, oh?" said the peasant, with the heavy drawling manner of country speech. "Wait; I must find a sixpence for you."

Thus saying, the good man sought a long while in his jacket-pocket, and then he drew out a little leathern bag and opened it; after having jingled together some five-shilling pieces, he found the sixpence, and gave it to the child, and returned the little bag to its place.

Madeleine thanked him, and was going on collecting, when she saw Judith suddenly thrust her hand into the countryman's pocket, to take away his purse. The child uttered a faint cry, and turned pale. Her frightened look fixed on Judith attracted attention, and all eyes were directed that way. Then, with an imperturbable coolness, the woman came forward and said—

"Well, what is the matter? Is your foot still painful?"

Madeleine could scarcely speak. "Come with me," said Judith. "I will put some ointment on your wound." And taking the child by the arm, she drew her away from the circle of spectators. Then her expression changed.

"Little serpent!" she muttered between her teeth, "could you not be quiet? a little more, and you would have made the police take hold of me. Is it thus that you repay me for all the trouble I have taken about you?"

"But," said Madeleine trembling, "it was stealing."

"After all, what does that signify?" said the wretched woman, roughly.

"It is wicked to steal," said the child, resolutely; and while speaking she raised her large eyes to Judith, who was forced to look down under their genuine and clear expression; but anger overcame her.

"Repeat that again," she cried, shaking Madeleine by the shoulders.

"Yes," said she, her courage rising in proportion as Judith's fury increased, "I know it is wicked. Grandfather always told me so; and so did mother also."

All the answer the wicked woman made was to give Madeleine a hard box on the ear, which drew from her a cry of pain; and she was on the point of administering a second, when Sirrah, bounding suddenly to the side of his mistress, set his teeth roughly into the virago's wrist. Madeleine was frightened at the boldness of her dog, for it required nothing less than her interference to make him let go. Judith was pale with pain and with rage; she cast upon the child a look full of hatred. Wrapping her handkerchief round her bleeding wrist, she said, "I will pay you off—you two—I will teach you to call us thieves."

She would have said more; but Madeleine did not wait for the rest; she took up her bowl again to finish her task, endeavouring to smile and be courteous, in spite of her inward suffering. Then, having carried the money to the master, she ran to take refuge in her bed, where she wept a long while, with her head resting upon Sirrah's, who had followed her.

"What will become of me?" the little girl asked herself with anguish. "To-morrow they will be sure to beat me, and perhaps they will also treat Sirrah badly. Oh! if I did but know where to go! If I know only what to do!"

All at once, in the midst of her despair and loneliness, Madeleine seemed to hear in her heart a voice which whispered, "Take courage, my daughter, the Lord will provide."

"The Lord will provide!" yes it was what her old grandfather had often repeated, always so believing and so joyful. Then Madeleine remembered God. She bowed her head, joined her hands, and prayed with all the ardour of her youthful heart. When at last she went to bed, she felt somewhat relieved of the weight that oppressed her. "God will certainly help me," she thought, "He always does; grandfather told me so, and I believe it." Then she went to sleep with the feeling that she was no longer alone.

Yes, God watched over her, for the next day, instead of the blows she expected, she was left perfectly quiet. Judith, it is true, always gloomy and morose, did not speak a word to her; but the master made no allusion to what had passed on the preceding evening. Was it by discretion? The little girl neither knew nor understood anything, except that her heavenly Father took care of her. On that day, moreover, the camp was moved, and the company quitted Yverdon, continuing its stages along the borders of the Lake of Neuchâtel.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XXXIV.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." (Psa. lv. 22.)

Read Matt. xv. 21–28.

The journey of our Lord at this time was "to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon,"—not a very long journey from Galilee,

but it brought Him among a heathen people, and into a strange land. Look out Tyre on the map, and look out Sidon: both you see are on the sea-shore, and both were great and busy sea-ports, from which ships were sent sailing out upon the blue Mediterranean to many a far country. The men of Tyre and Sidon, however, had heard the fame of Jesus; some of them had even come to Galilee to hear Him speak; see Mark iii. 8, Luke vi. 17. And there was one poor woman sorely afflicted and distressed, who had heard of Jesus, and believed that He and He alone could help her, even though she was a stranger. It is said in Mark vii. 26 that she was a "Greek, a Syrophenician by nation," and it was to the people of Israel that Jesus came, but God had given this poor woman great faith, and when she saw the Lord, she could not be kept back from crying to Him for mercy. *What did she call the Lord?* She owned Him as son of David, and she asked Him to have mercy on her by curing her daughter,—but Jesus who was always so ready to hear and to help "answered her not a word!" She was not easily discouraged however. In spite of the Lord's silence, in spite of the words of His disciples who wished to send her away, she still cried for mercy. *To whom did Jesus say He was sent?* Still she came, and still she cried, "Lord help me!" Then the Lord gave an answer which might well have shaken a faith less strong (ver. 26). And now mark the humility of the woman;—she was quite willing to take the lowest place. She did not claim to be treated like one of the children, might she only have the portion of the dogs, even the crumbs that fall from their master's table! Then the trial of her faith was over: Jesus had spoken thus only to bring out this faith, He knew her heart; he wished that others also should know it, that it might serve as a bright example to all. And now came His answer full and free, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt!" How her heart must have swelled with gladness! How eagerly she must have hastened home! And what did she find there,—no longer a miserable girl, "grievously vexed with a devil;" all was quiet now; "the devil was gone out, and her daughter was laid upon the bed," resting peaceful and calm, to the praise of Him who had answered her mother's prayer, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." He it was upon whom this woman cast her burden; He sustained her to bear the trial of the faith in her heart. And He gives us all an important lesson by His dealings with this woman, a lesson which I hope you will not forget when the days of trial come to you. Your prayer may not be answered at once; Jesus may see it needful to try your faith as He did that of this woman, yet His delay is not to be taken as a refusal. Perhaps the Lord wishes to humble you, that you may feel how unworthy you are. This woman was willing to be looked upon as no better than a dog, so she might but receive the crumbs; "blessed are the meek;" it is to them that the Lord shows forth all His goodness!

Sing,—"Jesus I will trust thee;"
or, "Sinful, sighing to be blest."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIX.

A name our Lord gives to himself.

1. A prophetess who judged Israel.
2. One of the stones in Aaron's breast-plate.
3. A place celebrated for its gold.
4. A woman who saved herself and her family, by an act of kindness.

A. E. P. M.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE Pope has taken a new departure in the publication of a letter on the study of History. It is addressed to Cardinal de Luca, vice-chancellor of the Roman Church, to Cardinal Pitra, librarian, and to Cardinal Hergenröther, prefect of the Vatican Archives; and it is written in Latin. The full text has appeared, with Italian and French translations, in the leading Italian journals of all shades. The Letter is an appeal to history,—to facts, therefore, which are more than infallible pretensions; and it marks a distinct advance beyond traditional ground. The Pope dwells on the manner in which the enemies of the Church have falsified her history; on the extent to which these falsifications are still practised, especially in Italy; and on the steps which should be taken to expose and confute them. The Holy Father gives illustrative details, and dwells upon the benefits conferred upon civil society by the Roman Pontificate, as historically shown. He proposes the compilation of new manuals of history; and he places the Vatican Archives and library at the disposal of the Cardinals. The Pope is evidently confident that history will justify the claims of the Papacy to the "government of the Church throughout all the world," if not to the temporal power. His conclusions will be challenged, but the method of investigation which he proposes deserves respect. The Italian press treats the document with great consideration. "The letter of Leo XIII," writes the *Popolo Romano*, "is undoubtedly a most important document. We welcome it with satisfaction, because it initiates a new historic era in the history of the Popes—the era of discussion, which succeeds that of the anathema, the era of examination which replaces that of the *syllabus*." The Luther commemoration in Germany appears likely to give a great stimulus to historical studies bearing upon the Reformation. Volumes already issued subject the history of that time to much criticism.

PRESIDENT GRÉVY has replied privately to the letter of the Pope on the subject of the relations between Church and State in France. He reminds his Holiness, in substance, that it is his duty simply to administer the law, and not to make it; and while he desires to see peace established, he suggests that that end might be best advanced by a more genial bearing of the French clergy towards the Republic.

THE first of the Luther festivals has been held at Erfurt, the scene of the great Reformer's university days. The celebration took the form of a procession intended to commemorate his journey through the town when on his way to the Diet of Worms. Luther was personated by one of the citizens, but the most remarkable feature was the part borne by the students of the various German universities, who sent deputations a thousand strong. Two services were also held in the churches at an early hour. At the Bürfusser Kirche, Dr. Baur prefaced a sketch of Luther's life with the text, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." "The closing scene in the Friedrich Wilhelms Platz, before the cathedral," says one who was present, "was the climax of the whole. In zig-zag movements the procession traversed the square from end to end, till at last the spacious Platz was filled with a dazzling array of gorgeous trappings, waving banners, and bright costumes, against a dense dark background of spectators. The stirring strains of 'Eine Feste Burg' then rose from the vast multitude, and a farewell address having been given by a preacher from Potsdam, there was a general dispersal to the Vogels Garten. The scene here was also of the most picturesque description. The festival oration on Luther in Erfurt, delivered by Professor Köstlin, was of necessity addressed only to those within range of his voice. It seemed a general carnival in honour of Luther, in which the Middle Ages and the Nineteenth Century joined hands." The great body of the students the next day visited Eisenach, and proceeded to the Wartburg, where their demonstration, notwithstanding some excellent speeches, assumed a jovial character not creditable to German customs. Admiration for the large-hearted qualities and noble deeds of Luther does not, it is plain, always imply true sympathy with his spiritual aims.

We note with satisfaction the revival of the temperance movement in Germany. The name of Count Moltke appears conspicuously amongst its promoters, and it is supported by committees in every part of the country. Its object, however, is not teetotalism, but "to prevent the abuse of alcohol and to diminish the number of those who, from time immemorial, have been victims of intemperance."

A PETITION was presented in Parliament before the close of the session against the opium traffic, signed by 231 British, American and German missionaries, including many well-known names—in fact, a practically unanimous petition. They state that the use of the drug is spreading rapidly in China, and that, therefore, the difficulty of coping successfully with the evil is becoming greater every day. In 1834 the foreign import was about 12,000 chests, in 1850 about 34,000 chests, in 1870 about 95,000 chests, in 1880 about 97,000 chests. To this must be added the native growth, which during the last decade has increased enormously, and now at least equals, if it does not, as some state, double, the foreign import.

MISSIONARY operations in Madagascar continue to be impeded by the action of the French. The most satisfactory piece of news is the release of Mr. Shaw, though not until after eight weeks' detention on board a man-of-war. The Norwegian Mission, which works chiefly among the Betsileos, has been undisturbed. In many places the attendance on Sunday has been double the church accommodation, so that the missionaries have been obliged to hold two meetings in succession to accommodate the crowds that assembled. The children at school have increased to between 20,000 and 30,000. Great complaints are made of certain Jesuit missionaries and the stratagems by which they have sought to beguile converts away. The congregations have been aroused by these proceedings. Many prayer-meetings have been held. One result has been, that in Ambohimena 74 members were received and the Jesuit emissaries were driven from the place. In other places similar excitement prevailed, and in Belafso alone 249 were baptized in six months. From the same source we learn that in the capital there have been numerous prayer-meetings held for protection against the French. The people have assembled long before the hour announced, and continued together all day.

LETTERS from Asia Minor state that a society has been formed among the Armenians, having for its purpose the reform of the old Church—the doing away with pictures in the churches, the worship of the Virgin and the saints, the liturgy in an unknown tongue, and other abuses. It is proposed that the priests shall take texts from Scripture and preach, and that meetings for prayer be held once or twice a week. This society has now a large number of members.

THE SALVATION ARMY celebrates this year its eighteenth anniversary. Last year there were 320 corps and 766 officers; the numbers have now increased to 591 corps, at home and abroad, and 1,439 officers. The Swiss Federal Council has dismissed the appeal of Miss Booth against the decree of the Cantonal Government of Geneva expelling her from the Canton. The judgment points out that the Treaty of 1855 with England, relating to the settling of foreigners in Switzerland, prescribes that the subjects of the two nations shall conform to the laws of the country in which they are living, and may be expelled by a police order legally sanctioned and executed. Miss Booth, the document goes on to say, is mistaken in supposing that the Federal Government is alone competent to expel foreigners. The sovereign right of the Cantons to adopt this measure is a principle of public law, and is particularly applicable in cases where public order has been disturbed. The action of the Swiss authorities is condemned as petty and vexatious even by those who do not sympathise with the methods of the Salvation Army. Meetings are still held in private houses, and footing has been obtained in some twenty villages and towns. Some incidents of pathetic interest are related. A Greek, a well-known Socialist,

marked down by the police, came to one meeting as correspondent for a Constantinople paper. He was greatly moved, his whole frame betraying extreme agitation. "Ah!" said he, "I believed in dynamite to set the world right; but now I feel that there is another power which can do it, and the only one!" In consequence of the step he then took he was obliged to abandon his old employment, and being reduced to penury, he went to work as a labourer in the fields. One night he was followed home, savagely beaten, and left almost insensible, but nothing dismayed, he held on his way. In England the procedure of the Army has again been the occasion of rioting in provincial towns. The most serious check has been the re-opening of the Eagle Tavern as a public-house, a result of the adverse judgment lately given as to the terms on which the property was held.

THE work carried on by Miss Weston among our "Blue Jackets ashore and afloat" continues to prosper. The last was a testing year. Many of the men who have been brought under good influence were subjected to the temptations of war-times. They appear, on the whole, to have acquitted themselves well. Here is one little incident of duty well-done, as narrated by a comrade: "The 'Inflexible' in action got one of her 81-tonners disabled; some one must get inside the gun. The man whose duty it was fainted, and the commander asked for a volunteer; James Hindson, R.N.A., a life abstainer and a Christian man, volunteered; a rope was tied round his waist, and he was pushed up the gun, almost suffocated with the heat, the guns in the other turret being in action the whole time. He did the work skilfully, and was hauled out and at his post again in five minutes." One new feature of the work has been the formation of a "Royal Naval Union for Purity of Life," including a pledge against swearing and bad language.

M. HEGARD, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Copenhagen, was until recently an apostle of atheism. In the introduction to a second edition of one of his works, he writes: "The experiences of life, its sufferings and griefs, have shaken my soul, and I have broken the foundation upon which I formerly thought I could build. Full of faith in the sufficiency of science, I thought to have found in it a sure refuge from all the contingencies of life. This illusion is vanished; when the tempest came which plunged me in sorrow, the moorings, the cable of science, broke like thread. Then I seized upon that help which many before me have laid hold of, I sought and found peace in God. Since then I have certainly not abandoned science, but I have assigned to it another place in my life." This experience is by no means new. The list of infidel lecturers who have finally accepted Christianity is a long one.

MR. SPURGEON has been preaching in Exeter Hall, while his own chapel has been undergoing repair. Anecdotes have been told of Robert Hall's endurance in the pulpit. Mr. Spurgeon preached one Sunday, when suffering so much in shoulders and hands that he was unable to turn over the leaves of his Bible. His text was Romans vi. 14, 15. There was no lack of power or eloquence in any part of the sermon. Such incidents deserve record in the history of the pulpit.

THE mission stations in the Samoan Islands are suffering from the effects of a terrible hurricane which recently passed over the group. These storms occur at intervals. Rev. S. H. Davies, of the London Missionary Society, describes the desolation wrought around his residence. It came very unexpectedly at the close of a Saturday evening, bursting open windows, unroofing houses, and bringing the sea up to the very doors. The Wesleyan stone church and schools disappeared; the teachers' meeting-house was unroofed, and the walls blown down, and the bread-fruit houses swept away. The Roman Catholics had the roof of their new chapel destroyed, and the priest's house dismantled. At Sapapalii the orange trees were torn up by the roots, the old chapel blown down, and the teachers' house destroyed. In all the islands the new chapels had the roofs torn off, and in many cases the walls blown down.

THE work of Mr. Müller, in connection with the Bristol orphanage, is well known. He lately gave an account of his recent labours in Russia, Poland, and various parts of Europe. First he enumerated the special objects which he had in view. One object was, to seek in the most simple, clear, and decided way to preach the gospel of the grace of God; another to point Christians to the fuller enjoyment of

their privileges. He desired also to bring them back to the Scriptures. Further, a principal object was to promote unity. The details of his journeyings included some encouraging incidents. In Vienna he found religious liberty much restricted. For instance, he preached in a Methodist chapel. This was an extra meeting, and hymns were not allowed to be sung. If they had sung, a policeman would have come in and stopped the meeting, and the minister would have been fined or imprisoned. Any stranger wishing to hold meetings has to give notice three days previously, and to announce the subject on which he is going to speak. Christians not belonging to the State Church, such as Methodists or Baptists, are not allowed to bring their children between the ages of seven and fourteen years to their meetings, but they are under the Roman Catholic priest. He next visited Pesth; then Prague, Dresden, and Lipsie. After this he went, according to a long-cherished desire, to Kroppenstaedt, his native place. He had long had the desire that God might be pleased to give him the honour before departing this life, to preach there. He had opportunities of preaching the gospel in the simplest way to the people, who were all eyes and ears. Mr. Müller described his work also in other places. At St. Petersburg God gave him open doors among the highest classes of the aristocracy, and they were like children, ready to receive the truth. He preached in the Reformed Church, among the Moravians, in the American and English chapels to Swedes (with translation), and to Italians, and had a great number of meetings in drawing-rooms, and the breaking of bread in his own room. From thence he went to Poland, stopping at Warsaw, where there are 127,500 Jews, and two or three hundred Jewish synagogues. There are also six or seven hundred Talmudic schools. In this place he preached six times. At Lodz, in all the factories and public-houses the preaching was the talk of the people. Mr. Müller is leaving this autumn for India.

THE veteran Dr. Moffat, one of the greatest of missionaries and most venerable of men, has entered into rest. Of late years he had resided at Leigh, near Tunbridge Wells, and there death found him, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He died full of peace and hope, manifesting to the last a vivid interest in the work to which he had devoted his life. The main features of his life have been already sketched in these pages. The year in which he began his missionary career is remarkable above others for the names it gave to the history of the church—Robert Moffat, John Williams, William Ellis, Richard Knill, and W. H. Medhurst, one of the translators of the Bible into Chinese, besides others distinguished by long and faithful service. Moffat and Williams were ordained on the same day—September 2nd, 1816. The "Martyr of Errromanga" seems already to belong to a remote past, so great have been the advances in the mission field since he fell. Dr. Moffat, returning home after the labour of fifty years, lived to witness a marvellous change. He saw his own labours carried forward by other men, and the very heart of Africa opened by the persevering energy of his son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone. A large assembly of many hundreds gathered to pay the last tribute of respect at his grave. The preliminary funeral service was held in the Wesleyan Chapel, Tulse-hill, which was lent for the occasion. The coffin, which was covered with wreaths of white flowers, was placed in front of the communion apse under a group of palms. After prayer by the Rev. Dr. McEwan, minister of the Presbyterian Church at Clapham, the Rev. Joshua Harrison delivered an address, in which he fittingly and affectionately described the characteristics of the veteran missionary. The bier was then borne in long procession to Norwood Cemetery, to be laid in the grave where Mrs. Moffat was buried. Many friends followed, as also deputations from various missionary and religious societies. The service was read by the Rev. Robert Robinson, home secretary of the London Missionary Society. The Rev. J. G. Rogers, then pronounced what might be called a funeral oration. "Brethren," he said, "we are divided into sections, we have our little 'isms.' Party spirit is only too apt to mar some of our best work. God hasten the time when we can understand each other better on these points even at home; but abroad, in the presence of idolatry, of superstition, of degrading vice, we can know only one thing—the glorious gospel of the grace of God. It is common to all our churches, it is the message of all our missionaries, it is the mighty force, and the only force put forth by all our societies, and in this sense Robert Moffat was pre-eminently a Christian Missionary."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WEEK WAS DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



"THAT IS PAST MY UNDERSTANDING," Muttered Rounce.

THE FISHER VILLAGE.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER IX.—AS LADY'S MAID.

THE following morning Philis was up with the lark. She and her mother had completed the small wardrobe, each movement of the needle having been accompanied by lamentations on

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Mrs. Primrose's side; and never was prisoner about to be released from gaol more joyous at the prospect of freedom than was Philis at the hope of a whole month's deliverance from the persecutions of mistaken friends. She was ready to leave home immediately after breakfast.

"You don't care a pin for me, Philis," moaned her mother. "I shall have to bear your uncle's reproofs alone; and I'm sure I don't know what I can say to him."

"Shall I help you to carry your box, Philis?"

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here broke in a voice, and Mary Harmer's handsome head was poked in at the door.

"It is not too heavy for one, thank you, Mary, but I dare say two will lighten the burden," replied Philis, while Mrs. Primrose looked displeased.

She had always considered Philis superior to Mary, and for reasons of her own discouraged all intimacy. But Philis was thankful, not only for the proffered aid, but for the chance of a third person, supposing that her suitor should be up as early as herself.

"You needn't cry, mother," said Philis, seeing Mrs. Primrose's apron applied to her eyes—"I shall see you next Sunday, probably, and shall soon be back."

"It is the first time," sighed the widow.

Philis kissed her, and felt remorseful. Who would clean up the house-place, cook the dinner, see to her uncle's clothes, and do a hundred other things? Her uncle! It was from him she wished to escape, so she hardened her heart again.

"I will look in and help you, Mrs. Primrose," said Mary Harmer, but received no encouragement.

In spite of her resolution, there were tears in Philis's eyes as she left the cottage. She and Mary carried her small box between them, and, as they walked up the street, the women stood at their doors to look at them. They were a great contrast. Philis in her neat cotton dress, black jacket and straw bonnet; Mary, short petticoated, aproned, with a shawl over her head, and one arm a-kimbo. Yet they were, in their different ways, the belles of Pebbleton.

"Wish you joy, Philis," said one as they passed on. "You'll be rid of Ronne for a bit. We're best off without the men after all."

"We shouldn't say so if we lost 'em in the fishing," put in another; "but Philis and her mother have had a hard life of it. I'd rather be independent."

"Better not go in there, or young Breese will hear of it," laughed a third, as Philis paused before Murrell's door.

"Wait a minute while I say good-bye to Patience," said Philis to Mary, and they laid down the box while the former went in, and the gossips gathered round the latter.

Philis found Mrs. Murrell very poorly. She had passed a bad night, and the poor rheumatic limbs were more painful than usual. Kees was trotting about after Patience, helping her to put by the cups and saucers, and making great efforts to pronounce the names of any article he was permitted to handle. Mrs. Murrell forgot her pains in her amusement and interest, and declared the child to be a Godsend indeed! But he was soon clinging to Philis, and trying to understand what she said to Mrs. Murrell. This was to have been a brief good-bye, only it was interrupted by the postman, who actually brought a letter. And it was from Ted! Philis sat down on the bed, Kees on her lap, Patience at her side, while Mrs. Murrell tried to open the envelope.

"Your fingers are nimblest, Philis, and they do put such a deal of gum," said the trembling

mother, passing the letter to Philis, who soon unfastened it. "Read it, your eyes are better than mine."

"You read it, Patience," said blushing Philis.

But Patience was encumbered by her crutches, so Philis read the welcome missive. It was as follows:

"DEAR AND HONOURED MOTHER,—

"I hope this will find you better. I am very well, thank God. You will have heard of my good fortune from Van der Does, who promised to tell you when he went to see Kees. I am second mate in a merchantman trading to Holland, and it was all along of the Cap'en of the 'Sea Eagle,' who said a deal about me that I didn't deserve.

"He said I was a bit of a scholar, and could read and write, and preach a bit too, if needs be. Our Cap'en is a godly man, and wanted, so he said, somebody who would set a good example on board, and asked me if I was willin'. I said I would do my best, and he took me then and there. It's a deal better than the fishing smacks, and one has a chance of getting on, but I owe it all to being taught so well in school. I parted from father at Yarmouth, he was all right, and the weather favourable. Our 'Good Hope' is a taut little craft, and I hope God will bless her and all you at home. I shall send you my first earnings. Perhaps I may hear of Kees's friends. Kiss the lad for me, and dear Patience. Give my best wishes to Philis.

"I suppose I mustn't say love. Job Romeo did his best to speak against me, the Lord forgive him. He did circumvent him, but I bear him no malice. I hope Philis will act right; I'm sure she will: but you know what I mean, dear mother. God bless you all. Your dutiful and loving son,

"TED MURRELL.

P.S. Write to me at the post-office, The Hague, and I hope I will get the letter. I wish . . . but never mind."

Philis read Ted's letter with difficulty, for what between tears and smiles she stumbled at intervals.

She waited for no comments, but hurried off as soon as she had concluded. Of course Kees followed, and she felt compelled to shut the door upon him.

"I thought you were never coming. What was the letter about? Who was it from? Ted, I'll be bound!" greeted her, but she laid hold of the cord of her box, and she and her companion were soon out of the village.

"Act right?" what does he mean, I wonder?" she was reflecting, when who should appear but Mr. Thomas Breese.

She nearly let the box fall in her dismay, but when Mary said, "There's no company," and looked about to leave her, she cast at her a glance of such entreaty, that the girl went on, with a curtsey to the new comer, and the words, "I'm just helping Philis to carry her box."

"No call to carry it at all," grumbled Mr. Thomas,—aside to Philis. "Good morning, Miss Primrose. So you're going to Park Lodge," he added aloud, with a nod to Mary.

"Yes, Mr. Breese," she replied discreetly.

"I hope you will enjoy yourself, Miss Primrose."

"I dare say I shall, sir. Good morning."

To Philis's relief, it was evident that Mr. Thomas was too proud to be seen walking in company with Mary Harmer, for he allowed the girls and box to pass him, while he stood to look after them. Mary glanced back, but Philis looked straight before her.

"I wish he had taken a fancy to me. He wouldn't have had to call twice," laughed Mary. "I'd rather have Overlook than Park Lodge any day. It's a very healthy place, and you can see the end of the world from the top winders."

"I wish I was at the end of the world," sighed Philis.

"And you going to have as much as ever you can eat and drink, and wages besides!" responded Mary. "Not that I would like to be sewing all day, and mending ladies' sandangos. I'd rather be free and cry 'herrin'! Good-bye, Philis. I can't bear the servants."

This was said as they reached the back entrance of the Lodge, when Mary left Philis to bear her box alone.

Her modest knock was answered by the cook, who received her graciously, and passed her on to the housemaid, who proposed that they should carry the box at once to her room. Philis assented, and taking one end of the said box, while Maria, the housemaid, held the other, they mounted the back staircase. Maria was a red-checked, country girl, well known to Philis, so she was at home with her.

"Mam'selle Céleste was off this morning, good luck, and this is her room, Miss Primrose," said Maria. "It's all in a muddle, and no wonder, for she's been packing for a month past, while mistress was looking out for some one to take her place."

It is worthy of remark that Maria and her fellow servants were not above calling Mrs. Mordon "Mistress;" and did not think it necessary to say, "Yes, Mrs. Mordon; no, Mrs. Mordon," with each sentence, but preferred the shorter civility of "Ma'am." They had not begun the "leveling-up" process at Pebbleton, though the countryfolk were an independent, roughish race, and somewhat illiterate.

"Perhaps you had better tell Mrs. Mordon, or Miss Emily that I am come," said Philis.

"To be sure; I'll be back in a minute," replied Maria, and disappeared.

Philis surveyed her apartment. Was it possible that she was to have that pretty, quiet room all to herself for a whole month? Furniture fit for a lady, and a view of the Park from the window, and possible rest at night without either fretful complaints, or loud brawling? It seemed too good to be true.

"Take off your things and come at once to mistress, please," said Maria, returning suddenly. "She's a bit fidgety, but then she's a hinwalid."

Philis obeyed, and in a few minutes was ushered into Mrs. Mordon's room. That lady received her kindly, and said she should be glad if she would begin her duties at once; for, she

was afraid, she required a great deal of waiting upon, and the parlour-maid was obliged to leave her and resume her own work. Philis felt alarmed, for she had never actually waited on a lady, though she had, occasionally, gone as dress-maker to the vicarage, and there seen the "habits of the gentry," as her mother phrased it. Mrs. Mordon looked so calm and sweet, however, in her soft grey dressing-gown, that fear soon vanished, and she quickly found herself attending upon that lady's behests as if she had been "to the manner born." Mrs. Mordon always breakfasted in her room, and was subsequently a long time getting up. Indeed, she was rarely quite dressed before luncheon, and Mam'selle Céleste had found her mornings very triste, as she expressed it, and was right glad to get away to her native country for a change. Possibly, Philis might have felt the same had she been some years in this monotonous service; but on this, her first day, she thought she could never tire of waiting on so gentle a lady, who patiently explained her requirements, and pointed out the various receptacles for her elaborate toilette. Philis was, as we have said, neat-handed, and had an evident aptitude for her present work, and, being quick and ready witted, proved as pleasant an addition to Mrs. Mordon's tedious hours, as Kees did to Mrs. Murrell's. Not that the born lady was a confirmed sufferer like the fisherwife; only she fancied herself one; and imagination can become reality to the rich.

Philis had been so much petted by the young ladies at Park Lodge and vicarage, that she was not really shy; and, although never forward, was not behindhand in answering when spoken to. Mrs. Mordon, whose life was really more monotonous than her maid's, soon began to question Philis concerning her own affairs and those of Pebbleton generally, and the girl's shrewd, amusing answers interested her, so that when her daughter came in from her morning round of visits to the poor, she was quite cheerful.

"I have been telling Philis that I should like to see that little Dutch boy again," she said. "She promised to teach him, but she can scarcely do so while with us unless he can come here. I think it would amuse me to help, and would be a change from the crochet."

"Delightful, dear mamma!" said Miss Emily, "who hailed any new object of interest for her mother. "We will manage it. But luncheon is ready, and Ethel is waiting to see you. Miss Mordon is so glad you are here, Philis. You will manage beautifully."

The ladies went down to luncheon, and Philis, aided by Maria, arranged her new mistress's room, and then went to settle her own.

CHAPTER X.—THE BETHEL FLAG.

Job Rounce came home from the fishing, more good-humoured than when he had left Pebbleton. He had been tolerably fortunate, and his boat and trawl-net were uninjured, so he and his mates were better off than some others. Old Murrell had not come in from his venture, so none knew

what success he had had. Mrs. Primrose had been some days expecting her brother, and had taken care to have the house in order against his return and food ready at a moment's warning. Therefore, when he actually appeared, he found everything as neat as if Philis had been there. He greeted his sister quite cordially for him, and sat down to the good tea she had got ready in no time. She even overcame her repugnance to the fire to the extent of frying him some eggs and bacon.

"Where's Philis?" he asked at last, when he had partially satisfied an appetite made keen by sea-air and hard work.

"She's at Park Lodge," replied Mrs. Primrose, rubbing her hands one over the other, as was her custom.

"Park Lodge! What is she doing there?"

"Just helping the ladies a bit."

"What time is she coming home? She won't be late, I suppose, for I shall be glad to lie down in a bed again."

"I don't expect her to-night, Job, the ladies asked her to stop as a favour. And your bed's quite ready, and you must want a good night's rest. Hadn't you better go at once?"

"Is she there dress-making? She never went to Park Lodge before. I wonder if young Breeso approves?"

Mrs. Primrose was relieved to find that her brother took the matter so easily, and seemed rather pleased than otherwise that Philis should be where she was; but she hastened to turn his mind from Breeso.

"Miss Mordon came herself to ask me to spare Philis, because, she said, her mamma liked her, and I was loth to refuse anything to the squire's family, and thought you could have no objection, Job."

"Why should I, provided young Breeso has none? Is that matter settled? Has she made up her mind?"

"Well, Job, I should think she had, but you know how reserved she is."

"She's very perverse that's what I know, I suppose she'll be back to-morrow?"

"I didn't stipulate about the time. You see the lady's maid has gone for a holiday, and Mrs. Mordon has an objection to strangers, and her health is so delicate."

"Let her go a-fishing for a week or so, and I'll warrant me she would soon forget her ailments. People as have nothing to do get ill from idleness. I do myself, and then one must borrow to keep afloat, and that's the end of all things. If Philis don't marry young Breeso we shall all go to the bottom together."

"Go you to bed, Job, I dare say all will come right in the end. What can Mary Harmer want here? She's always in and out, and I must say I don't think her fit company for our Philis."

"Why not, I wonder? She's worth a dozen of Philis."

This change in the conversation was occasioned by the sudden appearance of the girl in question, who planted herself in the doorway, her arms a-kimbo as usual, and a broad laugh on her handsome face. She came to inquire when Job thought her father would be back, and was told that he was following in Rounce's wake.

"I saw Mr. Thomas Breeso hankering about the Park gates this morning, when I went up with some cod Jim brought in," said Mary, with a knowing glance. "He told me to go on to Overlook, and was there before me. He bought a good piece, saying he was in luck to get it, since all the best fish went to the London market. Then he questioned me about Philis, as sly as a sturgeon, making believe that he wanted some shirts made, but was obliged to wait while Philis was at the Lodge."

"And what did you say?" asked anxious Mrs. Primrose.

"That she would likely be there till Mam'selle Céleste comes back from France."

"From France!" ejaculated Rounce. "I have been there, and 'tis a long way. But there's two to that bargain. Philis must come home when I want her, or else she may pack off bag and baggage."

Mary Harmer laughed, nodded, and went her way. But she left a sting behind her, as she often did with her free tongue, whether intentionally or not, it was difficult to say. Rounce took his sister to task, because she had not told him that Philis had gone for an indefinite period, and went grumbling to bed, where he remained the best part of the following day, sleeping off many potions and much fatigue.

In the evening he took another keg of illicit spirits to Overlook, which he had secreted in the cliff beneath that dwelling, and had a private interview with young Breeso. He was not pleased with what passed, apparently, for when he returned home, he told his sister that she must go to Park Lodge the following morning and ascertain, at once, when Philis would make the desired promise. But Mrs. Primrose was less alarmed than usual, because he was going out again with the boats, and could take no immediate measures. Moreover the village was all alive with the prosperous time the fishermen had had, and the women were thankful for money brought back for the cargoes already sold at different ports. The village shop and alehouse divided some of these gains, while others found their way into the clothing club and penny bank at the vicarage.

Rounce tossed a few shillings to his sister, and said he supposed Mrs. Mordon would keep her as well as Philis, since she had taken possession of the pair of hands that could earn the most. But when Mrs. Primrose had set out for Park Lodge, he sat down by the fire and reflected moodily.

He had some good points, and at heart was fond of Philis, only the horrible drink overpowered his better feelings, and his debt to the Breeses made him reckless of her happiness.

"If she should refuse after all, he will be my ruin," he thought. "I have paid off a pound or so by those cursed kegs, but I owe for a year's rent, and for the money he advanced when I lost one of my boats, and for odds and ends besides. And he would not have held back so long, but for Philis. He's a queer fish to deal with, and there's no hooking him. He may turn informer, too, though I've done my smuggling on his account. He's harder than a door nail, and duller

than ditch-water; but I think he'd make a decent husband; and then Overlook will be his, and he'll take Susanna off my hands along with Philis, and then maybe I'll get married. As easy to keep a wife as a sister."

A tap at the door interrupted his reverie. It was Mr. Repton, the vicar, who had been visiting the men returned safely from the fishing, and proposing that all should join in a thanksgiving service that evening. Rounce was one of his very black sheep; but he never despaired of any of his flock, and was, as Rounce expressed it, "always poking temperance down their throats, instead of spirits."

"How d'ye do, Rounce? Glad to see you safe at home again," began Mr. Repton, as Job rose, rather surlily, and asked him to be seated. "I have just met Mrs. Primrose, who told me she thought I should find you in. Philis has quite won her way into Mrs. Mordon's heart, and seems to adapt herself wonderfully to her new life. She is a very clever girl."

"She's clever enough, but as obstinate as a mule," growled Rounce.

"Girls will be girls, as the saying is, Rounce. I know that by my own. It is of no use to force them. You have been very kind to her and her mother, and . . ."

"Small thanks I get, sir. Philis goes off without 'by your leave,' and her mother abets her."

"But I think it will be good for Philis. Will you join our service this evening, Rounce? We have much to be thankful for, here, in Pebbleton, and I have not seen you at church for a long time."

"The church is too far off. I always said it war-built more for the gentry than for us poor folk. I like the camp meetings best, where there's no pews."

"But they are only held once or twice a year, in fine weather, while the church is always in our midst. Indeed, Rounce, you must confess it is in the centre of the parish, and being on high ground, serves as a beacon to ships and boats in stormy weather. I often wish it were lighted up at night. It is alight when we have service; and godly sailors often say they hoist their Bethel flag to keep us company."

"I'm not a 'godly sailor,' and can't bear humbug. There's Murrell always hoisting his 'Bethel' flag, as he calls it, and praying and preaching when the fish is just waiting to be caught. What does he mean by Bethel? and what do the Methodies mean by calling their chapel 'little Bethel'?"

"'Bethel' means 'House of God'; and when you sailors hoist the Bethel flag, you make of your craft for the time being a place consecrated to our Father's service. You remember how that Jacob dreamed a wonderful dream of a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, on which he saw angels ascending and descending? Well, he was so struck by this vision that he said, 'Surely the Lord is in this place. This is none other but the House of God; this is the gate of Heaven.' He therefore changed the name of that spot from Luz, so called from the almond trees round about it, to Bethel, the House of God. And be assured, my friend, that a fisherman's

smack, whether tossing about in the North Sea, or breasting the waves nearer home, may have just such another ladder as Jacob saw, reaching from its Bethel up to heaven."

Job Rounce listened with some interest to this explanation, which threw a new light on what he called "the cant" of the God-fearing seafarers.

"Such a ladder wouldn't bear a rough lot like us fishermen," he said. "Besides, how could we get upon it, when we're swallowed up by a big wave before we can say Jack Robinson. One o' my mates was tumbled off the deck 'tother day and drowned before we could lay hold of his jersey. To be sure he was the worse for liquor."

"Aye, Job; it is your nearness to death that makes it so necessary for you to be prepared at a moment's warning. The ladder and the angels will bear the soul upwards whatever the fate of the body, if only it be stayed on Jesus."

"I am sure to wish," said Job, rubbing his forehead, "I had been a better fellow, when the smack seems likely to go down with all hands."

"Just so, Job. 'Lord, carest thou not that we perish?' was the cry of the fishermen when our blessed Lord was asleep in their smack. And what was His reply. 'Why are ye fearful, oh! ye of little faith?' and then His 'Peace, be still,' sounded over the perturbed waters of the Galilean lake."

"That is past my understanding," muttered Rounce, for "We are such a rough, godless lot."

"And yet it was with such as you that the Son of God consorted. Ah! my friend, you little know what you do when you resist the promptings of His Holy Spirit. Come to the schoolroom where we hope to have a meeting for prayer: and ask for help to surrender yourself to the Saviour, instead—" Mr. Repton paused.

"Instead of to the devil, parson. Say it out," supplied Rounce, although that was not what the vicar meant to say: however he let it pass. "Perhaps I might, since you're so pressing," he continued, "only I don't care to seem better than I am. Whatever I may be, I'm no hypocrite."

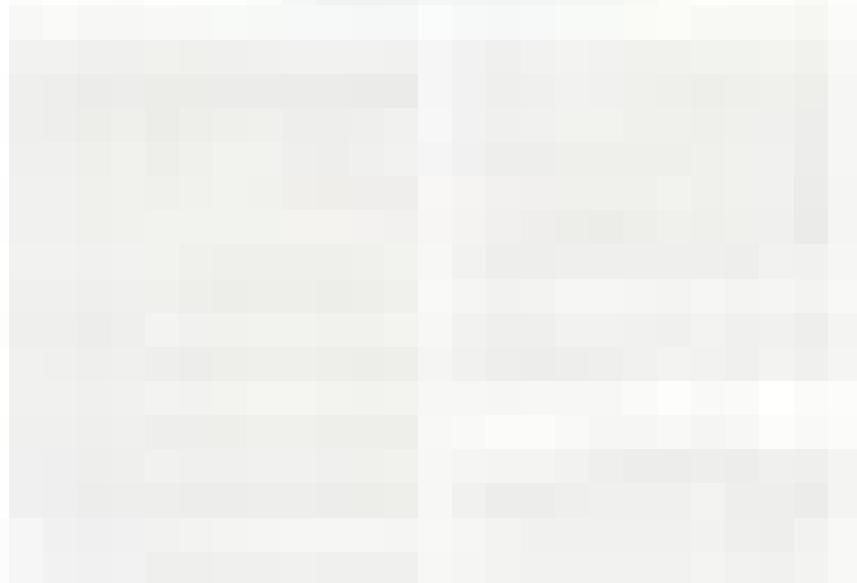
"We are all of us, more or less, apt to deceive ourselves," said Mr. Repton. "If we go to Him through Christ with penitent hearts, He soon makes our consciences clear to ourselves; convinces us of sin in short."

"I don't want nobody to convince me of that, though I'm no worse than most o' my mates. But everything's going wrong with me just now, and one can't turn good all at once, though I shall have that 'Ladder' in my head just stuck atop of the Bethel flags, till it will a'most drive me mad. That's how I am."

"I hope it will drive out worse thoughts. Let us pray that it may."

Before Job Rounce knew what Mr. Repton meant, he saw him on his knees, and heard him offering an earnest prayer that the religion he had scorned might become his safeguard. He leaned his head on his arms upon the table, and listened—listened, for the prayer was for him alone.

And so Mr. Repton left him, praying still in his heart that this, his black sheep, might yet be led into the true fold.



ministering to a people who, to a large extent, are spiritually destitute.

I shall endeavour to relate the most interesting incidents which occurred during these two voyages, and describe, as clearly as possible, this comparatively unknown district, and the circumstances of the people, whose whole lives (in some cases) have been passed on the shores of these lakes.

The canoe, with all her varied fittings, provisions, and books, had been placed on board a small ketch, named the "Whaup," lying in Darling Harbour, Sydney. After some delay, owing to head winds, we sailed down the beautiful harbour of Port Jackson, and clearing Sydney Heads, with a fair southeasterly wind, ran along the coast, and after about twenty-eight hours' sailing arrived at the anchorage under Hawke's Head, near the entrance to Wallis Lake. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived, and having lost the tide, and the wind being off the shore, the anchor was dropped for the night. Hawke's Head has a most appropriate name, two rounded green hills having a smaller one between them, which resembles the head and neck of a hawk, the larger hills on each side forming the wings. The anchorage is sheltered by the northern wing of Hawke's Head from southerly, but not from easterly or northerly, winds; a shifting bar and narrow channel making the entrance both shallow and dangerous, so that only small vessels of light draught can trade to the little township of Foster, which lies just inside the entrance. The "Whaup" was a small vessel of about thirty-five tons, with a small cabin six feet every way, height, breadth, and length; having three bunks, a small table, two lockers, a clock, and a tiny looking-glass. The crew numbered four, the captain, the mate, one seaman, and the cook; two were Norwegians, two Swedes, and I rejoice to say that during my stay on board I did not hear a single profane expression, and I left books and religious papers in the cabin, knowing they would be carefully read.

FOSTER, WALLIS LAKE.

We safely crossed the bar on the following morning, the canoe was landed, and I received a kind welcome from the owner of the sawmill at that point. I found that a store, public-house and the mill formed a little centre, round which clustered several weather-board cottages, and others had been built along the shore of the lake.

There was also a public school, with about forty children attending it, and a School of Arts, a small, neat building, containing a library, and which was used as a place of worship. A new vessel, which had been recently launched, lay quietly in the waters of the lake, receiving the last touches from the builder's hands. During the afternoon I called at some of the houses, announcing the evening service. As I was returning along the shores of the lake, I noticed a man walking feebly, with a stick, from the new schooner, towards a cottage close by; his emaciated form and hollow cheeks told me a sad tale, and I thought I might have an opportunity of speaking a word of com-

fort in Christ's name. I said, "You have been very ill?" "Yes," he replied, "and I think I shall never be well again." My offer to come into the house was gladly accepted, but when I had assisted my poor friend up the steps and into his room, he was so exhausted that for some time he could not speak. At last he could tell me his sad story; consumption had seized upon him, and weakness of body had caused clouds and darkness to afflict his mind. Before his illness a weekly prayer meeting had been held at his house, but, of late, he had not been able either to attend a service, or to have one at home. I was enabled to pour into this troubled heart the consolations of the Divine promises, and then together we sought the "throne of grace." As I was engaged in prayer the wife came in, and, greatly surprised, she knelt with us. With tears they both said how glad they were that I called, for they had both longed to see a minister of the gospel.

In the evening a service was held in the School of Arts, the room was filled with men, women, and children; I had a most attentive audience, and I endeavoured to tell "the old, old story" of Jesus and His love. I was glad to hear that they maintained sabbath worship among themselves, and received an occasional visit from a minister located at the Manning River.

WALLIS LAKE.

On the following day I prepared to start on my voyage down the lake. During the night and early morning it had rained very heavily, but in the forenoon the weather clearing up, the canoe was brought down to the water's edge. I packed my provisions and put everything in its place, and prepared to start.

The lake near Foster is divided into a number of channels by several large islands.

For some miles the water was shallow, and on the shores of Wallis Island I had to contend with a strong head wind for some three miles; it was hard work, but about four in the afternoon I reached the point of an island from which I looked across the wide expanse of water forming the southern portion of the lake. Finding the wind right ahead, I resolved to camp where I was for the night. The waterproof cabin was rigged up, tea made with the Rob Roy stove, and after my hard paddling I enjoyed my solitary meal. Some low trees and bushes sheltered the canoe, as she lay on some sea-weed above water-mark. While the daylight lasted I took a walk round part of my island home, and during the evening I found plenty to do, reading, and writing up my log by the light of the cabin lamp.

In the night there were some heavy showers of rain, but I remained perfectly dry in my little cabin, and felt thankful for such good quarters.

The following morning was very fine, and the scene upon which I looked as I walked along the sandy point of the little island was remarkable for its quiet beauty. I looked out upon an expanse of water, some five miles long by four broad—calm and shining as bright as a polished mirror in the rays of the morning sun. In the distance, the shores of the lake rose in low hills

wooded to the water's edge; on my left I could see the bold promontory of Charlotte's Head, and the narrow strip of sandy coast which separated the waters of the lake from the ocean. The only piece of man's handiwork within sight was my tiny vessel, which lay partly in the water ready to start. No voices but those of nature broke the silence,—the faint murmur of the ocean upon the beach, the splash of a fish in the waters of the lake, the trumpeting of some black swans, as they glided along the shores of a small island, and some distance from the spot where I stood—these sounds alone fell upon the ear. The words of the Psalmist came to my mind, "Be still, and know that I am God." I remembered the thousands in the city of Sydney in feverish haste to be rich, ever engrossed in business, amid the clamour of the world. I thought of the many having the cares of a family, and who knew but little of quietness and peace. Solitude and silence that we may think upon our ways, and enjoy quietness and peace among the works of God, are the wants of our age.

It was only six o'clock in the morning when the canoe glided over the still waters of the lake. My course was now determined by the position of two small islands on the southern shore. Near one of these islands I expected to discover a creek, upon the banks of which stood the only house in the neighbourhood where I hoped to get a bullock cart to take the canoe across to Smith's Lake.

About the centre of the lake I had a fair light wind for about half-an-hour, during which the sail was hoisted, and I had my breakfast from the provisions in the side locker. As the canoe is steered with one foot, I can always have my meals in comfort when there is a fair wind. When passing the little island near the shore, the swans and pelicans spread their wings and took to flight

as the canoe drew near. The creek was found after a little difficulty, and the canoe entered a dark and narrow stream. I found a good landing-place on a grassy bank, about half a mile up the creek, and after landing, I pulled the canoe out of the water.

I then discovered a narrow track, and, paddle in hand, made my way over swampy ground through the Bush and came to a slab hut.

Having introduced myself to the family, I was told that the good man was out. I was told that he had been expecting me, friends at Myall Lake having sent him word of my coming. In a short time, the master of the house rode up, and I was able to arrange with him to take the canoe to Smith's Lake.

I had to wait for more than an hour, while the man went for a team of bullocks. During this time, I conversed with the family, and distributed some illustrated papers among the children. When the canoe had been packed on the dray and brought to the house, the family gathered round the little vessel, and they all said that they had never seen, in all their lives, such a beautiful little boat. Before starting, we sat down to a true bush meal, consisting of pork and potatoes, home-made bread and tea.

Having done justice to these good things, the driver laid hold of his whip, I said "Good-bye," and climbed into the dray to steady the canoe over the rough places. I shall long remember that bullock drive of three miles, through swamps, over logs, across ditches and into bog-holes; but at last, without sustaining any injury, the canoe was launched on Smith's Lake.

Hoisting sail, I waved my hand to the friendly driver, and in a short time reached the tramway which takes the logs to the mill at Narani, on the great Myall Lake.

LUTHER AT THE DIET OF WORMS.

HE CANNOT OTHERWISE.

Proudly and luxuriously nestling on the song-famed Rhine, a very gem of the sunny Palatinate, rose the free town of Worms. A chosen residence of kings as early as the days of Chlodwig, the place was a favourite with Charlemagne for the gathering of princes and people, a favourite also with later German rulers whenever returning summer invited them to the banks of the vine-clad stream. Charles v. had fixed upon Worms for his first meeting with the Diet of his imperial realm. And a grand entrance he had made, with his Spanish Netherlandish train of courtiers, the members of the Diet gathering speedily about him—three temporal and three spiritual Electors, no less than four-and-twenty reigning dukes, eleven markgraves and landgraves, seven sovereign princes, thirty archbishops, bishops and abbots innumerable, two papal legates, five ambassadors—from England, France, Bohemia, Hungary, and Venice respectively—fifty counts

of the empire, a goodly show of knights and nobles of lesser degree, besides the deputed senators of various towns.

Splendid and imposing was the scene when this most powerful of rulers, on whose realm the sun never set, made his entry; but when a few months later, on the 16th of April, 1521, a bare-footed Augustinian entered the precincts of the venerable city, not one of all the thousands gathered there from all parts of the vast empire had ever seen a like arrival.

The whole journey of Doctor Martin, from the first outset of his leaving Wittenberg, could be compared to a king's procession through his land. From far and near the people flocked together to see the man who to some appeared a very angel from heaven, to others a messenger of hell. Old men came tottering, mothers brought their babes, and those who could not get near enough envied the more fortunate who saw the great man face to

Luther at Worms.



"LITTLE MONK, LITTLE MONK," SAID GEORGE OF FREUNDENBERG, "THOU ART ABOUT TO MAKE A STAND, THE LIKE OF WHICH IS UNKNOWN TO ME, AND MANY A BRAVE SOLDIER IN HOTTEST BATTLE."

face, and perchance had the happiness of pressing his hand. If he preached anywhere—and he did so on several occasions—the church could not hold the thronging congregation, men stopping without listened through door and window to his far-sounding voice.

He had been seriously cautioned against this journey, his anxious friends conjuring him to desist from what they believed would bring him to the stake. And when, having started, he was taken ill suddenly at Eisenach, his “beloved town,” they saw in this delay a heaven-sent sign confirming their apprehensions. Luther, however, had set his face bravely towards Worms, and having recovered from his indisposition, he went his way fearless of man. Yet danger, so his friends assured him, lay waiting on all sides; the papists, they said, were on the watch for him everywhere, his death being desired at Rome. Still Luther made answer: “To Worms I have been called, to Worms I will go, were the town as full of devils as there are tiles upon the roofs of its houses. For He lives and rules who saved the three in the fiery furnace. And if He will not save me, it will be the worse for this head of mine, if you mean to uphold it against Christ Himself, who was laid low in grievous and ignominious death. Look to me for aught, but not that I should either take flight or retract. Take flight I will not, and retract I dare not. The Lord Jesus be my strength!”

On the 14th of April he arrived at Oppenheim, a small town on the Rhine, where he made halt. There came to him a messenger, despatched by Franz von Sickingen, the noble knight, delivering an urgent request that Luther should not proceed to Worms, but come to castle Ebernburg instead: the Emperor’s confessor, Glapio, and the Imperial chamberlain, Paul von Amsdorf, had arrived there, the message ran, and were anxious to come to an understanding with Luther.

“What!” said Doctor Martin, “am I called to Castle Ebernburg? Is this a snare, perchance, to detain me beyond the time of the safe-conduct, of which but three days now remain? If it is Glapio who desires my presence there, Cardinal Albrecht has a hand in it, for he and the Emperor’s confessor have been friends of late, I hear!”

“Yet you are mistaken, reverend doctor,” replied the messenger, who was no other than Martin Bucer, the theologian. “Am I not sent to you by the noble Sickingen? You have no truer friend than he and the brave Ulrich von Hutten, who at present also is seeking shelter at the ‘harbour of righteousness,’ as the Ebernburg has justly been designated. Believe me, you are called thither in honest friendship.”

One of Luther’s companions, Dr. Jerome Schurz, now joined with the messenger in pressing the invitation; but before Dr. Martin was ready with his answer, a stranger, who had come up to the little party unnoticed, took the word; I crave your pardon, sirs, for offering advice, but there is error on both sides; I would fain tell you the truth, having left Worms but shortly. Father Glapio has no worse intent than to waylay you, good doctor, that perchance you might retract before seeing the steeples of Worms, or else return

whence you came. For it is a fact that some at Worms are afraid of your coming, well knowing that your fearless confession will enlist the masses on the side of the Gospel, and thereby bring trouble to Emperor and Pope alike.”

When Luther heard this, he turned to Bucer, saying: “Take my greeting to the noble Sickingen, not forgetting brave Hutten; tell them not to trouble about me, for Luther must go his appointed way, and the Lord of Hosts is his shield.”

Within an hour the little procession was again on the road, the Imperial herald with his man-at-arms heading the party; behind him, on an open car sat Luther, still wearing the Augustinian dress, and accompanied by his friend Nicholas von Amsdorf, together with a Swedish nobleman, Peter Slawen by name. The rear was brought up by Justus Jonas, the Wittenberg preacher, and Dr. Jerome Schurz, Luther’s legal adviser, both on horseback.

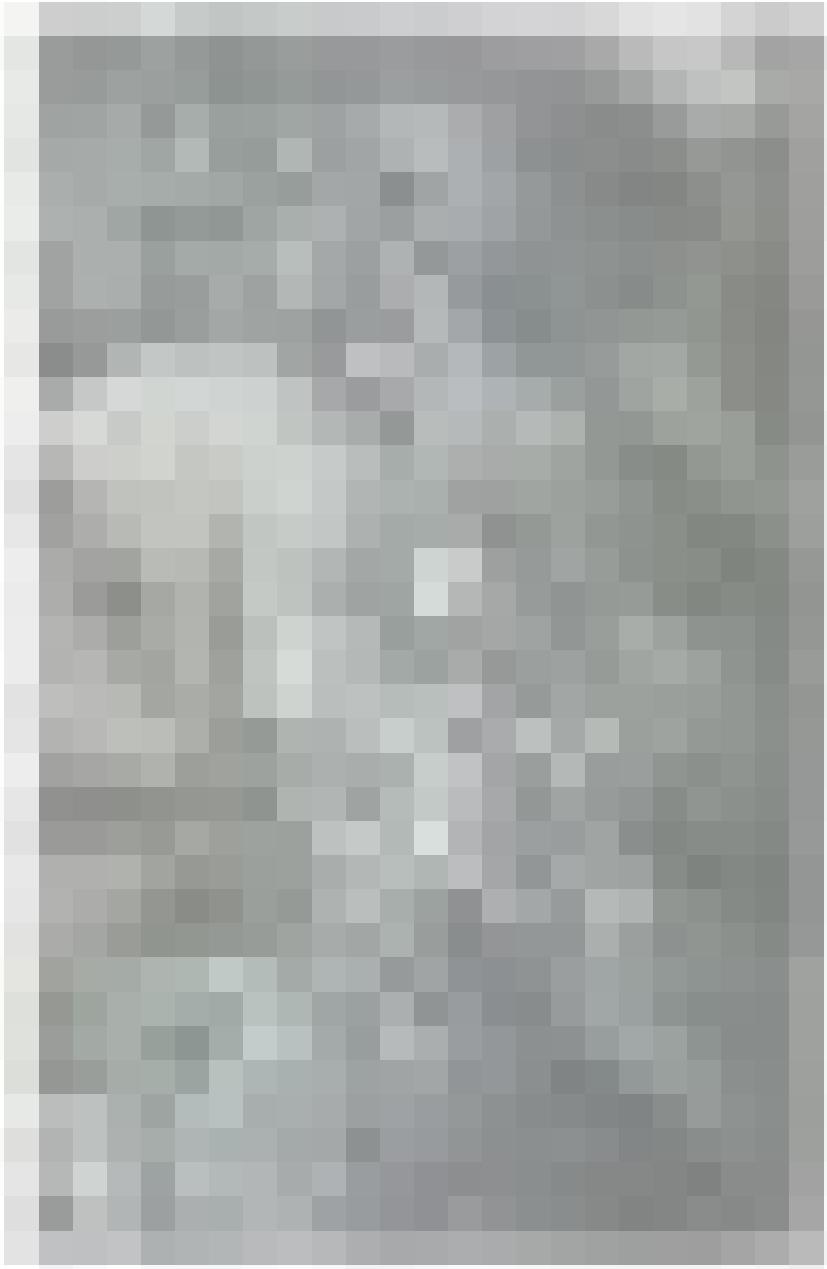
As the steeples of Worms grew upon the horizon, a noble train came meeting the travellers. The colours of Electoral Saxony could easily be distinguished, and there were happy acclamations on both sides. It was the retinue of Frederick the Wise and some other Saxon nobles, whose hearts prompted them to make him welcome who was about to make a stand for the truth, and to grace his entry into Worms. Presently more knights appeared, being of the followers of Ludwig, the Elector Palatine, the procession swelling as it went along. Luther’s friends gathered about him.

The nearer they came to the town, the slower they could advance for the great concourse of people, and reaching the town gate, the clock chiming the ninth hour of morning, it was scarcely possible to make way. The whole of Worms had left breakfast untouched, anxious to see him of whom Huss had prophesied a hundred years before. All the windows, the very roofs even, were thronged with expectant faces; had it been an emperor’s triumphant entry, the people could not have cried, Hail! Hail! more eagerly.

Luther was glad, and breathed more freely when he gained his quarters at the Hospitallers of St. John. But little peace at first did he find, for all day long counts and prelates, doctors and senators, succeeded each other, anxious to see the famous monk and hear him speak. And though many came but for curiosity, Luther yet felt able to thank his God, when midnight at last brought quiet to his chamber, that the Gospel was already becoming a power in the land. He had satisfied himself also that the stranger at Oppenheim had spoken the truth: the papists dreaded his coming, lest there should be a tumult.

The following morning, when Luther, with his friends Amsdorf and Schurz, was sitting down to breakfast, the door opened, admitting Ulrich von Pappenheim, Hereditary Marshal of the Empire, in full dress, come to cite Luther in the name of Charles the Emperor to the bar of the Diet for the fourth hour of the afternoon.

“They are in a hurry to have done with me,” said Luther, smiling, when the marshal had withdrawn. “But I thank God that the hour has come. I am of good cheer, for I know that



the power of God will be strong in my weakness. Let us turn to breakfast now, blessing the Lord for His every mercy."

The day passed quickly, Doctor Martin again being sought by those who were anxious to show their sympathy; and Luther felt almost overpowered with so much kindness, for he longed to be alone with his God, to whom at all times he could speak as a man to his friend. He was able to retire at last, and seek strength in prayer before setting out for the great confession. And those who remained in the outer room heard him wrestling with God, even as he wrestled who was called Israel, having prevailed—heard his, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me!" And Luther received the answer of faith: his God, he knew now, would grant him power and victory.

At the appointed time the marshal reappeared, to usher the monk into the hall of the Diet.

There was a great light in Martin Luther's eyes, and solemnly he said: "In the Name of God!"

They went into the street, but it was quite hopeless to advance, for head to head stood the people. There was nothing left but to re-enter the building, and seek to gain the house of assembly by the back yards and gardens. But even there numbers followed him with silent gaze, men baring their heads.

Luther and his guide entered the ante-hall of the Diet, finding it partially filled with armed men and patricians of Worms.

For two hours he was kept waiting. Did those in power intend him to understand the Diet had more important business to engage its attention than the fancies of a mere monk?

Twilight deepened, torches were lit in the gloomy chamber.

As he stood waiting, an old, bearded, weather-beaten soldier coming up behind him, laid a hand upon his shoulder, saying with cordial kindness: "Little monk, little monk, thou art about to make a stand, the like of which is unknown to me and many a brave soldier in hottest battle. But if thou art sure of thy faith, go forward in the name of God, and be of good cheer—He will not forsake thee."*

* This incident is thus depicted in D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation":—

"The marshal of the empire appeared; Luther prepared to set out with him. He was agitated at the thought of the solemn congress before which he was about to appear. The herald walked first; after him the marshal of the empire; and the reformer came last. The crowd that filled the streets was still greater than on the preceding day. It was impossible to advance; in vain were orders given to make way; the crowd still kept increasing. At length the herald, seeing the difficulty of reaching the town hall, ordered some private houses to be opened, and led Luther through the gardens and private passages to the place where the diet was sitting. The people who witnessed this, rushed into the houses after the monk of Wittenberg, ran to the windows that overlooked the gardens, and a great number climbed on the roofs. The tops of the houses and the pavements of the streets, above and below, all were covered with spectators."

"Having reached the town-hall at last, Luther and those who accompanied him were again prevented by the crowd from crossing the threshold. They cried, 'Make way! make way!' but no one moved. Upon this the imperial soldiers by main force cleared a road, through which Luther

"Is it you, dear Freundsberg?" returned Luther, clasping the honest captain by the hand. "I owe you thanks for a timely word. We are soldiers both of us, both ready to fight; you will know then that victory is of the Lord; in Him do I repose my trust!"

At last the door was thrown open, the light of a thousand tapers streamed into the half-lit lobby, quivering on expectant faces. The marshal giving the sign, Luther together with his counsel entered the spacious hall.

For a moment he seemed dazzled by the unaccustomed scene. What a difference between their grandeur and his cloister-like lowliness! Nor could he at first suppress the feeling that he knew little of the ways of the great ones upon earth, a stranger to their very mode of speech.

In the centre of the vast dome, upon a throne of gold beneath a purple canopy, sat the German Emperor of "sacred majesty," with crown and sceptre and ermine cloak, resplendent with jewels, which, catching and reflecting the rays of light, surrounded him with an almost fairy-like halo. To his right and left appeared the Electors, spiritual and temporal, blazing with the emblems of their dignity. The eyes of all dwelt upon Luther—Frederick of Saxony, and Ludwig Count Palatine, looking upon him with sympathy and almost fatherly encouragement; Elector Archbishop Richard of Treves viewing him with a glance of supreme dispassion; Joachim of Brandenburg and Herman of Cologne scarcely veiling their inimical feelings; while Albrecht, the Elector of Mainz, gazed upon him with a curious mixture of interest, pride and aversion: this then was he who had caused him trouble and vexation, whom he now saw face to face. Albrecht's eye met the Emperor's, who from his throne with curling lip looked down upon the humble figure of the pale-faced monk, saying, as though he were thinking aloud: "He will not lead me to heresy! Good heavens, what an abject creature! Can it be he who has written those books, who has filled the realm with the sound of his voice?"

Close beside the temporal Electors Archduke Ferdinand's chair had its place; the glory of the spiritual magnates, on the other hand, being added

passed. As the people rushed forward to enter with him, the soldiers kept them back with their halberds. Luther entered the interior of the hall; but even there every corner was crowded. In the antechambers and deep recesses of the windows there were more than five thousand spectators—Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and others. Luther advanced with difficulty. At last, as he drew near the door which was about to admit him into the presence of his judges, he met a valiant knight, the celebrated George of Freundsberg, who, four years later, at the head of his German lancesquenets, bent the knee with his soldiers on the field of Pavie, and then charging the left of the French army, drove it into the Ticino, and in a great measure decided the captivity of the King of France. The old general, seeing Luther pass, tapped him on the shoulder, and shaking his head, blanched in many battles, said kindly: "Poor monk! poor monk! thou art now going to make a nobler stand than I or any other captains have ever made in the bloodiest of our battles! But if thy cause is just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name, and fear nothing! God will not forsake thee!" A noble tribute of respect paid by the courage of the sword to the courage of the mind! "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city," were the words of a king."

to by the purple splendour of the papal envoys. The eyes of both legates were filled with hatred, their trembling features betokening the excitement with which they anticipated the result of this hour.

Around and behind this centre of power sat princes and lords of the empire, rulers and dignitaries of the church, dukes, markgraves and counts on the right hand, archbishops, bishops and abbots on the left; the lesser nobility and deputies of free cities filling the ranks behind them, while the background was thronged with knights, councillors, doctors of universities and secular priests, who, having no vote, assisted as listeners only, representing the nation at large. The great hall of the Bishop's Seat had never seen so splendid, never so complete an assembly as that which is known in Protestant history as the Diet of Worms.

If Luther stood still at the entrance, it was for a moment only, till the wave of excitement had passed over the convocation; and then, preceded by the marshal and followed by Dr. Schurf, he advanced to the free space in front of the throne, where a heap of books, his own writings, lay piled on a table.

A voice rose from the multitude: "God judge thee, thou whitened sepulchre!" another voice forthwith making answer: "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul!"

John von Eck, Official of Electoral Treves, standing by the table, now began with low-toned voice:

"Martin Luther! His most sacred and invincible Majesty, acting upon the advice of the Imperial Estates, has called thee to appear before his presence, that thou shouldest give an answer to two questions: Firstly, dost thou acknowledge thyself to be the author of these books which have gone forth under thy name; and secondly, wilt thou retract some of the doctrines therein contained?"

Luther was about to speak, when his counsel stepped forward, saying: "Let the titles of these books be specified."

It was done, Luther thereupon giving his reply: "All these books which have just been enumerated have been written by my hand. I acknowledge each one of them. But if I am asked either to defend or revoke them, this is a matter concerning Christian faith and the salvation of souls; concerning the Word of God also, than which there is nothing higher upon earth. It would be presumptuous and perilous to speak lightly. Without due thought upon the matter I might say less than is rightful, or more than is warranted by truth; and in either case I should be guilty of judgment; for, saith the Lord: 'Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven!' Wherefore I humbly pray your Imperial Majesty to grant me time for reflection, that without prejudice to the Word of God, or peril of my soul, I may meet this question."

He spoke under strong emotion, which some were glad to take as a sign of faint-heartedness.

A rustle went through the assembly, as of the wind lifting waves, or brushing through tree-

tops. There was an exchange of opinions on all hands, which, however, varied greatly. Some attributed this evasive answer to loss of courage, shaking their heads contemptuously, while others admired the presence of mind which in the face of an unexpected question at once perceived a rightful expedient. The legates looked crest-fallen.

The Emperor having consulted for a moment with the Official, the latter turned again to Luther and said:

"His Imperial Majesty might well refuse such a request as altogether unworthy of Imperial grace, but nevertheless has condescendingly resolved to grant thy desire and to expect thy answer to-morrow at this hour."

A wave of the hand, and Luther was dismissed.

He hardly knew how he came back to his lodgings, a crowd of impressions went heaving through his soul, and wearily he sank into a chair, feeling as though fortitude had left him.

But not for long. The next moment found him on his knees wrestling in prayer for the needful strength. And his prayer was that of a child, yet of a strong man of God.

On the following day, at the selfsame hour, he reappeared before the Imperial Diet. His step was firm, his walk erect; and upon his countenance lay a light which was not of earthly kindling. When the question was repeated his answer could be given with the assurance of a good conscience, rising from the heart, and testifying to liberty of soul.

He seemed another man. Those who heard him perceived at the very outset that he knew now exactly what to say.

His words came forth, resistless as a flowing river, his dark eyes burning with the fire of holy enthusiasm, his very figure seemingly growing with the fulness of his burden—he spoke, and they listened in breathless silence. Clearly and eloquently he passed from point to point, showing by the light of the Scriptures that he had taught nothing but what was in accordance with the Word of God.

The assembly, friend and foe, hung at his lips, his power was upon them, they could not otherwise but listen; not a sound was heard, save an occasional acclamation of admiring delight.

Not from the papists! And presently the legates were seen moving towards the Emperor, conferring with him under their breath. The Official was called to receive instruction; it was evidently intended he should interrupt the speaker, but the latter, having reached his climax, came to a stop with a bow of respect to the Diet.

"Martin Luther," said the Official, somewhat roughly, "this is detaining us with needless talk. Not for disputation art thou called hither; his Majesty desires to hear nothing but a single and straightforward answer whether thou wilt retract or not."

Luther held his peace, hurt in his zeal for the truth; there was a great silence; every one present seemed to feel that an answer now would be given of great and far-reaching consequence.

Luther had recovered himself, his eyes flashed with a noble consciousness, a holy self-yielding;

and resting a burning gaze upon the assembly, he opened his mouth and spoke: "Inasmuch as your Imperial Majesty and your Lordships require a straightforward answer, I will give one having neither horns nor teeth, to this effect: Unless I can be proved in the wrong by the clear evidence of Holy Writ—for I will not believe either the Pope or the Church councils alone, since it is manifest that both have erred upon several occasions, plainly contradicting themselves—I must hold myself bound by the Scriptures I have quoted, and my conscience is a prisoner to the Word of God; retract therefore I cannot, and will not, since it is a doubtful and dangerous expedient to do aught against conscience. So help me God! Amen."

Murmuring sounds arose, swelling to a tumult, voices here and there applauding the fearless confessor; and the louder these voices became, the more alarmed seemed the legates: they sought the Emperor's ear. Aleander breaking into a hoarse whisper: "He has given the lie to the councils of Holy Church—that is the point. I pray your Majesty to make him repeat these words, that his adherents may take warning."

The Emperor yielded, and once more the Official put the question, Luther repeating without a moment's hesitation: "It is clearly manifest that the councils have erred upon various occasions, the Council of Constance plainly so, by deciding in the face of unmistakable passages of Holy Writ; wherefore I am constrained by the Scriptures to say that this council has been guilty of error."

"Thou art unable to prove it!" cried Eck wrathfully.

But Luther dauntlessly made answer: "Yea, I will prove it in many points."

"It is enough!" thundered Charles, half rising on his throne. "Unheard-of things have come to our knowledge. Are we to understand, then, that this is thy opinion, monk, and that thou seest fit to insist upon it?"

Luther met the Emperor's indignant gaze. There was a momentary pause. Slowly he raised his right hand towards heaven, as in appeal to the King of Kings, and the memorable words resounded through the hall: "HERE I STAND, I CANNOT OTHERWISE. GOD HELP ME! AMEN."

The Emperor sprang from his seat, there was a general rising, a passionate exchange of opinion; admiring applause on the one hand, imprecation on the other.

But he who had raised all this commotion had vanished from the scene. We find him again in his chamber, quietly refreshing himself with a draught of Eimbeck beer, which Duke Erich of Brunswick had sent him. But he was not left long to peaceful enjoyment. His abode at the Hospitallers of St. John seemed a very place of pilgrimage, admitting visitors all night long. Dukes, princes, counts, councillors, and plain citizens—all were anxious to see him and press his hand who had taken his stand upon the Gospel, and seemed above them in heavenly daring.

Meanwhile, in the Imperial closet, Albrecht, the Elector of Mainz, and the papal legates, consulted with the youthful ruler as to the course of

action to be taken, the very next day revealing the conclusion arrived at in the dark of night. This is what an Imperial councillor laid before the Diet in Charles's own handwriting:

"Inasmuch as the Christian Emperors of Germany have always proven themselves brave defenders of the faith and true sons of the Church of Rome, it is our intention to save and protect everything held sacred by our predecessors, more especially the decrees of Church councils convened at Constance and elsewhere; we are firmly resolved therefore to hazard kingdoms and rulerships, yea, land and life, rather than permit the wicked designs of Luther, who presumes to know better than all other Christians, overthrowing the belief of a thousand years. Having heard his pertinacious answer yesterday, we hereby declare that we are sorry to have hitherto delayed interfering with him and his false doctrine; we command therefore that Luther be speedily returned to whence he came, but let him take care, in accordance with the safe-conduct, not to add to the commotion by fresh preaching, since we are resolved to deal with him as with an open heretic, looking to the princes of our realm to do their duty as becomes Christian rulers.

"Given with our own hand, this nineteenth of April, 1521."

This rescript did not fall short of effect; a wave of amazement and consternation passed through the assembled Diet.

"The meaning of this is that they are about to put Luther under the ban of the empire!" said Frederick of Saxony to his neighbour, Ludwig, the Elector Palatine. "I perceive the influence of the papal legates, who are anxious to turn our eyes from the many sores within the Church, that we should drop our grievances against the Roman See, and occupy our attention with Luther and his alleged heresy instead."

The estates meanwhile exchanged opinion upon opinion, the majority agreeing at last to solicit the Emperor for the appointment of a special committee of thoughtful men, and versed in theological matters, to whom the Lutheran cause should be referred.

Charles grew wrathful, the legates ground their teeth, but they were obliged to yield, and to witness, moreover, that Luther was honoured by the people as though he were a king. From far and near men came to consult him; the very citizens of Worms took his part, ready to fight his battle. And more than this, the Emperor one morning found a paper in his private chamber, containing the words of the preacher: "Woo to thee, O land, when thy king is a child!" while the Elector of Mainz had his dwelling placarded with the information that four hundred noblemen had bound themselves to protect Luther, announcing enmity therefore to all papists, especially to his grace of Mainz; and that eight thousand fighting men were ready to strike the blow. The legates saw the prudence of holding their peace, trusting that the stiff-necked Luther himself would make further transaction, if not impossible, at any rate useless.

Nor were they deceived in their hope, for Doctor Martin remained firm; and on the 25th of

April the Official of Treves announced to the Diet the contents of another Imperial rescript: Inasmuch as the heretic turned a deaf ear to all exhortation, he would be given over to the full rigour of the law. His Majesty commanded, therefore, that within twenty days he should return to Wittenberg, under the protection of the promised safe-conduct, after which time he should be dealt with according to his deserts.

The Diet listened in silence, and on the following morning Luther quietly left the town which had witnessed his greatest act of faith. It had been something to burn the bull at Wittenberg; it was another thing to confess his Lord before the great ones upon earth—needing a nobler courage and far higher trust, and both had been given him. Happily, therefore, and with renewed assurance, he went his way, careless of the Imperial ban following upon his footsteps.*

delivered unto us, His professing servants. But each has received, "according to his several ability," talents more or less in number, with which to trade, and whether they be few or many they are not our own, but His. Let us think of this and inquire what our talent is, and what use we are making of it. Some have money, some have time, some have bodily strength, some have mental powers, some have kind sympathies, some have willing hands; every servant has something of his Lord's entrusted to him, and *the day of reckoning will come*. May the Lord enable us so to live and so to employ His goods, that we may at last receive His award, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

Sabbath Thoughts.

THE MASTER AND HIS SERVANTS.

"The kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods."—Matt. xxv. 14.

AMONG the many important thoughts suggested by this parable, we select that which is conveyed in its first words, the proprietorship of the householder; the servants were his own servants, the goods were his goods. The Lord deals not here with the case of those who are without; He speaks of His own, His purchased possession, those whom He has bought with a price, and for whom He tenderly cares. David says, "O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid, thou hast loosed my bonds." Psa. cxi. 17. Paul says, "God whose I am, and whom I serve." Acts xxvii. 23. Let us never think that the nearer tie of the adoption of sons does away with the relationship of master and servants; sons we are, and yet servants, the property of Him who hath redeemed us; all we have, all we are, all we can do, is His, and blessed are His servants!

The master in leaving them "called his own servants." He entered into special communion with them; he spoke to them as his own; he gave them to understand what he expected from them; and in so doing he "delivered unto them his goods." He did not send them out to make bricks without straw, like the Egyptian tyrant. If he expected much, it was because he gave much; and what he gave and expected was not according to arbitrary ideas, but in strict justice "to every man according to his several ability." v. 15.

To us His call has come in the word of revelation; itself the first and best of His "goods,"

* From "Luther and the Cardinal." A Historic-Biographical Tale. Given in English by Julie Sutter. Newly published by the Religious Tract Society.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XX.—

The initials give a structure filled with gold and gems, yet unprotected by lock or bar; fitted to last for centuries, yet having neither walls nor windows, ceiling nor floor. No place of worship has ever been built on the pattern; and yet we know that the pattern was given by God Himself.

1. The only object in the sanctuary for which a counterpart, though for a different purpose, is found in every Christian church.
2. The repository of God's laws.
3. The inspired artist of the desert.
4. The youngest of the three who went up Mount Sinai, and of the two who came down.
5. That which became a token that its owner was God's chosen priest.
6. The first of two who were punished for *deliberately* "strange fire."
7. That which "sanctifieth the gift."
8. The light of the earthly sanctuary,—not needed in the heavenly sanctuary.
9. The sacrifice which represented Him "who taketh away the sins of the world."
10. The aged high priest who died on hearing of the loss of the Ark of God.

M. A. G. M.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XVII.—P. 512.—TEACH ME, O LORD.

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. T-oueh not | Col. ii. 21. |
| 2. E-lkanah | 1 Sam. i. 4-8. |
| 3. A-nanias | Acts xxiii. 2. |
| 4. C-or-n | Gen. xlii. 2. |
| 5. H-agar | Gen. xi. 16-18. |
| 6. M-osca | Exod. ii. 2. |
| 7. E-lim | Exod. xv. 27. |
| 8. O-bed-edom | 2 Sam. vi. 10, 11. |
| 9. L-etter | Isa. xxxviii. 11. |
| 10. O-g | Josh. ii. 10. |
| 11. R-ebekah | Gen. xxvii. 6-13. |
| 12. D-emetrius | Acts xix. 24-27. |

A Harvest Enigma.—P. 592.—WHEAT—Matt. xiii. 24-30.—TARES—Matt. xiii. 39.

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. W-ai-t | Matt. xiii. 30. |
| 2. H-oso-a | Hosea xiv. 7. |
| 3. E-a-r | Mark iv. 28, 29. |
| 4. A-mo-s | Amos ix. 9. |
| 5. T-arsu-s | Acts xxi. 39; Gal. vi. 7. |

Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE.

XV.—SIRRAH.



Twas towards the end of September. The sun had just disappeared behind the crest of the dark Jura, the evening light still tinged the lake. The country around was silent, as if bowed down by the weight of the heat of the day, which had been great for the season. A profound calm reigned over the face of Nature. Nothing was heard but the step of the wearied horses, who went slowly along the dusty road, with their heads drooping, while from time to time the crack of a whip resounded in the air.

Madeleine and Sirrah walked together behind the caravans. The little girl breathed with delight the fresh breezes, laden with the fragrance of the late-mown grass, and of the pines. She gazed on the fine prospect which opened around her—the lake, the meadows, still green, in spite of the heat, the forest of oaks on the right hand—the deep and mysterious shadows of which did not greatly attract her—in short, all the glittering chain which encircles the lake as with a girdle of diamonds, and sets off its melancholy beauty.

Madeleine, without being conscious of it, had somewhat of an artistic taste. She was passionately fond of nature, and she always felt happier, and more peaceful, in the presence of these charming prospects of such striking grandeur and novelty. The horses went on with difficulty along the road, which was lined with cherry-trees; it was late, and there was an imperceptible rise in the ground. All at once there were seen shining through the foliage of the trees the brown and red roofs of many houses.

"Yonder is a village," said the master, who walked in front. "There won't be much to do there; but as it is so late, we will pitch our camp here."

A little more rolling of the wheels, and the caravans entered the village. First, they passed by the side of a large orchard, belonging to the lord of the manor; then the master perceived a lime-tree planted in the middle of the thoroughfare, opposite an inn, which, with its white front and green shutters, presented an attractive appearance to travellers. Here the master halted, and went to inquire for a place where he might fix his camp. They pointed out to him, without much civility, a small field below the village, on the lake side, at the entrance of a magnificent meadow, shaded by superb walnut-trees. This ground was flat, and favourable for a travelling circus, and the company was very soon settled there.

While Judith was preparing the soup, a good-natured looking gentleman, whose curiosity appeared to be excited by this picturesque gathering, came nearer.

Madeleine was seated alone at some distance; she was amusing herself by throwing broken twigs and stones, and anything she could lay her hand on, to Sirrah, to make him bring them back to her.

During this time the master was organizing the camp. The unharnessed horses were feeding at liberty on the short grass, which they cropped with eagerness. Birichino was very busy attending to the ponies; he carried them water, and littered them for the night. Some idle boys were

pushing each other about, and hurrying round Judith under pretence of helping her.

She had quickly lighted a large fire, over which she suspended, between two stakes driven into the ground, an enormous caldron. She cast into it the contents of several vases and baskets, then she began to stir the whole with a large wooden spoon. In the meanwhile night had set in—a beautiful autumnal night—clear and calm, but already cool. It was a picturesque sight. The fire, which was continually fed by Judith's little helpers, shone with a flame that grew brighter in the increasing darkness. The men and women passed backwards and forwards like fantastic shadows.

The gentleman, who had been looking on with such interest, had not left the place. But he was no longer alone. All the children in the village—and that is not saying a little, for they were very numerous—had assembled round the camp.

They looked on in astonishment, elbowing each other, and giggling every time Judith lifted up her spoon or called roughly to her satellites in an incomprehensible language, or when the master gave a brief order with his loud voice.

Madeleine and her dog had approached nearer; the little girl seated herself on one of the steps of the caravan in which she slept, waiting for supper-time. She was outside the light circle made by the fire, and consequently invisible; but Sirrah loved the heat, and was lying down near the fire, contemplating it with a philosophic air, and winking his eyes. From time to time, as if the heat was too powerful, he opened his rosy mouth wide, fetched a long sigh, and drew back a little, to return again very soon. Although nobody liked him much, yet he was not ill-treated, thanks to his white, sharp teeth. Seated near to Ciska, upon the trunk of a fallen tree, was the master, and they were gaily chatting together, when the sound of a voice, almost close to his ear, quite startled him.

"You have a superb dog there, my friend," said the gentleman, of whom we have already spoken, laying a stress on the words, and pointing with his finger to Sirrah.

The master rose up and bowed, half obsequiously and half mistrustfully.

"Without doubt you think a great deal of him," added the gentleman.

"Yes, sir, he is a very valuable animal, and he knows how to act," answered the master with volubility.

"Probably you do not wish to part with him?" continued the stranger.

Judith turned abruptly, and exchanged a rapid glance with her son, who, looking around, and not seeing Madeleine, answered impudently, "Why not? I have others, not so handsome, but just as useful. If you would give me a good price, I should be glad to sell him. There will be one mouth less to feed."

"How much do you ask for him?"

Thereupon the master proposed rather a high price. The gentleman bargained a little, but only for the form, for he was quite an amateur in the matter, and this dog greatly pleased him; at last they agreed for fifty shillings. "Can I take him home directly?" said the buyer; "you could accompany me, and I will pay you at my house."

Master Gasparo was going to say yes, when the noise of an altercation suddenly stopped him. It was Madeleine who was rushing forward in her anguish, and Ciska had seized hold of her in the way. The young gipsy had a wrist of steel, and Madeleine strove in vain.

"Let me go. It is my dog! I will not have him sold!"

"Hold your tongue, or I will strike you," vociferated Ciska. "You are not mistress here, you have nothing to say

in the matter." The master posed himself so as to intercept the sight of the two antagonists, and said, lowering his voice.

"I have a little girl who is very fond of this dog, as she is here now I do not wish to give her pain. But come again to-morrow evening at eight o'clock, while she is playing her part in the exhibition, and I will find some means to give him up to you, or to send him to you."

"Very well, it is agreed," said the gentleman, with a satisfied air; "I will come again to-morrow evening. Adieu, good people!" So saying, he went away slowly, not without having stroked Sirrah's head, who permitted him to do it, finding, doubtless, nothing to quarrel with in that honest physiognomy.

While these last words were being exchanged, Madeleine succeeded in tearing herself away from Ciska's grasp, and with one bound came between the dog and the actor. She was pale, and her eyes flashed lightning.

"You have not a right to sell Sirrah, he is mine," said she with firmness.

"And who told you that I wished to sell him?" said the man with a grin. "Do you not see the gentleman is gone away?"

Madeleine had not heard the end of the dialogue, and she knew not what to believe; her instinct warned her, however, not to trust the master. She looked at him doubtfully, then she said—

"But you promise me not to sell him? He does not belong to you."

The master shrugged his shoulders and looked very cross at her.

"You are very high and mighty, little one," he said with his gruff voice. "Remember I took you both for charity, and if your ugly brute permits himself to growl and bite, surely I may get rid of him without your making any objection. Now go away with your clamour, and leave me in peace."

"Yes, yes," muttered Judith, "and the further the better."

Madeleine went away, her heart overwrought, and her hand under Sirrah's collar, so much she feared he would be taken from her.

"He shall not leave me," she said to herself. "I will not lose sight of him for an instant."

Notwithstanding she was very hungry, she felt so repugnant to go near those whom she considered her enemies that she would not fetch her portion of soup. Birichino, who was passing by with his own, perceived her squatted down in a corner, behind the caravans, with both her arms round Sirrah's neck, looking wild, and her lips pressed together.

He stopped before her, and said,—

"Well, have you forgotten your supper?"

The child shook her head.

"Then why do you not come? Do not grieve so much over that dog. You gain nothing by distressing yourself."

"Do you really think the master will not sell him to the old gentleman?"

Now, Birichino had heard the whole of the conversation, and he scarcely knew what to answer; for he pitied Madeleine, and did not wish to deceive her.

"Do not trouble yourself about that, but eat this soup," he said, at last, placing his red earthen basin on the child's lap.

"Oh! thank you," said she, "but you, Birichino, have none yourself."

Birichino gave a particular kind of whistle of which he was very fond.

"Pooh!" he said, "the old woman will willingly give me a few more laps of it. I have been in her good graces ever

since I told her that she is so good-looking for her years—not that I think so, however, oh! ah!" added the clown with such a comic grimace, that even Madeleine could not help smiling.

"But," continued the merry fellow, "when one would provide for his stomach"—and he patted his own with an epicurean air—"one must keep in the good graces of the cook—you have not yet learnt that, little one, and therefore you have no luck. It is a pity, however, for you are a pretty sprig of a girl, and in three years," added he, with an expressive clicking of the tongue, "you will be a famous rival for the other, over there."

How long he would have continued chatting we know not, loquacity being one of the chief qualities of the clown. However, Madeleine had finished her repast, not without sharing it, as usual, with Sirrah. Then she returned the dish, again thanking him.

"Well, well, say no more about it; I will run and look in the porridge pot," said Birichino, "and you, Madda," continued he, lowering his voice, "watch over your dog, especially to-morrow evening." Then he went away, giving her a significant glance.

Madda, being now alone, began to reflect; she did not cry, no; she had already shed so many tears in the short life of her childhood that they no longer flowed readily, but great distress arose in her heart.

She had borne a great deal—now it was enough; she had many times felt deeply hurt, nay, even shocked at the injustice of the dealings of the master and of Judith; but this last blow surpassed all the others, for they threatened to tear away from her her last friend, and to this she would not submit. Her spirit was roused at the thought of giving up this faithful companion of her grandfather and of herself into the hands of a stranger. Besides, she could not live without Sirrah—the thought of it alone was insupportable. At any price she must rescue the dog, but how?

There was the difficulty, which she turned about in her little head, without being able to arrive at any conclusion. She saw very clearly the danger she was in of losing Sirrah, all the rest remained in obscurity. It was now to bed, and Madeleine brought in the dog, and kept him close to her in spite of Ciska's ill-natured remarks, who declared "she would not sleep in the compartment with that vermin." But when the young gipsy joined the action to the words, and was going to turn him out, Madeleine placed herself before him.

"Do not touch him, Ciska," she said in a tone of voice outwardly calm, but under which there was the prelude of a storm: "he will do you no harm, only leave us quiet to-night, I beg you."

There was something in Madeleine's look that struck the young girl; and she thought it best to yield.

"Just for to-night," she at last muttered, "but I warn you never to bring him again into my compartment."

Madeleine said nothing; she lay down upon her matress, put her arms round the spaniel's neck, and whispered: "To-morrow!—oh! to-morrow, my darling, we will trouble them no longer with our presence. Alas! where shall we be? who will receive us?" Big tears wetted Sirrah's coat, and he passed his rosy tongue over the little girl's cheeks in a consoling manner. Madeleine did not go to sleep for a long while; and when at last slumber closed her eyelids, dreadful dreams more than once startled her out of her sleep. She felt almost relieved in the morning, although the reality was scarcely better than her dreams.

But at last it was day, and Sirrah, seated beside her, looked in her face, wagging his tail in a merry, friendly manner.

"I will rescue you, Sirrah, I will," the little girl whispered in his ear. "You may be sure I will not let you go to that old gentleman's house."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—Herbert.



The Staff of Age.

TWAS surely meant that youth, so fair to see,
Should earthly ill assuage.
Should bear a balm to burdened hearts, and be
The staff of age.
Nor need it, glad and gracious as it is,
A higher mission ask,
Nor worthier object for its sympathies,
Nor nobler task.

No. 1941.—November 10, 1881.

We love to see, bound by a common fate,
The veteran's weary load,
And smooth the steps of those who travel late
Time's roughest road.
But while the rich man giveth of his gold,
The strong man of his power,
To bring a dearer pleasure to the Old
Is Youth's sweet dower.

S. E. G.

THE FISHER VILLAGE.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XI.—A VISIT TO MISS MORDON.

IT was afternoon when Mrs. Primrose reached Park Lodge. She rarely took a walk except on Sundays to and from church, so she was tired when she arrived. She had managed to slip on her best gown and bonnet, and looked, as the cook expressed it, "Quite the lady," when she presented herself at the back entrance.

"Pray walk in, ma'am, and rest," said that functionary when she had informed her that she wished to see Philis. "We are just having a cup of tea, and we shall be much pleased, I'm sure, if you will take one with us. Miss Primrose is engaged just now with mistress and the little boy"—the little boy was Kees.

Mrs. Primrose made an elaborate curtsey, and followed the cook quite majestically into the servants' hall, where a perfume of good tea greeted her. The parlourmaid and housemaid rose as she entered, and the ex-housekeeper was royally received.

"This reminds me of old times," she said, with a sigh, when she was seated with a cup of steaming bohea before her, "only, of course, I had the housekeeper's room, while I suppose this is the servants' all."

She was not always as perfect in her h's as in her demeanour.

"Which it is, ma'am," said the cook. "Miss Mordon keeps house, leastways she and I manage between us, for having been here over ten years, I know the ways of the family."

"Of course you do. I was many years in Squire Molyneux's family as housekeeper, and then I married a gentleman in the neighbourhood, a farmer, and had one daughter. Philis was but a child when her poor father died"—here Mrs. Primrose put her handkerchief to her eyes—"and I felt so lost and lonesome that I came to keep house for my brother at Pebbleton."

"You must find a great change, ma'am," ventured the parlourmaid.

Mrs. Primrose sighed, but did not reply.

Here Philis came in.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, scarcely knowing whether to be glad or sorry; for she feared some evil.

"Yes, my dear!" returned Mrs. Primrose, as Philis stooped to embrace her. "I wanted to talk over a little matter with you, so I thought it best to come."

Philis sat down at the tea-table, saying that Mrs. Mordon had detained Kees, who seemed to interest her, and was giving him the cake and milk which she, Philis, had previously fetched for him.

"He really begins to understand English," she said. "Mrs. Mordon thinks him remarkably quick."

"It is a mercy she has taken a fancy to him," said the housemaid, sipping her tea. "There never was a nicer lady, but she is that fidgety that I wonder any one can put up with it all day long. Mam'selle Céleste couldn't, and Miss Emily couldn't, if she wasn't out of doors from morning to night."

"Poor lady! she is such an invalid!" remarked Philis reproachfully. "Besides, she is so good, and one must put up with something when people are kind to us."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, Philis," said Mrs. Primrose significantly, "and I hope you are dutiful to Mrs. Mordon."

"She spoils her," laughed the parlourmaid. "Nobody but Miss Primrose will do now, and I shouldn't like to be in her shoes."

Philis coloured, and having hastily swallowed her tea proposed to her mother to go up to her room to discuss the business that had brought her to Park Lodge.

"Well! you are in clover!" exclaimed the widow, as she glanced round the apartment, now as neat as neat hands could make it. "It is I who have to suffer. Your uncle has come home just as bad as he went, and has sent me to you to know whether you will marry young Breese."

"Tell him that I promised Mr. Thomas to let him know when I leave this place, and Mam'selle Céleste's holiday will soon be finished. She went for a month, and I wish it had been three."

"Then you are very ungrateful, Philis. You take up with strangers instead of your own kith and kin, and Mrs. Mordon don't seem such an angel after all."

"But she is, mother, and I love her dearly. See what a beautiful dress she has given me. I said it was too good for me, but I thought it would make you a best gown, and you wanted one sadly."

The sight of a black merino dress, almost as good as new, turned the current of Mrs. Primrose's thoughts, and both Rounce and Breese were forgotten in a consultation as to how certain alterations would convert it into a proper garb for a person in Mrs. Primrose's position, for she was particular in setting what she considered a good example in the matter of costume.

"There was a time, Philis, when I could have worn it just as it is," she said with a sigh, "but not now! not now!"

"Mistress wants you, Miss Primrose," was heard outside, accompanied by a knock at the door.

Philis hurried off, but soon returned with a message to her mother from Mrs. Mordon, who

wished to see her. She at once followed Philis to the drawing-room. They found Mrs. Mordon, with little Kees on her lap, instructing him by the pleasant road of pictures. He jumped off and ran to Philis, with the broken words, "Kees, lady, mammy, book, cake," by which he was understood to mean that book and cake were destined for Mrs. Murrell whom he had learnt to call mammy.

"Take him into the garden and teach him the names of the flowers, Philis, while I have a talk with your mother," said Mrs. Mordon. "Pray sit down, Mrs. Primrose, I am very glad to see you."

The "talk" was mostly on the lady's side, and concerned Philis. She had taken a real fancy to the girl, who had already endeared herself not only to the mother, but the daughter, by her unselfish devotion to the invalid, and her bright, cheerful ways with her fellow-servants. She had drawn from Philis, who was open as a full-blown flower, her difficulties with her uncle, and it was mainly on these points that she wished to speak to Mrs. Primrose.

"It does not do to force a girl into marriage," she said. "If she is let alone she may come round; if she is over pressed she must rebel. I have never had so nice a maid as Philis, and I should like to keep her if, as I suspect, Céleste marries and remains in France."

Mrs. Primrose started, for here was a new complication.

"Philis has not told me why her uncle wishes her to marry at once," continued Mrs. Mordon. "Of course it would be a good match; but Mr. Repton seems to think that Mr. Thomas Breese is not a religious man, and that a Christian girl like Philis would not be happy with him. Surely this should be considered."

"Certainly, ma'am," replied Mrs. Primrose, when the speaker paused for a reply: "but we are under many obligations to Mr. Thomas Breese."

"Now I understand. Would you kindly reach me that fire-screen, also the bottle of eau-de-cologne on the cheffonier; thank you. Philis is invaluable to me, and I should like to keep her till Céleste returns. She may be away two or three months. She works so well and has such taste, that she is really invaluable."

"I am very much obliged to you for saying so, ma'am," said Mrs. Primrose, flattered and pleased. "But I think I had better not mention your wish to my brother, until you are quite sure about Mam'selle. It might irritate him, because he is so set upon this match. And I should be much obliged, madam, if you would not name it to Philis, either; for I know she would catch at a straw to delay it; and I must say she was hasty in engaging herself to you."

"It was with your permission, Mrs. Primrose."

"Quite so, ma'am, quite so. But her uncle has been very kind to us since I lost my poor husband. You know what it is to—to-be left a widow with an only daughter, and not to be equal to beginning life again. There was a new housekeeper at the Court, Squire Molyneux's; and having had a farm and home of my own, it went against me to seek another situation."

"I understand," said Mrs. Mordon, as her visitor began to cry.

She had not before realised the fact that there was a certain amount of similarity between the positions of Mrs. Primrose and herself, and she was not pleased at the unintentional comparison. She was a widow with an only daughter, indebted for a delightful home to her brother-in-law at the Park. Mrs. Primrose and Philis shared theirs with the rough fisherman Job Rounce; still, there was a likeness.

"I will be careful not to implicate you, Mrs. Primrose," she said, rather stiffly. "I will let you know when I have ascertained Céleste's plans. Might I ask you to be so kind as to take the little Dutch boy home? I cannot spare Philis. Would you call them in?"

Mrs. Primrose did as she was desired, and Philis brought in Kees, who took a bunch of autumn flowers to Mrs. Mordon, and made wonderful efforts at pronouncing their names. He succeeded in saying myrtle, but geranium, calceolaria, and others were quite beyond his powers. His attempts made Mrs. Mordon laugh, and between his infantine charms, and Philis's naive manners and pretty face, she had passed a cheerful afternoon. It must not be supposed that her daughter was either inattentive or undutiful because she was so frequently absent from her; but Miss Mordon was a power in the parish, and was much occupied in schools, mothers' meetings, visitings, and the hundred and one duties that engage the attention of ladies interested in the condition of the poor.

"Will you ask Patience Murrell to teach him his letters, and to make him spell these little words?" said Mrs. Mordon, as her three companions were about to leave her. "I shall probably send Philis for him again to-morrow. I am glad to fancy myself useful, and teaching is a variety upon knitting."

"Dood bye, mam," said Kees, at the instigation of Philis, and Mrs. Mordon kissed him, with a sigh. She, like poor Mrs. Murrell, had lost a son who had been her idol, and the child was welcome to both.

Indeed, this visit of Mrs. Primrose did her good. She was inclined to solitude and rumination, and fancying herself in worse health than she really was, denied herself to most friends and acquaintances. She imagined that her own sickness and sorrow were greater than those of her neighbours; but she found Mrs. Primrose very complaining, and certainly worse off than herself. All that Philis had told her of Mrs. Murrell and Patience had interested her, and she began to feel a desire to make personal acquaintance with those for whom she had been knitting indefatigably for three or four years. Her daughter, though good, was sometimes impatient, and Céleste was quick-tempered, so she found her "new broom," Philis, to "sweep very clean" indeed.

The said Philis had to smooth the way back to the village for her mother and Kees. The one strongly objected to going to Mrs. Murrell's, the other to leaving Philis; so between them she had a difficult task, especially as Kees could not understand her reasoning. She overruled

her mother's scruples, however, and managed poor little Kees by accompanying them to the entrance gates. On their way her mother reasoned with her and reproached her, saying that she would be their ruin if she did not accede to her uncle's wishes; but she would make no promise.

When they reached the goal, Philis took Kees in her arms, kissed him, and let a large tear fall on his face. "Ted! Ted!" he cried, clinging to her; but she put him down outside the gate, then slipped back and closed it between them. With the dear name ringing in her ears, she hurried back to the house.

Her mother took the child's hand, and pulled him on with difficulty, he muttering and screaming in unintelligible lingo. But he calmed by degrees, and trotted on at Mrs. Primrose's side until they reached the top of the village, when he bolted off, and was at Murrell's cottage some minutes before his conductress. This brought Patience out, to see who was with him, and enabled Mrs. Primrose to give her messages, without accepting the invitation to enter.

CHAPTER XII.—JOB ROUNCE.



NEW RESOLVES.

When the widow reached home, she found her brother seated by the fire, smoking his pipe. He looked dazed, she thought, and trembled at what might be his reception of her daughter's resolution. But to her surprise he began with another subject.

"The parson has just been here. He spoke up very kind, and to oblige him, I'm thinking of going to church. Will you lock up and come along?" he said.

"To church! Come along? Yes, Job, to be sure I will. We'll have tea directly."

Not a word of Philis; not even an enquiry; but Job sat on, smoking, with his eyes fixed on the fire; while his sister busied herself with the tea-things, glancing at him from time to time, uplifting her hands, and saying to herself. "He-dazed. He's going out of his mind. The Leel help us!"

And to church they went, he in his fisherman's dress, she attired in her best, as she had been for her visit to Philis. But he spoke never a word. She made many efforts at conversation, but receiving no answers was silent. He merely nodded to such of his mates as he met, who did not know his destination, and when they reached the church, he slunk into the corner near the door, where he was not only unperceived, but whence he could slink out again. She sat next him. She heard him mutter something about "a ladder," and was convinced that the drink and what the vicar had said were driving him mad. How she longed for Philis! but she was not at church. Miss Emily was there, at the harmonium, so of course Philis was at home to wait on Mrs. Mordon. Her voice and Ted's were sadly missed in leading the hymns, but the stentorian tones of the fishermen filled the sacred edifice. Job neither joined in hymns nor responses, neither did he kneel, but stood or sat like one in a dream. Both he and Mr. Primrose caught the vicar's eyes more than once, and it was evident that Mr. Repton saw him if no one else did. And God saw him, and knew what was in his heart.

Still, the service, the hearty hymn, the earnest sermon, made no visible impression on him. When they were over, he was the first to leave the church, and to Mrs. Primrose's consternation told her she must return home alone, as he had an appointment at Overock. Then he asked the fatal question, "What did Philis say?"

"That she would tell Mr. Thomas Besse when she leaves Park Lodge," replied the widow, in fear and trembling.

"When will that be?"

"As soon as the French maid returns. Mrs. Mordon likes our Philis better than the French woman, and no wonder! I never could abide those foreigners, French nor German."

"They're well enough in their places; but I hasn't nothing to do with them. 'Tis all a puzzle, and I can't get rid of thinking of them Bethels and the ladder."

Rounce hurried off, leaving Mrs. Primrose in consternation. She was sure the drink was sending him out of his mind, and she murmured half aloud, "What shall I do if he gets delirious tremens?"

"I was glad to see your brother at church. Mrs. Primrose," were words that startled her. They came from Mr. Repton.

"Yes, sir; but I'm frightened to death about him: he has just left me, talking so queerly about 'Bethels' and 'ladders' and even Jacob and the angels, that I don't know what to make of him."

"Let us pray that God's Holy Spirit may be dealing with his spirit," said Mr. Repton, but he was too wary to give his reasons for his

hope. "That he has been once more to church is a good sign, and you must be careful not to ask him questions as to the why and the wherefore."

"Indeed, sir," replied the widow, half offended, "I know Job too well to interfere with him, though it is I that have to put up with his tempers now that Philis is away. She used to manage him nicely, but she has lost her influence lately."

"Tell him that I was glad to see him at church, and hope it will not be the last time," said the vicar thoughtfully. "We must pray for him, Mrs. Primrose. Argument is useless, but prayer offered in faith is never without effect. 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' are our Lord's own words."

"That is what Mrs. Murrell always says, till I am forced to tell her that she has received little but trouble. Indeed, there isn't much else, though I dare say I am wrong to say so, and you a clergyman," said Mrs. Primrose ruefully.

"She has received faith, patience, love, joy, long-suffering, and many other graces, which are beyond all price, and will receive 'In the end eternal life,'" returned Mr. Repton solemnly.

Mrs. Primrose not having realised these priceless gifts, felt aggrieved at the praises bestowed on her neighbour, of whom, in spite of her afflictions, she was slightly jealous. She did not venture to make any remark on her vicar's words, and he knew her, and his parishioners generally, too well to administer more than "the word in season," so he wished her good night, and took the road across the down to the vicarage.

When he left her, she was joined by several neighbours returning to the village from the service, all of whom wondered what had come to Job Rounce, that he was seen within the church walls again.

"May be he's got a call," said one pious old fisherman, who, like Murrell, was somewhat of a preacher.

"I'll be bound he's called to the 'Pebbleton Arms' by this time," put in Matthew Harmer the father of Mary, whose acquaintance we have made, and who was himself more frequently seen at the "Arms" aforesaid than in mother church.

"I don't know why Job may not go to church without all these remarks," said Mrs. Primrose, offended.

"I knew something strange would happen," said superstitions Nathan Rust, "for I'm pretty sure I see Shock last night, running wi' all his might."

"Then we shall have a storm," was the general cry.

"Shock" was said to be a phantom dog without a head that ran wildly up and down the coast. There were many superstitions at Pebbleton, but allusion to Shock turned the minds of the speakers from Job to him, and enabled Mrs. Primrose to hasten home alone.

Rounce did not return till a late hour, and when he did, he was silent and moody. But he was sober, which astonished Mrs. Primrose. He went at once to bed, and she fancied she heard

him muttering to himself afterwards. She knew he was to be out with the boats again the next day, and felt a kind of ominous anxiety about him.

"Maybe he'll be drowned, and then Philis will never forgive herself for leaving so suddenly," she thought.

The next morning was stormy, and while Job was at breakfast, still gloomy and silent, she suggested that the boats would scarcely put out if the weather was unsavourable.

"I'm off to the deep-sea fishing," he said, carelessly.

"Then you'll never come back," she exclaimed, rubbing her hands.

"One more in Davy Jones's locker, if I can't get upon the Ladder," he returned. "You and Philis will be glad to be rid of me."

"But what are we to do with young Breese?"

"What you will. He'll have ruined me before I come home, if ever I do, unless Philis marries him. But mind you don't say to him I told you I was going to the North Sea."

"But what is to become of me, Job?"

"I can't tell. You must do the best you can. But I'm not a going to prison if I can help it."

"Prison!" ejaculated the widow, wringing her hands.

"Yes, I'm off to Yarmouth to join the fleet of smacks. A lot of us are going, my boat's as good as any, but I ha'n't got a Bethel flag."

"What do you mean, brother? Are you ill? Are you——"

"Mad, you was going to say. I dunno, maybe I am. I shall be madder in the North Sea, but I must get away from they Breeses, or I shall do some mischief. There's Mary Harmer, I must have a word with her. Good-bye. Give my love to Philis."

He rose quickly, shook hands with Mrs. Primrose, a thing he had not done for long, and was up the village after Mary before she knew what he was about.

"Surely he is never thinking of her?" cried the widow. "What shall I do? Whatever shall I do?" she muttered.

She had much reason for her complaint, for Job carried out his intention, and left the Norfolk coast for the deep-sea fishing. What passed between him and the Breeses, father and son, was not revealed, but he evidently took himself off for some reason which he chose to conceal. There was nothing extraordinary in his doing so, but he left his sister in a very poor condition. She had no money, and could not do much to earn any without the help of Philis, who was head and chief of their small dress-making business. This had been maintained by the wives and daughters of the villagers and neighbouring farmers, and naturally, was, at best, very fluctuating. Mrs. Primrose had learnt the common trade of knitting jerseys, but this would not keep her, so it was no wonder she exclaimed, "What shall I do?"

She went again to Philis, that afternoon. She did not stay to have tea in "the servants 'all," but asked the favour of going straight to her room, where Philis soon joined her. The girl heard his tale in silence. She was much troubled,

and when her mother ceased speaking said also, "Mother, what shall we do?" Then she produced a letter she had received that morning from Mr. Thomas Breee, and read it aloud. It was couched in threatening terms, and both mother and daughter understood that to "proceed as he said," meant to ruin them all, and it seemed as if Rounce had absented himself to be out of the way of it. Everything seemed to hang on the girl's "Yes or No," and she did not see her way clearly.

"Mother," she said, "I would marry him if it were not for the solemn promises of the marriage service, and I have been trying to make up my mind to do so under all circumstances, ever since I got the letter. I cannot ruin uncle and you. Every one persuades me to it, even poor Ted"—this she uttered with a sigh—"but I can't leave Mrs. Mordon at present. My wages will keep you from starving till—till—I can delay no longer. I shall try him with one letter, which shall be as humble as you like, and tell him that I have promised to stay here until Mam'selle Céleste comes back, when I will meet him and let him know what I have settled. If she marries and doesn't come back at all, I have a chance of escape, for something may turn up. And I don't believe our good God will let me sell myself even to save my mother."

Here poor Philis fell on her knees and hid her face in her mother's lap. This was more than Mrs. Primrose could stand, and they shed tears together. Philis was the first to recover herself, and drawing a paper from her pocket, she read the rough draft of a letter she had been composing for some hours, to Thomas Breee, the purport of which was what she had just told her mother.

"Can't you promise to marry him when you leave? The letter is all very well, but it is no

more than you told him when you saw him last," said Mrs. Primrose.

"I am afraid he will not be satisfied. May I tell him I can never, never have him, and leave the rest?" asked Philis with an appealing glance.

"And ruin your uncle and me, and lose a good match yourself," replied Mrs. Primrose reproachfully.

"I don't care what becomes of myself; but you and uncle!" cried Philis in despair. "I will just change my letter into a petition, and ask him to be so kind as to wait till mistress is suited, and till uncle comes back—or, at least, to give me a little time to think. I will say all that is right, mother, be you sure. But I must not look as if I had been crying, or Mrs. Mordon will ask the reason. She likes me to be cheerful, and says I do her good because of my sunshine. Yet, I am none so happy, for I am always thinking of the troubles of my friends. It seems a weary world, though, by times, it is like heaven, it is so happy."

Ah, poor Philis, she had come to one of those testing times when the soul needs the atmosphere of faith and truth to see clearly even its duty.

"I'm sure I sometimes think Overlook would be like heaven, after all we have gone through," said Mrs. Primrose, and Philis restrained her emotion, feeling that her mother's temporary sympathy had evaporated.

That evening while Mrs. and Miss Major were at dinner, she wrote what to her seemed too humble an appeal for time, to Thomas Breee, and put it into the letter box with a heavy sigh on her heart. "If only it were for Ted!" she thought. "But then the words would have been different. Poor Ted!" and a smile passed over her sad face as she remembered him and little Kev-

THE EVER-BURNING ALTAR-FIRE.

"The fire shall ever be burning on the altar; it shall never go out."—Leviticus vii. 13.

THE sacred fire burning on the altar under the conditions mentioned in the text, must have presented an impressive and mysterious spectacle to the successive generations of priests who ministered before it. A species of immortality must in the lapse of time have seemed to belong to the blazing fire. Age after age passed away, and yet at whatever hour a visit was paid to the altar, the fire burned clearly. We can easily imagine how deeply the faithful priest would be impressed with the importance of his trust, and how he would resolve that slumber should not seal his eyelids until he was satisfied that the wood was duly piled upon the altar, the fire stirred, and everything removed that could impair the purity or vigour of the flame. The possibility that through neglect the fire might be extinguished must have appeared a catastrophe too terrible to contemplate.

When we ask what practical lesson was con-

veyed under this symbol, we may refer to the fifteenth verse of the thirteenth chapter of Hebrews: "By Him therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually." The tabernacle altar was in truth a type of the human heart, regenerated by grace, and on which the fire of love and praise to God was ever to burn.

In paradise the fire of gratitude to the Most High always glowed in the bosom of our first parents, and every object that met their gaze fanned the flame of adoring love. With equal beauty and propriety does Milton represent Adam as calling upon everything in nature to furnish materials for praise.

It's praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise."

But this happy state of things did not continue long. Sin entered, the hymn of holy praise was silenced, and instead of an altar ruddy with glowing fire, man's heart became as a heap of blackened ashes. If a flame of any kind has since by nature's efforts been kindled there, it has been too much a false one. Man's praise has been misdirected and offered to a god of his own fancy, or to idols of gold, of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood or of stone.

When Elijah turned the people of Israel from the worship of Baal, his first step was to repair the altar of God, to lay the sacrifice upon it: then in due season fire fell from heaven, kindled the wood and consumed the offering. This was no incorrect type of the manner in which the altar of the human heart must be renovated by the Lord Jesus Christ, before we can offer praise aright to God. The conscience is purged from guilt and fear by a true faith in the great atonement; the fire of the Holy Ghost falls upon the affections; love is again kindled to God, and the notes of undying praise begin. The true Christian has indeed a glorious mission. He is called to be a priest unto God, and to offer continually the sacrifice of praise through his lips and his life. The flame of gratitude is never to be allowed to be quenched upon the altar of his heart. He is to see that the wood for the fire is always properly piled, that the fire itself is properly trimmed, and that nothing that would dim it is allowed to come near it.

We have spoken of the wood by which the altar fire was kept in vigour. The mercies of God to us may be rightly compared to that wood. Those of creation and providence first arrest our attention. So vast in number are these mercies, that as we advance in life they rise behind us, like a chain of mountains piled deep and high. Not only, however, ought our altar fire to blaze with thankfulness for God's goodness to ourselves, but for his kindness to others. Much enjoyment is lost by the selfish mind from not remembering this duty, for in truth when from the heart we are thankful for God's bounties to others, we become in a sense partakers ourselves of these bounties. To feel really grateful for a beautiful house, or estate, or picture, or child, which our neighbour possesses, fills the heart with sweet complacency, just as envy inspires corrosive feelings.

In addition to God's mercies in creation and providence the love of Christ in stooping down from heaven to die for us, may well feed the altar fire. We have ourselves, in the days of our youth, seen a man rescued from drowning, pour out his thanks to his deliverer, but never until the Christian sees the Saviour himself and knows what He has rescued him from, and what He has prepared for him, can he be sufficiently grateful to Him. If our thankfulness to Christ were at all proportioned to His love, the mere mention of the Saviour should cause the heart to blaze up in a transport of praise.

That the great God himself, however, should by the Holy Spirit enter the heart of the Christian, to tarry, not for a season but for ever to abide, is an act of grace so astonishing, that this mercy, added to the others we have enu-

merated, should cause the heart to glow as with a live coal upon the altar.

We may at this point, however, usefully introduce the language of the sober-minded Paley. "I shall only observe," he says, "that when this habit (thankfulness) is once happily generated, occasions will continually arise to minister to its exercise and augmentation. A night's rest or comfortable meal will immediately direct our gratitude to God. The use of our limbs, the possession of our senses; every degree of health, every hour of ease, every sort of satisfaction which we enjoy will carry our thoughts to the same object (the contemplation of God's bounty)." "There is one object of gratitude," he continues, "which almost every man who is tolerably faithful and exact in his self-recollections will find in events upon which he has to look back: and it is this. How often have we been spared when we might have been overtaken and cut off in the midst of sin. Of all the attributes of God, forbearance perhaps is that which we have most to acknowledge."

Reverting to the altar fire, in order to burn properly, it would require to be stirred, and so must the altar of the human heart. Communion with God in prayer, and the study of the word, produce this stirring effect. "Did not," said the disciples at Emmaus, "our hearts burn within us while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?" Meditation is another habit that stirs up the soul. It was, as David mused, that his heart "was hot within him." Let us see, therefore, that we count up our mercies, and accustom ourselves, especially when tempted to despondency, to delight in God's great goodness to us.

It would be an important part of the priest's office to see that nothing came near the altar which could impair the vigour of the fire or possibly quench it. Water, we know, will thus quench fire, and change its pleasant glow into the cheerless hue of black ashes. Other things beside water, however, will effectually do the work of extinction. Not only, therefore, must the Christian, if he would keep the love of God burning in his heart, stand at a distance from gross forms of evil, but from temptations of a subtler kind. How brightly burned the flame of praise on David's altar, and how sadly, after the sin of Uriah,

"Did the silenced quire
Lie with its hallelujahs quenched like fire?"

How soon, too, was Peter's warmly-glowing affection cooled into ice, by the pride and self-confidence which had crept into his heart!

Trials and afflictions are of themselves impotent to quench the altar flame when it is lighted at the true source. Habakkuk resolved that with him the fire should burn bright, though the fig-tree should not blossom, nor fruit be in the vines; though the labour of the olive should fail, and the fields yield no meat, the flock be cut off from the fold, and there be no herd in the stalls. The stocks of Philippi and the gaoler's stripes could not prevent the flame of praise burning brightly in the hearts of Paul and Silas. The terrors of the storm were equally unable to quench the

fire in the heart of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, when he broke bread and gave thanks in the presence of Julius and his band; nor could the solitude of his Patmos dungeon damp the altar flame of St. John, when he gave utterance to the doxology, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever." In more modern times, again, the memoirs of Francke, the founder of the great Orphan House at Halle, give an interesting illustration of the power of praise to raise the heart into forgetfulness of earthly difficulties. "Upwards," Francke says, "of one hundred dollars were required to pay the workmen, and I knew no way of obtaining ten. I desired the steward to come after dinner, and in the meantime I should ask my heavenly Father for the money. In the interval a friend joined me, and we united in fervent prayer; but while engaged in that exercise, I felt impelled to grateful recollections for all that God had done for me and others, till I forgot to ask deliverance for present need, and sought rather to pour out my feelings of gratitude for the goodness of God. When we had ended our prayer, and the friend was taking his leave, I accompanied him to the door, where I found on one side the steward coming for his money, and on the other a messenger with a bag for one hundred and fifty dollars for the benefit of the Orphan House."

Let the Christian reader, then, be moved by these considerations to attend to the duty as one of a royal priesthood, of guarding and stirring up the altar fire of gratitude to God. Let him be much in what Baxter calls the angelical work of praise. To praise is an easy duty. It is

unselfish; it is also acceptable to God, as giving Him, in however poor a way, some return for His great kindness. It was when the trumpeters and singers in the Temple lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord saying, "for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever, that the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud, for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."

Learning to praise God here, we shall thus, we must remember, be prepared for that Temple above, where the flame of praise burns clearly on the heart of every worshipper, freed as it is for ever from the presence of any element that could interrupt its purity or vigour.

In conclusion, let it not be forgotten that God must be praised not only with the tongue, but with the life. The same epistle which enjoins us to offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, adds suggestively, "but to do good and communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

How then stands the altar fire with each of us? If it burns dimly, let us ask God for grace to remove anything that obscures the purity and vigour of the flame, and to pour upon it as a reviving influence the grace of His Holy Spirit; and if it does not burn at all, but our heart is a hearth with blackened ashes, let us at once, with contrition of spirit, turn to the Saviour, and ask Him to have compassion upon us, to forgive all our past sin and ingratitude, and to kindle the flame of holy love and consecration which shall burn in life and in death, and through the eternal ages, to the praise of His honour and glory.

THE TETZEL INDULGENCE.

WE give a facsimile, from a copy in the Luther Exhibition at the British Museum, of the celebrated Indulgence preached by Tetzel, which had so large a place in the early history of the Reformation. The story has been often told how Pope Leo x., in the hope of collecting money for the building of the basilica of St. Peter, appointed commissioners for the sale of indulgences. In Germany the privilege was accorded to Albert, Archbishop of Mayence, Cardinal and Prince of the Empire, with whom it was arranged to collect this money, on the understanding that one-half of it went to Rome, and the other to the commutation of a debt he had incurred on the purchase of his pall. Conspicuous among the monks employed in the work of distribution was the Dominican Tetzel.

When these merchants entered a town the pontiff's bull of grace was carried in front on a velvet cushion, or on cloth of gold. It was borne, with chant and incense, in procession to

the church. Then from the pulpit some preacher descended on its virtues. An indulgence, in milder Romanist teaching, is supposed to release only from the temporal penalties of ecclesiastical discipline; but the practice by which it is granted has been often made to minister to the worst vices. Four precious graces were now promised to those who should aid in building the basilica of St. Peter. "The first grace that we announce to you," said the commissioners, in accordance with the letter of their instructions, "is the full pardon of every sin." Next followed three other graces: *first*, the right of choosing a confessor, who, whenever the hour of death appeared at hand, should give absolution from all sin, and even from the greatest crimes reserved for the apostolic see: *secondly*, a participation in all the blessings, works, and merits of the Catholic Church, prayers, fasts, alms, and pilgrimages; *thirdly*, redemption of the souls that are in purgatory. To obtain the first of these graces,

Hilbertus de sapice sedis s. scilicet Dogmatis sedis ac Hagedebergi, eccl. Archidioceps. pmae, et socii R. impetri in germania
 obiacellarina. proceptor et administrator Halberstadii. Secundo Brandenburgi. Secretario. Pro metrice. Et assessor. Scholasticus duc
 Burgessens. Altenbergen. Ruggen princepe. Et guardianus fratrum ordinis minorum de observantia. Dogmatis. Personarum. De
 domini nostri Leonem Papam tam, per provincias Dogmatis. ac Dogdeburgi. ac illerii. et Halberstadii. curatorem. die cfr. nocturnae
 loca illustrissimi et illustrissimi Principis domini Marchionum Brandenburgi. Tempore domino mediate vel immidiate subiecta nunc et com
 missari: ad infra scripta specialiter deputati. **V**niuersitas et singulis priuilegiis inspectio Salutem in domino. **M**olli factus est sanctissima domine
 noster Leo dominus p: ordinatus papae decimus modicu[m] omnibus et singulis virtutibus et operibus: ad reparacionem fabrice basilice primi
 apie apostoli sancti Petri de vbi iusta ordinatio etiam in ramis portigenibus adiunctorum: ultra plenissimas indulgentias et alias gratias et sacrificia
 q[ue]s obvius deles ipsi obtinere posunt: iurta littera apostolica de super p[ro]sternentia milie dicit etiam in d[omi]no indulxit atque p[ro]fessit: ut idonei possint
 tibi p[ro]ferre rem p[ro]babilem, vel cuiusvis cui mendicantibus ordinis et galante, qui corruptione diligenter ad tua, pro commissione per eligentem
 delictis et ceterisibus: ac pacie quibuslibet: quantumcumq[ue] eratibus et enormibus: etiam in diec[em] sed et ceteris: etiam ab
 bo[li]t[ur] ad aliquatu[m] instantia late, de p[ro]silio partiu[m] et ratione interdicti incursus. et quare ab eo latto admisit et ceteris specialiter reservata. **P**ropter machine
 rionis in persona summi pontificis: occasionis e[st]o[rum] australi et superiore p[ro]latorum: et infectione manu violente in illo aulico p[ro]lato. fabricatio
 literarum apostolicarum: delationis amotu[m]: et alioq[ue] probabilitate ad partes infideliu[m]: ac senientiarum et censoriarum et ceteris: etiam ab
 deliun ad h[ab]entes p[ro]hibitio[m] apostolicam delatorum: incuriae. temel in vita et in mortis articulo quo dico ille iminetbit. licet moro tunc non subsquatur
 et mino retractatio calibis loitens quicne id petierint plenaria absoluere et ea p[ro]misi solitare et iniungere necnon scimel in vita et in dicto mortis articulo:
 colo: plenariam o[mn]i[us] peccatorum indulgentiam et remissionem impendere. **I**llud p[ro] cor eius pro tempore vota quecumque et vitam suam: visitacionis
 liminiu[m] apostolorum: et sancti Jacobi in compo stella religionis et castitatis vota d[omi]nata et accepta in alia p[ro]letaria opera contulare auctoritate apostolica
 possit et valat. Indolisit quoque idem facultum de d[omi]no nostro. p[ro]feso beneplacito et xoni[us] p[ro]fessos qui ei charitate defecserunt in p[ro]p[ri]is
 iustagies etemosynis: iunctis orationibus: missis: bonis etiamnis: discipulis: p[ro]grediationibus: et ceteris omnibus spiritualibus bonis que sunt
 recti poterunt in loca p[ro]fessorum sacra ecclesia militare: et in omnibus nichib[us] citidem in p[ro]p[ri]um patr[ic]ep[er]it. Et quia dator et
 supradicta basilice principis apostolorum iusta sanctissimi domini nostri p[ro]p[ter]e intentionem et voluntatem ordinarem de honore suis attribuendo se gravem
 tribuit. In causa rei signi p[ro]tes literas a nobis accepit. Ideo eadem auctoritate apostolica nobis confirmata: et quasfunctum in bec parte
 ipsi predictis gratias et indulgentias vi et ceteram gaudere possit et valere p[ro]p[ter]e p[ro]fessiones concordantes: et regimur. Oiam
 sub sigillo p[er] nos ad bec eridu[m]. **D**ic **T**etzel **D**anus **F**riu **A**anno domini M.D.XXVII

C. Forma absolucionis totetis quodammodo in vita.
Misericordia tri. ac. **D**ñe noster J[esu] Christus per misericordiam et remissionem peccatorum in bec parte omnibus: et
 ubi conuenit: ego et apostolus ab omnibus peccatis meis. et nominare peteo et filium et spiritum sanctum Amm.

Misericordia cui ac. **D**ñe noster J[esu] Christus per misericordiam et remissionem peccatorum in bec parte omnibus: et
 peteo et apostolus. primo ab omnibus peccatis et remissionem maxime vel misericordiam et remissionem ab aliis peccatis nisi omni
 peccatis. secundum ab omnibus peccatis et remissionem ab aliis peccatis nisi omni.

it was requisite to have contrition of heart and confession of mouth, or at least an intention of confessing.

The preaching of Tetzel went far beyond even the assumptions of the papal document.

"Indulgences," said this audacious monk, "are the most precious and the most noble of God's gifts. There is no sin so great that an indulgence cannot remit it."

"Consider that for every mortal sin you must, after confession and contrition, do penance for seven years, either in this life or in purgatory: now, how many mortal sins are there not committed in a day, how many in a week, how many in a month, how many in a year, how many in a whole life! . . . Alas! these sins are almost infinite, and they entail an infinite penalty in the fires of purgatory. And now, by means of these letters of indulgence, you can once in your life, in every case except four, which are reserved for the apostolic see, and afterwards in the article of death, obtain a plenary remission of all your penalties and all your sins!"

"But more than this," he urged, "indulgences avail not only for the living, but for the dead. For that, repentance is not even necessary.

"At the very instant," continued Tetzel, "that the money rattles at the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory, and flies liberated to heaven. . . .

"O stupid and brutish people, who do not understand the grace so richly offered! Now heaven is everywhere opened . . . Do you refuse to enter now? When, then, will you enter? . . . Now you can ransom so many souls! . . . Stiffnecked and thoughtless man! with twelve groats you can deliver your father from purgatory, and you are ungrateful enough not to save him! I shall be justified in the day of judgment; but you,—you will be punished so much the more severely for having neglected so great salvation. I declare to you, though you should have but a single coat, you ought to strip it off and sell it, in order to obtain this grace . . . The Lord our God no longer reigns. He has resigned all power to the pope."

It was against these abominations that Luther protested when he nailed his famous theses to the door of the Church of Wittenberg. They began:

"When our Lord and Master Jesus Christ says *repent*, he means that the whole life of believers upon earth should be a constant and perpetual repentance.

"Repentance and sorrow—i.e. true penance—endure as long as a man is displeased with himself—that is, until he passes from this life into eternity."

And he proceeds:

"The true and precious treasure of the Church is the Holy gospel of the glory and grace of God. . . .

"It is far better to enter into the kingdom of heaven through much tribulation than to acquire a carnal security by the consolations of a false peace."

Luther sounded in these words the commencement of the struggle in which he was to bear so great a part.

The first complete translation of this particular Indulgence appeared lately in the "Times" newspaper. The task of translation was by no means easy, owing to the crabbed Latin of the original, which does not justify the character for elegant scholarship hitherto attributed to the Court of Leo x. We append the document.

"Albert, by the Grace of God, and of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of the Holy See of Mentz and the Church of Magdeburg, Primate and Arch-Chancellor of the Holy Roman Empire in Germany, Prince Elector and Administrator of Halberstadt, Marquis of Brandenburg, of Stettin, of Pomerania, Duke of the Ossabi and the Slaves; Burgrave of Nuremberg, and Prince of Rugen, and Guardian of the Order of Friars Minor of the Observance of the convent of Mentz; Nuncio and Commissary specially deputed for the undermentioned purposes by our most holy lord Pope Leo x. throughout the provinces of Mentz and Magdeburg, and the cities and dioceses thereof, as also those of Halberstadt, likewise the territories and places mediately or immediately subject to the temporal dominion of the most illustrious and illustrious Princes, the Lords Marquises of Brandenburg, to all and singular the faithful shall see the present lettera. Health in the Lord. We make known that our most holy lord Leo x. by Divine Providence, now Pope, to all and singular the faithful in Christ of both sexes, who shall extend helping hands towards the reparation of the fabric of the Basilica of the Prince of the Apostles, St. Peter in the City, according to our regulation, beyond those very full indulgences and other graces and faculties which the faithful in Christ may themselves obtain, according to the contents of the Apostolic letters heretofore executed, has also mercifully indulged and granted in the Lord—that they may choose, as a suitable confessor, a secular priest or a regular of any Mendicant order, who, after diligently hearing their confession, has the power and ability, by Apostolic authority, to plenarily absolve and enjoin salutary penance on them for the faults and excesses committed by the person so choosing him; and from sins of any kind, however grave and enormous; even in cases reserved for the said See; and from ecclesiastical censures, even when undergone by a man at the instance of any one soever, with the consent of the parties; or from those incurred by reason of an interdict, and those the absolution of which has been specially reserved to the said See; except the crimes of conspiracy against the person of the Supreme Pontiff, of the murder of Bishops, or of other superior prelates, and the laying violent hands upon them or other prelates, the forgery of letters Apostolic, the conveying of arms and other prohibited things into heathen countries, and the sentences and censures incurred on occasion of the importation of the alum of Apostolic Tolfa from heathen countries to the faithful, contrary to the Apostolic prohibition; once in life and in the article of death as often as it shall threaten, although death may not then supervene, and in non-reserved cases as often as they shall seek it; and once in life and in the said article of death, to grant plenary indulgence and remission of all sins; also to commute for other works of piety any vows made by them from time to time (the vows of foreign travel, of visiting the shrines of the Apostles, and of St. James in Compostella, of religion, and of chastity, alone excepted). The same our most holy lord has also granted that theforesaid benefactors, and their deceased parents who have died in charity, should become partakers for ever in the prayers, suffrages, alms-deeds, fastings, supplications, masses, canonical hours, disciplines,

* D'Aubigné's 'History of the Reformation,' vol. i. p. 87.

pilgrimages, and all other spiritual benefits which are made and can be made in the universal Holy Church Militant, and in all the members of the same. And, whereas, the devout Philip Kessel, Priest, has shown himself acceptable by contributing of his goods to the fabric itself, and to the necessary restoration of the aforesaid Basilica of the Prince of the Apostles, according to the intention of our most holy lord the Pope, and our ordinance, in sign of which thing he has received from us the present letters; therefore, by the same Apostolic authority committed to us, which we act upon in these parts, we grant and bestow upon him, by these presents the power and ability to use and enjoy the said graces and indulgences. Given at Augsburg, under the seal appointed by us for this purpose, on the 15th day of the month of April, in the year of our Lord 1517.

"Form of Absolution, as often as may be required during life:—

"'Miscreatur tui,' &c. (May Almighty God have mercy on thee, forgive thee thy sins, and bring thee to life everlasting.) May our Lord Jesus Christ, by the merit of His Passion absolve thee, by whose authority and that of the Apostolic See, committed to me in these parts and to thee conceded, I absolve thee from all thy sins. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

"Form of Absolution and fullest remission, once in life and in the article of death.

"'Miscreatur tui,' &c. May our Lord Jesus Christ by the merits of His Passion absolve thee, and I, by His authority and that of the Apostolic See, committed to me for this purpose, and to thee conceded, absolve thee, first from every sentence of the greater or lesser excommunication, if thou hast incurred any, and in the next place from all thy sins, by conferring upon thee the fullest remission of all thy sins, and by remitting to thee also the pains of purgatory, so far as the keys of Holy Mother Church extend. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Mr. John T. Taylor, formerly of the British Museum, now secretary of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, has directed attention to a remarkable feature in this Indulgence—namely, the occurrence in it, among the exceptions of sins not admitting of pardon, such as "conspiracy against the person of the pontiff, murder of bishops or other superior prelates, laying violent hands on them or on other prelates, forgery of Apostolic letters, export of arms and other forbidden goods to heathen parts," the further grave offence of *the importation of alum from heathen to Christian parts*, contrary to the Apostolic prohibition, by which the faithful who wanted alum were required to use only that obtained from Tolfa, belonging to the pope. The revenue obtained by the pope from the sale of the Tolfa alum was considerable, and it was important that nothing should interfere with its sale, not even the sale of indulgences. Mr. Taylor in a contribution to D'Aubigné's History, which has been reprinted separately, gives a highly interesting account of the manner in which the alum of Tolfa was first discovered by one Giovanni di Castro, formerly resident in Constantinople, where he carried on dyeing works, until the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, when he lost his entire property. Returning to Rome, where he had a patron in Pope Pius II. (Piccolomini), who was his relative, he was by him appointed Commissary-General over all the revenues of the Apostolic Chamber, both within

and without the city. While filling this office he had the good fortune to find a mine of wealth for the Holy See, and something considerable for himself, by the discovery of alum stone in the mountains of Tolfa, situated at a short distance from Civita Vecchia. Previously to this discovery all the alum used in Europe had been imported from the East, and now that Constantinople was taken by the Turks the only supply that could be obtained was from the enemies of Christendom.

Beckmann, in his "History of Inventions," tells how Di Castro, having calcined the stone and completed his discovery, appeared before the Pontiff, and, addressing him, said:—"I announce to you a victory over the Turk. He draws yearly from the Christians above 300,000 pieces of gold paid to him for the alum with which we dye wool of different colours, because none is found here but a little at the island of Hiscla (Ischia), formerly called Aenaria, near Puteoli, and in the cave of Vulcan, at Lipari, which being formerly exhausted by the Romans, is now almost destitute of that substance. I have, however, found seven hills so abundant in it that they would be almost sufficient to supply seven worlds. If you will send for workmen and cause furnaces to be constructed and the stones to be calcined, you may furnish alum to all Europe, and that gain which the Turk used to acquire by this article, being thrown into your hands, will be to him a double loss. Wood and water are both plenty, and you have in the neighbourhood the port of Civita Vecchia, where vessels bound to the West may be loaded. You can now make war against the Turk. This mineral will supply you with the sinews of war—that is, money—and at the same time deprive the Turk of them." The Papal Court, which was at first slow to accept Di Castro's statements, caused ample experiments to be made, and the result was a mine of wealth to the Papal Exchequer. A statue was erected to Di Castro by Pius II. in reward of his services.

This inclusion of the sale of alum among the gravest offences not admitting of the absolution granted to common sins is but one other illustration of the extent to which corruption ruled in the Roman Church at the time when Luther summoned his countrymen to the work of reformation.

JOUR DES MORTS.

ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS DAYS.

THE first day of November is the festival of All Saints. Some of the saints have days of their own in the Calendar, but the number, not merely of those canonised by the Pope, but of confessors and martyrs not thus distinguished, is so great that it is impossible to keep an anniversary for each separately. One day is therefore observed for the commemoration of Saints generally. The Church of England at the Reformation retained this festival, and the purpose



FATHER'S GRAVE.

of the observance is sufficiently manifest in the Collect for the day: "O Almighty God, who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son Christ our Lord; Grant us grace so to follow thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

In the Roman Catholic Church the day following All Saints was appointed as a fast, and styled All Souls. It arose from the custom of praying for the dead, in the belief that the term of suffering after death, or the state of purgatory, could be shortened by the prayers and devotions of the living. The custom was not of older date than the ninth century, upon a fixed day, but the origin of services for the dead is more ancient, the pagans having been accustomed to sacrifice at the

tombs of the deceased, and to offer gifts to their manes or departed spirits.

From the superstitions and errors associated with this day, the service for it was not retained in the Reformed Churches, but in all Catholic lands the day is kept, even by those who do not associate it with any religious rites.

In France under the name of "Le Jour des Morts," the whole population join in commemoration of the departed. The day is set apart for this purpose. Business is suspended, and political or religious strife silenced for a season. Mourners go to strew flowers or hang chaplets on the tombs of the deceased. Even those who have no pious office to fulfil visit God's Acre on this day from custom or from curiosity. Everywhere, in town and country, the crowds of the living are found in the midst of the dead.

Any stranger who is in Paris on this day will see in its most striking aspect scenes which are witnessed in all Catholic countries, and which once were common in our own land. All the cemeteries are crowded, but the Cimetière de l'Est, or Père la Chaise, as it is more commonly called, is the great place of resort for all who have not special reason for going to other places of the dead. The visitors there throughout the day may be reckoned by hundreds of thousands. Along the Boulevards, and the long approach that used to be called Rue Voltaire, processions of carriages and conveyances of every description are moving, filled with persons in mourning, and carrying wreaths and other memorial tributes. Crowds of pedestrians are entering the gate, and the vast cemetery is a scene of animated movement. Those who have no relatives or friends to remember, spread themselves over the ground to inspect tombs of interest or celebrity. It is not altogether a time of sorrow or of seriousness; groups of curious idlers and thoughtless strollers, French as well as strangers, wander about with feelings little in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. The like incongruity has struck the visitor before entering the cemetery, on witnessing the keen business excitement of the seller of flowers, immortelles, heads and crosses, and other articles, which are commended with vociferous cries to buyers. Both outside and inside the Cemetery, order is kept by strong bodies of police, or the Garde Municipale. The chief point of attraction is the mortuary chapel, where candles burn before the altar, and where the whole space is crowded with devout mourners in prayer. Other visitors gather in groups round the tombs of illustrious Frenchmen; while here and there the words "Sacred to the memory," or a familiar text, will meet the eye of the English stranger, and point to the grave of a fellow countryman.

In England, so far as Protestants are concerned, the ceremonies of All Souls Day are now unknown. That the respect and affection for the departed has been diminished among us by the absence of a formal season for grief, none will venture to assert.

The custom of decking graves with flowers and wreaths has much increased of late years, and is a tribute that can be paid at any season and on other anniversaries than on one appointed by ecclesiastical authority.

In Wales there still lingers a festival of ancient times, known as Flowering Sunday. It is there kept in early summer, and is a day of gladness more than of gloom. The flowers and herbs are all beautiful and sweet-scented. The fading flowers symbolize the transiency of life, the evergreens denote continuance of regret and affection in the living, as well as express the joyful hope of life eternal. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and (amarantine) that fadeth not away."

Sabbath Thoughts.

INCREASE OF FAITH.

"The apostles said unto the Lord, 'Increase our faith.'"
—Luke xvii. 5.

LET us think what would be the result of this prayer were it to be more constantly used, and more abundantly answered. Then that faith, which is as a grain of mustard seed, would grow till it became a mighty tree, not in individuals only, but in the whole Church of Christ; and if this were to become the happy state of things, all those other graces which faith asks for and obtains, would also increase in proportion, to the glory of God and the highest good of men. Love to God would become the ruling motive of every action; cold doubt and distrust of His ways would be unknown; His dealings with men would no longer be stumbling-blocks, for His love and His wisdom would everywhere meet the eye of faith, and become the strong supports upon which the soul would lean though the earth's foundations should be shaken. The darkness of present afflictions would no longer perplex the mind, for in the light of increased faith, God's purpose would be seen everywhere to be a purpose of love, and sorrow would be viewed as a preparation of the soul for future joy.

Increase of faith would also lead to abundant increase of love to man, love to the brethren, love to all around, for the sake of Him who loved them and died for them. And such increase of love would not fail to produce active effort of every kind for the good of others, efforts no longer misguided or unsuccessful, for strong faith would constantly seek and find direction from God, and the prayer of faith would be continually receiving answers of blessing from above.

"Come unto me," says Jesus. His apostles believed His word, and went to Him, and when they prayed, "Increase our faith," He heard them, and granted their prayer, so that in His good time those men were enabled to lay the foundations of that Church of which Christ himself is the chief corner stone.

Ah! how would our difficulties disappear if we would do what they did, and pray as they prayed, and believe that Jesus is as near and as willing to help us; as ready to listen, as able to "increase our faith!"

Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE.

XVI.—THE VILLAGE CHURCH.



CONCEALED IN THE CHURCH.

IT was Saturday. The travelling circus had just been set up, to the great joy of the street boys, who being released from school this afternoon came to amuse themselves by watching the mysterious preparations for the exhibition that had been announced in the morning with the sound of the big drum accompanied by fifes and cymbals.

All the morning Madeleine had been seeking in vain for an opportunity of getting away; for she was being watched. She knew not what to do, when all at once she heard the angry voice of Judith, who was calling for some of the little boys, and she could not find them.

"Where are they gone then?" she muttered, "doubtless they are idling about with nothing to do, precisely at the moment when I need them. I cannot go away after them, and I must nevertheless have some milk."

In finishing this monologue, Judith's scrutinising glance fell upon Madeleine, who was sitting upon the trunk of an old broken tree.

"If that little plague were good for anything," she muttered between her teeth.

At this moment Madeleine got up and went towards her; with some hesitation she said: "Have you an errand that I could do?" her heart beating at the same time with hope and fear.

Judith looked at her with disdain.

"Could you go and fetch me a cup of milk?" she said at last, in a cross tone.

"I think I could," said Madeleine, and she took from the

old woman's hand a tin vessel, intended to hold the precious liquid.

"Step, take twopence, which I think will be enough, and make haste, for I am in a hurry to-day, for we must have supper at an early hour."

"Perhaps I should have done better not to let her go," said Judith to herself, looking at the little girl, who went away quickly. "My son advised me not to lose sight of her to-day; but pooh! after all she cannot get away from us. Nobody troubles about her."

Madeleine walked away hastily, followed by Sirrah. When she had turned the corner of the street, and was sure that the gipsy's piercing eyes could not follow her, she placed the tin in an angle of the wall, taking notice of the spot. She felt that it was a decisive moment for her; her heart beat violently—she looked anxiously at everybody who passed by her. It seemed to her that they could read her purpose in her face, and that they were going to inform against her. Where could she go? Where could she hide herself? She naked herself with anguish, as she walked along the high street, on either side of which were pleasant-looking houses, with well-cultivated gardens. She passed the inn which we have already mentioned; and a little higher up she saw a magnificent fountain. There were the laundresses gossiping together, all trying who could speak the fastest, and at such a shrill pitch that it was enough to drown the noise of the water. There were also neatly dressed housewives, with their sleeves tucked up and in white aprons, washing their vegetables for Sunday, or cleaning their kitchen utensils—these were all gathered together on the damp edge of this large pool.

Madeleine passed without being observed. A little further on she saw before her the little village church, partly hidden by its avenue of lime trees. The bell struck up a peal. It was the three-o'clock service, there was no doubt a baptism or a marriage. She went up the four or five granite steps which lead into the little enclosed grass plot in front of the church. The little forsaken one approached the wide-open door. "If I should go in here," she said to herself suddenly, "is it not the house of God? Seeing I have no other refuge, I will seek shelter here. Surely our heavenly Father will keep me. Master Gasparo will not come to search for me here. Besides, nobody sees me," she continued, casting around her a timid glance while she was entering under the porch. She was quite alone, and she went in cautiously. At the right hand of the door was a kind of recess, nearly dark, in which were piled up some extra benches, a pulpit for conferences, and other articles of the same nature; and at the end there was a staircase which led up to the bells. It was there the orphan sought shelter from curious eyes. She hid herself in a corner to which the old pulpit served as a screen. Sirrah did not much like the sound of the bells, and had a great mind to howl pitifully; but Madeleine held his nose in her little hands, and enjoined on him silence. Just at this moment the pastor in his black gown crossed the nave, followed by a young couple who were going to be married.

Madeleine, whose heart was still throbbing with emotion, could not pay much attention to the religious service—the pastor's clear and distinct words reached her ear, but she understood them not—all her soul was concentrated in the ardent desire that she might not be discovered. Would they go? or would they stay to search for her? who could tell? They might stop here, and if so perhaps they might catch her again. "Oh! God," she whispered, "have pity on me! keep me, and do not permit these wicked people to discover me in Thy house!"

Best assured, poor little one! the God to whom you cry has never forsaken those who seek refuge in His arms! Only have patience and faith.

Divine service being finished, Madeleine, still trembling,

saw the ringer pass within two steps of her, coming down the old worm-eaten staircase of the tower, little dreaming that anyone was hidden among the rubbish of all kinds which filled that dark corner.

First, he let the nuptial party out of the church, then the pasteur: he went out himself, and Madelaine heard the key grind in the lock. What relief she experienced! She was saved, although locked up for the time.

It was about four o'clock. The sun still penetrated into the sacred enclosure by a western window, and shed his golden beams on the green shutters and on the empty benches, also on the sculptures of the pretty newly-restored pulpit, of which the inhabitants of the village were not a little proud. Madelaine dared not quit her retreat, fearing so much that the ringer, or sacristan, might come into the church again. The clock in the tower struck five, then six, then seven successively, the little girl continuing always in the same place, holding the dog fast in her arms.

At last she began to feel dull and weary, the time appeared dreadfully long; moreover, the profound silence which reigned under the vaults, and the gradually approaching darkness oppressed Madelaine. She was not cowardly; but what child would not experience some kind of uneasiness if locked within so lonely a place where the least noise caused such a mysterious and prolonged sound?

As night came on, Madelaine found her courage beginning to fail. She began to ask herself how she could bear a whole night of imprisonment in those gloomy vaults. Also she began to be devoured by hunger, and to divert herself she was feeling in her pocket, and finished by discovering there a crust of bread, which she shared with Sirrah. It was indeed little, but it was all they had. Only in turning out her pocket to look for some more crumbs, Madelaine put her hand upon the treasure which had kept close since she had decided to run away. Yes, the grandfather's Book was there: and in pressing it closely to her heart, to assure herself she really possessed it, she felt the sweet sentiment of the presence of a Friend, who would preserve her from all evil; her fears vanished; and before long, the little orphan fell asleep in her heavenly Father's house.

She was abruptly aroused from her slumber by the repeated barking of Sirrah. The door was opened: and at the same moment, the ringer, with his lantern in his hand, stopped short, much astonished to hear a dog there at that hour of the night.

Madelaine, in her desire to impose silence on her favourite, sprang to the front, and in so doing struck a bench which stood against the wall, and it fell with a great noise on the floor.

The old ringer was scared, and uttered a sudden exclamation. "What in the world is here?" said he, in a voice that trembled notwithstanding his age and his experience.

Madelaine, not less frightened, remained quite still, holding fast Sirrah's nose in her little hands, while the dog continued a low growling. The ringer stood on the door-sill, scarcely knowing whether to advance or draw back before this hidden and mysterious enemy.

"I never trembled before in my life," he said to himself. "I am not going to play the simpleton at sixty. I must see what all this noise is about. No doubt it is some little dog that has strayed into the church."

After this monologue, which he muttered in a low voice, Louis Dagon held up his lantern, and went forward with caution in the direction from which the noise came. By the glimmering light of his large lantern he perceived the face of a child with large dark eyes, of which the suppliant and despairing look might recall that of a hind at bay;—and of the head of a dog whose expression was at the same time threatening and good natured. It was a group worthy of the pencil of an artist. The little girl kneeling and holding

fast Sirrah, who with one foot uplifted, his ears erect, his tail straight, and his nostrils dilated, appeared ready to spring at the least aggression: and for the frame of the picture, the old benches, the pulpit, and the nameless rubbish, and then the gloomy vault which formed the circle over their heads.

The sacristan remained a moment motionless with surprise, at length he said, "What are you doing here, little one? How did you get in?"

Madelaine trembled all over. "Oh! sir," said she, "pray for pity's sake do not drive me away! let me remain here, or truly those wicked people will take me again."

Sirrah being let free went and snelt over the sexton, who drew back, asking if the dog was fierce, and upon Madelaine's reply in the negative, he came near again, and began to question her minutely. The little girl willingly submitted; and if the rough voice of the beadle had at first intimidated her, the kind and frank expression of his countenance did not fail to restore her confidence.

"Then," he said, "you are all alone in the world, without relations, and without friends?"

"Not any, sir, except Sirrah!" she said, casting on the dog an affectionate look, while the creature having examined the ringer attentively, and being apparently satisfied with what he had discovered, seated himself in front of the two speakers, contemplating them, and wagging his tail.

"Yes, you appear to be a good creature," said the old man stooping to caress him, "but you are not sufficient you see, although," added he in a thoughtful manner, "men are more like brutes than such animals as you. Ah, it is so—but I am forgetting myself," he said suddenly. "It is a good long while past ten by my watch, and my bell has not rung!—Quick!—I must climb up there, little girl, and when I come down again, we will consider what can be done for you."

The reflections of the good sacristan while going up the wooden staircase were not altogether *cœur de rose*.

"Ah well," he muttered between his teeth, "this was not needed. Here is another who is going to be a burden to the commune. There is already no lack of children here. These brats swarm everywhere. Where can this little one be placed? What will Suzette say?"

Upon this very perplexing conclusion, the good man began to pull the bell-rope. We will not say that the vibrating tones which suddenly broke the nocturnal silence were as regular as usual.

After having finished his daily task, he came down again without hurrying himself. He reached the bottom of the staircase, and stood still before Madelaine, who had been waiting for him, with a mixture of apprehension and hope.

"What must be done for you, little girl?" he said with hesitation, rather as if speaking to himself.

"Can you not leave me here until to-morrow morning?" Madelaine said, in an imploring manner.

"Leave you here? Shall you not be afraid?"

"Oh! no! I am much more afraid of being taken by those people," said Madelaine, shivering. "I do not wish to leave the church until they are gone away."

John Louis remained thoughtful a moment.

"You are perhaps right," he said. "Stay quietly in this corner; I shall come at three o'clock to ring the bell; but you need not disturb yourself. To-morrow I will go and take a turn down there, and when I see those folks have filed off I will let you know. Therefore you need not worry yourself, my little one, and go to sleep if you can."

And with a friendly nod, the ringer disappeared.

Madelaine heaved a sigh of relief, for she did not now feel so forsaken; and presently she fell into a deep slumber.

As to Louis Dagon, his lot was not so fortunate. On leaving the church he directed his steps, lantern in

hand, towards a low, narrow, but neat and agreeable looking house, which was opposite the large gate; a small garden surrounded it, and a humble shop occupied the front. At this hour it was closed, at least to all appearance, but the old man opened with effort one part of the folding door, which creaked on its hinges, then he went in, and all again was silence.

A little light still shone in one of the windows, and if some listener had been present, he would have heard the distinct accent of two animated voices, which continued talking far into the night. Let us go in, gentle reader, and make a further acquaintance with the inhabitants of this humble dwelling.

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XXXV.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "Like as a father pitith his children, so the Lord pitith them that fear Him." Psa. ciii. 13. Read Matt. xv. 29 to Matt. xvi., and 12. After our Lord's visit to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, *where did He go next?* In Galilee we find Him again, as formerly, in the midst of a great crowd of suffering and afflicted people, "lame, blind, dumb, maimed," sick and ill, but "None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace." For "like as a father pitith his children," so the Lord pitied them, and so even to this day He beholds from heaven, and He pities them that fear Him. And it was to make us know and believe the pitying love of our Father in heaven that Jesus came to earth.

The Lord not only had compassion on the sufferings of men, He had compassion also on their need of food. *How long had these people continued with Him? Why would He not send them away fasting?*

One would have thought His disciples would have remembered at once how He had fed the five thousand seated on the green grass in the neighbourhood of Bethsaida. Mark vi. 39, &c. But they were just like their fathers in the desert of old in Moses' time. "They soon forgot his works," Psa. cxi. 13. *What did they ask? Hail they any bread with them?* If they had had more faith they would not have minded having little bread, for they would have trusted Jesus to make it sufficient as He had done before. This miracle is very like the one we read about before, but the numbers are different. *How many loaves were there on this occasion? And how many formerly?* Matt. xiv. 17. *And how many were fed at this time as compared with those fed before?* It was all the same, to Him who fed them, what the numbers were, or how much or how little bread the disciples had with them. His power was the mighty power of God, who feeds us all every day of our lives! Psa. cxlv. 15 and 16; Psa. civ. 27.

Where did the Lord go when He had sent the multitude away? Read Mark viii. 10. Here we see that He went by water, and the "parts of Dalmanutha" means the district in which the town of Magdala lay on the west of the lake of Galilee. Magdala was the town of Mary Magdalene, as is shown by her name being taken from it. Here the Pharisees and Sadducees came and tempted him; these people were enemies to each other, but they were still more enemies to Jesus. The proud Pharisees despised Him: the unbelieving Sadducees scorned Him; *what did they ask? Would the Lord grant them a sign?* He had given a great many signs already, but they could not, or rather would not discern these signs. They did not care that people should be healed and fed and taught, though these were real signs to all who were willing to see the hand of God.

Jesus left them and crossed over the lake again. *What was it that now troubled the disciples?* Jesus warned them to beware of something—*what was it?* The disciples did not know what He really meant, *what did they think it was?* Mark how Jesus reproved them for their want of faith. Surely after all they had seen they might have trusted Him to supply their wants. It was not concerning bread that He spoke, *do you know what it was?* It was of the *doctrine* of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees, the bad teaching that like the leaven of bread affects all that it is mixed with. Ah, let us too "take heed and beware of this! Let us ask God to keep us from the pride and the hypocrisy of the Pharisees (Luke xii. 1), so natural to our sinful hearts. And also let us watch against the unbelief and godless carelessness of the Sadducees, equally hateful in the sight of God.

Sing,—“Rock of Ages cleft for me.”

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXI.

1. The surname of the doubting disciple.
2. The surname of the betrayer.
3. The third of the women who came with spices to anoint the body of the Lord.
4. The husband of one of the women who stood by the cross of Jesus.
5. That which our Lord called Nathanael.
6. A learned profession followed by one of the four Evangelists.
7. The name of the disciple whose surname was Thaddeus.
8. The village to which our Lord went with two of His disciples the day when He rose from the dead.

The initials of these words give a body of men accused by the Pharisees of breaking the Sabbath, of eating bread with unwashed hands, of not fasting, and lastly, of stealing away the body of their Master from the sepulchre.

M. A. S. M.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVIII.—P. 560.—SWORDS.—SPEARS.—Isa. ii. 4.

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------------|
| 1. S-tone-s | Jer. xlivi. 9. |
| 2. W-in-eu-p | Jer. xxv. 15. |
| 3. O-ur inheritan-e | Lam. v. 2. |
| 4. R-ed Se-a | Jer. xlxi. 21. |
| 5. D-evou-r | Jer. xlvi. 14. |
| 6. S-smith-s | Jer. xxix. 2. |

ANSWER TO ALPHABETICAL EXERCISES.

NO. III.—P. 608.

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------|
| 1. C-ai-n | Gen. iv. 1. |
| 2. C-anaa-n | Gen. xii. 5-7. |
| 3. C-hristia-n | Acts xi. 26. |
| 4. C-row-n | Psa. xxi. 3. |
| 5. C-aptai-n | 1 Sam. x. 1. |
| 6. C-ongregatio-n | Ex. xvi. 2. |
| 7. C-horazi-n | Matt. xi. 21. |
| 8. C-yrenia-n | Mark xv. 21. |
| 9. C-haldea-n | Ezra v. 12. |
| 10. C-edro-n | John xviii. 1. |

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHTE! . . .
THE WRECK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



A LANDSLIP.

THE FISHER VILLAGE.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE NORTH SEA FISHING.

JOB ROUNCE did resolve, as his household supposed, to be out of the way of Breeso. He went to Yarmouth, and got work on board a smack belonging to one of the North Sea Fishing Fleets, and was not long before he found himself one of the eleven thousand fishers employed in the

vicinity of the dangerous Dogger Bank and other parts of the North Sea. He knew that he should be away from Pebbleton eight weeks at least, and he believed that Philia would be more likely to do what was expected of her during his absence than while he was near her. He was, besides, driven in some, to him, unaccountable manner, to let things take their course. If he was to be ruined, ruined he would be; and if he was to be drowned, drowned he would be. He only hoped that somehow or other "The Laver" that haunted him

would save him. He had frequently toiled in the North Sea by day and by night, and knew that men were drowned every week. He might be one of them. Who would care if he was?

The life he and his mates led was dangerous and rough indeed. To secure the supply of fish needed for the London market alone, their trawl nets were "shot" in darkness and in light, and they must be ever on the watch. For eight weary weeks he would have to brave cold and tempest, either on deck or in a small dark cabin; and before his spell of work was done, dreaded winter would have well set in. Hitherto his relaxation had been to watch for the floating dram-shops called "copers" that Dutch or German speculators kept going amongst the fleets, and which contained fiery spirits, bad tobacco and cigars, and other inferior articles; but now, that prayer of Mr. Repton's, poured out for him, stayed the poisonous liquor as he raised it to his lips. He thought of one and another of his comrades whom he had seen leap overboard in their drunken fury, and then "The Ladder" would present itself to his imagination, and he would mutter "too heavy—too mad to get on the lowest rung." What if he should be one of the next to be added to "The Cemetery," as they grimly called the Dogger Bank? If he was, he was mainly certain that no angel would come to rescue his soul from perdition, and help it heavenwards. His mind was in so excited and miserable a state that he felt as if he could have put an end to life, but for this awful uncertainty. He had been wretched enough before from the effects of drink, but then he had drowned his misery in repeated potations; but this was a different sort of despair.

His mates rallied him, but with them he was moody and unlike himself. Fishermen, like all sailors, have much kindness of nature; and he, in spite of apparent roughness and even cruelty, was not all bad at bottom. Without the drink, he was even tenderhearted, as his reception of his widowed sister and orphan niece had proved; and he thought of them in this his strange mood. At night, when on the watch, he was sure he saw Philis, more than once, entreating him not to force her to marry against her will; and this vision recalled Breese and his debts to him, which tempted him to "jump overboard and a' done wi'it" as he said to himself. But "God in mercy" restrained him. By day the unloading of the smack, or "boxing" as it is called, gave a turn to his ideas, although he knew that in this part of his service he might some day be drowned. Men and boys too often neglect the most ordinary precautions, and will not even use the life-belts when provided for them. It is often a perilous task for the boats, laden with the boxes of fish taken during the night, to board the steamers awaiting them to convey what the fisherwife in the song calls "souls o' men" to the London market, not that "caller herrin'" was the cargo which Job helped to ship: but cod, solo, turbot and the like, which your London epicure loves. He knew that for the "herrin'" he might have stopped at home, and in forty-eight hours have secured his load. Every day steamers ply amongst the fleets, not like the "copers" to sell, but to collect the fish; and every day, be it smooth or rough, fish, good, bad

or indifferent according to the hauls, are stowed into them for this England of ours.

Job knew all the hazards of the deep-sea trawling and the subsequent "Boxing" by heart; but never until this, his latest venture, had he fully realized how near eternity might be. A horrible dread had overwhelmed him, the dread of death, and what should come to him after death. He could no more shake it off than he could his dreams, as he tried to fancy the "visions of his head" to be. Strange that he should think of old Murrell and Ted, just as he was hauling in a huge trawl net full of deep-sea wonders, and nearly falling overboard in the act. If he could see old Murrell he might get some rest. But where was he? As well to look for some particular fish in the net, as for Murrell amongst the hundreds of smacks. Ted was better off than either he or his father, being in the "Good Hope," which was, at least, a decent merchantman; but it was useless to think of him, for he might be far away. The old man, however, must be within reach, if he could only get at him. This new idea took possession of him. He must see him before he (Murrell) left the North Sea, which would be a few weeks before he did himself.

A thought struck him. Old Murrell would be sure to be preaching or praying on board some smack or other on Sunday. He remembered that was ever his custom, and that many a drinking, godless fisherman like himself had been caught in what Murrell was wont to call "The Gospel Net," and hauled safely into a respectable and religious line of life. But there was now a mission smack somewhere, and Murrell might go aboard her for Sunday service. He had only to look about him to see many boats making for one point. He was soon following in their wake, and reached a smack surrounded by boats, that were discharging their cargoes of fishermen into her with much difficulty and some danger. It proved to be the mission ship, flying a huge twenty feet flag, instead of the old Bethel. He clambered up her side with the rest, and sure enough, there was Old Murrell on deck. He had never before been glad to see him.*

"Rounce! Is that you?" exclaimed Murrell, astonished.

"That's me!" replied Rounce, abashed.

They grasped hands, and no more was said; but they went into the hold where Murrell and others were to have a prayer meeting, and where fish-boxes were arranged as "table and chairs." The hold was soon crowded with fishermen, many of whom were God-fearing men; others, like Rounce, godless; but they had all come for various reasons, to the Sunday service on the mission smack.

At first, Job felt sadly out of place, but old Murrell, with a sort of intuition, managed to get next him. The congregation consisted of men from many ports, and he was the only one Rounce

* See the "Sunday at Home," 1883, p. 199, for some account of the "Fishermen of the North Sea," and the work of the "Thames Church Mission" (31, New Bridge Street, E.C.) among them. There are now three mission ships, and a fourth is being built. The best results are beginning to appear from this effort.

recognised. "They are a rough lot, the best of 'em," he thought to himself as he surveyed his mates, all in their fishing gear, and none in their "Sunday best." But most of them were in earnest about their souls, and this seemed to alter their faces, he thought, from rough to smooth.

"They'll be safe on the Ladder; I wish I was," he mused, when old Murrell gave out a hymn, and a volume of praise surmounted the roaring of the billows. Job did not join in it, but he listened, and somehow the words soothed him. The hymn was succeeded by a prayer, and this by more hymns and prayers, offered by one and another of the small congregation, from the overflowings of hearts brimfull of thanksgiving for the mercies of the Lord to those "who go down into the sea in ships." Job knelt and stood with the rest, as if in a kind of dream. He had never before realized what the words *praise* and *prayer* meant; indeed so hearty and vigorous were both thanksgiving, entreaties and responses, that to understand, it was necessary to hear. "Praise the Lord" and "Amen" were on all lips, and followed such sentences as touched the hearts of those who listened.

Solemn, truly, was that simple service on the vast deep. One after another such fishermen as felt they had some special grace to ask for, offered aloud their supplications, and Job Rounce marvelled that "unlearned and ignorant men," like himself, found words to address the Most High. He was, indeed, more in a dream than ever; but some words of old Murrell's, "What shall I do to be saved?" rang through his mind, and caused him to ask himself that all-important question.

After the service was over, he lingered about until Murrell joined him, but he had no words at command. They went on deck to watch the boats come to take off the congregation, and as the sea was rough this was a long process. Their own boats did not arrive, so Murrell asked Rounce if he would go below again for a talk.

"Your mind is troubled; you want a friend, mate," said Murrell.

This loosed Job's suppressed feelings, and in a few words he told of the vicar, and his words about the Ladder. "Praise the Lord!" exclaimed old Murrell. "Let us pray."

This was just what Mr. Repton had said. But this time Job's heart was softened, and he knelt down with his fellow fisherman, and in a few seconds found himself repeating the words he uttered with all the fervour of one who has suddenly realized his lost condition. He understood Murrell's homely speech better, perhaps, than he had the vicar's more cultivated dialect, albeit each prayed for him and for his conversion from "darkness to light, and the power of Satan to God."

The frame of the strong man was convulsed, for he was under deep conviction of sin; and his whole soul was stirred within him. Old Murrell understood, and when they rose from their knees, laid his rough hands on the shoulder of his mate, and said, "God bless thee, lad, and make His way plain before thy face." "Amen," ejaculated Job Rounce, and they went upon deck. Thence

each descended, with difficulty, into his boat, tossing about below, and they were all soon separated by wild North Sea billows.

As winter approached these billows became more tremendous, and the deep-sea fishing ever more and more dangerous. But Job Rounce and his mates fished on with more or less success. It has been truly said, "That of all the several forms of seafaring life there is absolutely none comparable in severity, exposure, hardship and stern peril to that of the smacksman," and Job was obliged to brave "blackness and darkness and tempest," to live in a black hole of a cabin when not on deck, and to experience meanwhile the throes of an awakened conscience.

One night in winter, when frost chilled the veins even of the hardy fishermen, a horrible tempest set in. Hail and rain and wind raged with the raging waves, and the hundreds of craft, large and small, that tossed about in the North Sea were all in danger of being engulfed in the awful vortex of tumultuous, seething billows.

The fisher smacks ride the waves better than many a more stately ship, but the danger now seemed imminent. Job Rounce's smack was near the Dogger Bank. Of what use the feeble light in that utter darkness? Of what avail the handful of men and the weak rudder against the angry storm. One boat after another went down or was literally smashed up in the horrible tumult of the elements. Alas! for the widows and orphans at home. And again, alas! for the souls of men. It was now Rounce called to the Lord in his distress, and made a vow that if he were spared, he would turn both his house and boat into a "Bethel," and himself into a servant of God. Strange that there, in the blackness, there amid the shrieks of his mates, there in the tossing of the giant waves, stood "The Ladder." Was it, as Murrell had said to him, a call, or was it a vision of his excited brain? He knew not, he only knew that his hour was come, and he called aloud upon his God and Saviour.

He could not tell whether his smack was to be swallowed up or run down by a larger vessel that was near her. Such was the elemental war that ships and sailors were alike powerless.

"Maybe Philis is praying for me," he suddenly thought. "I believe she loves me at heart. And maybe she has married to save me, while I am about to die. And Ted and she will be miserable, and it will be my fault."

And with this thought came a vision of Pebbleton, his sister, Philis, Ted and the Breeses.

CHAPTER XIV.—A LANDSLIP.

Job Rounce was not far wrong in his calculations. Although Philis had not actually married Thomas Breese, she was on the eve of making up her mind to do so, for he would wait no longer. He had called on Mrs. Primrose and told her that he intended to distrain for rent, and that, if Philis did not resolve to marry him, Rounce would be sent to jail as soon as he returned. And this was the situation of affairs the night of the storm. The said tempest was raging also on the Norfolk coast, and the hearts of the women quailed for fear.

On the beach, about a couple of miles from Pebbleton, a boat was driven ashore with its little crew of three fishermen. The first rays of the winter sun disclosed the trio to be old Murrell, Harmer and his son. Murrell had been home from the North Sea about a month, and had been trawling on the coast. Now his trawl net was lost, but his boat and life were saved. He and his companions thanked God for their deliverance. The storm had lulled, and the morning promised fair. They hauled up the boat to a safe place beneath the cliffs, and proceeded to walk homewards by the beach, so as to allay the fears of their friends. As they walked over the rough shingle, Murrell discoursed of the mercies of Almighty God.

They were suddenly brought to a standstill by a tremendous landslip. Cliffs and beach were blocked by a huge mass of earth and other débris.

"Overlook!" exclaimed old Murrell, aghast. The trio glanced up to the cliffs, and there, where the farm had stood, appeared only a heap of ruins. As far as they could see, walls remained, but how much of the house had mingled with the earth of which this great landslip was composed, none could tell. And what of the inmates of the farm?

"Overlook! Farmer Breese! young Breese!" was all the three fishers could say for a few seconds.

"The house could not even be seen from here, and now the cliff-path, the field, the garden, are gone, and there are the walls," exclaimed Murrell at last.

"They've been warned many's the time; but what can we do for 'em?" said Harmer. "Mayhap they're buried with their fields."

"The Lord forbid!" cried Murrell. "Theo hast the youngest legs, Joe. Run up the cliff-path and give the alarm. We'll follow; for I perceive part of the path's gone, and thy father and I'll have hard work to scramble up. We can't go further this way. I've seen many a slip in my time, but none like this."

"Suppose they should be buried here," cried Harmer, trembling from head to foot.

"Our four arms can do nothing to dig 'em out; no, not if all the folk of Overlook was underneath," returned Murrell. "We must get up the cliff somehow, though 'tis dangerous work, and we may have escaped the sea to be swallowed up ashore. But the Lord will provide."

Joe Harmer, a youth of seventeen, sprang up the cliff-path which was on the outskirt of the landslip, and the others followed. Harmer called to his son to be careful, but only just in time, for the lad was about to mount the slippery earth, when part of it fell, nearly precipitating him with it down the cliffs.

"Bear to the left," shouted old Murrell, and the youth clambered over slippery rock and through brushwood till he planted his feet safely on a portion of the land above the cliffs that appeared firm.

His father followed less easily, but he, also, succeeded in reaching the summit. Murrell, whose age rendered him less agile, was often in danger of slipping, when there was no longer a path, and he was some time before he was on

firm ground. He was, however, safe at last: but even as he set foot on a portion of one of Farmer Breese's fields, the earth seemed to crumble beneath his feet. He hurried towards what had been Overlook, but was now a heap of ruins, and there, shivering beneath the raw winter sky, he saw a group of frightened people. Harmer and his son were flying in the direction of the village to bring help, and he, therefore, remained. The words "Thomas! Thomas! my son! my son," greeted him, and therewith Mr. Breese staggered towards him.

Murrell soon learnt that the inhabitants of Overlook had been aroused in the dark, it might have been a couple of hours before, by a great noise, as of an earthquake. They had all got up, when they felt the house shake, and hastened out of it, in terror and confusion. They scarcely knew where they were, or whither to flee for safety. There was no light, and the storm had scarcely abated, though it was lulling. Mr. Breese, the maid-servants, and such of the farm men as slept in or near the house, were safe, and all had certainly heard the voice of Thomas; but when, at last, day dawned, he was not with the rest. The scene was terrible. A large portion of Farmer Breese's land was gone for ever, and therewith his good dwelling house. Some of the farm-buildings were still standing, and all the live-stock was safe, only Thomas was missing, and his poor father was desperate.

"I could put up with ruin, though that's bad enough; but not with the loss of my son," he said to Murrell. "Pray to the Lord, and let us search," was the reply. "Here's the sun at last."

Breese uplifted his hands at the desolation before him, but Murrell set to work to discover Thomas. So, after a while, did the servants, only they were in such a wretched, half-clad state, that they had heart for nothing. Not that a landslip on the Norfolk coast was a new idea to them. They knew that the sea had made dreadful havoc with the land, from time to time, at Cromer and elsewhere; and even that at Pebbleton the sea-wall was raised to preserve the place; but they had never realised that Overlook, which was distant nearly half an acre of ground from the cliffs, could be undermined by high tides, and encroached upon by the envious ocean.

Murrell went here and there, followed by the distracted father. He examined the ruin, looked down the tremendous gap in the land, and made every possible effort to discover what had become of Thomas Breese. While he was still so occupied, half the inhabitants of Pebbleton arrived bringing tools and garments and every available aid: but the one object was to find the lost son. It was Murrell who, at last, succeeded. Going near the edge of the cliff, he heard a groan. Telling Breese to stand back, he laid flat down and looked below, shouting as he did so. He saw the object of his search lying on some of the débris beneath the overhanging cliff. Young Breese also saw him, and cried to him for help. He drew himself safely back, and restraining the anxious father, told them all that he was alive.

It was no easy task to get to him, but the Pebbleton fishermen, many of whom had only just come home, were hardy and venturesome, so, by

means of ropes, and hazardous climbing, Thomas was reached. He was in mortal agony, and said he had broken every limb of his body. To judge from his groans and screams, when they affixed ropes to his arms and essayed to draw him up, he might have done so. But thanks to the tender mercies of those who had no reason to love him he was saved. The danger to all concerned had been imminent. Mr. Repton and every available member of his household arrived just as he lay, half-unconscious, on the ground.

"Take him to the vicarage," said Mr. Repton.

"I'll go to Rounce's cottage, 'tis mine, and there's room," muttered Thomas.

Pebbleton was almost as near the farm as the vicarage, so they took one of the doors of the barn, happily saved, off its hinges, and laid him thereon. He had evidently broken some limb or limbs, for he swooned from pain. Mr. Repton had brought restoratives with him, which revived him, and they bore him to the main road, and thence to Pebbleton.

Mrs. Primrose, and such other women as had remained in the village after the arrival of Joe Harmer, were anxiously awaiting news. They were all in the street. Philis was also there; for the family at the Park and Lodge had heard of what had befallen Overlook, and Mrs. Mordon had sent her to make inquiries.

The general consternation may be imagined, when the procession accompanying Thomas Breese appeared. Philis was the first to reach it, and when she saw her would-be husband extended as if dead, she shrieked with terror. But he opened his eyes upon her and recognized her, muttering, "Come along," or some such words. She ran to Murrell's door, which was nearest, and at which stood Patience and Kees, and, entering the house, staggered to the good wife's bedside. She had scarcely time to explain, when Patience cried out, "They are taking him to your house, Philis. It cannot be your uncle."

"No, no," returned Philis. "What will mother do? I must go to her, come what may."

She hurried off, heedless of the cries of Kees, and found Mrs. Primrose in the utmost distress. The bearers of Breese told her what he had said, and there was no time to lose; but she had lost her wits. Philis, on the contrary, had recovered hers, and hastily prepared her uncle's room, which was always kept neat, and they placed the maimed man on the bedstead, door and all. Mr. Repton arrived almost immediately, and took the management of matters until the doctor came, for whom he had sent. The events passed so rapidly, that everybody was breathless with haste and terror.

People were used to the capsizing of the boats of the fishermen and the drowning of the crews, but not to the fall of such a substantial farm as Overlook; so it is no wonder that scarcely an inmate remained within doors in and about Pebbleton. Men, women and children were either at the ruined farm helping to dig among the débris for property, or surrounding Rounce's cottage, inquiring after Thomas Breese. When the doctor came he found that the latter had broken his leg and injured, if not broken, some of his ribs. Who would nurse him? Mrs. Primrose

said she would do her best, and Philis promised to aid her as soon as Mam'selle Céleste returned, which was expected to be the following morning. But Thomas asked for Philis, and the doctor said she must, at all hazards, remain near him. Mr. Repton undertook to make the matter clear to Mrs. Mordon, and Philis, much against her inclination, remained. What was she to do with this man, who was on the eve of ruining her happiness and the comfort of all belonging to her? "Return good for evil," whispered Conscience, and "leave the rest in God's hands." She determined to do so, and sent a message to Miss Emily, who was in the village before it reached her.

Meanwhile old Murrell remained with Mr. Breese, who, in spite of his son's condition, could not be got away from the wreck of his house. He was to go to the vicarage as soon as possible, until definite arrangements could be made.

"It is of the Lord's mercy that all your lives are spared, sir," said old Murrell.

"Stay here and superintend while I go and see after Thomas," replied Mr. Breese.

Although he called the Murrells "canting hypocrites," he knew they were honest, and trusted them when he misdoubted others. Murrell said, "Just look in upon my missus, please sir, and tell her I'm all right."

Mrs. Murrell had been praying all through that terrific night, and Patience had stayed with her while Kees slumbered upstairs. Her husband and son had been battling with the storm somewhere, she knew; and in the confusion and terror, no one had thought of telling her that Murrell was safe and had been one of those who had first been made aware of the landslip, for Joe Harmer had spread the news and returned with the rest to Overlook. This much she knew, that her husband's boat had not come in with the others.

She was sitting up in bed, patiently knitting a jersey, Kees squatted near her, pouring forth a wonderful jargon of English and Dutch, and Patience busied with the housework, when Mr. Breese poked his head in at the door.

"Murrell is safe at Overlook," was all he said.

"Thank the Lord," cried the woman, and "Dank do Lor!" echoed Kees, who had caught up this oft-repeated sentence.

Breese went on to Rounce's cottage. He found his son in the doctor's hands, and was not allowed to go to him. Mrs. Primrose was with the patient; Philis and Miss Emily were below, and other women at the door.

"The doctor says there is no immediate danger, sir," said Philis. "We will do all we can for Mr. Thomas."

"And every necessary comfort shall be sent from the Park. My uncle bade me say so," said Miss Emily. "He is ill, or would have been here himself. He sent all the men to Overlook as soon as we had the sad news. But we are so thankful no lives were lost."

"We shall be ruined out and out," returned Breese, sitting down in Rounce's chair by the fire.

"Mamma will do very well without you, Philis. I will go home and tell her you are

most wanted here," said Miss Emily, rising and going towards Breese.

She shook hands with him, and assured him again that whatever the doctor ordered should be sent from the Park or Lodge. He was never a man of many words, and now he seemed to have none at command.

"Let me make you a cup of tea, sir," said Philis. "Why you've had no breakfast," and with cheerful alacrity she soon set before him all that the house afforded.

"You're the young woman Thomas has set his heart upon," said Breese, when the door was shut upon Miss Emily, and they were alone. "He might go further and fare worse."

FLIES IN THE OINTMENT.

THE wise preacher's allusion to the offensiveness of dead flies in the ointment of the apothecary, while suggesting the frequent minuteness of the causes by which good things are marred, reminds us also of the injustice and injury which follow from taking too much account of these dead flies, the accidental faults which spoil what is otherwise excellent.

In many ways this tendency affects the opinions we form of men and things.

"A little folly," we are told, may prove disastrous "to him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour." When the wise man trips, the little folly will in the judgment of some people counterbalance all his past wisdom. But while in some cases such reasoning holds true, as for example in the work of an engineer who finds that the strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link, a different test is required for human character and action. It has been remarked that as mountains are measured by the altitude of their highest part, so the true view of men and things is that which acknowledges whatever is best in them. Obvious as this may seem, the opposite mode of judgment often prevails: the easier method which refuses to distinguish between what is essential and the merely accidental; which, complacently picking out the dead fly, presents it as affording a sample of the ointment which it has spoilt. Such work supplies a refreshing exercise to those cynical persons who seem to make it their mission to prove that nothing is so bright and true as it at first appears. This task indeed seems easy. If a great man is to maintain his reputation in the face of these critics, it must be not merely in the way the champion swimmer or wrestler holds his belt, by meeting the challenge of rivals. He is liable to detraction from those who, while unable to equal his performance, judge him by what he fails to do instead of by what he does. They measure his possible attainments by his accidental short-comings, as if a man could do no better than his worst. Persons of this habit of thought will judge of a preacher by his worst sermon. They will estimate a poet's mature genius by some feeble line which long ago the poet himself may have "wished to blot." But

to be consistent these men should refuse to acknowledge any brightness in the sun beyond what belongs to the darkest spots upon its surface.

This mode of judgment when applied to religious inquiry occasions frequent trouble and error. A large class of objections against the Christian revelation arise, it seems to us, from the like neglect of obvious distinctions. Thus from the imperfect morality of many so-called Christians, it is inferred that Christianity itself is deficient in its moral standard. From the frequent illiberality of sentiment among professed exponents of Christian doctrine it is similarly inferred that the spirit of Christ's teaching is illiberal and narrow. What does this amount to but a failure to distinguish between two things essentially different, the unsavouriness caused by the "dead flies" in the ointment, and the quality of the ointment apart from their intrusion?

When brought to bear on things in general, this perverse tendency will find sources of complaint and discomfort everywhere. To scent out the dead flies cannot be an agreeable occupation. Just as vulgarity may the more show itself under the garb of the genteel, so fastidiousness becomes disagreeably suggestive by giving undue prominence to those unpleasant things from which it shrinks. We cannot go comfortably through life without patiently taking for granted that into every pot of ointment some fly may now and then intrude. And the flies often seem to pop in where they are most objectionable. A writer finds his very finest sentence spoilt by an error of the printer. It is just as the public speaker is entering on what he considers his most impressive passage that a child in the audience begins to cry or somebody is taken with a fit of coughing.

By this habit of paying too much heed to the inevitable "dead flies," another and more serious mischief is produced. Not only does it interfere with general comfort, and make us unfair in our judgment of persons and things around us, but, as we apply it to ourselves, it may endanger the freedom and courage of our action. Some people, indeed, can discern neither by scent nor sight the very largest blue-bottle fly that inters itself in their own pot of ointment. It is a question for the practical philosopher how far they are to be congratulated on this blindness to their own defects. But with others a consciousness of the necessary imperfection of what they do may cause a paralysis of all useful effort.

This habit of undue self-criticism no doubt increases as culture renders the mind more sensitive. None can work nobly without a noble ideal. But the very exaltation of our ideals may be depressing in effect, by making us too conscious of our actual inferiority and feebleness. The worker finding that his work can never be perfect, is tempted in sheer disgust to throw away his tools. As he takes a final survey of that Christian piece of workmanship, some little demon of a formerly unseen mistake bursts out from its hiding-place and overwhelms him with mockery at the unexpected failure. The hardest toiler for the good of his kind is apt to be disheartened by the reflection that his achievement serves only to

infuse one drop of sweetness into an ocean of bitterness which he cannot change. If he binds up the wounds of one traveller on the way, yet how many lie with their wounds untended!

If, however, we delay until our work shall promise an absolute perfection, we must end in doing nothing. It will only be repeating the folly of him who waited on the river bank until the stream should flow by. Not one moment are we to be indolently reconciled to this ever-haunting imperfection of our life-work; but the work itself must be patiently surveyed in its true character. Nothing is gained by pretending there are no flies in the ointment.

The hunted ostrich of the traveller's tale does not make good its escape by burying its head under the sand. No real reformation or advance of any kind can be based on the weak expedient of ignoring the disagreeable. If there be no acknowledgment, first of all, that the evil exists, how can it be removed?

But the caution required is this, and simple

as it may be, this is one of life's most needful counsels. *Do not imagine the "dead flies" to be larger or more numerous than is actually the case.* There needs to be a clear full gaze into the face of things as they are, before we can transform them into what they ought to be. The "ointment," the real good in the world, is far too precious to be lost on account of many "dead flies."

It is a thousand pities when persons who otherwise might do effectual work in making the world a better place to live in, are restrained either by an over-sensitiveness, which cannot provisionally accept anything short of the perfect, or by a nervous dread which overrates difficulties. "A great deal of talent," said Sydney Smith, speaking perhaps more wisely than sometimes, "is lost to the world for want of a very little courage." A real strength and effectiveness will be ours in life only in proportion as we honestly and fearlessly meet its facts.

F. M.

MISSIONARY VOYAGES OF AN "EVANGELIST" CANOE, ON THE LAKES AND RIVERS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

II.—MYALL LAKES AND PORT STEPHENS.

THE Myall Lakes are a series of lakes communicating with the sea by the Myall River and Port Stephens. Narani and Bungwall are small townships on the north-eastern shores of the great Myall Lake.

These little communities owe their existence to the timber trade. Narani is the establishment of a Sydney firm; the thirteen families living there reside in weatherboard cottages, which are the property of the firm, and the sawmill employs about thirty hands, not including those who reside in the Bush, and who are engaged in cutting and drawing logs. On both occasions when visiting this district I was received with very great kindness by the manager of the mill, and his hospitable wife, and made their house my home.

The mill is a large structure, built close to the shores of the lake; it is roofed with galvanised iron, and has two stories. On the ground floor are placed the engine-room, and the wheels and bands that work the machinery above. An inclined way of solid timber leads up to the second floor, and the logs having been brought close to the mill by the tramway, or landed from punts, are dragged by steam up this inclined plane right to the saw bench; three vertical saws then cut the log into fine pieces; these are passed across to a circular saw and cut into planks, etc.; the sawn pieces then slide down a greased trough to the wharf, the ends are cut square, and the timber stacked ready for the steam punt.

The steam punt has an engine and paddle wheel at the stern, the timber being placed across the forepart of the deck, brings the vessel to an

even keel. The journey of forty-five miles to Port Stephens is done in from eight to ten hours.

I was glad to find that not only was there a public school at Narani, but a sabbath school. The silence at the mill, this little sabbath school, and the holiday dress of the people were the only indications of sabbath, for on an average the people both of Narani and Bungwall only have two or three sabbath services during the year. On my second visit, I found that they had not had a sabbath service since my visit twelve months before.

The arrangements for my sabbath services were, that I should preach in the morning at Seal Rock Lighthouse, in the afternoon at Narani, and in the evening at Bungwall. On returning from Seal Rocks I found the schoolroom at Narani well filled, and I never desire a more attentive audience. As I preached upon Christ's invitation to sinners tears fell quietly from the eyes of more than one present, and I believe God blessed the seed sown.

After tea I crossed the water in a boat to Bungwall, a journey of about two miles. Bungwall, with its sawmill and scattered cottages, is built upon the slope of one of the loftiest hills on the shores of the lake, from the school-house near the summit of the hill you can command a fine view of the great lake. The service here was not so well attended, but I trust some good was done.

During my last visit I called at nearly every cottage about Narani and Bungwall, and left packets of religious papers for sabbath reading. I was always received with great kindness, and

will be remembered as the minister who came to the district in a missionary canoe.

I found, as in other parts of the country, the people had rather an increased longing for the "means of grace," and seemed more susceptible to the influence of the gospel, or they had lapsed into indifference and carelessness.

MYALL LAKE.

When the time came for my departure to Port Stephens, the mill hands and school children united in giving a parting cheer for the lonely voyager. The weather had been fine, a drought had prevailed in the colony, but as the canoe sailed swiftly away from Narani, the black clouds came up with a northerly wind, and the much needed rain promised to come.

After passing Barrow Peak, a point about three miles from Narani, I crossed the widest part of the great lake, which is about four or five miles in breadth. The canoe sailed swiftly before the squalls of wind which lashed the waters of the lake into foam-capped waves; to my right, I could see three small islands, and the western shores of the lake in the distance. On a bright day the landscape would have looked very beautiful, but now the shadow of great black clouds gave a sombre and wintry aspect to the scene; still, the wind was fair, I had nothing to do but hold the sheet of my lug sail, and steer with my foot for the point, near which, my chart indicated I should find the outlet from the great lake into a smaller one. This lake was the first of a series of sheets of water through which I must find my way to the Myall River and Port Stephens. When nearing the point, a perilous squall of wind and rain came up behind me; I saw the black shadow on the water, then the foaming waves drawing nearer every moment, down came my sail, I pulled up the waterproof hood, and then under this strange canopy, which acted as a sail, I was sheltered from wind and rain, and the canoe ran on at the rate of about four miles an hour. My little vessel soon entered the narrow channel, and leaving the great lake was sheltered from the storm.

At this part of my journey I felt the benefit of having a good chart, the water widened at times, and in some places would be divided by small islands.

After travelling a few miles the sun broke through the clouds, and I came to a slab hut and fenced land, near which, on the shore of the lake, was a small boatshed, into which I guided the canoe. I had been requested to call at this place, and I found a Bush home, where two hard-working Christian young men and their sister were striving to subdue the wilderness by dairy farming and timber cutting, and thus were laying the foundation of a comfortable homestead. Going up to the hut I found the little family at dinner, I need hardly say I was warmly welcomed. There is a bond linking Christian minds together which especially upon the sea, or in the "Bush," is strong as a threefold cord. These young men had selected this point of land because of its good soil, and had laboured hard to fence and clear it.

A hard paddle for about three quarters of an

hour brought me within sight of the sawmill; the channel then took a sharp turn to the left, so that I could hoist my sail, and run down to the wharf. Upon inquiring I found that I could let the canoe lie in a tiny creek close to the house of the friends who, I had been told, would arrange for a service. By the time I had everything settled it came on to rain. The hood of the canoe was put up and waterproof apron drawn tight, and the mast, sail, and paddle I placed under the verandah of the house.

I found that both the husband and wife had been summoned to the bedside of a dying relative thirty miles away, leaving the family in charge of an uncle, and the baby to be cared for by the eldest daughter. I was received most kindly, and made most comfortable by these good people.

The weather clearing up a little I visited the few families in the neighbourhood, and gave an invitation to the service in the evening. But the rain poured in torrents at service time, and I expected no one to attend. To my surprise, however, the large room was full; the babies were wrapped up in shawls and brought with their mothers.

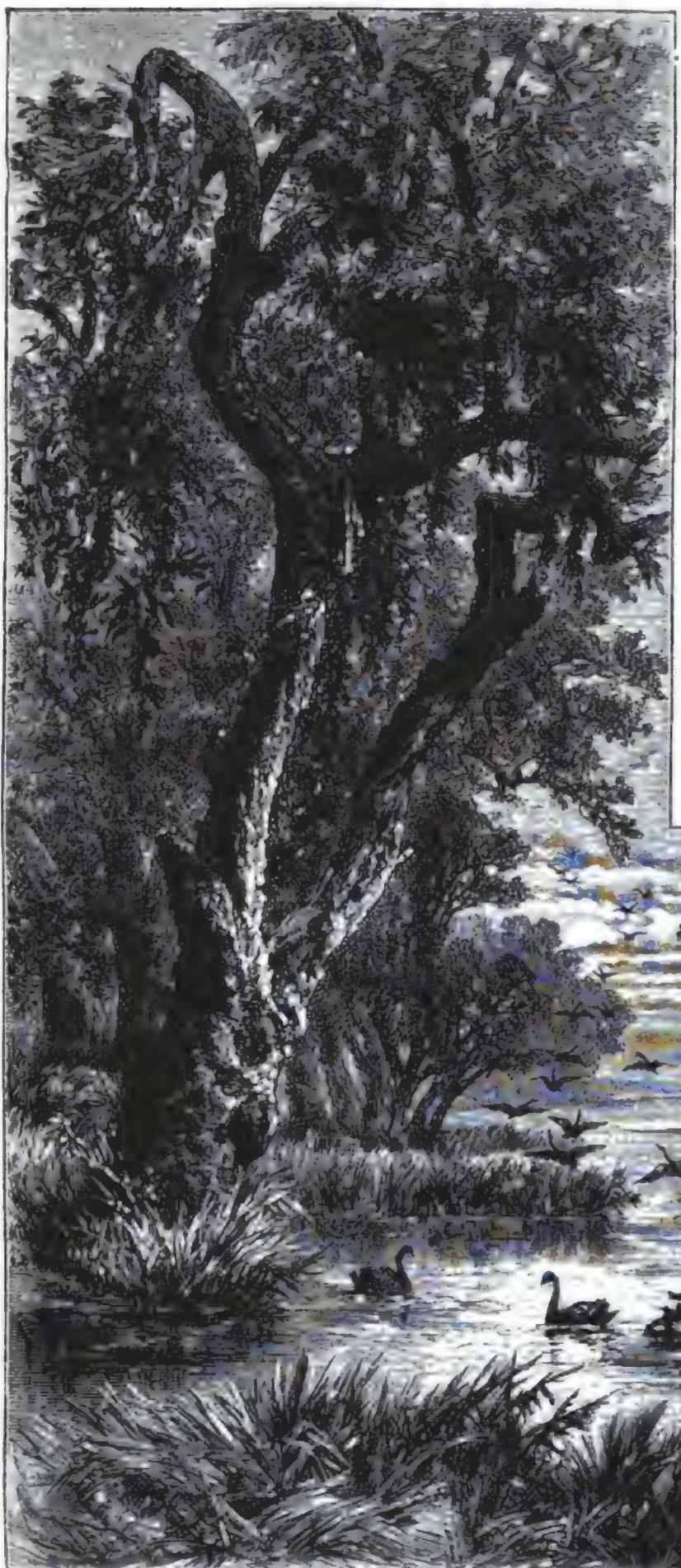
The next place worthy of mention was Broadwater, through which I had to pass on my way to Port Stephens. This lake is seven miles long and three or four broad, and is entered by a narrow channel. As the canoe came out on this noble sheet of water at about eight o'clock on a fine morning, I thought the scene very fine. The distant shores were clothed with trees to the waters' edge, while the surface of the lake was just stirred with a light breeze; numerous birds, swans, ducks, and pelicans could be seen sunning themselves in the little bay. No trace of man's handiwork could be seen. It is not until you enter Myall River at the Tamboy, that you know that man's labour has been expended on these lonely shores.

A curious place is the Tamboy, where the Myall River leaves the lake by a crooked channel from a most unlikely corner of a little bay. Two walls of stone have been built in order to keep the entrance from silting up, the channel is carefully buoyed, but the men in charge of the steam punts know the channel so well, that they come through it on the darkest nights.

I arrived near Port Stephens at seven o'clock in the evening, and, a thunderstorm threatening, had to drag the canoe on to a sand-bank, rig the cabin up, and get under shelter as quickly as possible. The storm came on just after my arrangements for the night were completed, again I found my cabin waterproof, and if not very large quite comfortable.

Hawksnest is a little township, also connected with the timber trade, and is about two miles from Port Stephens on the Myall River; in the neighbourhood on both sides of the river are the wharves, on which the timber brought down the lakes by the steam punts is stacked; while quite a small fleet of sailing vessels (schooners and ketches) are engaged in transporting the sawn timber to Sidney and Newcastle.

Port Stephens is about three miles across near Myall River, and on the opposite shore is a little settlement on Nelson's Bay.



AN AUSTRALIAN LAKE SCENE.

On my first visit, having preached at Hawksnest in the morning, I crossed in a fisherman's boat to preach at Nelson's Bay. At that time a number of men were engaged in putting up buildings for a fishing company which had been organised in Sydney, and it was intended to make Port Stephens their chief fishing station. The fish were to be frozen and sent by steamer to Sydney. A wharf, manager's house, freezing room, and other buildings were to be erected. It was arranged that I should hold an open-air service, as it promised to be a beautiful moonlight night. Planks were placed upon the blocks of one of the buildings as seats for the congregation; a little pulpit was hastily constructed, and about forty persons assembled—seamen belonging to the vessels in the bay, boatmen connected with the customs service, carpenters and fishermen.

We engaged in singing a few verses of well-known hymns, and then, after prayer and reading the Scriptures, I preached on Christ's invitation to sinners. As the

tiny waves rippled on the beach close by, and the leaves of the trees were stirred by the evening breeze, I thought of Jesus by the Sea of Galilee, and remembered His promise, "Behold, I am with you alway;" and I trust that the words spoken that sabbath evening in His name were not uttered in vain.

There are two lighthouses at Port Stephens, an outer and an inner light; I visited both, leaving packets of papers.

When leaving Myall River I came out into Port Stephens at three o'clock in the morning, and travelled up the harbour with a strong flood tide. It was a most delightful morning, and to watch the lifting of the veil of darkness was most interesting, from the first faint outlines of the distant hills until the fine landscape lay before me lit up by the rays of the morning sun.

The canoe swept through the narrowest part of the harbour, close by the shores of middle island, and then turning to the left I saw about three miles off the house at which I expected to get the help of a man with a spring cart to take myself and canoe across the country to Raymond Terrace on the Hunter River, a journey of twenty-one miles on a bush road.

A RAGGED SCHOOL IN SOUTHWARK.

HOWEVER familiar our readers may suppose themselves to be with the more obscure byways of modern London, it is not probable that all of them have explored the unsavoury old thoroughfare of Kent Street, which has not greatly changed in outward appearance since the opening days of the present century. Kent Street, however, has a history, and a notable one, which we shall not attempt to touch upon in the present article. Still, we may just say, that in the olden time, and until a comparatively recent date, Kent Street was the main route out of London to the Old Kent Road, and as such was the route followed by the Canterbury Pilgrims, as well as by others who travelled from the metropolis into the South-eastern parts of England. The long, narrow, squalid lane was a sorry introduction to so great a city as London, but although many were ashamed of its vicious, dilapidated appearance, travellers perchance passed that way before the construction of Great Dover Street and the New Kent Road.

Though Kent Street has played its part in many an historical scene, we must pass them by; nor shall we attempt to explain why the place has always retained so evil a reputation. Five hundred years ago there stood here a hospital for lepers, called the Loke, the successor of which is the Lock at Paddington. From a very early date broom and brush makers congregated on the spot, and the descendants of these, in many instances, appear to be there at the present time. So lately as the times of Charles Dickens, we find Kent Street described by that keen observer as more looked after by the police than any other part of London "excepting the Haymarket;" but probably matters have somewhat improved;

for whether the police are more vigilant or not, the ragged-school teachers have inaugurated a reformation it would be impossible to ignore. What the general aspect of affairs was in previous times the historians can tell us; and even such genteel and interested spectators as Smollett were not willing that posterity should remain unenlightened. "A foreigner, in passing this beggarly and ruinous suburb," he remarks, "conceives such an idea of misery and meanness as all the wealth and magnificence of London and Westminster are afterwards unable to destroy." In describing the street as it was a century ago, Mr. Walford says it "presented a scene of squalor and destitution unequalled even in St. Giles's. Gipsies, thieves, and such-like characters, were to be met with in almost every house; and men, women, children, asses, pigs, and dogs were often found living together in the same room."

So fine a field for ragged-school labour was not likely to be overlooked; and the original pioneer teacher appears to have been Thomas Cranfield, a tutor of Hoxton, and a veteran who served at the siege of Gibraltar in 1782. With a courage only seldom exemplified, he hired a room, and gathered a school, when the degradation of the neighbourhood was far more appalling than at present, and in all that he undertook Cranfield was assisted by his wife. After a time volunteer teachers came to his standard, and thus strengthened, the brave pioneer established another school in the Mint, all the stations having eventually become associated with the Southwark Sunday School Society. Many of the schools established under these conditions still survive as the best monuments which could be reared to the memory of their founders. Not only were they directly instrumental in effecting a reformation, numbers of the poor in Southwark of this century owed to them the only education they ever received; and not a few who were socially raised, as well as religiously benefited, revisited the friends who had enabled them to make the first advance towards better things.

But although efforts like those described were early made in the vicinity, the schools at Lansdowne Place represent the first institution of the kind ever erected on behalf of the abys of Kent Street. In the fifth decade of this century, when the pioneers of a second reformation were showing signs of activity in all parts of London, Kent Street retained very much of its primitive barbarism. The ancient highway into Kent was still so far notorious for being the chosen haunt of the criminal classes generally, that persons of ordinary respectability were not accustomed to consider themselves safe in the thoroughfare after dark.

It must have been in about the year 1848, that on a certain Sunday afternoon, a gentleman who was interested in the Ragged School Crusade, rambled into Kent Street to study its characteristics for himself, and as he did so, he asked several children why they never attended Sunday-school. These tattered subjects, uncombed and unwashed, laughed uproariously on an idea being suggested with which they were totally unfamiliar, and then went on with their

A RAGGED SCHOOL IN SOUTHWARK.

play. The gentleman had seen and heard enough, however, to strengthen the resolution he had already formed to establish a school; and on his mentioning the subject to several friends their co-operation was cordially promised.

A beginning was at once made in a two-roomed house in George Yard, then one of the worst spots in the locality, and while bills were circulated notifying the fact, visitors called on the parents to invite them to send their children to the school. At first, the movement was treated as a joke by young and old; and curiosity attracted a goodly number of ragged juveniles on the night of inauguration. The motley group, who thronged the entrance, were a sample of the neglected population supplied in all parts of London at that time. They were filthy and ragged, and were characterised by a love of horse-play which was at least inconvenient, and was sometimes alarming. The door was no sooner opened than in they went with a shout and a rush, tumbling over one another, and enjoying heartily as common-place sport what jarred on the nerves of the heroic but still discomfited teachers. It was a rough, but not an unpromising, beginning.

But a proportion of the population in Kent Street at this time was Roman Catholic, and these people at once became extremely bitter opponents of the new movement. Although Romanism has been utterly impotent to raise the degraded from their squalor and misery, its priestly representatives now took up a position at the entrance of George Yard for the purpose of warning children away who presumed to approach the threshold of the Protestant school; while the superintendent was honoured more than once by having his name anathematised from the pulpit of the pseudo St. George's Cathedral. Opposition seems to have had its usual effect; for the teachers were so encouraged by the growth of their numbers who attended, that larger premises were taken in Clarendon Street. There the warfare waxed hotter, and in one sense assumed some new phases. While passing to and fro the school, the teachers were pelted with rotten eggs and stones, and when the weather permitted, their clothes were bespattered with mud. One gentleman had the top of his hat cut completely off by a man wielding a thick stick. Nor were these the only inconveniences to which the courageous invaders were exposed; for juvenile thieves indulged in light-fingered practices at their benefactor's expence. Purses, handkerchiefs, and even top-coats, etc., were frequently stolen without the thieves being discovered. Then teacher's Sabbath evening prayer-meeting was also commonly disturbed by shouting, kicking at the doors, as well as by missiles being hurled at the shutters, or even through the windows. In spite of all, however, the work went on prosperously, until a removal to a larger house in Lansdowne Place became necessary.

When asked to do so, the good people of Southwark and others supplied such funds as were necessary; and the builders having completed the present school-house, it was publicly opened on May 10th, 1852—a day long remembered in the neighbourhood as a time of rejoicing and display. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided at the meeting, while the Lord Mayor

in semi-state graced the occasion, and attracted vast concourse of sightseers. Indeed, the excitement was quite unparalleled for that district.

In the new building the work continued to make progress; and the object aimed at by the teachers seemed to be better understood by many of the uneducated parents. These enlightened denizens of the locality were the minority however; the others, who supposed that the teachers were paid, being quite unable to comprehend anything like disinterested purity of motive. Unable to undertake such work themselves, they were unable to see how such self-denial could be imposed by others. "He's making a good thing of it," became a common-place compliment passed on teachers as they walked to their classes; and the most regular attendants were supposed to be the greatest gainers.

The Sunday-school had now been in action for several years; but the general effect for good on the district generally was not so apparent as the more sanguine desired. The rooms in which the people lived were still squalid, and their children were hard to teach—the more so because they were oftentimes pinched with hunger, or, in the most inclement weather, were insufficiently clothed by a few rags held together with string. Then besides, many of the children of both sexes obtained a precarious kind of livelihood on the streets; some were beggars, others were thieves, a proportion traded in matches or other small wares, and not a few could show a combination of the thief, mendicant, and trader in the same person. The depravity of their parents showed itself in a variety of ways, but chiefly in the ill-treatment to which the children were subjected when they failed, either by honest or dishonest means, to bring home an amount satisfactorily large to their too often drunken taskmasters. We are told by a teacher of those days, that when their day's work was a failure, the unhappy youngsters would not go home at all, but would lodge for the night in a cart, beneath an arch, or in any similar out-of-the-way place. Others who were not so unfortunately situated, were still too ignorant to answer straightforwardly when questioned as to where they lived. Neither names of streets, nor numbers of houses appeared to have any place in their vocabulary: they lived next to the coal-shed, near the public-house, or opposite somebody else with whom they supposed their interrogator to be as familiar as themselves. Though they were continually hearing the name of God blasphemed, they were not aware that in such a practice anything sacred was being trampled upon. The life histories from the Old Testament, or the story of the cross, were to them equally incomprehensible. They could not comprehend that Christ would die for such roughs as they were, and that He would deign to answer their petitions seemed to be altogether ridiculous. A teacher who has been connected with the school, for thirty years, tells us that, on a certain night, he quoted several instances of people who, in distress, cried unto God for help. They cried for help, and deliverance came; or when starving, they asked for bread, and that was given. Having put the matter in such a form that misapprehension was thought to be impossible, the gentleman

asked, "Now, if you were in need of anything, if you were in need of food, and had no money to buy it with, to whom would you go?" Without hesitation the answer came, "To the pawnshop!" Occasionally, with outstretched hand, a youngster beginning with, "I say, teacher," and ending with "that licks me," would start a question such as no human wisdom or philosophy could answer. It is undeniable that these arabs have, in common with scholars, their philosophical and theological difficulties.

In some measure to remedy this deplorable state of things, the Sunday-school was supplemented by evening classes held four nights a week; and a little later, or in 1854, a day-school was commenced which soon had an average attendance of forty. A mistress was engaged for the day-school, and a master for the night classes, and half the salary of each was paid by the Ragged School Union. Instances of good effected now began to cheer the teachers; for many who, save for this agency, would never have been able to read or write, went forth into the world to fill creditable situations. Numbers of boys entered the army, many of the girls became domestic servants; and we are assured that numbers, who through the divine blessing had been benefited both for this world and the next, called at the school to express gratitude to their benefactors.

The work progressed in the manner described for another ten years; but in proportion as the oldest friends of the cause died, or removed from the district, the operations flagged. In 1863 the Southwark Sunday School Society took charge of the work; but nevertheless, after two years, the building was closed. Then, in 1867, under the officers of the Ragged School Union, aided by the superintendent of the school at Surrey Chapel, an effort at reopening and starting afresh was made. But the baneful effects of having allowed the school to remain closed for so long a period became painfully apparent. As those were not the days of School Boards, the children had attended no school, and hence their depravity and demoralisation equalled, if it did not surpass, the savagery of the old times of Thomas Cranfield. Anything like restraint and discipline became tediously irksome. In a word, a reconquest of the district had to be made; but with a strong muster of teachers on the ground, this was happily not impossible. Authority was re-established, and the blessing of God attended the work.

Since the year 1867, the work has gone on without interruption, and on the whole it has never been more efficiently conducted than now. The income has never been large. The sum raised barely suffices for the expenditure; but such as it is, the income is mainly supplied by those who do the work. The Sunday-school is open twice on the sabbath, but in addition to this a number of agencies are kept going during the week. The reading-room has a library of four hundred volumes; and there are a sewing-class, a coal club, a band of hope, a mothers' meeting, and a penny bank. Whoever is tempted to believe that ragged-schools are obsolete, and that Board Schools are doing all that is necessary, should walk through this densely-peopled

region. In Kent Street we have a genuine piece of Old London preserved, with a good many of its demoralising characteristics intact. Once a portion of the high-road to Dover, the place of old compelled travellers to take cognizance of its uses and needs, whether they would or not; but now that the street is a byway, shunned and forgotten by the respectable crowd, there is still a great reformation for the Christian teachers to achieve. The poor are indeed always with us, and in such a locality the work of child-reclamation seems never to grow old. From the time of the Conquest till the Restoration, and even later, Kent Street has witnessed many a royal pageant or grand procession; but what are these in comparison with the work which such men as Cranfield the pioneer and others have sought to accomplish? The gold and the glitter of earthly pomp are forgotten; but service done for the Lord's little ones will be remembered.

THE LATE DR. MOFFATT.

THE late Dr. Moffatt presided one evening at a lecture given upon "David Livingstone" by the Rev. Canon Fleming, in connection with the Church of England Young Men's Society, in Camberwell. The following sentences from his closing speech have the interest of autobiography, and glow with his missionary spirit:—

"When I came to England thirty-one years ago, I found Livingstone in London, studying and preparing to go out as a medical missionary to China. He had no other intention than to choose the East Indies or China, and start as a medical missionary. He happened to listen to some of my speeches, and he was present when I delivered the annual sermon of the London Missionary Society. He immediately resolved upon going to Africa; and to that place he afterwards went. Now we see what a little thing can change the whole of a man's life! In all probability had I not returned to England at the time I did, Livingstone might have gone to India; and it is evident from the results of his labours and travels that he was the very man for the work. It is impossible to reflect upon his achievements without being deeply impressed with the providence of God which has watched over him in all his ways. He has been, we may say, 'in dangers and in deaths oft'; he has been wearied and worn out and deserted; and I remember that in one of his letters he says, 'My people are feeling very much inclined to bolt, and no wonder, they are tired of the tramp, tramp, tramp, from day to day; and really I feel very much inclined to bolt myself, but I cannot forget the object I have in view. I shall keep to it, and do that one thing as long as life is granted me.'

"Oh! how much is there to be done in this wide, wide, wide world; and what a regret it is that there are so many spending their strength and their talents for nought! I remember what my feelings were when a young man, and I remem-

ber too when I was wavering between one object and another; and I look back with trembling, and think that had I chosen what I was sometimes inclined to do, I should never have been a missionary. Providentially—I thank God for it, and will thank Him as long as I live—I had a pious mother; I had a mother with a missionary spirit; and it was the stories that I heard from her lips, when a little boy at her knees, that afterwards revived in my mind, and turned my attention to be a missionary to the perishing heathen.

" Think what is life if not carried out in the service of God. What is life, my dear friends? I have been engaged these fifty-seven years as a missionary; I have been exposed to dangers, I may say to deaths; I have had narrow escapes—escapes I had like Job's, sometimes with the skin of my teeth, but it was a glorious work; it was doing the work of God; it was doing the will of God; and had I perished beneath it I should have lost nothing and gained everything! Is there anything, my dear friends, beneath the sun of such importance compared to that mission for which the Lord of glory descended into this world! Oh! when we think of that boundless majesty, that God that reigns supreme; that glorious Being, who 'weighs the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance'; when we think that He looks down on this world and has given to each his work to do, when we think of Him who could annihilate the world in a moment, that He should condescend to look to you and to me to help Him to carry on that glorious work for which Christ died on the Cross,—oh, my friends, let us remember the words of the wise man, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no knowledge, nor wisdom, nor device, in the grave,' whither we are all hastening. A short time and we shall be no more! This is the time when we can work! This is the time when we can help ourselves, and help others, and glorify God. That time is passing fast away. Oh! do it, do it, do it now!—what requires to be done for your own salvation and for the salvation of your fellow-men.

" I have laboured in Africa for fifty-three or fifty-four years, and oh I would willingly go back. I have toiled there at work by day and by night, under a vertical sun; I have there been exposed to hunger and thirst; I have often had to put on what I call the fasting girdle, but I never complained. I never felt a murmur. I knew that the work in which I was engaged was the work to which God in His merciful providence appointed me, and I knew that if I laboured and did not faint I should reap!

" One word. Perhaps many of you here to-night do not know me personally. Let me inform you that I have lived a very long while in the wilds of Africa, among a people speaking the Sichuana language. But when I arrived in Africa, the first language I learnt was the Dutch language; the next language I had to acquire was the Sichuana language, spoken by the Hottentots. After labouring at that language for nearly three years I was called away, and though a youth comparatively I was sent to the Bechuana nation in order to acquire their language. That lan-

guage was not written; they had no Grammars, or Vocabularies, or Dictionaries, or anything of that kind written. I mention this to show the labour it required to learn that language and to reduce it to writing; but that language has been reduced to writing, and now the Scriptures are read out in that language. We have now in Africa preachers, schoolmasters, and schoolmistresses; and instead of the solitary missionary station where I was first appointed I can look beyond and see for 300 miles missionary stations scattered here and there amongst the various tribes which constitute the Bechuana nation! Gladly would I return to that land of the Bechuanas! Oh they are dear to my heart!"

A Pastor's Portrait.

A MAN he was who, from his earliest youth,
Had sought and found the hidden heart of truth,
Whose law found just expression in his mouth.

His was a noble mind, pure, docile, calm,
His lips for wounded souls kept healing balm,
Prayers for the sad, for happy ones a psalm.

His gaze was on the unattained, the far,
Which shone before him like the Polar star;
For things unseen, he scorned the things that are.

His face caught beauty from the soul within,
His ear was deaf to earthly strife and din,
His mind to that of angels was akin.

He ever link'd high thoughts to loving words,
Which stirr'd to music all the spirit's chords,
As stir the leaves the songs of forest birds.

The beautiful had in his heart a share—
The flowers, the birds, all things of earth and air—
He look'd abroad and found God's creatures fair.

Life was to him no idle, empty dream,
No wither'd leaf caught by the whirling stream,
And borne where'er the current might beseeze.

He fill'd each passing hour with earnest deeds,
In action lived while he profess'd in creeds,
And of high aspirations sowed the seeds.

His voice was raised for suff'ring souls and poor,
And he could pity where he could not cure,
When wrong'd himself, he knew how to endure.

His heart was as a sacred altar-fire,
On which burn'd faith and hope, and pure desire,
But which of meaner passions was the pyre.

Altho' no halo gleam'd around his head,
Yet o'er his life a saintliness was shed,
All saw to worldly pleasure he was dead.

So, as the narrow path he daily trod,
And walk'd the world, unspotted, with his God,
With sweetest praise and prayer he cheer'd the road.

All that he lost for Christ he counted gain,
And living not for earth, lived not in vain,
But sow'd for future harvests the rich grain.

Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove,
He dwelt on earth, but lived in heav'n above,
Childlike, and simple, full of faith and love.

CHARLES D. BELL, D.D.

Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE.

XVII.—AUNT SUZETTE.



LOUIS DAGON, having carefully closed again the wooden shutter which protected the window, turned the key and bolted the door. Then he went through the small shop, which contained all the articles of drapery and grocery chiefly requisite in a village, and turned into a moderate-sized kitchen. The fragments of some logs were still burning on the hearth, a very large kettle hanging on the pot-hook was singing cheerfully; on a white wooden table, exquisitely clean, was a lamp burning, and near to it was a large arm-chair, antique and stiff in form: sitting in it was a woman not less antiquated and stiff, busily knitting. She wore a dress of brown cotton, and a large black apron, over which a white kerchief was crossed, and on her head was a large white cap, one of those caps trimmed with a wide gophered border which shaded the face.

This was Suzette Dagon, sister of Louis. When her brother came in, she let her knitting fall in her lap, and sticking one of her long pins in her grey locks she raised her eyes towards him.

"Well, Louis," said she in a rather quivering voice, "I could not think what had become of you. I thought you were never coming back! Have you been drinking a drop at Numa's, eh? At your age that would be too bad."

"Why, what is the matter?" said Louis Dagon, at the same time putting out his lamp and placing it on a wooden shelf near the door."

"I was obliged to put more wood on the fire to keep the water hot. I began to be troubled, and wondered whether you might not have fallen in a fit?"

"Thank God, it was not that," answered Louis, "but I have made a singular discovery."

"A discovery? and what is it?" cried the old lady, pouring all the while some water into a coffee-pot placed near the fire.

"Only think," said he, "directly I opened the church door I heard a barking inside, and then a great noise, and what should I find but a little girl and a dog both hidden under the belfry!"

"It is not possible," cried Suzette, who in her surprise rose up suddenly, continuing to hold in her hand the top part of the coffee-pot, from which the coffee dropped on the hearth.

"Take care, take care!" exclaimed Louis—if the good man had a weakness it was for his coffee.

"Oh dear! I was not thinking of what I was about," said Suzette, hastening to repair her forgetfulness. "Who was this child?" she continued, her feminine curiosity warmly excited.

Then Louis related all he knew of Madeleine in a few words; which being finished Suzette sat down and resumed her knitting. "What was she like?" she asked.

"I know very little about it. I could not see her distinctly. She was pale and frightened, poor little thing."

"What are you going to do with her?"

Louis Dagon cleared his voice, and remained silent for a minute.

"Well, I had some thought of bringing her here to-morrow morning, that we might comfort her and bring her round a little."

"I hope you are not going to take it into your head to

keep her with us. I will not have such beggars in this house. Who knows but she is a liar and a thief?"

"I do not believe she is a liar," he replied, quietly. "She was too much distressed to be inventing stories: besides, we must not begin directly to think ill of any one."

"There you are now, always the same," said Suzette, discontentedly. "You give yourself up to be guided by the first comer without saying a word. But, thank God, I am not like you. I do not let any one take me in, happily for your purse. It would be much wiser to take this child at once to our pasteur. He would interest himself about her, and take the necessary steps to find a place for her in an asylum, or in a private house."

"Perhaps he might," replied the kind man; but he did not speak in a convinced tone. "We shall see more about it to-morrow," said he, getting up and stretching his benumbed limbs. "Give me another cup of coffee. It is nigh time to go to rest."

Then said Suzette, hesitatingly, "You will bring this creature here to-morrow morning!" Louis had a shrewd smile on his face. "We will see to-morrow," he replied again briefly. Then he took up his lamp, and presently the sound of his heavy step was heard over the little kitchen.

Suzette Dagon, or Mademoiselle Dagon, as she was called in the village, being left alone, shook her head and her white cap several times. "Misery of my life!" she murmured. "He is infatuated. This little one is going to turn every-thing topsy-turvy in our household. We shall not know it. I do not like children! I shall not close my eyes to-night." During this monologue, the old woman carefully put away her knitting, and covered over the dying embers with ashes, then taking the light she disappeared in her turn, through a little door opposite to that of the shop.

Louis Dagon had been in his youth a robust countryman. He was then a farmer, and managed a large domain not far from the village. But as he advanced in life he had his trials. During several successive years there were bad harvests. The death of his wife, and of his two sons following the one after the other, deprived him of all his domestic happiness, and took away at the same time, all his energy, he felt he could not continue to work alone. He left the farm, and went and settled himself with his sister, who kept a small shop. That he might not remain idle, he sought the office of sacristan, and as this employment brought him but little remuneration, he employed his leisure minutes in basket-making, which he had learnt in his childhood, and which he now found useful.

The history of Suzette Dagon was like that of many Swiss women. When she was quite young she was ambitious to see the world and to go into foreign parts. She left her own country at twenty, and returned at forty, looking old and worn, undecieved of vain expectations. She had earned a little money by the sweat of her brow, at the price of the humble domestic happiness she might have found had she remained in her own country. On her return, not knowing very well what to do, she had a mind to set up a small shop, both by way of occupation, and to gain her livelihood. She was very glad when her brother came to live with her, for she was feeling very lonely.

Now for six years Suzette and Louis had lived peacefully together. Very rarely had there been any disagreement in this humble household. They were both of a quiet nature, and easy in their social intercourse.

Louis was perhaps more thoughtful and reserved than Suzette. He talked but little, and he was so excessively cautious in his speech that he rarely risked an opinion, and willingly sheltered himself behind that of his sister, which he well knew, after all, was his own.

Suzette was really kind-hearted; but she had so many prejudices and manias that superficial observers thought

her wearisome and eccentric. The village children both respected and feared her. It is true she often gave them bon-bons; but this indulgence was accompanied with so many tedious remonstrances—too well deserved, also!—about their torn pinafores, their soiled hands, or their unpolite manners, that the little ones scarcely knew whether they were to laugh or to cry!

The next morning, as soon as it was light, Louis Dagon might have been seen walking through the village, and with an air of indifference and his hands in his pockets, going towards the camp of the mountebanks.

These people were evidently preparing to start, before an hour's time they would be far away, for they were already harnessing the horses.

"So then," the old man said to himself, "they have given up searching for the little girl."

The fact was they had sought for her in all the corners and hiding-places of the village. The night before, Ciska, Birichino, and Judith herself set out on an expedition to discover the fugitive; but the two women, although in a spirit of vindictiveness and malice they were desirous of finding the child, yet dared not search too far, nor ask too many questions, for fear of attracting towards themselves and their company an attention which would have been very inconvenient. As to Birichino, we may be permitted to suppose that if he had perceived Madeleine on one side, he would very hastily have looked on the other, for in the child's interest he was quite decided not to find her.

A little after seven o'clock, Louis Dagon had the satisfaction of seeing the caravans pass before his house. Suzette also saw them from the kitchen window. Scarcely had they passed the corner of the street, before she called to her brother, "Do you see, Louis? they are gone away."

"Well, yes," he replied, without moving.

"Are you not going to fetch the little girl? she must needs be very hungry."

"There is no hurry," he said plegmatically; "wait until I go to ring the first bell (that is, the bell which is rung an hour before that for public worship); I will bring her at the same time."

Madeleine added nothing. She well knew that it was useless to discuss the point with her brother, when he had taken anything into his head. She returned into the kitchen. While she was putting it in order, she sighed several times.

"I must keep this breakfast hot another hour," she said, "that will hinder me so that I shall not be able to go to church. Ah, what a misfortune that Louis has found this child! She is going to trouble our peace; we who were so happy!"

Nevertheless, without being able to account for it, Suzette was impatient to see the little girl, for she was not without feminine curiosity.

At last Louis Dagon came, with his measured step; he took down the large key from the nail, and without hastening took the road to the church.

It was a bright morning in September. The sky had been at first foggy, but all the haze had now cleared away, and the dark lines of the mountains were brought out in perfection upon the deep blue sky, like that of Italy. The large fountain played gaily in its stony basin; the little pigeons, glad to find it at last free from its train of laundresses and busy housewives, bathed themselves with delight in its waters, shaking out their feathers in the sunshine, and smoothing them with their little rosy beaks. This is what Madeleine saw as she glided fearfully out of the church. The ringer went first, and he speedily introduced her into the modest shop where Suzette was waiting for them. At the sight of the long, thin, wrinkled face, and the large white cap, more starched than ever, the child felt herself trembling. But on seeing the little orphan, whose disordered dress, and distressed looks betrayed both misery

and neglect, the old lady was filled with compassion, and she spoke to Madeleine with such kindness and gentleness that she felt encouraged, and followed her quietly into the kitchen, where she did not require persuading to eat a hearty breakfast.

Seeing the little girl gave part of her bread to the faithful Sirrah, Suzette filled an earthen basin with various household scraps, and placed it near the dog.

"Here, my beauty, eat," she said to him kindly, "and do not take the portion of your mistress."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am," said Madda, with such a grateful look that it quite touched the old lady's heart.

From this moment her cause was gained; but it was still more so when, a little later, after Madeleine had finished her repast, she asked modestly if she could help her benefactress.

"What can you do, little one?" said the latter, quite astonished.

"Not much, ma'am, but I will try;" and the orphan looked at her with her large soft and sad dark eyes.

"Then gather together the things, and carry them to the sink; then you shall take a cloth, and help me to wash them up, and put them in their place."

Madeleine was clever and sensible; she fulfilled these little duties so well that Mademoiselle Dagon was delighted, and said to her brother that the child was unequalled for her engaging manners and her cleverness.

The day had not passed away before these kind hearts had already become attached to their foundling. In the afternoon the gossips of the place dropped in, one after the other, full of curiosity, badly disguised under pretence of interest, by which Louis was not taken in.

"Try and make them go away," he said to his sister, touching her elbow. "They do no good here; what is the use of all this idle talk?"

But the fountain might as well have been bidden to cease flowing.

The next day all the village knew the story of Madeleine. Under pretence of buying needles and thread, or copy-books, old and young hastened to the shop to see the little foreigner, who sheltered herself in a corner, quite intimidated at being the object of so much attention. Some charitable souls were touched by the shabby state of her clothing; one brought her an old dress, and one a petticoat, and another an apron; so many things that Suzette said it would end by her not knowing where to stow her goods.

Towards the evening, as they were both looking over these cast-off things, to try to make the best of them, the door opened.

"Aro you there, Mademoiselle Dagon?" said a feminine voice, in a sweet and agreeable tone.

"What, madame, is it you?" cried Suzette, taking off her spectacles hastily, letting fall what she held in her hand, to go towards the visitor.

This was a young woman of about thirty, of a simple and lady-like appearance. She quickly came forward smiling, and said, "Is it true, Mademoiselle Dagon, that you have taken in a little friendless girl?"

"Alas! yes, madame. It could not be helped," said Suzette, as if to excuse herself. "We did not know what else to do."

"Where is this little one?"

"Here she is," said Suzette, placing Madeleine before her visitor, who drew the child gently towards her, and questioned her with such kindness that Madeleine, being set at her ease, related to this lady what had happened in more detail than she had before done. Several times the tears came into Madame Seranville's eyes, as she listened to her story.

"What was your grandfather's name, my child?" she said at last.

Madeleine hesitated and blushed, and finished by acknow-

ledging that she did not know. She might once have heard it, but she could not remember it.

"That is unfortunate," said Madame Seranville, "for he must certainly have possessed something in Switzerland, which we might have been able to claim on your behalf. Do you forget also the name of the village where your grandfather lived?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I think of something. I believe it is written in my Book."

She ran away to fetch the book, and placed it in Madame Seranville's hands. She opened it at the first page, and there was written, in a large straggling hand, somewhat faded by time, the following words:

"To my daughter, Catherine Nodet, in remembrance of her first communion 18— Vaucluse, Jura, Vaudois."

The grandfather's Book had again spoken.

"But this is complete," cried the pasteur's wife. "We have here the essential part, which is the address. My husband is, I believe, slightly acquainted with the pasteur of Vaucluse. He will write to him to obtain information."

Madame Seranville was an active, well-disposed person, who never put off until to-morrow what could be done at once.

Having the name and address of John Nodet, she left the shop with manifold heartfelt expressions of gratitude from Suzette. Madda ran to the door, and followed with a long gaze the form of the young woman, as she went down the street with a light and sprightly step.

Madeleine only now began to recover from her fright. During the first days which followed her arrival under the humble but hospitable roof of the sacristan, she trembled at the least unusual noise, and ran to hide herself whenever she heard the sound of a heavy carriage in the street, neither would she go out of doors, so much she dreaded that she might be taken by the gipsies.

It required nothing less than the repeated assurances of Louis Dagon, and even of the pasteur himself, to quiet the poor little girl. They all declared to her that these people had no right whatever to her, and they would even be very careful not to come to claim her. Time also had its influence upon her; at the end of about a week, she began to feel the good effects of her change of life, her little face soon took a more open, and especially a more confident expression, and her dark eyes at times shone with the glee or thoughtlessness of her youthful age. Nevertheless they never long lost a slight shade of melancholy, which only added an additional charm to her expressive and intelligent countenance.

As to good Suzette, that which astonished her most was, not having been robbed; her ideas of vagrant children were completely upset.

Madeleine was so grateful for the kindness shown her that she did her best to make herself useful to her protectors. She was sometimes, according to Suzette's ideas, rather too lively in her movements round the kitchen or in the shop; but the customers liked to be served by her active little hands, which found the desired articles much more quickly than those of the old lady. Suzette was not always quite pleased at this; for in her opinion, all that was *well done* must necessarily be done *slowly*.

The rescued Madeleine soon became a favourite of all the children in the village. As soon as she lost the fear of being discovered, all her youthful mirth returned. Her originality and vivacity placed her quickly at the head of her juvenile companions. She understood best how to direct and invent new amusements; but what gave her young companions the greatest pleasure were the long stories of her past life, mixed with fragments of dramatic performances.

The children gathered together, and listened to her with open mouths. She willingly recited to them the little plays *improvised* by Master Gasparo; the drolleries of Birichino; or she described the graceful ponies and their pretty tricks.

But of Beppo she never spoke; the subject was in her eyes too sacred to be spoken of in the ears of such an indifferent audience. Also she rarely mentioned Ciska's name, for she was afraid of the feelings of hatred which it still gave rise to in her heart.

Sirrah had a great share in the general attention and caresses. Madeleine liked to make a display of her dog, and to show off his tricks and his intelligence. One day, while Madda was standing in the midst of a numerous group, exhibiting the talents of her favourite, the old gentleman who had wished to buy him was passing, and he stopped near the children. At the sight of him the little girl was suddenly filled with distress, rushed toward Sirrah, put both her hands round his neck, crying, "Oh, sir, I beg you not to take him away; he is mine, wholly mine!"

"But I am not thinking of buying him," he replied kindly. "I have heard your story, which has interested me very much. I would not separate two such faithful and affectionate friends. Whatever may be my liking for dogs, I will certainly not take possession of yours."

Madeleine was reassured, but she raised her beautiful eye towards the old man with still an uneasy look.

"Thank you, sir," she said, "for indeed I would never sell Sirrah."

"You are right, my little one," said he, "but if you will do me a favour, bring your dog to me sometimes, and make him repeat his tricks, and I will give you a little reward for the trouble. I live there, in that house with green shutters."

Thus peace was concluded.

From that time she often went with Sirrah to the pretty house, where the kind old bachelor loaded them both with bon-bons and friendly attentions.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXII.—A SHORT PRAYER FROM THE PSALMS.

1. Some wise, some foolish, waiting for the call.
Slumbering and sleeping, *this* they make in all.
2. Brave heart, and unsuspecting, knowing not,
Thy certain speedy death is but a plot.
3. He heeded not the counsellors that spoke—
Sage elders saying, "Lighten thou our yoke."
4. Widowed and childless, forth I go to roam,
If haply I may find my long-left home.
5. A stream beside whose banks the prophet saw
Visions and signs unknown to him before.
6. Thine age belies the promise of thy youth,
Thine heart is turned aside from God and truth.
7. Though fleet of foot like some young roe is he,
Speed cannot save from Abner's cruelty.
8. "Why callest thou me *this*?"—one little word
That spoke a man's opinion of his Lord.
9. Ah, cruel king, the fate of misery
Thy hands have often dealt, has come on thee.
10. One who in Rehoboam's reign was seer,
Prophet, historian of vision clear.
11. *This* did the wise king make to traverse seas,
And fill his land with foreign luxuries.
12. A kindly Jebusite who freely gave,
An offering beside the people's grave.
13. Its place is number three in days of yore
Given to the Jews—then ceremonial law.
14. Amos before, and Jonah after me,
A minor prophet, Lord—I speak for Thee.
15. The Lord is *this* when days of trouble come,
Our very present Help, our spirit's Home.
16. O thou that livest in Serek's verdant vale,
Thou mak'st the strong man bow, his power to fail.

M. E. R.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHTEST! . . .
THE WEEK WE'RE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—Herbert.



NEWS OF THE LOST.

THE FISHER VILLAGE.

CHAPTER XV.—SAVIT.

NEWS of the terrible storm in the North Sea soon reached England, and the havoc it had made with the fishing smacks was found to be terrific. There were hundreds of widows and orphans weeping and wailing along the east coast, with no one to comfort them. But,

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happily, there were none at Pebbleton; for the only smacksman reported to have perished from that village, was Job Rounce, and he had neither wife nor child. But he had a widowed sister and an orphan niece in part dependent upon him, and they wept very sore.

"Thank God, he was an altered man," said old Murrell to these sorrowing women, when the details of the effects of the storm came to Pebbleton from Yarmouth.

"But I did not even see him before he went,

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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and he parted from me in anger," sobbed Philis. "He was always good to us except when he had taken too much."

"And now we have no home, for this belongs to Mr. Breese, and he is getting in every penny he can lay hold of to rebuild Overlook," cried Mrs. Primrose.

"You're heartily welcome to ours; though you're both wanted here till young Breese can be moved," rejoined Murrell. "His was a providential escape, and the doctor says he's doing well."

"Only to think of his being in poor Job's bed!" sobbed Mrs. Primrose, rocking herself. "And that he will never lie in it again. Oh dear! oh dear!"

"May be, if he'd been spared and tempted," put in Murrell, "he'd a got into trouble again."

"That was a beautiful vision about the Ladder," said Philis.

"Anyhow he was sincere," responded Murrell. "The 'Good Hope' was in the North Sea, too, and there's been no news of her. May the Lord preserve our Ted!"

Philis clasped her hands. If anything happened to Ted, as well as to her poor uncle, she was sure she must die. She did not realize, at the moment, that if her uncle were dead she might, at least, be released from the persecution of Breese, unless, indeed, he held the rod of his terror over her mother. And at the present he would not bear Philis out of his sight. He was sadly irritable and tyrannical, but both she and her mother, aided by Mary Harman, occasionally, waited on him day and night, making excuses for the exactions of one who was rendered almost motionless by splints and strappings.

His irritability increased when it came to his knowledge that Rounce's smack had gone down with the rest in the great storm.

"Where are we to look for our money now?" he asked of Philis. "We're ruined as it is; and he owes me a lot more than his rent, and this poor stock of furniture won't pay that."

"Mother and I will work it out, Mr. Thomas," sobbed Philis. "He was a good uncle to me."

"If you had married me as I wanted, Philis, he would never have gone off to the North Sea at all," said Thomas, and this thought had already been tormenting Philis.

"What would you have done with me now? You would have had another to keep, Mr. Thomas, and you say you can't maintain your servants," spoke up Philis.

"That's true," replied Thomas, posed. "All's for the best."

"And poor uncle dead and buried in the sea!" cried Philis indignantly.

"That's not my fault any more than the land-slip. What's the last news of Overlook?"

"They are carting the bricks into Nine Acres, and stowing away what is left of the furniture in Sampson's house. They have begun to rebuild."

"We can't afford that. Father will ruin me. All the money will go, and we can't get in our just debts. Why was I to break my leg and nobody else?"

"You said all was for the best, Mr. Thomas."

"So I did, but I didn't mean my broken leg.

Do you think Ted Murrell went down with the rest? I suppose if he did you would be more willing to marry me. Not that I shall be able to marry now for a long time. We shall be too poor, and there would be no house to take you to; and no money to buy the satin gown: and I don't know when my leg will be well."

"We had better forget all about marrying, now, Mr. Thomas. You will have to see to your father, and I to my mother; and neither of us will have a house over our head if you turn us out of ours."

"Perhaps you are right, Philis. We had better wait."

Philis could scarcely help smiling, in spite of her sorrow. She had learnt, during Thomas Breese's sojourn in the house, to humour him, and was pretty sure that his extreme selfishness would overcome every other feeling. He even began to hope that it would take a new turn and centre in his misfortunes to the exclusion of his fancy for her. But she was so miserable at her uncle's fate, and at the possible loss of Ted, that she felt as if she could not rejoice even if he gave her up. Besides, how were they to pay him this debt of her uncle's? And what was it? Her feelings of honour and gratitude to him were such that she believed it was her mother's and her duty to pay all his debts, whatever they might be.

Rounce's cottage was like a fair, the comers and goers were so numerous, and she had little time either to indulge her grief or thoughts. Old Breese was continually in and out; the doctor paid regular visits; all the farmers of the neighbourhood came to inquire. Mr. Repton's ministrations were frequent, the squire and his family came and sent with offers of service; and as to the inhabitants of Pebbleton proper, their inroads were incessant. Although the Breeses were not popular in prosperity they became so in adversity; which speaks well for human nature. Mrs. Primrose was quite in her element, and rose to the occasion with a self-reliance that astonished Philis. She even managed Mr. Thomas, which was more than any one else could do.

"You are quite equal to a situation, mother," said Philis. "If only you could be housekeeper, and I any kind of maid in the same family, how happy we might be—and then we could save to pay Mr. Breese what uncle owes him."

"We must consult Mrs. Mordon, my dear," said the widow; and Philis remarked that since the misfortune at Overlook she had not been so keen about her marriage with Thomas Breese.

"I wish people were not so much for money and position," sighed Philis to herself. "And life is so short and uncertain that it cannot really matter if we do our best where Providence has placed us."

Whenever she had a moment to spare, she slipped out and consoled herself with Mrs. Murrell and Patience. They were quietly waiting and hoping for news of Ted. Although the "Good Hope" had not been heard of lately, there was no rumour that she had gone down; and they and Murrell always looked on the bright side of things, and put their trust in the Most High. They sympathised with Philis as regarded her uncle,

and when she gave vent to her sorrow, and even reproached herself for disobedience, they reasoned with her, and tried to show her that her marriage with Thomas Breese against her inclination, might have been an offence in God's sight, though it was right in man's. But old Murrell and Tees were her best comforters; for the former spoke to her of her uncle's sincere penitence; the latter of Ted.

Thus matters went on for a few weeks, until it was considered safe for Thomas Breese to be removed to a small house that his father had taken while Overlook was rebuilding. He was better, and the doctor hoped that he would eventually suffer no great ill-effects from his fall. But the losses in property were considerable, and would cripple the resources of father and son more effectually even than the broken limb would the son's body. The evening before the proposed removal, Mrs. Primrose was waiting on Mr. Thomas, when he suddenly asked her whether she thought Philis had made up her mind. She replied that she did not know.

"Fetch her, and let us settle it for good and all before I leave," said Thomas, and the widow went down stairs.

He was still lying on Rounce's bed in his small room, but many comforts had been added to that cabin, as Rounce called it, and it was now a smart and bright little chamber. Philis had done her best to make him feel at home, and had striven even to read to him, and so to soften his obdurate, dull nature. This had been comparatively easy to her, when she fancied he had given her up; but now she was suddenly called away from her needlework below, "to settle everything," which she had fondly hoped settled. She followed her mother upstairs with a melancholy foreboding of evil.

"I'm sure I am very much obliged to you both," he began, in his usual heavy voice, "for what you have done for me. Come what may, Philis, I'll stick to my bargain, and say no more about Job Rounce's debts, if you'll wait till Overlook's rebuilt, and marry me as soon as I'm ready. You can stop on here till then."

"But remember, Mr. Thomas," put in Mrs. Primrose bridling up a little, "we're not answerable for my brother's debts. You can take all he had, but you have no claim on us."

"I didn't say I had. I only want it settled for good and all."

Philis was about to say that she had made up her mind, positively to decline his offer, when there was a noise below, and finally a heavy step on the stairs.

Philis went to the half-open door, and fell back aghast, with a sudden cry. The door was pushed wide open, and Job Rounce came in, Job Rounce in the flesh, and looking much as usual, only soberer and neater.

"Uncle!" cried Philis, casting her arms about him. "Is it Job or is it your ghost?" exclaimed Mrs. Primrose, nearly falling down on Thomas Breese's bad leg.

"Take care! what are you about? Rounce, is that you? Now we can settle up everything," said Mr. Thomas.

"It is I as sure as I'm alive," laughed Rounce,

who had come home in excellent spirits. "Why Philis, my girl, thee art really glad to see me, and I thought thee'd be very sorry."

"Sorry, uncle! Oh, thank God! thank God!" and Philis burst into tears.

"We heard you were drowned in the great storm," said Mrs. Primrose wiping her eyes. "We never thought to see you again."

"Eh! I was in deep waters, surely. And I hear you've been as nigh death as I was, Mr. Thomas," returned Rounce gravely. "We've had time given us to consider our ways."

"Yes; and now you've come back we can settle everything," replied Thomas, briskly. "We were talking about it when you came in. Maybe, you have had good luck, and can let us have a trifle of money."

"I'm come home nakeder of body than when I went out; but my soul's converted," answered Rounce. "I've got my foot on the Ladder."

"Oh, uncle, dear uncle, I'm so glad," cried Philis.

"I suppose you expected to find Philis at Overlook, and bygones bygones," said Breese.

"I was too troubled in spirit to think about it; but now the Lord has spared me, I mean to begin a new life. I'm willing to go to jail or anything, Mr. Thomas, if so be you're hard upon me; but my little Philis, who is glad to see me after all, shall do just as she likes. Sister and I will end our days together; praise the Lord! and Philis shall marry you or Ted, or whoever she fancies. I'll not be a hindrance."

Philis stood amazed.

"Yes! he saved me. He picked me up in the midst of the storm. He was looking out to save life, when some of us were sinking; and he got us safe, half-drowned as he was, upon the 'Good Hope.' The Lord save us from such another storm!"

"Uncle! I will run and tell Mrs. Murrell and Patience. I won't be a minute," cried Philis, in great excitement.

"Yes, go, little Philis. Run quick," returned Rounce with a glad expression on his face, and before Breese could interpose, she was gone.

CHAPTER XVI.—SURPRISES.

"Uncle is come home! Ted is safe!" cried Philis, almost before she had entered Murrell's cottage.

She stayed her steps on its threshold, for the room seemed full to her agitated and bewildered mind.

"Come in, Philis," sounded on her ears, and in another moment Ted Murrell was at her side.

Ted clasped her hands with the words, "We are all safe, thank God!" and scarcely knowing where she was, what she did, of what had happened, she found herself in the cottage, her hands still held firmly by him. She looked towards Mrs. Murrell's bed, and round about it was a group of people that seemed to her quite alarming; yet it consisted only of old Murrell, Patience, and a gentleman and lady seated near the foot of the bed. Kees was on the lady's lap, his arms round her neck, hers embracing him.

"Moder! Fader! Ted!" cried the child,

springing off the lady's lap, and running towards Philis.

She looked at Ted and asked what it all meant. But there was no time for an answer, for Kees dragged her towards the bed, and in some, to her, unintelligible tongue, addressed the strangers. They rose, and the lady held out her hand, while the gentleman spoke to her in tolerable English.

"You have been kind to our child. May God reward you. Every one has been good to him," he said, his voice broken by some strong emotion.

Tears were streaming down the cheeks of the lady, and Mrs. Murrell was sobbing for company.

"It is Mr. and Mrs. Van der Pol, Kees's parents," said Ted. "Pict Van der Dobs found them, and brought them to me in the 'Good Hope.' She was about to leave Holland for England, and they came aboard for the voyage, seeing they were sure Kees was their child."

It was some time before Philis could understand. At last, however, her mind took in the history of Kees and his parents. Van der Pol was captain of a large merchantman. When Ted picked up Kees she was a wreck; and all her passengers, Kees included, had been consigned to the boats, the captain and the crew remaining till the last. Most of the passengers perished in the capsizing of the boat, but the sailors and Van der Pol were rescued by a passing steamer. Kees had accompanied his father on a short voyage, and the result we know. His parents were mourning for him as lost, when Van der Dobs found them out and assured them he was safe and cared for. They had come to fetch him home. Ted and Rounce had brought them by rail from Yarmouth, and they would all have a few days on land while the "Good Hope" was refitting. Ted had a holiday, and they would all stop at Pebbleton that night at least.

Never was humble cottage filled with happier inmates than Murrell's. "Praise the Lord," was on all lips, and Mrs. Murrell declared she had not felt so well since she was first taken down. The good news soon spread through the village, and every one rejoiced that Ted was safe, and that the Murrells would be relieved of the burden of Kees. But this was their one sorrow in the midst of their joy. How could they part with the child they loved and who loved them?

"You must come vid us—all—all," cried Kees, when he understood that he was to return to Holland. Philis kissed him and he clung to her. His parents were much affected by his demonstrations of affection. Philis went home followed by Ted.

"Will you come for a walk by-and-bye, Philis, when we've settled down?" he said.

"If uncle will let me. I can never displease him again, and you saved him, Ted! How good and brave you are," answered blushing, bewildered Philis.

"Ask him—he will let you, dear," returned Ted.

She found her uncle smoking his pipe by the fire, while her mother was preparing food for him. There was a peremptory call from above, and Mrs. Primrose answered it, while Philis took up the cooking.

"Dear uncle," she said, "I am sorry that I ever

offended you. I was miserable when I thought you were drowned."

"'Tis I who must ask pardon, Philis. It was all the cursed drink, but I've settled young Breese, and indeed he isn't as hard as he was. Trouble's good; please God, I'll mount the ladder yet. Ted and you must manage the rest between you."

So that same afternoon, Philis accompanied Captain and Mrs. Van der Pol and Kees to Park Lodge, and Ted went with them. They wished to return thanks to Mrs. Mordon and her daughter for their kindness; but Philis did not consider it necessary to be present at the interview: so she and Ted diverged, when they saw that the others were admitted, and soon found themselves in the woods.

Spring was advancing with swift foot, and the rich undergrowth of rhododendron trees screened the paths and the lovers. These trees, for they had outgrown their child-name of bushes, were in full bloom, and were the admiration of natives and tourists. The soil suited them, and the woods of Pebbleton Park were adorned with purple blossoms. Here and there a white or pink bloom was interspersed, but the hue was mostly purple. There was a rustic seat, however, backed with trees of each colour, and on this Ted and Philis sat down. The young larch were clad in their delicate green above; birds were singing everywhere, and a view of the sea was in front. Here Ted told his tale.

"They say I saved the ship," he began modestly. "It was an awful storm, and the captain and the first mate were disabled. I had to take command: so I am to be first mate, and some day, I hope, captain."

"And you saved uncle, all the same, Ted?" asked admiring Philis.

"We picked him up with several other smacks-men, and I didn't know it was Rounce for some time. Oh! Philis, my dear, I was thankful for your and everybody's sake—for he's a changed man. He stuck to us, and when we put in, after tossing about for days, at a port in North Holland, who should turn up but Van der Dobs. He soon brought Cap'en Van der Pol and his wife, and when the 'Good Hope' was water-tight again, we all set sail for Yarmouth. On board, the cap'en asked Rounce all about me, because I saved poor Kees, and he told him everything. Says he, 'I'm a rich man, and nothing shall stand in the way of Ted's marrying, if your niece will have him, and you are willing.' Your uncle said it would be the best day of his life. So, now, Philis, what do you say?"

"Oh, Ted! you know!" ejaculated Philis. "But what is to become of mother and uncle?"

"That is what I said to cap'en Van der Pol just before we came out: leastways, I mentioned your uncle's debt to Mr. Breese; saying that your mother would be my mother, and she would share and share alike with us. Says he to me; 'I'll pay Rounce's debt as a marriage portion for his niece, because you care for her, and she has been kind to my Kees.' Now, Philis, what do you say?"

It did not take Philis so long "to make up her mind" on this occasion as it had done when Breese put a similar question. Indeed, it had

been made up long ago, so nothing remains to be said on the subject, but that Ted declared himself "Lucky Ted," instead of retaining his old sobriquet. But there is still something to be said as regards the sequel.

Captain Van der Pol was not content with liquidating Rounce's debt to the Breeses. He paid Mr. Thomas a visit before that worthy left the cottage, and found the said debt so small that he considered it but a poor return for the recovery of his boy. It had seemed very large to Rounce. So the captain freed Rounce from his liabilities, and left him and Mrs. Primrose their furniture wherewithal to begin a new life together. All this was effected in young Brees's room, in the presence of old Murrell, on the morning of the invalid's removal to his new quarters.

"Under present circumstances, the money is more to us than Philis would be. All's for the best," said Mr. Thomas, philosophically relinquishing what he could not keep.

When this was settled, the captain declared his intention of helping Ted to take and furnish a cottage. There was a small house vacant a little way out of the village, which Ted and Philis considered too grand, but which he and old Murrell thought might be turned to good account, as neat-handed Philis might let a couple of rooms, and thus help out the housekeeping. This, with her dress-making, would be occupation while Ted was away on the broad seas.

"I think the cap'en and his wife would give all their fortune to pay us for Kees," sighed Mrs. Murrell, "and I'd rather have him; though, to be sure, he'll be better off in Holland with his own parents."

When the parting came it was a sad time. Kees was torn between his two mothers, and nothing reconciled him to leaving the Murrells, but the promise that his parents would bring him back to see them some day, when they would all lodge with Ted and Philis in their new house. But he was going with Ted, which was something, and he was going home.

Old Murrell, Rounce and Philis went to Yarmouth to see him off in the "Good Hope," and they had thus an opportunity of hearing of Ted's good character and good deeds.

"When I come back please God, in a few months, all will be ready," he said to Philis gaily, just before they parted.

"If you want more money, let me know," added Captain Van der Pol.

And all was ready against Ted's return. A pretty house, more inland than the village, yet within sight of the sea, neat new furniture, a wedding suit, and Philis, to say nothing of another reward for saving life awaited him. Moreover, he found his mother much better, and rejoiced her by a letter from Kees, concocted in peculiar English between him and his father. He also found that Rounce and Mrs. Primrose were likely to end their days together, and that the latter need have had no fear of a rival in Mary Harmer, who was affianced to a younger man.

"Young Brees is lame for life," said Rounce to Ted, "and thinks a deal more of his leg and his losses than of Philis. I don't know what we shall do without her."

"Mr. Thomas has sent me a fitch of bacon with his good wishes," laughed Philis, "and promises to pay for his board and lodging as soon as their affairs are settled. And Mrs. Mordon and Miss. Emily have given us that beautiful tea-service, and all the servants, and all our friends have sent us something."

"I like the fitch best, because it is a peace offering," said Ted. "Perhaps we may win another fitch in a twelvemonth."

A sailor may not be long on land, even when he is about to be married, so the festivities at the wedding of Ted and Philis were short if pleasant. All Pebbleton rejoiced with them, and the church was full of fishermen in their best jerseys, and fisherwives in a variety of coloured shawls and hoodlike head-gear. All the congregation trooped after the wedding party as they left the church, and went, not to the pretty new home which Ted's unselfish zeal for others had secured him, but back to Mrs. Murrell and Patience.

"We're come together after all, mother. I thought we should," said Ted, embracing mother, sister, and wife with sailorlike warmth.

"God bless you both!" said Mrs. Murrell, opening her arms to receive her new daughter-in-law.

The cottage soon filled, and pretty Philis stood hand in hand with Ted, surrounded by mother, sister, father-in-law, uncle, and all the fisherfolk, the happiest bride in the world.

THE KING'S SCEPTRE.

HINTS OF THE WONDERFUL UNITY OF THE WAYS OF GOD IN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

XI.—THE MYSTERIES AND TRAGEDIES OF HISTORY.

THIS series of papers commenced by affirming that in the course of human affairs a principle of order is perceptible, that the very idea of history is order, a continuity, a plan which illustrates itself in the progress and advance of the great human family as a whole; and the

more earnest and extensive are the inquiries, the more distinctly is this brought out into our real knowledge. Thoughtless and prejudiced minds may be unable to apprehend this great truth; so, thoughtless incredulity might stand in a telegraph office and, being unaware of the code,

might laugh at and treat as impossible the idea of sending a message many thousands of miles away, and receiving in a short time a reply. It is a mystery to be unravelled by circumstances. Thus, the mysteries of history, which at first might seem a disorderly chaos, bear interpretations to minds capable of inquiring.

In marking the sway of the sceptre of the King, it is worthy of note that hitherto in the history of the world the greatest powers have been wielded from insignificant centres, and the smallest nations appear to have been among the happiest, the world has derived its light, its great motive power, and its strength from places which are as a mere dot on the map, and peoples who numerically were insignificant. Amidst the vast regions which extend their boundless lengths of latitude, as in China, a teeming population impress and amuse by the oddity and the grotesque variety of their occupations; and in India frequent indications of gorgeous barbarism, the "barbaric wealth of pearl and gold" arrest the dazzled fancy, but neither in these empires, any more than in the mammoth majesties of ancient Babylon, Assyria, or Persia are we met by any of those treasures which are the great heirlooms of the race, words, works, and institutions which man cannot permit to die. How insignificant were the isles and populations of Greece, yet from them, and especially from one of the most insignificant, Athens, we derive art, culture, beauty, the harmony of the intellect. Rome became a vast empire, the whole known world was at her feet, but it was because from a small spot among the Alps and Appenines proceeded the elements of law, strength and order of society. And the little people locked in among the hills of Judaea a spot so small, a people so inconsiderable, that they have moved the scorn and contempt of unbelievers ever since their day; of this people it was truly said, "they dwelt alone, and were not reckoned amongst the nations." Yet they taught devotion; from them and from that soil comes all that is really precious in religion; hence no lyrics are so enrapturing as those of the sweet singer of Israel, no words are so burdened with grandeur as those which fell from the lips of their prophets, while their histories derive especial glory from the fact that they teach a true philosophy of history, they represent the course of the world as beneath the finger of Providence, and boldly and distinctly declare that the golden age of the world is yet to come. We owe Art to Greece, Law to Rome, Religion to Judaea. The same remarks as to the contracted platform from whence the greatest lessons have been taught hold also of our own country, to whom it has been given to teach the lessons of freedom and liberty to the world. Surveying the story of the past it will be seen that while other nations, especially of Europe where Christian truth and freedom were supposed to prevail, were yet held by the reins of severe despotism, England was gradually asserting her independence "from precedent to precedent."

The history of Geneva is yet more remarkable; its story has been set in a popular form by the pen of D'Aubigné in his "History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin;" it

is a story full of excitement and anecdote, of the actions of great and heroic men, but it is still the story of a little city and a little people; yet upon that narrow field we find strongly illustrated the method of the sceptre of the King. Truly it has been said, the history of Geneva is almost incredible. The little republic, locked in amongst the mountains of the Jura and the Alps, defied, not only her own Duke of Savoy, but the Pope, the Emperor Charles V. and Francis I. Michelet was fond of expressing himself in language which sometimes sacrificed strict veracity to startling epigram, but he scarcely overstated the case when, in his history of France, he affirmed that Europe was saved by Geneva. There a great cause was confined within very narrow limits.¹ History seems to delight in great nations where the characters are imposing and brilliant, and the populations large. Geneva is a small district, beautifully situated amidst lakes and mountains, a humble sphere indeed compared with the brilliant circle of France, or the glories of the Spanish Peninsula; but those scenes so modest and obscure, towns with such a scantling of population, actors men of such low esteem, these have all somehow contributed more to the setting of the principles of truth and liberty upon an assured foundation than have most of the struggles and ambitions of the mightiest potentates. Geneva won for herself political and religious liberties, for two centuries she was able to make head against Rome, anticipating the time when the work commenced and matured in the little mountain republic should be carried on in Germany, and especially in England and in America. Thus it seems that the origins, the beginnings of great works illustrate and prove themselves upon contracted spheres, not upon the vast fields and the amazing extents of empire which demand continents for their display; but on small islands or in land-locked solitudes the lessons have been given which have formed the greatest chapters in the movement of the world. Nor can the impression be resisted that frequently if not invariably the smallest nations are the happiest, preserved by their mediocrity from temptations to the indulgence of those great ambitions which have so impaired the strength, and imposed the penalties of vast taxation upon presumptuous people. Small states like Holland and Belgium, and we may add Norway and Denmark and even Sweden appear to present to the eye of the traveller peoples happy for the most part in the conditions of contentment and industry. In contrasting the histories of obscure with eminent nations the reflection is often forced upon us how frequently one troublesome and ambitious man has disturbed the peace of the world. There is a good story told of Charles V. when he had retired to the monastery of St. Just, and exchanged the robes of the emperor for the cowl of the monk. After his death, a monk showing a stranger over the monastery came to his cell. "There," said he, "is the place where the monarch passed his melancholy days, winding up his clocks; there he performed the farce of his own burial and put himself in a coffin. One day when he went in his turn to wake the brotherhood for matins and shook one too

violently because he still slept, said to him, 'Hast thou not troubled the repose of the world long enough without coming to disturb that of peaceable men who have forsaken it.' " A like ex-postulation might have been addressed to many of these troublesome kings.

There are mysteries in history : not merely in those events which have been called dark scenes insolvable and mysterious circumstances. It surely must be regarded as one of the greatest mysteries that the papacy continued to wield its power over this world, and especially over the states of Europe, through so many ages. The author of a forgotten poem of singular power, "Lux Renata," has delineated the rise and progress of the papacy in language so forcible that it has, we believe, seldom been equalled :—

" Long were the task, through each degree to trace
 God's servants, servant to his pride of place;
 To note how, borne above his lowly birth,
 He rear'd his crozier o'er the lords of earth;
 To robes of empire chang'd his priestly gown,
 And swell'd the mitre to the triple crown.
 Much power by fraud, more by terror gain'd,
 This guilt accorded, falsehood that obtain'd.
 With lavish hand both saint and sinner gave,
 One stung by conscience, one to zeal a slave.
 Till the proud harlot from her seven-fold hill,
 Saw prostrate nations cower beneath her will;
 And his broad arms the peaceful fisher threw,
 More wide, Augustus, than thine eagles flew."

Such indeed is without any exaggeration the history of this boundless ambition and superstition. The popes set up their claim to be the sole and supreme arbiters in all matters of religion throughout Christendom, and the divinely constituted creators, depositors and restorers of kings. The most ancient and powerful sovereigns of Europe were content to hold their sceptres from the pretended successor of St. Peter ; the chair of the Vatican was loftier than the loftiest thrones ; the stateliest sovereigns wore their crowns only as vassals of the whim or the will of the tiaraed descendant of the fisherman. The right of persecution was through all ages boldly claimed by the Church of Rome ; surely it is now strange to read the language of Bossuet, one of the most illustrious and also one of the most recent ornaments of that Church. He says : " The Church of Rome is the most intolerant of all Christian sects, it is her holy and inflexible incompatibility which renders her so odious to Protestants ; it is this which renders her so severe and so unsocial to all sects separated from her ; they only desire to be tolerated by her, but her holy severity forbids such indulgence." And he continues : " The exercise of the power of the sword in matters of religion and conscience is a point not to be called in question ; there is no delusion more dangerous than to make toleration a characteristic of the true Church." No doubt upon these doctrines Rome has throughout all ages faithfully acted, and these principles called into existence the daggers of St. Bartholomew, the sword of D'Alva, and the fires and stakes of the Inquisition. The good King St. Louis always recommended his crusaders not to argue with unbelievers, but to " thrust the sword into them up to the hilt."

But thus, if the papacy is one of the influences of history, not less mysterious is the rise and marvellous spread of Mohammedanism ; and it has not been sufficiently noticed that, exactly in those points in which popery receded from the pure and simple Christianity of the New Testament, the creeds of Mohammedanism and the papacy approached each other ; they appear both to have attained their power by a despotic appeal to what was worst in human nature. Papal and Mohammedan tyrannies emerge in history about the same time, the beginning of the seventh century ; they both claimed as their essential essence the union of the spiritual and the temporal powers ; the Pope was the acknowledged temporal and spiritual head of the Latin Church, the Caliph the temporal and spiritual head of the Mohammedan world ; the Roman pontiffs derived their authority by regular succession from St. Peter, the Caliphs derived theirs from Mahomet—according to their creeds the last and greatest of the Apostles ; they both claimed universal sovereignty, they both enforced their pretensions by the sword ; thus Mohammedanism instituted the Saracen holy wars, popery originated the crusades ; they both of them derived their strength from the institution of the vast monastic and mendicant orders, and both alike enjoined celibacy in their monastic institutions. In these and in many other particulars there is a close parallelism between these two great mysteries of iniquity which appear to have wrought so simultaneously and so continuously to the holding back the human mind and the advance of society throughout the world ; a dark and ominous coincidence may yet be mentioned, that they both at this present moment appear to be passing through a period of resuscitation and revival. They both constitute dark chapters in history, which cannot be lightly disposed of.

If there have been moments when, as we have said, some tide in human affairs has set in, which has been taken at the flood and led on the race to future well-being, there have been other moments when some person has appeared like an inoculating virus. Perhaps there did not seem much, beyond the realised ambition of the moment, to command attention, when a young girl became the bride to the heir of the French crown ; but that young girl was the Duchess of Urbino, she was Catherine de Medicis, she was the niece of the pope Clement VII. The marriage was celebrated with amazing magnificence, the pope left his palace in Rome to perform the ceremony ; the girl was brilliant in her ominous beauty ; her dark eyes, it is said, danced with fire at that realised ambition which gave to the daughter of Florentine merchants the prospect and the promise of the crown of France. The Florentine girl, with smiling lips and sparkling eyes, adorned with gold and pearls and flowers, had in her train one faithful attendant who always followed her—Death ; she cultivated the acquaintance of, and made herself mistress of, the mysteries of death. Did she foresee what she meant to be and to do ? for her, death struck the Dauphin, and she became wife to the heir of the crown of France ; death struck her father-in-law, and she became queen ; death struck her husband, and then in succession

her sons, and she became sovereign, for she really ruled over the destinies of France. She was to have brought to France three Italian cities, these were the diamonds whose brilliancy captivated the eye of the French monarch; she did not bring these presents which Clement the pope had promised, but she gave to France instead the imbecile Francis II., the sanguinary Charles IX., the infamous Henry III., and the dissolute woman who became the wife of Henry IV.; and this Florentine girl, forty years after her marriage, gave to Paris a magnificent entertainment, when in one night its streets ran red with blood, the most terrible carnival of death and vintage of the grave. Reciting the story of that marriage, D'Aubigné says, "There are creatures accused of God who, under a dazzling show and fair outward veil, impart to a nation an active power of contagion, the venom of corruption, an invisible principle of death which, circulating through the veins infects with its morbid properties all parts of the body, and strikes the physical powers with general prostration. So it happened to France when the daughter of the De Medicis crept into the family of its kings. No doubt the disease was already among the people, but Catherine's arrival brought the corruption to a head. This woman, so false and dissolute, so vile as to crawl at the feet of her husband's mistress, and to pick up secrets for her; this woman who gave birth to none but enervated, idiotic, distempered and vicious children, not only corrupted her own sons, but infected society, and instilled her deadly venom into all the veins of society. The niece of the pope poisoned France." This language is strong in its intensity, but it is simply true.

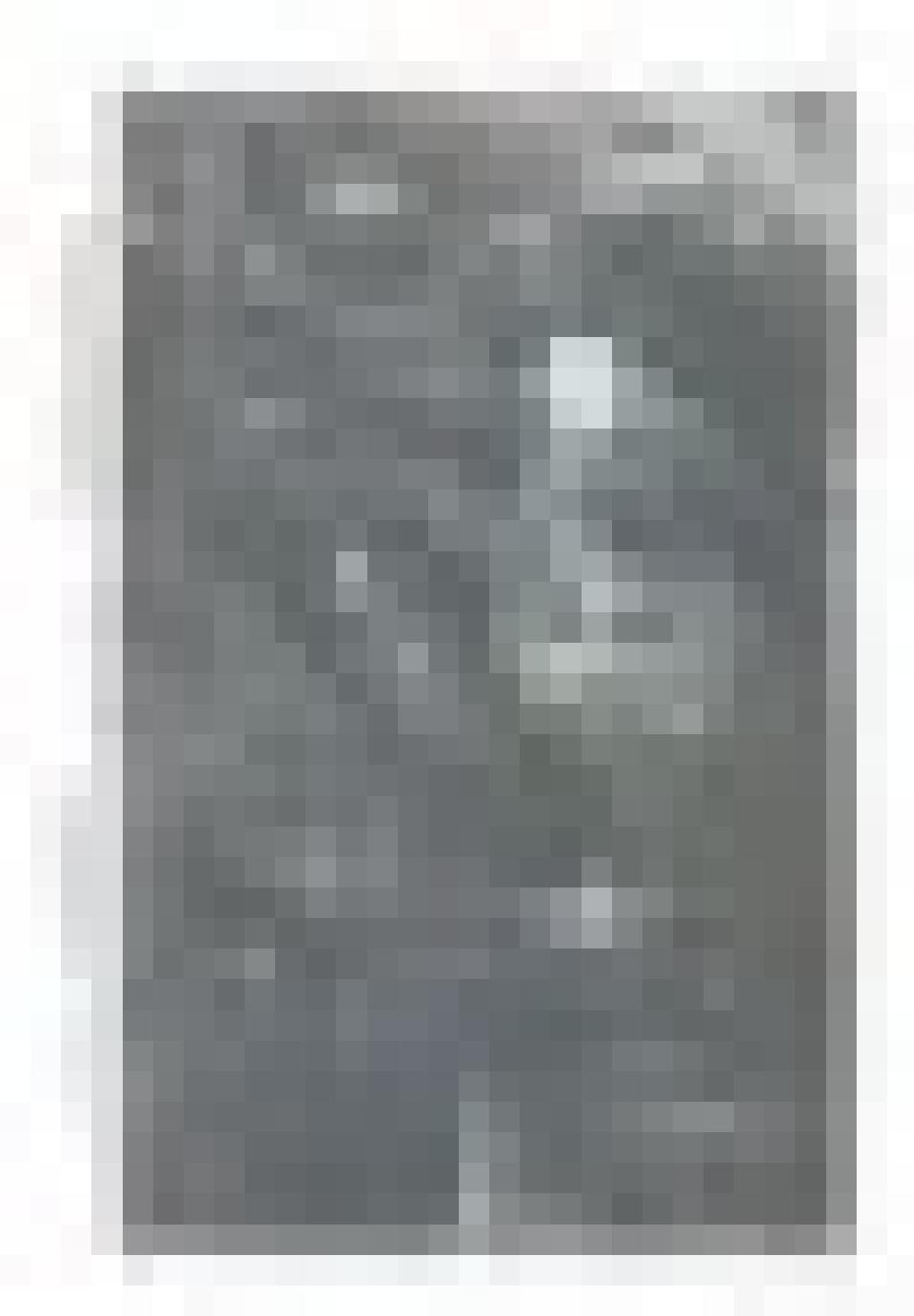
History is full of painful tragedies; this is no more than the admission that the martyrdoms on account of faith and righteousness are as inexplicable as they are numerous. Great histories are full of tragedies; not many are more affecting and unnatural than the story of Queen Joanna, the mother of Charles V. It is only recently by the research into old and contemporary documents, that all the pathos and affliction of her story have been made familiar to us; and certainly, whatever may have been our dislike to Charles V., the revelations create a recoil of horror from his character as a cruel and unnatural son. Joanna was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella; she married the Archduke Philip, she became the mother of Charles; in her own right she was the Queen of Castile. The history of this unhappy lady has always been involved in mystery; in truth her mother, her husband, and her son, were alike her executioners, and the cause seems now apparent. She first of all excited the hatred of her mother, by her indignation at the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition. She seemed likely to drift farther away from Spanish orthodoxy, it was feared, when she assumed the crown, which would be her right upon the death of her mother, for to her belonged the Spains, and Naples, and Sicily, and not to her husband Philip, or her son Charles. She gave indications that she would arrest the horrors of persecution. The poor lady was imprisoned. There is evidence that she was punished in prison with the whip, the torture, and the rack; her madness appears to have been

that the practices and doctrines of the Romish Church became more and more intolerable to her. She was sacrificed after the death of her mother by her father, her husband, and her son. Fables were invented to cover their cruelties; throughout her life her days were a succession of sorrows. She died on April 12th, 1555, at the age of seventy-six years; she had been imprisoned three times; first at the instance of her mother by her husband, Philip; next, for ten years by her father, Ferdinand the Catholic, and for thirty-nine years by her son, Charles V. Nor must it be supposed that her last imprisonment was the elegant confinement of an illustrious queen in a palace prison, it will be difficult to find any such story of distressing cruelty. Her last years were passed in a filthy dungeon; by the permission of her son she suffered disgraceful tortures, her poor body was afflicted with untended tumours. At last she died; her last words were, "Jesus Christ crucified, be with me!" Surely the story of his mother causes the cup of our indignation against Charles V., which was full before, to overflow the brim.

It is written, the "sea shall give up her dead;" almost in the same manner reputations entombed beneath the dark waves of time, are brought to light by the researches among records and papers locked away for ages in the unexplored recesses of old rooms, the curious eye explores the strange pages and brings unexpected secrets to light. It will ever be the part of wisdom to show the powerful and varied means furnished by the fortitudes of nature for the accomplishment of Divine purposes; we are all interested in setting forth the great reality of the moral government of God; in reverently attempting to trace the method of His government. There are dark scenes and chapters in history, and the task may sometimes seem difficult to—

"Assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

But to do this must ever be the desire of a faithful and a reverent mind; not so much to save a name or an institution from discredit, but to bring forth into a clearer light the truth that through dark and various ways one Eternal Mind is working out His ways of righteousness and love among the various children of mankind. It is very beautiful when, by such discoveries as those to which we have alluded, some doubtful reputation is made to shine out in fair bright colours. Nor shall we doubt that the time will come when from beneath the waves of dark tragedies and human perverseness and wickedness, from the seething of untoward events, and hostile combinations, from what seem to be the accidents of history, from events which appeared to retard or to turn back the happy prospects in human affairs, from the miseries of people and the great crimes of strong but corrupted intelligences, there will appear an Infinite Reason which has always been ruling, a mind which through the darkness has always held on its way through avenues of cloud into issues of benevolent light, thus proclaiming in the end that, whether men saw it and believed it or not, the whole affairs of the world through all their contradictions were beneath the sceptre of the great King.



LUTHER AS POET AND HYMN-WRITER.

IT was by his sacred poetry, as much as by his preaching and his writings, that Luther gained the ear of the German people, and spread the newly-recovered truths of the Gospel. As early as 1524 he published the first German hymn-book, containing only eight hymns. Next year the number increased to forty, and thus began that grand treasury of sacred song, the gradually increasing utterance of the life and experience of the church, which has helped to sustain the faith and piety of successive generations in the land of Luther. There have been many distinguished German hymn-writers, but the hymns of Luther, in their sweet and simple, yet strong and majestic strains, have never lost their influence or popularity. Cyriac Spangenberg, in his "Harp of Luther," says: "We do not find in his hymns a single superfluous or useless word. Everything flows so sweetly and purely, so full of spirit and truth, that nearly every word is a sermon, or at least conveys something salutary and instructive. All pious hearts must confess with me that in Luther's hymn-book God has granted us a gift of extraordinary excellence, for which we can never sufficiently thank Him."

Luther had at first translated and adapted some of the old Latin hymns; but he soon found it better to write German words, familiar to the people, and winged to their hearts by suitable music. Luther's passionate love of music now was consecrated to highest use. The learned could appreciate the skill and the taste of the composer, while the common people heard and greedily caught up the strains. Not many weeks after the first hymn-book appeared, an old blind cobbler, surrounded by crowds of mechanics and working-men, used to sing the hymns on the market platz. The monks tried to silence him, but they were driven away by the people, and the cobbler was requested to repeat the hymns over and over. Many copies were now sold to the crowd, and the hymns were heard all over the town. The students of the University took up the notes, and many a house resounded with the new and sacred melodies. In returning to their own homes they carried with them Luther's doctrines and his hymns, and circulated them. Those who were themselves converted to the faith, thus became zealous missionaries of the gospel.

Thus these vigorous and spirit-stirring hymns became known and used far and wide. Merchants from all parts of Europe attending the fairs of Frankfort and Leipzig heard of these new spiritual wares from Wittenberg, and many went to see and hear the preacher and poet. Travelling mechanics, wandering from place to place, as they did then, and do now, flocked to Wittenberg, about which so much was now being spoken, that they might hear the "German Prophet." Thus also was the truth spread. The dignitaries of the church began to be alarmed, and the aid of the princes and rulers was invoked to resist the growing evil. Joachim I., of Brandenburg, issued in 1526 a stern decree against the use of them; but, so far from

being checked, the circulation was thereby greatly promoted.

A great volume might be filled with anecdotes associated with that early and most celebrated of Luther's hymns. "Ein' feste burg ist unser Gott." We read of it over and over again in the vicissitudes of his own life, which were as many and great as those of the Hebrew king, who wrote and composed the psalm of which it is a paraphrase. Often in dark and troublesome times he would say to Melanchthon or other friends, "Let us sing the forty-sixth psalm;" and then the troubled hearts were stayed, and the weary feet stood firm on the Divine Rock. The music of the original is not clearly known; for the melody sung at Worms is not the same as that composed at Wittenberg; and in both there are but fragments of the grand choral as arranged by Meyerbeer. But we are less concerned with the outward singing than with the spirit of faith and courage breathing in the words of the hymn. It has the ring of a spiritual war-song, such as would well inspire courage to all engaged in the "holy warfare." It was in this spirit that Luther and his companions chanted the words as they centered Worms, to meet the hosts of the prince of this world. Many a time in Luther's life, both in private sorrows and public troubles, the words of this song and prayer of faith brought comfort and strength. And it was bequeathed to after times as one of the grandest and most powerful weapons in conflict.

The Elector Frederick III. when asked why he did not build more fortresses in his country, replied: "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott. I have faithful subjects, well-disposed neighbours, and, in case of need, a goodly number of such warriors who will not only resist my foes with armour of steel, but especially with prayer to Almighty God."

It was this hymn which the brave and pious Gustavus Adolphus, the King of Sweden, and the hero of the Thirty Years' War, sung on the morning of the battle of Lutzen. After he had drawn up his army on that morning, the whole of the troops with their king at their head sang, *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*, to the accompaniment of trumpets. They were nerved thereby for the unequal conflict, as they could have been by no other means, and they fought heroically for God and the truth. Possibly the King presumed too literally on the fulfilment of the promises of protection; for he refused to wear armour that day, saying, "God is my armour." He fell on that fatal field; but his heroic soul was safe in the Divine protection. The spirit of faith and courage did not fail with the loss of the great Protestant leader. It has stirred the deep heart of the Fatherland to our own day, and has exerted more enduring influence than the patriotic war songs of later times. It has been more than "the Marseillaise of the Reformation," as some one has called it, preserving to this hour its powerful energy and Divine expression, and may some day again startle us with

its sonorous and iron-girt words in similar contests. Mere worldlings sneered at the pious utterances of the Emperor of Germany in the last conflict with popish France; but those who look deeper and higher into human motives and actions, know how he is imbued with the spirit of Luther, and from the heart can say, *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.*

Syriac Spangenburg relates a story about the hymn *Es woll uns Gott genädig seyn.* The Chief Councillor and Captain Commandant of the Duke of Regenstein, Hans de Lunderstedt, was a zealous advocate of the new doctrine, to which his master, the old duke, was bitterly opposed. The old man never had read or understood a word of Luther's teaching, and would have nothing to do with anything new. The priests had told him that it was execrable heresy that was now abroad; and filled his ears with all manner of evil reports.

A preacher one Sunday allowed the people to sing for the first time *Es woll uns Gott genädig seyn*, and also *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*, God is our strong fortress and refuge. This was told to the duke, and represented as a most disgraceful infraction of all church order, and a most impudent and outrageous attack on her doctrines. The duke was furious. He sent instantly for Hans de Lunderstedt, and ordered him to drag the rebellious preacher by the hair of his head to Halberstadt, to be examined as to these heretical hymns, and to suffer the punishment due to his wicked presumption.

The wise commandant humbly besought the duke to be cautious; for, after all, the hymns might not have been so bad as the priests had represented. He said that he was well acquainted with the offending preacher, and knew him to be a good citizen and a loyal subject, who would never allow anything improper to be sung in his church.

The duke, still angry, replied: "The hymns may be what they please; it is enough for me that they are Luther's, and therefore must be heretical. I will allow nothing of that sort in my duchy."

The captain inquired whether his grace really knew what the hymns were? The duke answered, "Yes; one begins, *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*, and the other, *Es woll uns Gott genädig seyn.* I will not allow any such stuff to be sung in my churches. Go and bring the insolent heretic before me instantly."

The captain quietly rejoined: "Most gracious master! you know my fidelity to your interests. I beseech you to consider well what you are saying, and wishing to do. Does not your grace want God to be still your stronghold? Are you not willing that men in your duchy should praise and glorify Him? Do you not also wish that God may be gracious to us now, as the hymn expresses it; and that men should call upon Him? Who else but God would be gracious to us? Is it the favour of the devil that we should seek?"

The old duke was struck by this representation of the matter, and the wise and good councillor went on to say that the hymns were not made by Luther, but that they were psalms of David, and words of Holy Scripture which Luther had only translated into German, so as to be understood by the people, and turned into verse, that

they might be sung. The spirit of these hymns is only the spirit of prayer to God, bringing peace and consolation to poor troubled men. The duke being now thoroughly interested, Hans read to him the whole of the hymns. The duke was more than satisfied; his anger was turned away, and a desire was excited in him to read Luther's other writings. That he did so, and that he profited by the advice of his faithful and pious councillor, we have good reason to believe, for shortly after he opened the door for the introduction of the new teaching into his duchy, and was a warm friend and patron of the preachers of the gospel.

One of the converted students of Wittenberg was the son of the Bürgermeister of Zullichau. The young graduate and divine preached the first gospel sermon ever heard in the church of his native town. He began by singing Luther's hymn, "*Nun bitten wir den Heiligen Geist*"— "Now we invoke the Holy Ghost." If the people had ever heard "*Veni Creator Spiritus*," the Latin invocation had fallen on ears unintelligent and unmoved, compared with the effect produced by the plain words heard in their own tongue from the earnest preacher, "*Nun bitten wir den Heiligen Geist!*" The Burgomaster was so enraged that he rose up and hastened from the church, exclaiming, "Now we invoke the devil!" But this interruption only the more riveted the attention of the audience upon the son of this graceless father.

It is also recorded that a learned doctor in Frankfort was eloquently refuting the new heresy. The people listened patiently for a time, but at length, as with one voice, raised the tune to the hymn, *Nun bitten wir den Heiligen Geist.* The preacher recommenced after they had sung, but the people again interrupted him with the hymn, *Nun freut euch, lieben Christen, gemein,* "Dear Christian saints, lift up your hearts in joy." The preacher was obliged to leave the ground in possession of his psalm-singing opponents.

In 1527, the Council at Brunswick requested a priest at Magdeburg, who was regarded as a very learned and eloquent man, to resist the new doctrines of Luther, which was rushing as a flood over the country. He took for his subject the merit of good work in securing salvation. One of the hearers rose, and said he had learned quite a different doctrine from Holy Scripture, and briefly stated his views as to salvation by grace. When he had finished, the priest was commencing to reply, and to re-affirm the doctrine of merits, when another of the audience began singing, *Ach Gott, von Himmel sieh darein*, "O God from heaven look down on us." The whole congregation immediately joined, and the priest was compelled to retire.

A similar incident occurred in Lubeck in 1529. A priest, after his sermon, was about to recite the prayer for the dead, when the congregation began to sing the same hymn. The voice of the priest was completely drowned, and no one heard the prayer.*

* From "Luther Anecdotes." By James Macaulay, M.D. Just issued by the Religious Tract Society. (Price 1s. 6d.)

Things New and Old.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—Next to the Holy Bible itself, it is almost certain that "The Pilgrim's Progress" has been issued in more languages than any other book. Its style has rendered it capable of ready translation, so as to be understood in the East, West, North, and South. The following is a list of the tongues into which it has been translated. In most of these versions the Religious Tract Society has assisted.

| | | |
|----------------|---------------------|------------------|
| French | Armenian | Sgau Karen |
| Italian | Bulgarian | Persian |
| Spanish | Icelandic | Sechuanese |
| Portuguese | Urdu, or Hindustani | Sesuto |
| German | Roman Urdu | Otyiberero |
| Dutch | Persian Urdu | Malagasy |
| Danish | Punjabi | Arabic |
| Norse | Sindhi | Chinese |
| Swedish | Hindi | Wenli Colloquial |
| Hungarian | Pushtu | Mandarin " |
| Czech | Bengali | Amoy " |
| Slavonian | Mahrathi-Balbodh | Canton " |
| Polish | Gujarati | Ningpo " |
| Russ | Assameso | Japaneze |
| Serbian | Malayalam | Tahitian |
| Estonian | Oriya | Rarotongan |
| Lithuanian | Telugu | Fijian |
| Finnish | Khasi | Cree |
| Lettish | Canarese | Ancityumeso |
| Modern Greek | Tamil | Gaelic |
| Armeno-Turkish | Singhalese | Welsh |
| Greco-Turkish | Dyak | Irish |

ANDREW ANDERSON.—Some of the most interesting of the reminiscences connected with Elgin cathedral are those connected with the name of Andrew Anderson. A little dark room is still shown to the visitor between the chapter-house and the north cloister, said to have been anciently used as a lavatory, or, according to some, as the sacristy of the building. Here, about the year 1747, a poor distraught woman took up her abode, with an infant, whom she cradled in an ancient font. Once Margaret Gilzean had been among the loveliest of the fair maidens of Elgin; but she had married a soldier, and had gone off with him without her parents' consent; he seems to have fallen in one of the battles of the '45 rebellion, and the poor young widow, with her babe, returned to find herself despised and disowned. Under the accumulated trouble her wits gave way, and resisting all tardy offers of kindness and shelter, she clung to this forlorn home in the ruined cathedral, wandering about with her boy, living on charity, and known by all as "daft Mary Gilzean, a harmless creature, that wept and sang by turns." The boy Andrew received a gratuitous education at the Elgin Grammar School, being appointed "Pauper" to that institution, sweeping the rooms and tending the fires in return for the instruction received. At the end of his school course he was apprenticed to a cruel master—a stay-maker by trade—brother to the soldier Anderson, his father, from whose harsh treatment at last he absconded and found his way to London. He obtained work as a tailor's assistant, and in that capacity attracted the notice of an officer bound for India, who was struck by his appearance and induced him to enlist as his servant.

Some forty or forty-five years afterwards Andrew Anderson returned, after many an adventure that it would take too long to tell, a Lieutenant-General in the East India Company's service. None recognised him as he sought the cathedral, which had so strangely sheltered his infancy, and inquired of the old sexton, Saunders Cooke,

"if he knew whereabouts in the churchyard a poor woman called Marjory Gilzean had been buried." "Na," answered Saunders, "she was a puir worthless craitur; naebody kens where she is buried. But I can tell ye whero she lived. It was in that place they ca' the Sacristy. She brought up a bairn there, in a hollow stone that was ance a font for holy wator. I mind the laddie weel; he grew up a browe loon (Morayshire for a "stout boy") and was pauper at our school." "Unfortunate," replied the stranger with much emotion, "but never worthless." He took up his summer abode in Elgin; and some years afterwards assigned the bulk of his property to endow a hospital for ten old and indigent persons, a school of industry for sixty poor children, and a free school for two hundred and thirty scholars. The building was to be called "the Elgin Institution," the founder desiring to suppress his own name, but as "Anderson's" it is, and doubtless always will be known. A story like this gives dignity to a somewhat commonplace looking edifice, which surpasses even the timeworn splendours of the cathedral.—*Scottish Pictures.*

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.—“I hold,” said Luther, “that the magistrates ought to force parents to send their children to school. Can they not force their subjects to bear pikes and muskets in time of war? Why not much more then to send their children to school? For a worse war impendeth against the detestable devil, who seeketh to drain all cities and countries dry of all worthy people, until he have extracted the kernel; so that only the empty useless shell of worthless people be left standing, whom he may play with and deceive as he listeth!”—*Luther Anecdote.*

SYNAGOGUE.—The verse (James ii. 2), “If there come one into your assembly” stands in Greek as in margin, *synagogue*. This passage is remarkable as being the only instance in Holy Writ where the word *synagogue* is applied to the Christian Church.

I. H. S., so generally regarded as the initials of *Iesus Hominum Salvator*, are really an Anglicised form of the first three letters of the name JESUS in Greek capitals, ΙΗC(OYC). The name was often abbreviated to ΙΗC in MSS. By mistaking the second letter (the Greek ēta=ē) for h, the name appeared in the Middle-English period (1200—1460) as Jhs, hence the ingenious fiction of taking each letter to stand for a word, and spelling out therefrom *Iesus Hominum Salvator*, Jesus, Saviour of men. So the Kabballistic Jews take the name Adam to stand for Adam, David and Messiah. The dash—the sign of contraction in writing—is often aesthetically turned to a little cross and written above the middle letter of the sacred monogram.

WORDS OF HOPE FOR THE PENITENT.—“When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him.”—*Luke xv. 20.*

“If my people which are called by My name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin.”—*2 Chron. vii. 14.*

“The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saith such as be of a contrite spirit.”—*Ps. xxxiv. 18.*

“He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.”—*Ps. cxlvii. 3.*

“He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.”—*Prov. xxviii. 13.*

“If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”—*1 John i. 9.*

Pages for the Young.

MADELEINE.

XVIII.—RESTORED.



GRANDFATHER AGAIN.

ONE day, nearly three weeks later, Pasteur Seranville came into the back shop where Madeleine was sitting near Suzette, shelling some haricots.

They both rose up and greeted him, offering him a chair. He appeared both happy and excited; he looked at the child but did not speak.

"Well, sir," said Suzette, "what good news do you bring?"

"I do not know if you will be very much pleased with it, my good Suzette."

"Madeleine," he continued, turning towards her, "I have at last received an answer from Vaucluse. The pasteur was absent, and could not before attend to this business. I have good news to give you, my child," he added with a smile.

Madeleine, without knowing why, felt her heart beating. Suzette was all ears.

"Your grandfather is not dead," said Mr. Seranville softly.

At these words the child uttered a scream, and sprung up, letting fall the haricots.

"My grandfather! he is not dead! Oh, sir, is it possible? where is he?"

"Be calm, my child," said the pasteur, placing his hand upon the little girl's shoulder, who was trembling all over. "God vouchsafes you this great joy. Your grandfather was very ill in Savoy, but he recovered, and has returned to his village, very much distressed at having lost you; now he ardently desires that you should go to him directly, to Vaucluse."

Madeleine in her happiness was quite beyond herself.

She burst into tears; she threw herself into Suzette's arms, who was herself also much moved.

Sirrah was troubled by the behaviour of his young mistress, and looked at her in an inquiring manner.

"Oh, Sirrah, my dear faithful Sirrah!" she cried, putting her arms round his neck. "Do you not understand, grandfather is alive! grandfather has returned home! We must go to him. Oh, it is too much happiness!" and she rested her head on that of the companion of her sorrows.

The intelligent animal understood the name of his master; he wagged his tail, and ran towards the door as if to say to Madda, "Let us go; let us go, then, quickly!"

How shall we describe the hours which followed? Madeleine no longer knew where she was, and Suzette was not much better.

Madame Seranville, always calm and helpful, came and patched up the child's few clothes; she dressed her herself, and offered to accompany her on the little journey.

The proposal was accepted with gratitude, by Madeleine first, who would have been afraid to go alone, then also by her benefactors, who were both too old to undertake the journey.

They must say adieu. It was not without tears the orphan quitted the hospitable roof, where she had been so generously sheltered. Also Louis Dagon and Suzette parted, with heartfelt sorrow, from the little lively and engaging Florentine, to whom they were already attached, and whom they flattered themselves they were going to keep always. Now they must give her up at once; their fireside would seem very dull, their house very silent.

Take courage, good people! God, who sees you, knows how to reward that which you have done for "one of these little ones." Neither will Madeleine forget you; perhaps some day you will see her again.

On the evening of the same day, about six o'clock, the omnibus—which went daily to and fro, between Vaucluse and the nearest station—came into the village with a great sound of bells, and the cracking of the whip.

In the inside were seated a lady and a little girl; the latter, held with great difficulty, a beautiful dog, who tried to spring over the low door of the rustic vehicle.

"But see, then," said Madeleine—for it was she—holding firmly Sirrah's neck with both her hands, "I can keep him no longer. Nevertheless, I do not wish him to arrive before us at grandfather's."

"Poor fellow," said Madame Seranville, "he knows the country, and no doubt he scents his master. Let him go. It is pitiful to see his efforts."

But Madda did not care, for she wished that her grandfather should not know they were coming, in order that it might be a complete surprise for him.

The omnibus stopped before the post office. The pasteur's wife was the first to alight. Madeleine followed her, still holding Sirrah; but he gave a sudden bound, and escaped from her hands, and in the twinkling of an eye, disappeared round the corner of the street.

John Nodet, leaning on his staff, which he had rarely laid aside since his illness, was coming out of his little garden just at the moment, to go to see if there were any news of Madeleine at the post, when something like a ball thrown swiftly rushed against his legs. The old man instantly recognised Sirrah, but in the sudden emotion he could scarcely support himself. The faithful animal leaped round in wild joy.

"My old companion!" stammered John, much moved, "it is you! Here you are at last! And what have you done with Madeleine? Where is she?"

The intelligent animal looked at his master, wagged his tail full of joy and shot across the street like an arrow.

A few minutes after, John Nodet pressed to his heart his

darling child. Madame Seranville, after having brought back this newly-found treasure to him, prudently left them, and went away delighted with the happiness of these three friends once more united.

"Grandfather, oh, grandfather," whispered little Madda, reclining in the arms of the old man, "I am too happy. God is good!"

"Yea, my child, God is good! He has kept you; He has preserved you from all evil; He has led you by the hand; He has heard my ardent prayers, for you are restored to me; and you have not forgotten Him,—have you?"

"It is your Book that has done all, grandfather; without that I should never have thought of the Lord. I should have neglected all that you taught me; I should not have been able to console Beppo when he was ill. In short, I should have felt myself much more unhappy and forsaken without it. Now, you will never leave me any more."

"No, no, as long as God shall leave me with you, my little one," replied John Nodet, while a tear was rolling down his cheek; "but I received a great shock in that last illness, and the Lord will take me to Himself one day or other. This thought ought not to alarm you, Madeleine; for the Book will never leave you, and our God will provide without ceasing for all, as He has done until this present time."

"Oh, grandfather, do not speak of that now," said Madeleine, looking at him with affection. "Tell me rather how you were cured; and how you were able to return here. Master Gasparo, then, told a lie in saying you were dead."

"Certainly. I was very ill during many days; but the excellent sisters—good souls that they are!—nursed me so well, that at the end of four weeks I was upon my legs again. From the time that I was able to speak I asked after you, my child. When at last they thought me restored, they told me the truth. You cannot form an idea, Madeleine, of my distress, in knowing you were gone away with the mountebanks; I have passed terrible moments, notwithstanding my faith in God."

Madeleine pressed his hand.

"You had no more money, grandfather; how were you able to travel?"

"I wrote to our good pasteur, telling him how I was situated; for I could not stop any longer, at the expense of those brave people down there: this good M. Vernet sent me immediately the sum necessary for my journey; and I arrived all safe, although very sad to be alone. The Lord has brought us together again, praised be His holy name!"

Madeleine bowed her head, joined her hands, and prayed in silence.

What can we say more, dear readers? Madeleine is now happy and in safety. She is going to be the joy and support of her venerable grandfather. Whatever henceforth her life may be, she will be blessed—we feel confident of this; for the grandfather's Book will be the means of carrying on in the heart of the young girl the good work begun in her childhood!

THE HOME BIBLE CLASS.

XXXVI.—THE JOURNEYS OF OUR LORD.

TEXT for the day. "The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down; the Lord loveth the righteous." Psa. cxvi. 8. Read Mark viii. 22-34.

The passage you have read is an instance in the first place, of the way in which Jesus Christ the Lord "opened the eyes of the blind" as in your text for the day. *Where did this cure take place?* We have had the name Bethsaida mentioned before (see Matt. xi. 21); but I must explain to you that it was not this Bethsaida. There were two towns

of that name, one upon the Sea of Galilee, where Jesus has done many mighty works (see Luke ix. 10), and they had not repeated (see Matt. xi. 21). This other Bethsaida was some miles to the north of the Sea of Galilee; it was called Bethsaida and Julias to distinguish it; it does not appear that Jesus had ever been there before He went at this time; but the people knew well about Him and brought a blind man asking Him to touch him. Mark how kindly Jesus treated this man; He took him by the hand and *where did He lead him?* Out of the town, away from the crowd by himself. At first when Jesus had put his hands on him, he was not quite cured, he saw things dimly. Many people see things dimly at first when Jesus begins opening the eyes of their mind to see heavenly truth. But Jesus does not leave them in that state, He goes on to cure them fully, as He did this man; He put His hands again upon his eyes, and *what was the effect?* You see that Jesus began this cure and He finished it, and He perfected it. We are by nature blind to many things that it is necessary for us to see; we are blind to our own sinfulness; we do not see that we need to be forgiven, and washed and made clean; we do not see the wondrous things of God's law; we require to have the eyes of our understanding opened and enlightened, by the hand of Jesus. If we ask Him to do this, *do you think He will refuse to grant our prayer?* Look out and read Psa. cxix. 18; there is a prayer for us to use; read also Eph. i. 18; Acts xxvi. 18; and Isa. xlvi. 5.

This is all we are told of the visit of Jesus to Bethsaida Julias; and now continuing His journey northward with His disciples *to what towns did He go?* Look out in the map the region of Caesarea Philippi, it is quite to the north of the Sea of Galilee, at the foot of the great snowy mountain of Hermon. We are not told about the places Jesus visited at this time, but we have an interesting account of His talk with His disciples by the way. He began by asking them a question as to what men thought of Him, then He asked them what they themselves thought, a far more important question for them. If the Lord were to come to you and ask you "Whom say ye that I am?" would you be able to answer, or would you be obliged to own that you had never thought about it? Simon Peter gave a noble reply; read Matt. xvi. 16-17. As it is there given, more fully, and also the answer of Jesus. Who revealed this great truth to Peter? Let us ask our Father in heaven to reveal it to each of us! Jesus would not allow His disciples at that time to tell abroad this great truth; afterwards this was just what they were sent to tell. Now as they walked he began to teach them what great sufferings were before Him; He told them that He would be rejected of men; He said that the time was coming when He was to be killed, and He also said that after three days He would rise again! What strange and sad things these were that Jesus spoke! One of them could not endure to hear this, *which was it?* It was he who had just made such a confession, he could not bear that Christ should suffer, he little knew that by His death His people were to live! Read John xii. 32; Isa. liii. 5.

Sing,—"Hail, thou once despised Jesus."

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVIII. a.—p. 640.—SHEPHERD.—John x. 11.

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|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. S-olomon | Prov. i. 1. |
| 2. H-oanna | Matt. xxi. 15. |
| 3. E-lijah | 2 Kings ii. 11. |
| 4. P-aul | 2 Tim. i. 1. |
| 5. H-annah | 1 Sam. i. 20. |
| 6. E-lisha | 2 Kings ii. 9 |
| 7. R-abhab | Josh. ii. 1. |
| 8. David | 1 Sam. xvi. 13. |

Monthly Religious Record.

ALL Germany is this month resounding with the name of Luther. The celebration of his four hundredth birthday takes place also in other countries. Wittenberg has already had its special festival, at which more than a thousand clergymen were present. The Crown Prince of Germany, accompanied by the Minister of Public Worship and Education, attended and placed a laurel wreath, adorned with white ribbons, on which were embroidered the Imperial German Eagle and monogram in golden letters, on Luther's grave. He also opened the new Luther-hall, which has been formed by throwing into one apartment the rooms formerly inhabited by Luther, and which will henceforth be a permanent museum of pictures, documents, and other curiosities connected with the Reformation. The Prince said the German nation could not be often enough and strongly enough reminded of the blessings it owed to Luther. He concluded:—"May this festival be a sacred admonition to us to maintain the treasures won by the Reformation in the same spirit in which they were won. The power and essence of Protestantism do not consist in the letter and in the rigid form, but in the humble seeking after Christian truth. In this spirit I greet this Luther celebration, with the earnest wish that it may contribute to strengthen our Protestant feeling, to preserve our German Protestant Church from dissension, and to establish its peace firmly and for ever." The subsequent proceedings of the festival were varied. Dense crowds singing national and religious songs, thronged the streets, which were illuminated at night. Many speeches and addresses were delivered, and some attempt was made to direct the enthusiasm of the occasion into practical channels.

THE condition of affairs in Madagascar remains unchanged. The last words and acts of Queen Ranavalona, whose death was recently reported, accorded with her previous career. "She declared," writes one correspondent, "that she died fully trusting in Jesus Christ as her Saviour. She begged that she should be buried quickly, so that no interruption should happen to the preparation for resisting the French. She charged the Prime Minister and the new queen to remember that her kingdom was resting upon God, and that they were to continue as before in all matters of religion. She begged them to remember that not one foot of her land was to be given to the French." It has been noted as a coincidence that about two o'clock on the morning of her death, a violent earthquake shook the capital for some twenty seconds. The two missionaries who have returned from Madagascar, Mr. Shaw, of Tamatave, and Mr. Cousins, of Antananarivo, were welcomed at a public meeting in Exeter Hall, which was filled in every part. Mr. A. Hubbard, the chairman of the board of directors of the London Missionary Society, presided. Mr. Cousins, in the course of his speech, gave one of the concise statements which has yet appeared as to the progress of religion and civilization in the island. Twenty years ago there were not half a dozen schools in the island, and now they were to be reckoned by the hundred. Compulsory education was in force as in England. The Hovas were a small race, numbering only from a million to a million and a quarter, and in the district of Imerina alone 150,000 children were learning in government schools. Perfect liberty was granted to the people, and they could send their children to any school they pleased. The literature of Madagascar, although small, was growing, and had vastly increased since twenty years ago, when the Bible was almost the only book published in Malagasy. There were even two Government newspapers which had recently been started. During the last twenty years, what might be called a bloodless revolution had taken place in the country. The whole system of government had been changed in a quiet gradual way. The sovereign was no longer absolute, but was responsible to a minister. Making all allowance, there had been great religious progress in the same period. There were now 800 churches in Imerina alone, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel having thirty or forty, and the Romanists about 100. No doubt there was much that was faulty in the lives of the people, for they were only just emerging

from barbarism; but progress in morality, and a deepening spiritual knowledge, were apparent. The Malagases were subscribing towards the support of the 800 churches already referred to between two and three thousand pounds a year. Mr. Shaw's account of the treatment to which he had been subjected won him universal sympathy.

THE recent invasion of Annam has directed attention to the condition of the people there. The great mass are grossly superstitious, believing in witchcraft, while the more intelligent and educated classes are adherents of Confucianism, and Buddhism is freely tolerated. So far as we can learn no Protestant has ever taken the gospel to these twenty-one millions of Annam. Romish missionaries have laboured among them for generations, and now reckon their converts at 420,000.

WHILE the possibilities of annexation are being discussed in the adjoining colonies, the work of the missionary goes quietly forward in New Guinea. The Rev. S. Macfarlane, of the London Missionary Society, made lately a voyage to stations already established, and superintended by Loyalty Island teachers. The transformation he describes is said to afford "a striking parallel to the record of events in Polynesia, in the early years of the present century." Twelve days after leaving Murray Island, the "Ellengowan," with Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane and party on board, anchored off Samarai. "Early next morning," writes Mr. Macfarlane, "the people began to cross from the mainland, and Heath and Haytor Islands, and soon the beach of Samarai was covered with canoes, and the mission promises surrounded by crowds of laughing natives, armed with bundles of sugar-cane, baskets full of yams, and all kinds of native food with pigs and fowls, coming to attack the missionary and his wife. It was a day of great excitement. Whilst the teachers' supplies were being landed, unpacked and divided, the natives were building up an immense pile of native food, which in the evening was presented, with some formality, by two of the chiefs, in the presence of the assembled crowd, who all profess to have embraced Christianity, and were thus showing their gratitude for the blessings of peace which it has brought to them." Two days later a visit was made to the native teachers' station, on Haytor Island. "The people have built for him a large, neat, substantial dwelling. The chief is a very energetic man, who seems really anxious to lead his people from heathen darkness to Christian life, and to participate in the blessings of civilisation. Twenty-five of those desiring baptism, and approved by the teacher, accompanied us in their canoes to Samarai, where we had one of the most delightful services I have experienced in our New Guinea Mission. One hundred and eight of the natives received the ordinance of baptism at that meeting (seventy-six adults and thirty-two children)." Calling at Moresby Island en route, it was found that the people there, hoping for the appointment of a teacher, had set apart a piece of land for his use. At Barnburn, East Cape, fifty natives were baptized. "These people appear to have heartily embraced the Gospel. There are amongst them some intelligent-looking earnest local preachers, who have carried the Gospel across the peninsula to the tribes on the northern coast, and to those all round Milne Bay, where many of the people have embraced Christianity, and are waiting and longing for some one to instruct them. All work is suspended on the Sabbath, which they mark by knotting a string. The teacher has frequently crossed the peninsula (a good day's walk over the mountains) and preached to the tribes on the northern coast, where they have built a little church for him. Intelligent, earnest young converts who might at once be gathered into an institution by a missionary settled amongst them, and trained to reap the harvest." At Mita, a crowd of men, women, and children, welcomed the mission party on the beach. Those waiting to receive baptism were drawn up in lines three deep; ninety-seven adults, and twenty-one children, in all 118. From other points the news is almost equally encouraging. "I thank God," says Mr. Macfarlane, in concluding his account, "for what my eyes have seen and

my ears have heard during this trip; and the wonderful change has been accomplished almost without the aid of either missionaries or tobacco!"

The season of congresses and conferences has been occupied as usual with discussions ranging over almost every question of religious interest. The Social Science Congress at Huddersfield, the Congregational Union at Sheffield, the Baptist Union at Leicester, have all been in session. The Church Congress met this year at Reading, under the presidency of Dr. Mackarness, the Bishop of Oxford. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached one of the opening sermons at St. Mary's Church, from Micah v. 45, and discoursed on the subject of Christianity as a divine manifestation. He described the various conflicts of the Church in the different stages of her history, that of the nineteenth century being a struggle between nihilism and spiritualism. In carrying on this warfare the members of the Church should be at peace with one another, and strive after unity; and the object of the Church Congress was to promote this great end.

AMONG the subjects treated at the Church Congress was Sunday Teaching for the children of the upper, middle, and lower classes. Rev. F. F. Goo contended that the future of the world greatly depended on the way Sunday should be hereafter observed and presented to children. It ought to be the happiest day of the week, and privilege should therefore be more prominent than prohibition. Everything should be done to enlist the tender associations of children on the side of a just observance. Amongst the middle and upper classes good might be done by earnest Christians throwing open their drawing-rooms to receive the children of their neighbours for religious instruction. The Rev. R. W. Randall had very little faith in Sunday teaching only, when it was not carried on well into the week also; and did not believe in broad distinctions between teaching the upper and middle and the lower classes. Indeed, the upper classes seemed to be deficient in the provision for their benefit, while there was a definite mode in the scheme of all parochial work for teaching the children of the lower classes. He insisted that children should be taught in the form of public catechism. Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P., deplored the ignorance of the children of the upper classes of religious knowledge and of the theology necessary for ordination purposes. So bad was this that a bishop had suggested to him the propriety of establishing a mission at the West End of London. Mr. T. C. Thompson, M.P., who spoke with the authority of many years' experience as a Sunday-school teacher, bore testimony to the great improvement in religious teaching; but it was not perfect, and the defect was that they were always teaching about the next world as if this world was not God's kingdom.

THE manner in which the Swiss authorities have attempted to check the action of the Salvation Army in Switzerland is a serious breach of the first principles of religious liberty. A crowded meeting was held at Exeter Hall, at which Mrs. Josephine Butler gave a narrative of the circumstances which terminated in the arrest of Miss Booth. The Council of Neuchatel adopted a different course to that of Geneva, by decreeing that no meeting of the Salvation Army should be held either publicly or privately without the authorisation of the Council, and prohibiting every one from attending such meetings if convened. The cantonal regulation of Geneva contains nothing forbidding collections at public meetings, although the General Council of Berne, when the matter was brought before them on appeal, thought fit to endorse, by a formal document, the statement that it did. Under the advice of Swiss jurists of reputation, it was deliberately determined to treat the warrant of expulsion as illegal. Having been invited to attend the funeral of a young man called Wyss, the first convert won in Switzerland, Miss Booth, with Miss Charlesworth, entered the canton of Geneva, and at the grave spoke a few words, and then prayed. They were arrested by the order of the mayor. In the result they were dismissed, the two banished ladies being conveyed to the frontier. On entering Neuchatel, Miss Booth was taken prisoner by order of the President of the Council, for having spoken at a meeting in the Jura woods on the previous Sunday. After several days' detention she was brought to trial, with four of her companions. The trial occupied two days, and terminated in their acquittal, the main point of the defence being that the decree they were charged with breaking is an unconstitutional decree. But the contest does not end here. It is stated that in another canton,

where there are twenty soldiers, the whole twenty have been summoned before the authorities, but had resolved not to pay any fine; another member of the Army has been fined 5,000 francs for selling a few hymn-books. In Geneva the action of the authorities has been challenged by M. Andéond, a Genevan notary, who, one recent Sunday, invited a number of Swiss Salvationists to meet at his house for the purpose of worship. The mayor, attended by gendarmes, attempted to dissolve the meeting, but M. Andéond refused to obey unless compelled by force. Taking off his hat in token of respect for the law, he read the articles of the Constitution which guarantee to Swiss citizens religious liberty, right of meeting, and inviolability of domicile, after which he informed the officers that they should only enter his house by force, and warned them that if they did so they would render themselves liable to a criminal prosecution and an action for damages. The mayor, declaring that he dissolved the meeting, withdrew, and the service continued without interruption to the end. The first result of these proceedings has been to concentrate the enthusiasm of the Salvation Army in this direction, and many volunteers have responded to the call of General Booth to come forward and carry on the "war," if it be necessary.

DURING the meeting of the British Association at Southport, on the Sunday, a prayer meeting was held in St. Andrew's Hall, which was attended by between two hundred and three hundred persons, all of them interested in science, and anxious to promote its progress. Canon Tristram presided, and an address was given by Professor Dawson, of Montreal.

THE annual conference of the Young Men's Christian Associations was held this year at Liverpool. There are in 162 associations 17,618 members and 11,596 associates. Nineteen occupy buildings of their own, and forty-five have salaried secretaries who devote their whole time to the work. Twenty-one new associations have been formed during the year.

MR. HENRY RICHARD, M.P., is again inviting the attention of Continental statesmen to the subject of International Arbitration. He lately read a paper at the International Law Conference at Milan, and carried a resolution embodying a suggestion that in every treaty henceforth there shall be inserted an arbitral clause similar to the one just adopted in the Treaty concluded between Great Britain and Italy. The committee of the Peace Society also recently despatched their organising secretary on a visit to the chief continental capitals, on a similar mission in advocacy of arbitration. He has had encouraging interviews with influential statesmen, jurists, editors, and professors, in Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, The Hague, Paris, and other places.

THE question of self-supporting missions was discussed at the last Missionary Conference in Japan. The missionaries in Japan, like their brethren in other fields, desire to see a self-supporting, self-extending native church, and are determined to work with a view to forming such a body; but there is a difference of opinion as to whether foreign money should be used at all, and, if used in the early stages of the work, to what extent? "I think I am strictly within the truth," says one who was present, "when I say that a considerable majority of those present at the Conference would gladly, if it were possible, recall the past, and recommend on the principle of self-support, pure and simple, from the very first." Encouraging accounts are still received of the revival in Japan.

WE record with regret the death of the Rev. H. Stebbing, D.D. He had reached his eighty-fifth year, and was one of the few remaining links which connect the present generation with the age of Coleridge. The first editor of the "Athenaeum," he was in many departments of literature an accomplished workman. He was also an able preacher, and long a devoted pastor among the poor.

IN the death of the Rev. Dr. Begg the Free Church of Scotland loses one of its most conspicuous figures, a leader who had his part in most of the controversies of the time. Till two or three days before his end he was actively engaged in public work, and though he had passed his jubilee of service in the ministry, as well as his three-score and ten years, his mental and physical vigour remained almost unimpaired to the last.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert*



JULIE DURANT.

MUST I GIVE HIM UP?

A TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

IT was not much more than a hundred years ago, nor did the room in which Julie Durant sat at work differ greatly from many a room to be seen to-day in a tradesman's house in Nismes or any other town in the south of France. Its furniture was good and solid, but rather scanty; and everything it contained, from the large press of polished oak to the blue cloth coat upon which

the girl's slight fingers were occupied, had a well-worn, well-used look. Julie's own face was sweet and thoughtful, but it bore traces of care and sorrow, and there was a plaintive tone in the low song with which she beguiled her work. The words were quaint and simple; they were those of the old Huguenot's translation of the 23rd Psalm:

"Dieu me conduit par sa bonté suprême:
C'est mon berger qui me garde et qui m'aime."

But the deep sigh that followed the completion of the stanza seemed to show that her heart had hardly entered yet into the quiet rest of which

her lips sang so sweetly. By-and-by she laid the coat aside, folding it up carefully; and then, going to a box that occupied a corner of the room, she took out another piece of work, a soft warm vest, which she was knitting. This task appeared to afford her much greater satisfaction. As the needles flashed rapidly to and fro, thought was left free to wander, and was evidently turning, not unrestfully, though still with a touch of mournfulness, to something or someone far away.

An elderly woman, spare and withered, entered the room quickly. "Hast thou finished the father's coat, Julie?" she inquired a little sharply, as she noticed her daughter's occupation.

"Yea, mother, there it is. I have mended it as best I could, but it is sadly worn and frayed. Indeed, it seemed scarcely worth the time I had to spend upon it."

"Well, what to do? Ill as he seems to-day he may be well enough to leave his bed to-morrow and to sit in the sunshine. He is likely to try; for the neighbours will be sure to come in after the preaching, and tell us all about it."

Julie and her parents belonged to the persecuted community of Protestants, or Huguenots, at this period still under the ban of the law, but very numerous in Nismes and its neighbourhood. They went whenever they could, though at the peril of life and liberty, to the "Prèche," or the "Assembly," as it was called, to worship God according to their consciences.

"That will do him good," Julio answered more cheerfully. "Since he cannot go himself there is nothing he enjoys more than to hear all about it from those who have been there."

"Alas, my daughter, he will never go again," said the wife with a sigh. "No, nor do a stroke of work again either. What is the use of telling me the coat is old and worn? Where is a new one to come from? Aye, and where is daily bread to come from, for him and me and thyself? Tell me that if thou canst."

"Mother, the good God will provide for us."

"That is easily said," the old woman grumbled.

"Mother, dear mother, we must try to trust," the girl pursued more earnestly, looking up from her knitting.

"If one saw an end to it anywhere!"

A silence followed, during which the daughter knitted diligently, and the mother busied herself with the "pot-au-feu," into which she was stirring a handful of herbs.

"Soupe maigre again to-day," she resumed in a tone not much more cheerful. "No wonder thy father tires of it, and cannot eat."

But at that moment something happened which seemed to justify the daughter's hopefulness. A light knock was heard at the door, and presently a fair-haired little girl of nine or ten, with a basket in her hand, entered the room. "Good day, Madame Durant; good day, Julie," she said. "My father salutes M. Durant, and bids me say a customer from the country has brought him a couple of partridges, and he thinks monsieur, being sick, might fancy one of them for supper."

Both mother and daughter kissed the child, and expressed their thanks for the welcome gift,

the former much more volubly, though not more heartily, than the latter. "A good neighbour indeed is M. Corvart," said Mère Durant, "he never forgets his friends."

"My father says we of 'the Religion' ought always to be helping one another," the child answered. "Besides, we love you so dearly—oh, so dearly"—she added, springing upon Julie's knee and winding her arms about her neck.

Julio returned the caress warmly, first taking care however to put her precious knitting beyond the reach of harm.

"And father says he will come himself to-morrow evening, and tell monsieur, your father, all about the Prèche," the little girl continued. "I wanted to go there with him; but he said it was too far for me. Wilt thou go, Julie?"

"No, dear, I cannot go," said Julie rather sadly.

"Then I may come and stay with you while my father is away? Oh, say I may come! I will be so good. Julie, dear Julie, let me come."

"I think your father would not like it, dear," answered Julie with a little embarrassment.

"Ah, you don't know—but I know," said the child, shaking her head with an air of superior wisdom. "He would like it well. You would tell me stories, and he would make me tell them to him over again before I go to bed. Yes, indeed he would."

A look of intelligence passed across the care-worn countenance of the elder woman, and she glanced at her daughter, who however did not, or would not, meet her eye. "Yes, come to us, dear Fanchette—dear little one," she said almost coaxingly. "If monsieur your father will allow you, come as soon after dinner as you can." For neither mother nor daughter wished the child of their rich neighbour to see the meagreness of their daily fare. Quite satisfied, however, with this modified invitation, the little girl presently took her leave, after bestowing a shower of kisses upon her beloved friend Julie.

As soon as Fanchette was gone, Mère Durant began to celebrate the praises of her father expatiating upon the theme at considerable length, and with much energy, whilst she prepared his welcome gift for her husband's supper. "No kinder man in all Nismes, and no better than M. Corvart. Never thinks whether his friends are high or low, rich or poor. Only to help them when they are poor, and that he does think of, thank God."

"It is all for the sake of our faith, which he loves," said Julie.

"Ay, ay—no doubt. He is a very good Protestant. There is no man of whom Pasteur Rabaut has a higher opinion. He has such tact too, such cleverness. He has never been molested on account of his religion; indeed all the Catholics respect him nearly as much as we do. And then only to see his shop! Every day it seems to grow larger and finer. Such splendid plate glass in the windows, and such a store of goods! He must be putting up a pretty little sum, I should think, for Fanchette's dowry by-and-by. Free as he is in his givings the money can't possibly go out as fast as it comes in."

"He spends little enough on himself, at all events," Julie threw in rather absently, as if the subject did not particularly interest her.

"That is true. Since Fanchette's mother died—poor young thing, not a twelvemonth married!—he has not seemed to care for anything money could bring him. But that is a good many years ago. It were time he forgot it."

"Those who love never forget," said Julie softly.

"Well then, it were time he consoled himself, and my heart begins to tell me he has a mind to do it." As she said this the mother gave one quick glance to her daughter's quiet face, then bent again over her cooking, which for the next few minutes she seemed to find particularly absorbing.

Julie also remained silent; but for a brief moment a vivid crimson flushed her pale cheek and forehead. Then it passed, leaving her paler than before. Not for an instant, however, was the rapid movement of her fingers interrupted.

Presently Mère Durant resumed rather petulantly, "Thou art always busy with that knitting, Julie."

"Oh no, mother. I only take it up at odd moments, when there is nothing else to be done," was the deprecating answer.

"I wish you would put out of your head—him for whom you are doing it," was the mother's rejoinder, though it was made with a little hesitation.

"Mother dear—ask me something possible," returned Julie in a voice of pain.

Then at last the busy hands of the elder woman hung down idly, as she turned towards her daughter and said: "Child, it will never do—never. You must make your mind up soon or late that you will see the face of Jean Fabre no more on earth. It's ill waiting till your own hair is grey and your father and I are laid in our graves. Not that you will have long to wait for that either. Your father is dying before your eyes, every day finds him weaker than the last. It is true the meat and drink we cannot get for him might save him even yet, but where is the use of saying it? I see no hope for us—unless—"

"Unless the good God have pity on us," said Julie.

"If He has"—said Mère Durant in broken phrase, and as if half-afraid of her own words,—"if He has, and opens a door of hope, take care, my daughter, take care how you shut it again."

Julie had time to reflect upon her mother's words before the afternoon of the next day brought her little visitor once more. She did reflect, and to some purpose. She did more than reflect: when the early sun of the summer morning streamed through her narrow window she rose from her humble couch, and, kneeling down beside it, prayed to that "Eternal" whom she had been taught from her cradle to hold in deepest reverential love and awe—"Oh God, help me to be brave and true, and to do what is right to every one. I gave my word, and my heart went with it. Thou heardest, and Thou knowest."

Fanchette came in due time, bringing grapes

and peaches for the sick man. Since yesterday the joy had gone out of these gifts for Julie, though happily not for her parents. Jacques Durant was better to day; he was able to come into the sitting-room, and to be amused with the chatter of the little girl. But at last he fell asleep in his armchair, while his wife went out to visit a sick neighbour, so that Julie was practically alone with the child. Fanchette climbed upon her lap, and twined her arms caressingly about her. Now is the time for a story, is it not?" she said.

"Well then, thou shalt have it, dear little-one," returned Julie, who had taken her resolution in those hours of quiet thought. What if Fanchette were to repeat *this* story to her father? It might save some pain to two hearts, perhaps to more than two. "It shall be a true story," she said. "More than three years ago thero was a Prèche at the same place where it is being held to-day, the Lecque. Hast thou been ever there, Fanchette?"

"Oh, yes. Not to a Prèche; but my father took me one day to see it. A bare, flat place, a kind of cavern, with great high rocks almost all round it."

"It was once a quarry. It is a holy place now, if thero are any holy places in this earth of ours; so many prayers have gone up from it, and so often have those rocks re-echoed the Word of God, preached by His faithful, persecuted servants. At the Assembly I speak of wo wero betrayed, tracked by the soldiers, surprised."

"Ah, but that does not happen *now*," said the little girl quickly.

"Never since that day, and but seldom even then. God is very good to us. He has heard the prayers of His suffering people, and so lightened the cross laid upon us* that we are almost tempted to forget it is there at all. Our Catholic neighbours know well enough now that we go to the Prèche, and they never think of disturbing us. But the Edicts are there still, like a sword hanging over our heads, which at any moment may fall and destroy us. And yet that day's trouble came upon us like a thunder clap out of an almost cloudless sky, adding amazement to our grief and terror. Led by a traitor, whose name I will not tell thee, the dragoons burst in upon our Assembly, and broke it up with violence, killing, wounding, making prisoners."

"Did you see it, Julie? Was it very dreadful?"

"I saw but little, and nothing that was dreadful. Kind friends helped my mother and me to ascend a steep pathway that led to the top of the rock, and so we were saved. It was not until afterwards that we learned all that had happened. Those who were strong and active climbed the rocks easily and escaped, but some of the old and feeble were not able to do this. Amongst those who could not get away was an aged man, who had almost fulfilled his fourscore years of life. Him the soldiers took, and were leading him away

* The Protestant Church of France, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, used to be called by its members "The Church under the Cross," and with good reason. It was also called "The Church of the Desert," because the worshippers were obliged to meet in desert places.

to prison. His son, who was in another part of the Assembly, knew nothing of it until, having reached a place of safety, he sought everywhere for his father, and could not find him. His young active feet soon retraced their steps. He met the soldiers with their captive on their way to the town. Madly Fabre threw himself into their midst, and made a wild despairing effort to tear their prisoner from their grasp. Vain—vain of course! What could one man, alone and unarmed, do against a band? The sergeant in command seems to have pitied the young man's filial sorrow, for he forebore to arrest him, as he might easily have done, and merely bade him go his way and keep himself out of danger. Then Jean Fabre spoke out boldly. 'Monsieur,' said he to the sergeant, 'my father is old and weak. You will gain nothing by such a prisoner as that, for he is sure to die before he is a month at the galleys. He is like to die even sooner, of fatigue and hardship, in prison before he is judged, and then you would lose your reward. Be advised, let him go free, and take me instead. It will be much more to your profit, and to your credit too; for I am young and strong, and will be a better trophy of your prowess, and a far more useful slave to his Majesty the King?'"

"And did he take him instead?" the child asked breathlessly.

"A long parley followed. I never heard, never quite knew how that brave lad bent the heart of the stern soldier to his will. But he did it.* The infirm old man was sent back to his home, where there were other loving relatives to care for him tenderly, and to soothe his few remaining days. But for Jean Fabre there was to be no home thenceforward upon earth. Many pleaded for him, but in vain. The fate he foresaw and braved came upon him in all its bitterness. He was tried, condemned, sent to the galleys." The speaker's voice almost failed, and a look of broken-hearted sorrow overshadowed her face.

"But," said the little girl, "they don't row the galleys now, do they?"

"Well—no. For the last few years the convicts have been kept on land, at hard labour, in the Arsenal of Toulon, or elsewhere. But what does that signify? It is all the same. Bitter slavery; cold and hunger and cruel toil; the shorn head and fettered feet; the red serge jacket, the black bread and beans, the blows and insults. Worse than all these—far worse—the enforced companionship with the vilest of criminals, the oaths and evil words re-echoing from morning till night, and almost from night till morning, in ears that long in vain for the sound of prayer and praise, for the voice of honest friendship—nay, even of common kindness."

"How did he bear it?" asked Fanchette in a low, awestruck voice.

"How does he bear it, you might ask," Julie answered sadly, "for all this goes on yet. Even now while we talk together these things are being borne for Christ's sake. At first his spirit sank,

* This scene occurred as related above. A searching investigation was afterwards made into the facts, which were confirmed upon oath by the sergeant himself, and others present at the time.

and flesh and heart seemed about to fail. But God did not forsake His servant. He heard him in the day of trouble, sent him help from the sanctuary, and strengthened him out of Zion. Now he is calm and strong, restored to health of body and peace of mind."

"And when will he get free again?" Fanchette asked with a child's eagerness for the end.

The voice that answered her was very sad, though very quiet. "His sentence is—'For life!'

Fanchette's eyes were full of tears, and she was quite silent for a little while. Then she said in a broken voice, "I am so sorry for him. I will tell my father."

"He knows it already," said Julie. "So does every Protestant in Nismes. Yet tell him, Fanchette, if thou wilt, or rather remind him of it. For no one who knew Jean Fabre can or will forget him—for ever."

CHAPTER II.

If life were wholly made up of those eventful days or hours which invite and repay chronicling, how very much easier it would be to live! For it is not these which try the perplexed brain and weary heart almost beyond endurance. It is the long intervals that stretch between, the days that "grow to weeks, the weeks to months, the months that add themselves and make the years," each day with its silent burden of pain or anxiety, but with no special history to distinguish it from a hundred others. Nearly two years of such days as these rolled slowly over the head of Julie Durant. A paralytic stroke added to his other maladies reduced her father to the condition of a confirmed invalid; a condition sufficiently trying even where wealth and leisure for every loving ministration wait upon the good-will of those around, but entailing a terrible amount of suffering when poverty adds its sting to bodily pain and weakness. Her mother grew worn and hardened in the daily struggle for daily bread,—mere bread, bare necessities, without any of the comforts, the pleasures, the minor gratifications which do so much to make life tolerable. She herself was fading rapidly under the pressure and the burden of her life. She lavished every tender care upon her suffering parent; she toiled late and early to replenish, or to spare, the slender family purse; she denied herself as far as it is possible, and much farther than it is wise, for any one to do; still she could not escape the haunting, torturing thought, which added to her burdens a thousand-fold, that she could at any time put an end to the distresses of those so dear to her. For Corvant had long ago left his wishes beyond doubt. In a plain man's plain words, he had asked permission to make Julie the mistress of a comfortable home, and to place her family beyond the reach of want. Nothing hindered save her own heart, and the promise given years ago to the convict now working in chains in the Arsenal of Toulon.

Ill fares the woman whose conscience is aroused to do battle with her heart. In proportion as both are true and tender is the battle keen and

fierce, and the suffering great. Moreover, there lurks a specious and peculiar danger in the tendency of the heart to suspect itself, and to accept the specious doctrine that the path of self-sacrifice must necessarily be the path of duty. "It is hard, therefore I cannot do it," may be the temptation of slight and shallow natures. "It is hard, therefore I must do it," is often that of deeper and nobler ones. There came a time at last when Julie Durant began to believe her mother's bitter word, "You are killing your father and me," and to ask herself whether she ought to persevere in a resistance that could only bring pain to everyone. Then she leant, in a kind of desperation, upon her promise to the absent. "It would be a sin to break it," she told her parents and M. Corvart; and she told it also to her own heart in many a silent hour of conflict.

M. Corvart was a man not to be easily daunted. "Then, if that be so," he said in reply, "something remains which we can do. M. Fabre is a just and reasonable, as well as a generous man. Put the case fairly before him; and if he holds you to your promise, I have nothing more to say. I will not trouble you farther."

Julie's energies of mind and body were by this time beginning to flag, and she was glad of a brief respite from importunity on almost any terms; so she consented to this plan.

It was the midday hour of rest in the Arsenal of Toulon. The galley slaves, as they were still called, and still were in fact, though at present occupied on shore, sat or lay near the building they were helping to erect, eating their dinner of black beans cooked in oil. All had shaven heads and fettered ankles; but a few were distinguished from the rest by jackets of scarlet serge instead of the coarse monotonous grey that seemed the convict's appropriate colour. These were Protestants, suffering for their faith;* and so much progress in toleration had been made by the eighteenth century, now in its seventh decade, that they were treated with exceptional humanity, rather than, as they used to be, with exceptional and often atrocious cruelty. But the life, at its best, was one of bitter suffering; the very young and the very old quickly succumbed to its hardships, it was usually those in their prime who were able longest to endure them. To any of the noble band of confessors, an abjuration, which would have been studiously rendered as easy as possible, would at once have opened the gate of liberty; but such apostacies were almost unknown.

A young man sat, or rather reclined, a little apart from the others; that is to say from all except the one to whom he was chained, and whose company, however undesirable, he was unable to dispense with. But this man, a convict of the ordinary type, was fast asleep, so that Jean Fabre was practically alone. Some friendly hand had supplied him with the rare luxuries of an ink-horn, a pen, and a sheet of paper, upon which he was slowly and carefully tracing the characters that were to keep up his intercourse with the world of living men. He was a fine

stalwart young fellow, with an open manly face, naturally cheerful in expression, but now his brow was clouded, and his look sad, well-nigh despairing. Still he knew what he had to do, and that it must be done before the inexorable bell should summon him again to his labour. Once and again he paused, as if words were hard to find, and a deep sigh betrayed his perplexity, and perhaps some keener pain beneath it. But at last, gathering up all his forces to the task, he tore off what he had written and began afresh; and now he wrote on resolutely and almost without a pause, scarcely stopping once until he had finished. Then, as if he dared not trust himself to re-read, he folded up the paper at once, and concealed it carefully within the knitted vest which he wore beneath his red sergo jacket—the vest that had been wrought by the fingers of Julie Durant.

His work thus ended, he lay—or rather threw himself—face downwards on the ground, clasping his hands together above his throbbing brow. Thus only was it possible for him to enter into his closet and shut his door, that he might seek strength for the sacrifice those brave words of his had just consummated. "Thou art free; I give thee back thy promise." Thus had he written to Julie Durant. "As for myself, I see no hope of deliverance. I am resigned to the will of God; but I feel it would be wicked and cruel to bind thy fortunes with those of a galley-slave. It would add a thousandfold to my sorrow to think I had spoiled thy life. Therefore I entreat of thee to accept the brighter lot God sends thee. Be happy, and forget (but this word was crossed out, and 'remember' written instead), remember me only as a friend who will pray God to bless thee day and night as long as he lives."

Yes, he would pray for her day and night—but he could not begin just then. He could not pray even for himself. When deep calls unto deep, the soul that the waves and billows are sweeping over is apt to lie dumb beneath them. Well if its silence goes up as a prayer in the ears of God! Jean Fabre was no more a slave now than he had been yesterday, when he chatted cheerily enough with his comrade, taking an interest in all the trivial details of a life which custom had made by no means unendurable; nor were love and hope and joy at all more unattainable than they had been then. But now he felt the full anguish of his lot. Like the chief of an invading army who burns his ships, he had with his own hand severed the last tie—and infinitely the dearest—that bound him to the world. It was one thing to say, "I have no hope of freedom," quite another to add, "and no reason to wish for it." The first thought that won a few tears to relieve his burdened heart was of the grey head of his father—that father for whom he had borne so much—at rest in the grave, and done with earth and all its sorrows. "I shall see him again before I see her," said Jean Fabre to himself. "Well, God is with me even here, and there is His heaven to hope for hereafter. But still"—a long sigh finished the sentence—and then, as a harsh discordant sound clanged through the heavy air—"That is the bell!"

"Impossible!" cried his comrade, startled out

* Called by their brethren "Forçats pour la Foi."

of his slumbers. "Sacre!" he muttered as he shook himself awake. "It is only an instant since we left off."

To Jean Fabre it seemed half a lifetime. In that hour he had left his youth behind him. With a dejected, apathetic air he rose, took up his trowel, and walked slowly and wearily to the spot where he was to resume his work. Nothing mattered now, as it seemed to him.

But this mood passed away, for—as he believed even when he could not feel it—God was with him. He was not long silent towards His faithful suffering servant. If His joy was not always present, at least His strength was not withheld.

In due time Fabre recovered his courage, and even his outward cheerfulness; yet the heaviest of all the sorrows that had come upon him did not fail to leave its traces. He ceased to be considered, or spoken of, as a young man; and he ceased to hope, almost to wish for his liberty.

It may be that Julie Durant, in her quiet home at Nismes, suffered quite as keenly as Jean Fabre in the convict prison of Toulon. But she "made no sign." After receiving his letter, she acquiesced silently in the wishes of her relatives; and before long, the day was named for her marriage with Jacques Corvat.

THE KING'S SCEPTRE.

HINTS OF THE WONDERFUL UNITY OF THE WAYS OF GOD IN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

XII.—"HE IS OF ONE MIND, AND WHO SHALL TURN HIM?"

THERE are many places and many persons beneath the memory of whose names the instability of human affairs may receive a forcible illustration; but, perhaps, no one furnishes a story more complete than that of Jacques Cœur, the first great financier and merchant of France. The traveller to Orleans will certainly go the few miles farther to the old city of Bourges; in the time of Charles VII. three-fourths of what we now call France was in the possession of the English, and that town was the royal home, and Charles was little more than king of Bourges; there Jacques Cœur carried on all his mighty transactions of trade. He was at once the Gresham and the Rothschild of his day; there he erected his palace, that still enchanting relic of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century. He built it in 1445, at a cost which would now represent a quarter of a million of our money, and it is now the Hotel de Ville of the city. The mighty merchant was enabled to give effect to the great work of his contemporary and sister-patriot, Joan of Arc, and to advance the money which seated Charles on his throne. The king was enormously in his debt; what easier plan to cancel the debt than to seize on the entire boundless wealth of his creditor, and doom him to death? Thus the two arms which had secured to him his royalty perished as the reward of their faithfulness by the hand to which they had given strength. Jacques Cœur, indeed, stripped of all his wealth, and only saved from death by the interposition of his great friend Pope Nicholas V., escaped from prison, and in another country became again a successful merchant, and, like another Job, rose from the ruin of his fortunes; and his family owed its restoration in France to the very unlikely hand of Louis XI.; but no name more singularly illustrates the precariousness of human affairs than that of Jacques Cœur.

That is a fine passage with which Raleigh closes his "History of the World," the work in the

compilation of which he recreated himself during the long period of his imprisonment in the Tower—words which derive new pathos when we remember that he laid down his pen to ascend the scaffold—"O eloquent, just, and mighty Death!" he exclaims, "whom none could advise thou hast persuaded, what none have dared thou hast done, and whom all the world had flattered thou hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-fetched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it with those two narrow words—*Hic jacet.*"

Such reflections seem very natural as we walk amidst the ruins of empires and survey the frustrated designs of kings, the vices of cities, the unjust and crooked measures of policy and statecraft, and the agitations of those passions which have "shut the gates of mercy on mankind;" but when eternity is taken as the ground-work of the history of time, we seem to obtain the key and clue to events; and a long meditation upon the purposes of providence gives a truer conception of the place of man in the great scheme of history, and the erratic course of human wisdom becomes luminous when a divine intelligence is traced in human affairs.

There is a noble sentence, full of sublime but simple energy, in Bossuet's discourse on Universal History, when, speaking of the extent of the Roman empire under Augustus, he says: "Their mountains cannot defend the Rhæti from his arms, Pannonia acknowledges and Germany dreads him; victorious by sea and by land, he shuts the temple of Janus; the whole earth lives in peace under his power—and Jesus Christ comes into the world."

All ancient history is to be regarded as a preparation for that "fulness of time" when Christ came, and the devout believer regards all modern history as the preparation for His Second Advent.

The illustrations of these papers have been limited to history, and the order of human affairs, but if intention and space had permitted, a vastly larger field might have yielded a rich succession of instances to the same purpose.

When we think of the Sceptre of the King, we cannot but recall the text which assures us "He doeth according to His will among the hosts of heaven and the inhabitants of earth." "According to His will;" personality is the power of willing, and it has been truly said, where there is will there must be personality; hence the divino order of Nature, the wonderful proportions perceived in gases by the chemist, and the diagrams and weights of the astronomer. There is an orderly history in the magnificence of the world and the universe. The Sceptre of the King is perceptible in all the millions of undulations of the innumerable waves of light; there is no confusion, no disorder. Millions of effects are occurring every instant of time through all the mighty and illimitable spaces, but there is no failure. The prophet looked up to the orderly procession of the bright and shining worlds, and said: "for that He is strong in power not one faileth;" and the psalmist, looking up to the same fair scene, said, "Thou hast established the earth and it abideth, they continue this day according to thine ordinances, for all are thy servants." Thus the evening skies, and the radiant sea, and the green and blooming earth, the fair harmonies of the visible world, and the continuity of nature—all the result of proportion and order—become, to the feeble and trembling intellect of man, a standing place for faith in the vast and infinite immensity of things, and rest in the movements of the infinito sceptre of the almighty will. The purpose of these papers has been to show that, when we take the large margin of time which history discloses, the wide horizon of human affairs reveals also an infinitely righteous will—a supreme will, a divine providence, embracing, directing, and controlling all things, all beings, and all events; as nature declares it in all space, so History proclaims it in all Time!

Perhaps many who would be disposed to receive the doctrine of Sherlock in his discourse on Providence would desire some modification of its expression when he says: "There are a great many acts of sovereignty, relating to the free exercise of justice and goodness, which are under the necessary direction of no law, but are only the free and accountable choice of a sovereign will." And he continues: "Though God has endowed all creatures with natural virtues and qualities, and in the ordinary course of His providence suffers them to produce their natural effects, yet He has reserved to Himself a sovereign authority over nature to reverse its laws or suspend its influence by an immediate and supernatural power; and I see no reason why God may not do this in the moral as well as in the natural world, when the good government of the world requires it. Bossuet expresses the same idea of providence in his discourse on Universal History. It may be said that such a doctrine conveys an idea of providence which tends to subvert law—it is to suppose that contingencies may arise in human

affairs which omniscience did not foresee, and against which infinito fore-knowledge did not provide; but is it not certain that there is, in the life of things, a Divine prevision which is in harmony with higher law, and even with the invariability of law?

The other day the writer brought home from the Continent two little pieces of statuary, figures of the great emperor Charlemagne and of St. Francis Xavier. Alas! when unpacked, it was found that both had suffered damage, the arm of the saint was broken and the emperor had lost his head. A little diamond cement did so far repair the injury that both now seem again perfect; but what if the images had created their own diamond cement to mend the fault and the flaw? And yet something like this is done in the human frame when, within and behind the invariable natural law, some special provision is perceived asserting itself. Thus, if a man should break a leg or an arm, a special provision provides a greater secretion of the phosphate of lime about the fracture, and not only unites the broken part, but in some instances forms a ferule of bony matter round it; is it not a cause for wonder that the broken or injured part should have chemical and mechanical arrangements for repairing the injury? An ingenious writer very truly says it is as if a watch were so constructed that, when a chain or wheel broke, a series of small hammers and rivets instantly set to work within the watch to repair the injury. And thus perhaps it is that, as in the moral as well as in the material world, divine providence is coincident with divine law. Special provisions and intentions in nature are obvious to thoughtful minds. Talking the other day with a surgeon of eminently extensive practice, he instanced, as one of the most singular of these special intentions, the teeth in the constitution of the human frame. In childhood, in infancy, anatomy has shown how, beneath the first teeth, preparation is made for the second. There beneath every tooth is the germ, if the term maybe permitted, for another; the first is only intended for earliest years, and, as those which have been called the milk teeth cease to be sufficient for the harder work of life, forth springs the second row, equal to the work of nutrition, and intended to fulfil the labour for threescore years and ten.

And thus there is and always has been a supernatural system and course of things in the world, and this seems to be one of the clearest deductions of our reason—there is but one and the same God in our world and in the universe. He exists and governs alike in all ages and places; and if we read the Holy Scriptures with this thought clearly in our mind, we shall find, in the rules and principles of the Divine dealings with the Hebrew nation, the moral and intellectual principles on which He governs all the sections and generations of the human race. Do we not find in the writings of the prophets that the topics and the people enumerated extend beyond the Jewish nation? and the destinies are declared which have been assigned to kingdoms which have figured in the world before our time, as well as those which are yet to arise. The Old Testament is the revelation of God in history—that which was done and written and taught in

Judaea was meant to relate to all mankind ; what in other regions was carried on invisibly to the mortal eye, was made manifest in the history of that peculiar people. "He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel." It is thus—amidst the irrefutable grandeur of prophecy, as John Davison has pointed out in his great lecture on the structure, use, and inspiration of prophecy—that sacred prophecy is not only a series of predictions; the prophecies are not mere divinations, they are doctrines, and a continued strain of moral teaching. And this remark applies equally to those prophecies which refer to kingdoms—to Tyre, to Egypt, to Edom, or to Babylon. In the description of the overthrow of this last, the prophet Isaiah has been wisely said to rise by a judicious gradation into all the pomp of horror; the vision unfolding from streets thronged with kings, grandees, and crowds of affluent citizens, until it stretches out a waste so dismal that not only shepherds recoil from it as a fold, but rude and roving Arabs will not venture to pitch their tents on the spot, a dwelling place for dragons—"where was once the golden city where millions of strong people basked in the sunshine of prosperity, converted into a scene of desolation and horror, a monument of divine vengeance, and an awful admonition to human pride." Surely such pictures, stretching before the prophetic vision, and realized distinctly to the eye of travellers in our own day, indicate the Sceptre of the King.

And modern history illustrates the same prescience in the Divine understanding, and the same results following upon the desecration of Divine laws. If we refer again to Rome during the Middle Ages, it is because the dominion of Rome, and the compensation of judgment which followed at last upon the corrupt morals of the popes in those deplorable and depraved ages, reveals the unity of divine government alike in modern Europe as in ancient Babylon. And singular it is, and instructive to notice, that in the eyes of such men as Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI., it seems that they thought the stain of their crimes was effaced by the rigour of their persecution of those who swerved from the papal faith; and so it has been said a persecution was enough to wash away the stain of a thousand perjuries, a thousand perfidies and impurities, a thousand crimes. A dreadful immorality, dominant in Spain, preached up in Italy, supported through all Christendom by the bulls of popes, extended rapidly to less enlightened countries. It is difficult to foresee what would have been the limit of this frightful progress if the revolt of a part of Germany against the tyranny of Rome had not forced the popes, after a long struggle, to renounce their bloody intolerance.

The reflections and instances of these various papers have attempted to illustrate one of those necessary truths which must be regarded as the heritage of the human race, the fountain light, not merely of all history, but of all our being—God ruling among nations and men so that impiety—that is to say, the absence of moral virtues—becomes the immediate cause of the calamities of nations. It is true man cannot always or often command facts, but he can

preserve principles in his heart; and, in a time like ours, when disloyalty to the divine Name seems so fearfully to prevail and to increase, we should gather up those illustrations of the prevalence of a holy and almighty Mind in history which are as lights shining in dark places. Then we shall see how "He lays the beams of his chamber in the waters," and the turbid waves and billows of human passion reflect the celestial lights, the emanations of the eternal will and righteousness, and the ineffable designs of controlling love.

"*Ye knowest our frame.*"—*Ps. ciii. 14.*

"*O Lord, thou knowest.*"—*Jer. xv. 15.*

THOU knowest, Lord:—weak hands, and feeble knees,

And poor dark eyes, that e'en when touched by Him—

Who is the Light, are often still so dim,
They see men but as trees.

Thou knowest:—fearful hearts, so prone to think,

If the waves roughen and the night grow dark,

That, though their Lord be with them in the bark,

He cares not if they sink.

Thou knowest:—erring feet, for though the Way

Be Christ Himself, oft on the hill-side bleak,
The Shepherd needs must turn aside to seek
Sheep that have gone astray.

* * * * *

O eyes that Christ has touched, still dim their sight?

What further hope can now for these remain?
Behold the Master's hand is stretched again,
And lo! they see aright.

O coward hearts! since faithless their alarm,
Faithless in that their Lord is surely by,
Will not the winds and waters still be high?

He speaks, and lo! a calm.

O wandering sheep! now surely it were meet
They should themselves retread the toilsome track?

Lo! in His arms He lifts and bears them back,
Sparing the tired feet.

G. P. M.



SUNDAY MORNING.

BY LADY HOPE.

THE secret of a happy Sunday! What is it? It might perhaps be well if we were to make this subject more often an earnest study, not only as regards ourselves but with reference to those around us, households, servants, children, friends, neighbours, acquaintances, strangers.

A truly happy Sunday in a Christian home is a lovely sight. One golden link in the seven days' chain, gilding the coming six. Rest following labour and preceding it; and this a rest of no common kind, but hallowed, pure, joyous, divine. A white ray in the midst of reflected ones; a clear light in the pathway of coloured ones; a pearly gate opening to inner radiances.

How sad that such treasures should be sometimes misused, and even lost! Are they not God's gifts sent to gladden and enrich? A gift thrown away—the giver insulted! Such is the real interpretation of a wasted Sunday; is it not so? the plain history of man's expenditure of that which came from God, which should as a talent have been traded with here, and returned to Him hereafter. But is it precious to us? Do we see its value? We need God's light, we need the sight He can give, to see His days as He sees them.

"I counsel thee to buy of me eyesalve that thou mayst see." This is the Lord's wonderful direction, built upon a rebuke—"Thou knowest not." Perhaps in Sunday life we feel and see more need of this anointing, this sight-giving anointment, than in many of our other phases of shortsightedness.

A poor man who had been a soldier at one time "in foreign parts," and afterwards a stone-breaker on the roads in England, was describing his past career, and comparing it with his present one. He had been "reckless," "forgetful," "careless," "hardened"—so he told us, with many expressions of sad regret coupled with deep thankfulness at the change that had taken place within him—this change manifesting itself wonderfully in the renewal of his life. An illness had come upon him, and with it a "fear," apparently an agony of distress. He was "not ready," "not saved," "where should he go?" so his friends sent for the minister. The minister came, and read by his bedside words of Scripture. He told him how Jesus died for the sinful." The stonebreaker listened and believed. A long night followed, but presently came the dawning daylight. Then with the morning there came the new joy of glad tidings received. "Remission of sins" had so filled his heart, that with it there seemed to follow an inflow of strength, and he began to recover.

From this point dated his vivid descriptions of his new tastes. "All things had become new," "I sat up in the armchair beside the fire, and I looked round the room. Everything seemed

different. And yet it was the same old room! I had always been a great one for reading; and now I wanted something to read. So I said to the wife, 'Get me something to read!' and then I remembered—oh! what a remembering it was! that I had got a *Bible*!—oh! that precious book! and all these years I had been wanting something to read—sending to the ministers, the farmers, the neighbours, the library, for *something to read*, while I had *three Bibles* in the house! Just think of that! and I always complaining that I had nothing to read!"

"It's different now," he explained, with a smile and a shake of his head; "time is not long enough for the study of this book. I believe that all through eternity I shall be learning it. Where is the book, wife?" he continued, "Perhaps the lady can show us something in it."

But as he put it into his hands he opened it with such an eagerness that we left it to him to draw gem after gem from its pages. As he read here and there a verse that had been "given him" as he expressed it, his face literally shone with joy; while every now and then, he would ask a question, while he commented on the answer somewhat in this fashion. "I thought that was it! yes! I thought so! I do suppose that God's holy Spirit is teaching me; don't you think so, my lady? That is what it feels like to be sure! yes, I know it. I know that I am learning, 'a little child,' doesn't it say somewhere? That is exactly like me. I am down there, sitting at Jesus' feet. And He answers all my prayers, and He gives me light. I would not change it for something. No, I wouldn't."

And we left the stone-breaker rejoicing in his Bible, as in a new found provision for his heart's needs. Since then his riches have increased. He became a very bright example in the village where he lived; while his earnest appeals and fervent prayers were owned of God in much blessing to those around him. He prospered too in temporal matters. From being a stonebreaker, he became the owner of a small business which under the blessing he had so earnestly sought, provided him with an excellent competence, as well as gave him a position of influence amongst his neighbours. This he also looked upon as a sacred trust, endeavouring to use it for the Lord.

When our eyes are opened to see things as the Lord would have us see them, we are led to value much that was undervalued before, and to disregard or count as worthless much that we had formerly held in high esteem. Is not this the case, in our appreciation of the Lord's day? It becomes an opportunity of privilege, a gift from above. We love it. It is our happiness, our joy. Shall we ask for more of the holy

eyesalve, that we may see more of the preciousness of our sabbath, and that we may use it better?

How much even Christian homes differ in this respect. In some you discover a weariness, and lassitude, as the hours roll on. In others the day is ushered in with brightness, cheery smiles, happy voices; varied occupations, sweet singing, loving, restful enjoyment, and earnest worship, seem to follow each other, in only too quick succession. Then evening comes, and the day is gone, but only to be parted from, with the hopeful welcome that awaits its successor.

Some of us have known what it is to have a dreary Sunday, or perhaps a multitude of such. A bitter drop in our cup has robbed it of its sweetness; and the lack perhaps of a congenial church, a helpful ministry, or heart to heart conversation on the themes we have loved best has caused us almost to dread the return of the Sunday. If such be the case all the more earnest and real must be our sympathy with others who do not know what it is to have a happy Sunday. If we have known the loss, let us also know the gain. He who is the "giver of every good and perfect gift," "the Father of lights," can bestow it.

Let us get much spiritual blessing!

Let us give a good share of our getting.

There is the early morning hour for secret prayer, to which is given the promise of open reward.

This hour rightly spent can cast a halo over the coming hours of the day. Divers kinds of communion here may find their appointed place according to our special needs. On our knees, or before an open Bible, we may present our supplication, and find the answer. We may leave our burdens on the mighty Shoulder that also carries our names.

Then we have the after breakfast hour. Studies of Bible truth may at this time be made deeply profitable and interesting; and in a variety of ways. To look at one or two of them—suppose we draw an outline from nature and fill it in with scripture teaching—thus, the River, the Lamb, the Garden, the King, or some similar subject; on the principle that instruction always begins rather from the foundation of what is known, than from that which is *not* known. A doctrine may seem to many minds uninteresting. They have not scaled its heights. A first step is wanted. Even to advanced Christians this step of the ladder is useful, and often a singular rest and enjoyment. Our Saviour used it in His teachings, when He pointed to the vine, and said, "I am the true vine," and to the net, and said to His fishermen disciples, "The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a net;" thus using visible and common objects for His divine instruction. The "door," "vineyard," "home," "sheep-fold," "shepherd," "rock," "bread," "water," "wine," "eye," "foot," "light,"—all these every-day sights, He turned into Scripturo lessons. May we not do the same, while looking for the teaching of His Holy Spirit? Thus He interwove heavenly truths with the ordinary circumstances of daily life. Could such teachings ever be forgotten? This method of instruction we find continued from the first

chapter of Genesis, to the last of Revelation. Thus endorsed, can we fail to see its unspeakable value in home instruction as well as in that of a more public character?

"We have had such a nice Bible reading today," said a little girl to me one day, "All about Rings; and mamma showed us the ring on her finger, and told us all about it. Then, you know, there was the ring that Joseph wore, because the king was pleased with him; and another man had a ring with a seal on it (Mordecai's ring), and the best of all was the ring that the prodigal son was given when he came home, and was sorry. Wasn't that nice?" And the little thing ran upstairs to tell out again her Bible story in the nursery, to any hearers she might find. These Scripture truths had been placed within her reach, and attractively so. She will always associate Bible readings with enjoyments; and this is a blessed combination, for younger as well as for older life.

If I may be allowed to quote from my own little book entitled "Gathered Clusters," I will relate the simple occurrence that pressed upon my mind the importance of popular and interesting Bible classes at home.

It was on a Friday afternoon, that we drove up to a large house in the vicinity of a town. We had been invited by its hospitable owner to spend a few days with himself and his family. Saturday was spent in driving, walking, skating, singing, playing, and talking. There were several children in the house, and it is needless to say their presence added very considerably to the liveliness of the household. Sunday morning came; after breakfast I took a book into the drawing room, where I soon became aware of a very different atmosphere from that of the previous day. The whole party seemed *ennuyé*. Silence soon ended in a crossfire of conversation, that could be described by no other words than "Sunday-gossip"—something in this style—

"Oh! Miss Jenkins! (the governess) did you see Eleanor Redcliffe at church last Sunday? She had on the most *frightful* bonnet I ever saw."

"Frightful!" echoed one.

"Frightful!" echoed another.

"But I don't think I ever saw anyone make such a guy of herself as that little Miss Katie Jones. Doesn't she, Mary?"

Peals of laughter followed this recollection, which had evidently been well handled before, but was interrupted by a reply from the said Miss Jenkins.

"Don't, children, be quiet. I will not have such behaviour on Sunday."

After a little more expostulatory ejaculation, with its argumentative comments from the audience, a piercing shriek was heard.

"What is the matter?" said one of the older girls. "You are so troublesome."

"Oh! Johnny pricked me with his knife."

"I didn't mean to hurt you," said Johnny, "you put your hand upon it."

"Oh! you naughty children! what shall I do with you? you are so troublesome. You really *must* remember that it is Sunday."

This exhortation was followed by a groan

from more than one of the occupants of the room.

"I wish it *wasn't* Sunday," said one.

"Now children, I *will* have you quiet. So don't speak another word." This was from Miss Jenkins.

I looked up from my book. A veil of melancholy had been cast over the little party. Then came yawns, and stretchings, and many disconsolate glances at the window pane, which was already becoming dimmed with fast falling drops of rain.

The children may have seen that their visitor sympathised; for there came a sudden appeal from one of the older girls.

"Oh! Lady Hope! do amuse us. Sunday is such a *dull* day; we never know what to do."

No request could have given me greater pleasure. If the children had been groaning over the dulness of Sunday, I had been sighing to think that the *pearl* of the week—our blessed Sabbath day, in which we are told to delight—should be evidently the recognised period of dulness in the seven days to these poor children. Each soul so precious, each mind so constituted that it could be a vessel for either good or evil, and a medium through many long years, and perhaps a still longer eternity, for communicating either one or the other! Now, looking upon this Sunday, this tiny foretaste of an endless sabbath as the dullest period of the week, did it not show how little they were being prepared for the *rest* above? And yet I could not help feeling, if one of these dear children were suddenly taken ill, and pronounced by the doctor to be "in danger," as we call it, would not the one overwhelming thought of parents, teachers, and friends, be, "May my child be in safety! may she be with God! may she enjoy the rest of heaven!" How cruelly inconsistent with such a desire seemed this wasteful and gloomy expenditure of the precious *preparation* day! If the children hated Sunday here, how could they be expected to love it there? and if they did not love its sacred pleasure, would the presence of the Lord be heaven to them?

To finish my story—in answer to the appeal, "Will you amuse us?" What was to be done?

"Please give me a sheet of paper," was my reply.

A rosy-faced little girl brought it, and sat leaning on my lap. All the others gathered round.

"Who is the best hand at drawing?" I asked.

"Lucy!" answered several voices.

"I want Lucy to draw a house as large as she can," I said, "on this piece of paper. Will everybody get a Bible?"

A general scamper took place, which resulted in the production of several Bibles, but not quite enough.

"One for each, please!" I had to ask; and then we all had Bibles. Thus our occupation began.

By this time Lucy had drawn the outline of a large square house, and she asked, "Am I to put doors and windows in it?"

"A door!" said one child.

"A window!" said another.

"A roof, and a path!" said a third.

"Oh! Lucy is doing it so well!" called out a merry little thing, as she looked over her sister's shoulder.

"Now, everybody must have a seat," I suggested, and soon we were all ensconced on various chairs, sofas, and ottoman.

"Who can find me a verse in the Bible about a house?" I asked; "any verse."

There was a pause, and then a great fluttering and turning of the leaves of various Bibles. The "turning over" seemed rather aimless: for a minute or two passed, and no verse was suggested.

"Look in the 12th Chapter of Proverbs," I said, "and see if you can find a verse about a house there."

All eyes were turned to the open Bibles then, and soon some one said.

"Is it the seventh verse?"

"Yes. Will you read it?"

It was read, and then I asked—

"Whose house is that?"

"The house of the righteous," replied one.

"Now look at Proverbs xiv. There another verse about a house there. Who will read it?"

"I will," said another; and it was read.

"Whose house is this?"

"The house of the wicked," answered several voices.

"Look at the two verses, and see what is the difference between the two houses."

"One will be overthrown, and the other will stand," answered one of the bigger girls.

"That is quite right!" I answered. "You see the difference quite plainly, because God tells us how it will be. Now, does not that remind you of two houses that Jesus told the people about when He was preaching?"

No answer came, so the question was repeated, and after a little encouragement, some one replied—

"Do you mean the house on the rock, and the other on the sand?"

Then all eagerly turned to Matthew vii., and the one who said first, "I have found it," was asked to read the verse.

By this time all were in the spirit of the exercise, and when a few words had been said about the importance of first laying a good foundation when a house was in building, and asking the children if they had ever noticed a hole being dug before any stones or bricks were used in the new houses that were being built close by, it was very easy from their own answers to draw out the extreme simplicity and conciseness of the Lord's teaching on the subject, "If any man heareth my words and doeth them."

"But we have got so much to do, that we must only spend a *very* few minutes over each verse," I said. "So we will find another in 2 Corinthians, v."

When this was read, and one or two questions asked about it, another was found in Hebrews iii.

Soon the children began themselves to choose and find verses, and after some little time had been spent on considering the various teachings

to be derived from the Scripture use of the word "House" we proceeded to examine its different parts in a similar way.

Foundation, walls, roof, door, windows, rooms, gate, path.

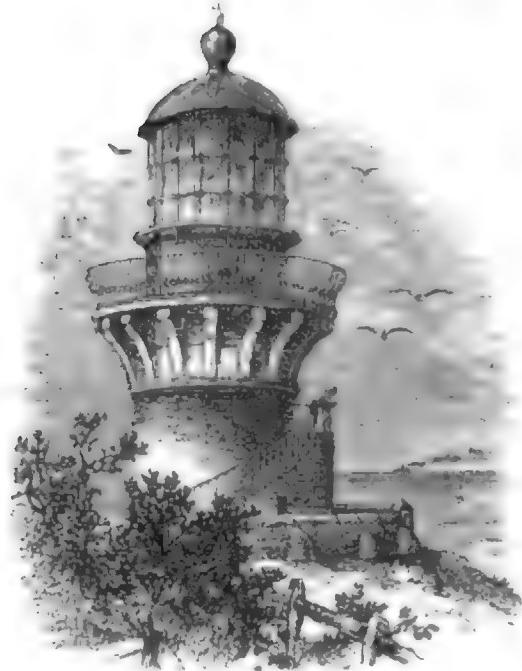
By this time we had got half-way through the

list, so, though the children's interest was as vigorous as ever, I told them we must stop now, and take the rest of the subject another time.

This is offered as a very humble specimen of what may be done, in the way of home Bible Study on our Sunday mornings.*

MISSIONARY VOYAGES OF AN "EVANGELIST" CANOE, ON THE LAKES AND RIVERS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

III.—VISIT TO SEAL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.



SEAL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

IN planning out my missionary voyage for 1880, I arranged to spend the first ten days upon the waters of the beautiful Clarence River, in the northern part of the colony, and then find my way to the Myall Lakes from Seal Rock Lighthouse. A few days were spent with kind friends at Grafton, and then the canoe journeyed down part of the Clarence River, returning up the South Arm. It was the sugar-crushing season, and I had opportunities of distributing packets of illustrated religious papers among the labourers on the sugar punts, and in the little cottages near the banks of the stream.

Although the weather was delightful, cool and bright, the fields of sugar-cane and the plantations of bananas which shaded every cottage, reminded the traveller that he was in a semi-tropical climate.

The steamer, "New England," was to leave the Grafton wharf on Wednesday, Sept. 8th. I bade farewell to my kind Grafton friends, and hastened on board at six o'clock in the morning. The captain had kindly promised to drop me and the canoe overboard when we were off Seal Rock Lighthouse should the weather permit.

On Thursday morning, at ten o'clock, we drew near Seal Rock Bay. The captain insisted upon

adding to my provisions a large loaf of bread and an extra box of matches. The canoe was made ready on the main hatch; the engines being stopped, the mate superintended the two men who swung the canoe over the side, and gently lowered her into the water. I said "Good-bye" to the captain, slipped down the rope-ladder into my place in the canoe, the provision box and clothes bag were handed down and stowed away in the locker, and the mast was stepped with the burgee of the Royal Canoe Club flying at the masthead. Pushing off from the steamer with my paddle, I fixed the apron, saw that the rudder lines were clear, and then, in response to the waving handkerchiefs and caps from the steamer, I waved my hat in farewell.

Hoisting my sail to catch the light north-east wind, my tiny craft rose and fell on the swell of the ocean, as she travelled on her way to Seal Rock Bay.

In a few minutes I passed a rocky islet which lies off the corner of the bay. Drawing nearer the beach, I could see four men and a boy running down towards a boatshed which stood not far from the waters' edge.

When within hail one of the men shouted, "Take your mast out, and turn round to come in stern first." The mast was lowered, and I backed the canoe in as directed (a new style to me); I ran in some distance on the top of a wave, but when close to the beach a second breaker rose above the stern of my little vessel, and broke right over me, giving me a thorough drenching, as I sat facing the sea; the stern of the canoe struck the ground, snapping off the rudder-iron, and in another moment I was out on the beach in the midst of a most surprised group of men.

We unloaded the canoe and drained the water out, the wet things were spread out on a log to dry, and the canoe placed inside the lighthouse boat, in the shed. As we climbed the sandy track which leads from the bay up to the lighthouse quarters, I explained my object in visiting Seal Rock Bay. I desired to remain with them for a time, holding service on the approaching sabbath, and then get the canoe and myself

* Various methods of drawing forth the interest of children, in homes not devoted to more systematic studies, have been suggested from year to year in our "Pages for the Young." We give place to this practical paper for the sake of calling the attention of parents and teachers to the subject.—ED. A. H.

overland to the Myall Lakes. The superintendent of the lighthouse assured me that my visit would be most welcome, and that although the lighthouse had been erected nearly five years, they had never yet had a sabbath service; the Bush Missionary had paid them a visit early in the year but could only stop a few hours.

We soon came in sight of the lighthouse quarters, passed through slip panels, and in a few moments I received a hearty welcome.

The lighthouse is a very fine building, in first-class order, standing upon the summit of a conical hill, well-named "Sugar-loaf Point." The cliffs rise on two sides nearly perpendicular from the waters' edge.

The light is 258 feet above high-water mark. The plans prepared by the colonial architect consisted of a two storey lighthouse, 21 ft. 6 in. above the ground floor and eleven feet diameter inside, with paved yard and area wall. The light tower and wall are built of brick laid in cement, and cemented inside and out; there is an external stair to the middle floor, which is formed of solid bluestone steps with gun-metal railing. Around the outside of the light tower there is a gallery, from which a magnificent view of the coast is obtained—from Long Island to the south to Hawk's Head on the north, while the eye roams over the densely-wooded hills which line the coast and stretch for miles inland.

The lighthouse is covered in at the top with large sheets of plate glass, which are cleaned every day just before sunset. In the lantern tower there are glass lenses arranged in the form of a bell, in the centre of which is one large lamp; you can get inside the bell of glass, as some of the lenses are arranged on hinges to act as a door, and thus the lightkeeper can step in and trim the lamp; but so powerful is the light, that when trimming the lamp during the night the man on watch uses blue spectacles. The lamp has four circular wicks, and gives a very powerful light.

The light is a revolving one, being eclipsed every thirty seconds, the lens tower being made to revolve by a system of weights, which require to be wound up once every four hours.

On the middle floor of the lighthouse is a fixed green light shining through a plate-glass window in the wall of the lighthouse, and so arranged that it is only seen when vessels are within a mile and a half of Seal Rocks north or south, and three miles out to sea.

The lighthouse quarters consist of three substantial houses. The largest cottage is for the superintendent. Close by, you see two cottages under one roof, for the two assistant lightkeepers, and their families.

Electric bells connect the lighthouse with each of the dwellings below, so that the man on watch can call for aid, or the superintendent communicate with the man in charge. These buildings are perched up on the side of the hill, with the lighthouse fifty feet above them.

A winding track goes down to a piece of table-land, and upon this level space are a wooden cottage used as a schoolroom, and a shed for the dray.

The number of souls forming the little community at the time of my visit was twenty-three.

During the first evening I watched the process of lighting up, and kept part of the first watch with the superintendent. He told me a number of interesting incidents, one or two of which I will relate.

At the foot of the cliffs a reef of rocks stretches out into the sea with rocks scattered on either side, while there are two channels about twenty feet wide between the end of the reef and the mainland. The great Seal Rock lies directly off this reef, about a mile from the shore. The smaller Seal Rock is further out at sea. The proper channel in fine weather is between the end of the reef and the great Seal Rock. One night, a schooner, with a fine fair wind, instead of passing outside the reef, entered one of the narrow channels between the rocks. In the centre of this narrow passage lay a sunken rock; the captain, who was at the helm, left the wheel in horror, and prepared to jump for his life upon the reef, but, strange to say, the vessel, left to herself, swung clear of the rock in the channel, almost grazed the rocks on the other side, and passed out clear into open water.

Another incident the superintendent related.

On a beautiful moonlight night the man on watch at the lighthouse stepped out on the gallery to enjoy the fresh air; imagine his surprise when he saw the white sails of a vessel right underneath the cliffs upon which the light-house stands. The breeze off the land filled the vessel's sails, and she was going right upon the reef. The helmsman was lying over the tiller fast asleep, and another recumbent form was seen on the forepart of the deck. While the lightkeeper was shouting, seeking to arouse the crew to a sense of their danger, a head was put up the cabin hatchway; a man sprung on deck, pushed the helmsman off the tiller, put the helm hard up and let go the mainsheet; and the schooner swung round a few feet clear of the rocks, and with the stern pointing to the lighthouse stood out to sea.

On the Sunday, I had the privilege of holding the first sabbath service ever held at Seal Rocks, and in the parlour of the superintendent's house we gathered a congregation of twelve persons, young and old. I spoke to them on the parable of the Prodigal Son, dwelling upon the Divine Father's love as revealed in that comforting portion of the Divine word. Before leaving for Myall Lake I left in the three homes as many illustrated religious papers as I could spare, and bade farewell to the whole staff.

Lighthouse men and their families should have the playful sympathy and thoughtful kindness of Christian friends. In many instances their life is one of great monotony. Cut off from religious privileges, deprived of intercourse with the world, the daily round, the common task is not accompanied by recreation or followed by the worship and rest of a Christian sabbath.

If I am asked the question, "How can we give expression to our sympathy?" the answer is soon made. A small library would be a great boon upon every lighthouse establishment. 250 volumes divided into small libraries of fifty each, would last six lighthouses for as many years. It would be a small matter for six churches to supply one library each.

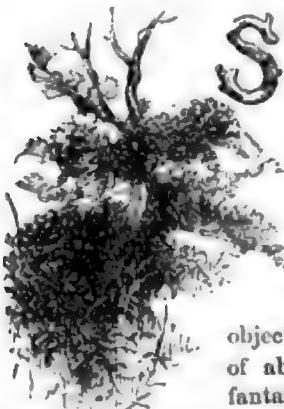


Pages for the Young.

NASH SHARPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGAINST WIND AND TIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.



STOP him! Stop him! Stop Nash Sharpe!"

The speaker, a man dressed in common sailor fashion, gasped out the words as well as his panting breath would allow him, as with hasty strides he sped on down the narrow street of the little fishing village, while the object of his pursuit, a young lad of about sixteen years of age, with fantastic, flying steps, and feet that hardly seemed to touch the ground,

ran swiftly on in front.

The noise of the chase brought the villagers to their doors. To see Nash Sharpe duly captured, evidently awakened general interest. Nash Sharpe, the miscreant of the little village, who, when any subtle mischief occurred, invariably had a share in it somewhere—a poor, motherless, half-dast lad, whom the best hearted among them never knew whether most to pity or blame, but a fruitful source of annoyance and grievance to the little community amongst whom he lived.

"Catch the wind, John North, and ye'll catch Nash Sharpe," said an old man, who from his open doorway stood watching the pursuit.

"Oh, I'll have him yet," and John North redoubled his speed.

"Aye, aye," muttered the old man, "time ha' been, may be, I'd ha' done the same myself." And then conscious of the years and infirmities that hindered him giving active assistance, he stood leaning eagerly forward to watch the issue.

He was only one of many onlookers. Women came out of their houses and stood shading their eyes from the evening sun to watch the result; and a small company of boys ran shouting and cheering in John North's track, anxious to behold so notable a sight as the catching of Nash Sharpe; for, though many had been the similar attempts on that individual, seldom had the feat been achieved, and still more seldom had the duo reward of his deeds been meted out to him.

But the recreant still sped on. Clearing the village street he left the roadway, and made for an unenclosed piece of ground leading to the cliffs.

"If he gets to the cliffs," said a woman, one of the group of spectators, "John North has lost him. To see the way that boy can leap from rock to rock, it makes one dizzy to look at him. It's only because he is such a good-for-nothing, no harm ever comes to him."

A young woman standing near with her baby in her arms sighed gently.

"Poor lad," she said; "he has no mother."

"Look, look!" cried another voice, "he'll have him, sure enough."

And the capture seemed inevitable. Nash had been making across the green to a steep path down the cliffs leading to the beach below, a path so steep, that none but such desperate, headlong steps as his, dared have descended

it at that flying rate; but just as he almost gained the spot, his pursuer, who had seen his intention and redoubled his speed, closed upon him, and even put out his hand to grasp him, when with one of those dexterous turns peculiar to him, Nash stopped short, and, altering his tactics, ran along upon the edge of the cliffs. But the heavy though sure steps of John North gained upon him, another moment he had him in his powerful grasp, and was meting out as best he could the retribution he considered Nash justly merited. It was doubtful though how much actual chastisement Nash received, his thin, agile figure kept up a constant writhing and wriggling, that made John North's task by no means an easy affair. Then by one of his eel-like movements, Nash twisted himself free, and without a moment's thought leaped from the edge of the cliff and disappeared.

A woman shrieked aloud, "Sure he's killed himself."

"Not he!" said the one who before had enlarged on Nash Sharpe's climbing abilities, "He's only gone where John North won't ears to follow him."

Her words proved correct. Nash had sprung down upon a ledge of rock some feet below, then, dexterously poising himself, he gave a shrill note of defiant challenge to his foe.

John North shook his fist at him. "No, no, Nash Sharpe, I'll not follow you there," he said.

Two other people had been spectators of the little scene, two people who walking leisurely along the cliffs had witnessed the capture of the village miscreant. They were a lady and gentleman, between whom was sufficient family resemblance to denote the relationship of brother and sister, though at that point all similarity ceased. Miss Arnold was of fair complexion, her eyes light in colour, her hair light also, her features rather large and irregular. Still it was a pleasant face, and one denoting much good sense and moral worth. Her brother's countenance was more mobile in character, his quick dark grey eyes denoted acute intelligence.

The little scene between Nash Sharpe and John North drew from Miss Arnold an involuntary, "Shame, shame," and instinctively she quickened her steps as though personally to interfere in the matter. But before she reached the spot, Nash had taken his daring leap. As they drew near, the lad with a quick glance from under his lowering brows at their advancing figures, turning suddenly, pursued an almost precipitous path to the beach below.

Mr. Arnold and his sister stood watching his descent. "Ah, it is Nash Sharpe," said Mr. Arnold, "I thought it was he—he is the ruling spirit of mischief in the place."

A few steps further on John North was still lingering on the cliff. "I'm going to speak to that man," said Miss Arnold, and with characteristic directness she went straight up to him at once. "My good man," she said, "will you tell me what that poor lad has done to offend you?"

John North looked at her, and then glanced in the direction of the cliffs. "What he, Nash Sharpe, oh, only ruined one of my best nets for me, that's all—but if you knew Nash Sharpe, ma'am, you'd know he's always after mischief of some kind or other."

"And do you think beating him like that is likely to do him any good?"

John North did not immediately reply, his face was neither fierce nor savage in expression, instead it was honest and ingenuous. A slow smile broke over his features. "No, ma'am," he said, "I can't say as I think it will do him any good, for I don't know anything on earth could do that for Nash Sharpe, but I haven't done him much harm either, for it's no easy work holding such as he still. It is not often I lay hands on him, for after all the poor lad is scarce like other folks, or there would be more justice dealt out to him."

Miss Arnold perceived she was in the presence of one who would not wantonly injure a fellow creature, but one who

had retaliated in the first moment of hot passion and already was half-repenting of the part he had acted.

She brought her remarks to a hasty conclusion. "Let me advise you to try gentler means for the future," she said. "And I wish you good evening."

Regaining Mr. Arnold she related to him in detail the conversation.

"Ah," said Mr. Arnold, "Nash was not in such unmerciful hands as we thought. John North is not a man naturally cruel or vindictive."

Miss Arnold glanced up quickly into her brother's face. "We have been only a few weeks in this place, and you know all the people already."

"Oh, I am so often out for a stroll, and I get a word with one and a chat with another. I have had one or two interesting talks with John North, and as for Nash Sharpe I had not been long in the neighbourhood before long stories of his doings were related to me. Poor lad, I believe he is much to be pitied. At best he is most ignorant and depraved."

"But has he no friends to see to him?"

"His best friend seems to be his grandmother. A decrepit old woman, not likely to be able much to help or influence him. From what I have heard of his history Nash's mother died when he was not much more than a baby; his father afterwards made an unwise marriage, Nash was exposed daily to a rash and violent disposition, and he, naturally crooked and perverse, as those half-developed natures not unfrequently are, became so notoriously unmanageable at home, that his poor old grandmother in pity took him in and sheltered him, and did for him to the best of her ability."

"He ought to be sent to some institution."

"Yes, that would doubtless be a good thing for him, but the lad is hardly bad enough for that; in fact, it is difficult to say how far his mind is lacking, in some things he is clear enough."

"Still something ought to be done for him."

Mr. Arnold did not reply, and the two walked on in silence. A little further on the road branched off from that leading to the street. About a quarter of a mile distant was a large, old-fashioned country house called "The Cedars." This house had lately come to Mr. Arnold in the form of a legacy, and he had resolved upon turning it into a country residence. The little fishing village was not a place of general resort, but its air was salubrious, and its scenery picturesque. The house was old and requiring repairs, and Mr. Arnold had not yet fully established all his household there, only he himself, with his sister, who since his wife's death some years previously had presided over his home, and one child, the youngest of the family, a boy about eight years old, had at present arrived. Already the garden and grounds were showing signs of cultivation.

Mr. Arnold paused as they entered the garden-gate, and looked round with a gratified expression at the improvement made. Miss Arnold went straight into the house. "It is Bertie's bed-time," she said, "and I must see him comfortably in bed."

About an hour later inquiring for her brother, she found he had gone out again walking, leaving word he would be back before long. A little later he returned. In reply to a question from Miss Arnold, he smiled as he answered, "I have only been up to see Nash Sharpe's grandmother. Your words that something ought to be done for that poor lad took root in my mind, and words are of no use unless followed by action; so I have been to see if anything lies in my power to do on his behalf. I had an idea he could come and do some light gardening work. His grandmother did not give me much hope: she shook her head at the idea of Nash working, but before my visit was concluded, the object of our conversation came in, and by an adroit

display of some silver I had in my pocket, and a few persuasive words, I got a promise from him to come tomorrow morning and try."

Mr. Arnold seated himself in a lounge-chair as he spoke, he looked a little weary from extra exertion. His sister laid one hand fondly on his shoulder. "It was very kind of you, after all you have been seeing to to-day, and your long walk this evening, to start off again after that poor lad."

Mr. Arnold smiled. "Oh, as to goodness, you must claim that, your words prompted me to action, and just to walk up to the poor lad's home was a simple thing enough."

Miss Arnold did not reply; she understood her brother well enough to know that this little deed, simple though it might be, had been performed in the service of Him in whose name a cup of cold water shall not be given in vain. Mr. Arnold was a sincere and earnest Christian, and his ardent, impulsive nature not unfrequently caused him to be the happy helper of some desolate but unnoticed case of distress or want, which less observant eyes, and less quick sympathies, might have passed by unnoticed.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XIX.—P. 686.—DOOR.—John x. 9.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. D-eborah | Judges iv. 4. |
| 2. O-nyx | Ex. xxviii. 20. |
| 3. O-phir | 1 Kings x. 11. |
| 4. R-abab | Joshua vi. 25. |

NO. XX.—P. 702.—THE TABERNACLE.—Ex. xxv. 40; Heb. viii. 5.

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|--------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| 1. T-able | (Ex. xl. 22. The "Lord's Table.") 1 Cor. x. 21. |
| 2. A-rk | Deut. x. 5; 1 Kings viii. 9. |
| 3. B-ezaleel | Ex. xxxviii. 22. |
| 4. E-leazar | Num. xx. 25-28. |
| 5. R-od | Num. xvii. 5-10. |
| 6. N-adab | Lev. x. 1. |
| 7. A-ltar | Matt. xxiii. 19. |
| 8. C-andlestic | Ex. xl. 24; Rev. xxii. 5. |
| 9. L-amb | Num. xxviii. 3; John i. 29. |
| 10. E-li | 1 Sam. iv. 18. |

NO. XXI.—P. 710.—DISCIPLES.—Mark ii. 24; Mark vii. 5; Luke v. 33; Matt. xxviii. 13.

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|----------------------------------|----------------|
| 1. D-idymus | John xi. 16. |
| 2. I-scariot | Luke xxii. 3. |
| 3. S-alome | Mark xvi. 1. |
| 4. C-leopas | John xix. 25. |
| 5. "I-sraelite indeed" | John i. 47. |
| 6. P-hysician | Col. iv. 14. |
| 7. I-ebbeus | Matt. x. 3. |
| 8. E-mmaus | Luke xxiv. 13. |

NO. XXII.—A SHORT PRAYER FROM THE PSALMS.

P. 736—TURN US AGAIN, O LORD.

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. T-en | Matt. xxv. 1, 2. |
| 2. U-riah | 2 Sam. xi. 14-17. |
| 3. R-ehoboam | 1 Kings xii. 6-13. |
| 4. N-aomi | Ruth i. 1-7. |
| 5. U-lai | Dan. viii. 2. |
| 6. S-olomon | 1 Kings xi. 4. |
| 7. A-sahel | 2 Sam. ii. 18-23. |
| 8. G-ood | Matt. xix. 16. |
| 9. A-gag | 1 Sam. xv. 33. |
| 10. I-ddo | 2 Chron. ix. 29; xiii. 22. |
| 11. N-avy | 1 Kings ix. 22. |
| 12. O-rnan | 1 Chron. xxi. 15-23. |
| 13. Leviticus | |
| 14. O-badiyah | |
| 15. R-efuge | Psa. xlvi. 1. |
| 16. D-elilah | Judges xvi. 4-30. |

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



JEAN IN THE ARSENAL OF TOULON.

MUST I GIVE HIM UP?

CHAPTER III.

"COME in, M. Corvart, come in, Julie is at home, and will be glad to see you," said Mère Durant to a brisk, dark-complexioned man, small in stature, but well made, and very intelligent looking. She was going out, basket in hand, and with a busy important air, but she

No. 1548.—DECEMBER 8, 1883.

turned back to admit her daughter's affianced husband.

"I should not have ventured to make my appearance to-day had not Fanchette assured me that a visit would not be unacceptable to Madlle. Julie," said Corvart with an apologetic air, for it was now almost the eve of the wedding day, and the intended bride would probably be much occupied.

"Ah, you are always welcome," returned Mère Durant pleasantly. Her voice was more cheerful,

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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her brow smoother, and her cheek less worn than when we saw her first.

Corvart paused for a moment on the threshold and said, with a little hesitation, "I hope mademoiselle is quite well? It occurs to me that lately she has been looking very pale. Have you noticed it, madame?"

"Bah! it is only because she eats nothing. Folk cannot be well, monsieur, if they will not eat. But there she is to answer for herself. Now I shall be off to market, since two is better company than three, as all the world knows."

Jacques Corvart and Julie Durant scarcely proved as good company as Madame Durant expected. She would have been very much puzzled if she could have looked in upon the affianced pair a quarter of an hour after she left them together. Corvart, a good, conscientious man, somewhat precise and formal in his manners, sat uneasily upon his chair, in an attitude of surprised and perplexed expectancy, his face shadowed in turn by alarm, mortification and sorrow. Julie reversing the usual habit, stood before him, looking lovelier than ever as her colour flushed and faded rapidly, while one small hand nervously grasped the table, and the other was half-raised with a deprecating gesture.

A silence had fallen between them, which Corvart broke. He spoke slowly, and with almost an exaggeration of quietness, but there was an undertone of emotion. "Can I have misunderstood you? Or is it possible—is it conceivable even—that at this eleventh hour you mean to break your word to me, Julie Durant?" "Forgive me, M. Corvart," returned the girl humbly. "For indeed I have done you a great wrong. And raising her blue eyes, which were full of tears, she bent them on his face with a penitent, appealing look. He was softened, and stretched out his hand to her. "Nay, Julie dearest, you *cannot* mean it. Do not let a scruple come between us, and ruin all my life—even if I dare not say your own too. Forget what you have said, or tried to say, and come to me, my beloved. Come to me, and I will make you so happy you shall never know a sorrowful moment in which to regret that you have been true and generous to me."

"Neither true nor generous to you, M. Corvart. And then what—to another?" said Julie more bravely, the thought of *that other* lending her a little strength. "You are a good man, just and kind; and I am sorry to cause you this pain. But it has to be."

"Really I do not understand you," Corvart began half angrily.

"I did not understand myself—until yesterday," Julie answered. "I thought I could do it, and that I ought. I thought I felt—or at least that in due time I would come to feel—as it would be right I should do, towards you. And you know I always told you the truth about that, M. Corvart. I never sought to deceive you. I never said I would give—a heart that was not mine."

"You are right there. I did not ask from you the impossible. I was willing to take what you had to give, and to give you in exchange all a man's true honest love. I never murmured at

giving more than I got. Why should I, when you are so much worthier than I?"

"No, no!" she cried almost passionately. "God knows I am worthy of nothing, since I am proving myself to-day one of the weakest of His creatures. But, Jacques, I never meant to use you so ill, indeed I did not. I meant honestly to keep my word, and to be a true and loving wife to you all my days. And now I *cannot*. It is impossible. God forgive me! I have asked for His forgiveness on my bended knees, and now I ask for yours. All along my heart has been crying out against this thing, but I forced it into silence—crushed it down—set my heel on it, until yesterday. Then at last everything grew clear to me. I saw that I had wound myself in a coil of sin and misery. Whatever I did now there would be sin. But the sin was in giving the promise to you, not in breaking it. It was a wicked promise, like Herod's. I had no right—before God and man I had no right—to promise my hand to you, Jacques Corvart, while my heart was with Jean Fabre in the prison of Toulon. The best thing I can do now—the only right and true thing—is to unsay my word in shame and sorrow, and to bear your anger, the grief of my poor father and mother, and the scorn of all who know me."

"But you shall not, and you must not!" Corvart broke in impetuously. "It is now you are deceiving yourself, Julie you are led away by an idle, mischievous scruple; a foolish fancy you have allowed to take hold of your mind. Stay," he added after a moment's pause. "Stay, I have an idea. Let us submit the case to that wise and holy man of God, M. Rabaut, and abide by his decision. You cannot surely object to that."

"It would be of no use, M. Corvart. M. le Pasteur is very good and very wise; but this question is for me, not for him. He has not to live my life; nor to answer for me afterwards at the judgment seat of Christ. Neither for him nor for any man can I make the whole of that life a lie. Better than a lie lived is a lie repented of and unsaid again."

"You cannot unsay spoken words again," Corvart answered gloomily. "No more than you can undo the misery you have brought me this day. Unless—unless indeed," he added with a gleam of hope, "you come to a better mind with reflection, and tell me to-morrow that, after all, you can try to care for me, Julie." The last words were uttered with a trembling lip, for as yet love was stronger than wrath, and Corvart could have wept—ay, could have begged Julie with tears to retract her cruel words.

"I do care for you, M. Corvart, I care for you too truly to do you this wrong; for a wrong it would be as much to you, as to myself or to *that other*."

"Let me take my chance of that. I am quite willing to risk it."

"But I dare not risk it, Jacques Corvart, and so that is my last word."

Then at last pride asserted its sway over the man's wounded heart, and calling anger to its aid, crushed love down into silence—for the present. "If that be the case, mademoiselle, there is no more to be said," he answered, rising from his seat. His face was white, and his voice sounded cold and hard.

"Except that I shall always think of you with deepest gratitude for what you have been to me, and with deepest penitence for what I have been to you," said Julie falteringly as she stretched out her hand to him.

He was not yet quite generous enough to take it. He made her a bow, low and ceremonious; as though in reverence to womanhood rather than to the woman, Julie Durant. He was too proud, if not also too magnanimous, to allude to the consequences of her rash act, or to use the arguments with which they might have furnished him. He had stooped to plead; he could not stoop to threaten. All that was necessary had been said between them. It was best he should leave her now. He turned silently towards the door.

"M. Corvart," said Julie very humbly, just before he reached it, "may Fanchette come to see me sometimes, still?"

She heard no sound from his lips, but the noise made by the door as he shut it hastily smote harshly on her ear. Then she sat down and wept bitterly. But her mother on her return found her dry-eyed, pale and calm. "Mother," she said quietly, "I have told M. Corvart I cannot marry him, or any man—except Jean Fabre."

After an interval of speechless dismay, her mother cried out angrily, "You fool! you will never have him—never!"

"Then I will remain as I am, and work for you and my father as long as God leaves us together."

"And after that, you silly child?"

"After that—His will be done."

CHAPTER IV.

A dark time for Julie followed. Her father's almost heart-broken disappointment, her mother's anger, the scornful surprise of all her friends, were scarcely harder to bear than the reproaches of her own conscience—not for having broken her promise to Corvart, but for having ever been so culpably weak as to make it. The worst suffering of all, however, was to witness the privations endured day after day by those she loved—privations which her marriage was to have ended at once. She had need of all her courage and all her patience when she saw her infirm and now bedridden father turn from the coarse fare set before him, and knew that she could have surrounded him with all the comforts his state required. One pang alone was spared to her. Never again since the day that she broke with Corvart, had any doubt as to her duty come to harass and trouble her mind. She felt the presence of "the imperative ought," and bowed before it as before the absolute law of her being. Like Luther in the most momentous crisis of his far grander life this poor girl could have said, "Here I stand; I can do nothing else. So help me God." And God helped her, in His own time and way.

After awhile her intercourse with Julie was resumed; not without the permission of Corvart, who, though sorely wounded, showed himself in the long run both just and generous. Perhaps he was influenced by M. Rabaut, whom all the

Protestants of Nismes regarded as an oracle, and who said briefly that Julie Durant was a noble girl and God would bless her. But these words of praise, which would have been so highly valued, never reached her ears, and she continued to regard herself as one who in the battle of life had faltered—if not wholly failed—because she had not been always true to that inner voice which in the end had made itself heard and prevailed.

One warm summer evening she was instructing Fanchette, now a fine girl of thirteen, in the art of knitting. Both were absorbed in the mysterious operation of turning the heel of a stocking, when a voice came in through the open door, "Beg pardon, mesdemoiselles, but may I show you some of my wares? I have travelled far to-day."

Julie started, changed colour, and placed her hand instinctively on her heart. "How foolish I have grown!" she murmured, half to herself, and half to Fanchette. Looking up hastily, she saw, standing in the doorway with his back to the bright evening light, a pedlar ready to exhibit the contents of the pack which he had already unstrapped from his shoulder.

"I thank you, but we do not want anything here, monsieur," she said, keenly conscious that she had not the wherewithal to buy, but at the same time unaccountably disturbed by the voice of the stranger.

"Oh, do let him come in," said Fanchette. "I want to see what he has got. Besides, he must be so tired."

"He can rest as well at any other house in the street, I suppose," Julie answered smiling, though her face still kept its look of strange perplexity and uneasiness.

But the pedlar decided the question for himself. He walked boldly in, and said turning to Fanchette, "I have some pretty ribbons and laces that I am sure mademoiselle will like to see. Pray allow me." And keeping his back all the time carefully turned to Julie, he began to show the little girl his store of breast-knots and other trifles.

"Is not this so pretty, so altogether 'gentil'?" asked Fanchette after a few moments, holding up for her friend's inspection a knot of pale blue ribbon. But a glance at Julie's white face brought a cry of dismay to her lips. "Ah, what has happened? What is the matter? She is fainting. Water—water! Where is Mère Durant?"

"Hush—hush!" said Julie, mustering strength enough to grasp her arm and detain her, as she was about to dart off in search of help.

"I am all right, dear.—Jean Fabre, didst thou think any disguise could hide thee from me? Hast thou escaped?"

"Not so bad as that. I am on leave. But not safe yet. My being here had better remain a secret."

"We can trust Fanchette," said Julie, the colour coming back to her cheek and lips.

"Oh, Julie, I am so glad!" cried Fanchette, with a gasp of intense delight that was more than half a sob. "But you will tell me about it afterwards," she added the next moment, and was gone—for to the warm quick heart of the

child, which was soon to be the deep heart of the woman, the romance of her friend's life was something sacred and apart,—

"Not to be traced by sight or sound,
Or soiled by ruder breath."

There was, however, little demonstration in this meeting of lovers long sundered. They both belonged to a strong, silent, self-repressive community, accustomed to roll the stone of duty over the mouth of the deep well of feeling, thus keeping the waters pure and fresh. Their talk, at least at first, turned much more upon facts than feelings, though the facts were told in a way that showed deep feeling concealed beneath.

"It is all thine own doing," said Jean Fabre, after he had for a few moments allowed himself the intense silent joy of touching the hand of Julie and gazing in her face.

"How mine? I don't understand."

"Thou art myself; my heart beats in thine. Naturally therefore when you gave me up, I gave myself up too. I was growing so resigned —no, it was not resignation, for that would have been good, but this was bad, so ground down to the level of the life I was leading, that I began to think no more of a possible deliverance than the packhorse thinks of casting off his burden and regaining his birthplace in the forest of Camargues. But when I heard that you were true to me throughout all, a new tide of hope and strength flowed through and through me, soul and body. I stooped no longer, I stood up straight, and looked to heaven, feeling myself no longer the king's slave but God's free man. If my life and liberty were worth so much to thee, they were worth something to myself too; and it was right and fitting I should make yet another struggle to preserve the one and regain the other. Soon after that God sent us M. Johannot."

"The good gentleman from Frankfort who visits and relieves our poor prisoners? God bless him!"

"If ever man was rich in the blessings of those ready to perish, it is that same M. Johannot. He came, as he had done many times before, to look upon the afflictions of his brethren, like Moses, and to try and help them. God put it into my heart to tell him all my story, and to ask if he could do anything for me. To my surprise—for why should I find favour more than my brethren suffering in the same cause?—he seemed to think there was hope for me. I tried to put the matter out of my thoughts, and to go on as before;—with indifferent success, I fear, since the overseer told me more than once that I had lost my head;—until last week, when I received a letter from no less a person than the Duc de Choiseul."

"Who is he? I thought it was M. de Saint Florentin with whom we had to do."

"And who sends us to prison, and our pastors to death? True, unhappily; he is the King's Minister who manages the affairs of the Protestants, and a bitter persecutor, God forgive him! But, do you see? M. de Choiseul is the Minister of Marine, so the arsenal of Toulon comes, so to

speak, into his department. He has a good heart, and I hope that in the day when the dear Lord recompenses those who have given any of His little ones a cup of cold water, He will not forget M. le Duc de Choiseul. He has done all he can for me. Look, he has sent me this." And he drew from his bosom a brief official document, granting, until further notice, leave of absence from his duties to the convict Jean Fabre.

Julie held it in her hand for a moment, and breathed a fervent "thank God!" as she restored it to its owner.

"Yes; let us thank God for what He has given, and trust Him for what He will give by-and-by, if we wait patiently on Him. Thou knowest, my well beloved, this is not yet freedom?"

"But is it necessary for you to go about disguised as if you had escaped?"

"Almost necessary, if not quite. For M. de Saint Florentin is very angry about the favour shown me, and would like to get me back into his clutches again. The smallest indiscretion would ruin me. If I were to be heard of as doing any action, however slight, which had reference to religion, it would be made a pretext for withdrawing my leave. And once within the prison gate, I know it would fare ill with me. Amongst other troubles, I should be represented to M. de Choiseul as ungrateful and refractory, so that he would never interfere again in my behalf. So you see, m'amie, that the cloud is lightened, but not gone."

"Not yet," said the brave and hopeful Julie; but for the next minute two very serious faces looked at each other in silence. Jean and Julie both knew well enough what neither could find words to say. They must still be divided; since, under his present circumstances, it would be considered a capital offence for Fabre to be married by a Protestant pastor (or "in the Desert" as the phrase ran), while a Catholic marriage would be an act of unfaithfulness to his religion and his God.

"Never mind," said Julie cheerfully, answering his unspoken thought. "All will come right, only we must have patience."

"Yes, my well-beloved. I believe and am persuaded that He who has given us so much will yet finish His work, and give us all our hearts' desire."

"But now what will you do?"

"I intend to go to Gauges, where I have a friend who is earning a good income as a stocking maker. He will find work for me. Yonder pack, which I took up half for disguise and half to pay my charges by the way, can be easily disposed of. And although not yet, not quite yet, are home and happiness ready for thee and me, still from to-day we can fight the battle of life together. I trust, m'amie, these arms of mine are strong enough at least to keep want from thee and thine." The light in Jean Fabre's eyes as he said this was a good thing to see.

His words reminded Julie that her parents had not yet heard the surprising news. "I think," she said, "I am as selfish as the lepers of Samaria. For this is a day of good tidings and I hold my peace. Come with me to my father; he is paralysed and bedridden, but he will rejoice with

all his heart to welcome thee again. My poor mother too will be glad."

Jean rose from his seat, but stood for a moment in silence, while a sad look crossed his face. "Ah, that brings it back!" he sighed. "The one who —after thee—would rejoice the most to see this day is not. My dear old father! But, thank God,

he lacked for nothing, to the very end of the fourscore years God gave him to fulfil. And then his honoured head was laid in a quiet grave amongst his own. I shall see his face again, in that other home which is sweeter even to think of than the home I hope God will let me make one day for thee, Julie."

VINCENT PERRONET.*

THERE is a beautiful valley in Kent called the valley of Holmsdale, or the valley of the Darent. It has the latter name because the river Darent flows through it, entering at Westerham, and, after winding towards the east and the north, losing itself in the Thames. In its course it passes several places of great interest, from their history as well as for their picturesque beauty.

Just after leaving Sevenoaks is Otford, formerly a favourite residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and especially of Thomas à Becket, who held the living of Otford as his first preferment, and concerning whose residence there as archbishop there are many traditions. Further on is Lullingstone, the ancient manor of the Harts and Dykes, Eynsford with the ruins of the castle of the Eynsfords, and Farningham, from time immemorial a favourite retreat for the lover of the beautiful in nature. Between Otford and Lullingstone is Shoreham, also on the banks of the Darent, not without historical interest, but best known as having been for fifty-three years the residence of the learned Dr. Wall, and for the next fifty-seven years of his successor Vincent Perronet, one of the most zealous clergymen of the last century.

We are sometimes severe in our judgment of the last century. That the lower classes were debased, ignorant, irreligious is true, and that they had no good example from the higher classes is also true. But our condemnation is often too sweeping. There were many good men last century who did their work in all fidelity, of many of whom we should have known nothing but for the accident of their connection or acquaintance with others who have become famous. The Rector of Epworth in the beginning of the last century would now have been forgotten, if indeed his parish work would ever have been known, but for the celebrity of his sons. It was acquaintance and association with the Wesleys which have been the means of preserving what records we have of the devout Vicar of Shoreham. He was called the Archbishop of the Methodists, and in many things was the constant adviser of the two great leaders of the Methodist movement.

Vincent Perronet was born in 1693. His father was a native of Switzerland, and had come to London from the Canton of Berne, about thirteen years before his son's birth. He had

married an English lady, and Vincent was their youngest son. It is not expressly recorded to what rank of life the parents belonged, but it is probable that the father was a merchant. The son had a full advantage of an English University education, he was of Queen's College, Oxford. He seems also to have inherited a fortune, for he was able to give one of his daughters on her marriage a dowry of 5,000*l.* and he also possessed a farm in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, to which apparently belonged the old palace of the archbishops, which at the end of the century was occupied by one of his sons.

Perronet was one of those men who are serious from their youth. The spirit of the prophets came upon him in childhood. From his earliest years he looked forward to being a minister of religion, and lived with the realities of sin, righteousness, and judgment to come ever before him. He took instinctively to study, and, as some of his books show, he was no mean scholar. But after a time he laid aside all his secular studies, and gave himself wholly to religious meditation and holy fervour. He felt as St. Augustine once said of himself, that he had no pleasure in any book if Christ was not in it. After this ecstatic state of religious feeling, there was a return to the delights of ordinary mental occupation, which he regarded as a spiritual declension.

Some months after this he had another time of unusual seriousness. This was due to his reading the sermons of Dr. Anthony Horneck, the famous preacher at the Savoy in the end of the seventeenth century, and one of the chief promoters of the Society for the Reformation of Manners. A temporary affliction in his eyes, producing partial blindness, kept him for a time in enforced confinement. This is described as a season of spiritual conflict, and struggles are recorded like those which we read of in the biographies of such men as Luther, Böhme, and Bunyan. He seemed to be on a large plain, and one spiritual enemy after another came against him; but he had the victory over them all, and every victory brought him unspeakable joy and satisfaction.

But this season of transports, consequent on victory, was followed by a time of darkness, difficulty and doubt bordering on despair. Satan had the victory apparently, at least for a time. The record of the first temptation is not sufficiently full to indicate its nature. It seems to have been an incitement to pride, for he was filled "with extravagant and towering thoughts;" but

* For this biographical notice we are indebted to the Rev. John Hunt, D.D., Vicar of Otford, Sevenoaks.

it lasted only for an hour, and the enemy never again assailed him in this form. He was long struggling between hope and fear, and though catching at any ray which seemed to promise light, he was often overwhelmed in darkness. He compares himself at this time to a person in a shipwreck, "tossed by violent storms, having only hold of a small plank; and when he thought himself sometimes quite close to the shore and just catching at it, he was immediately beat off again, and forced into the midst of a raging and boisterous ocean."

It is evident from these and other recorded experiences that his temperament was of the excitable order, and that his feelings and imagination in the earlier part of his life sometimes had full reins without the restraint of his reason. He laments that in all the time of this trouble he had no adviser; but having access to a good library he often found in books what he desired from the living voice, God as it were by a special guidance often leading him to the very books and the very passages which suited his case.

In the registers of the parish of Shoreham, after the last entry made by William Wall, is the following note:—

"This was the last insertion under the handwriting of the Vicar, Dr. Wm. Wall, who came to this living Christmas 1675, and died A.D. 1728, and lies buried in the church, being succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Perronet, the Honst F. of this writer of this memorandum.

"Cant. May 14, 1775.

E. P."

The initials stand for Edward Perronet, son of the "honoured father" the Vicar, and author of some hymns, one of which is a universal favourite, "All hail the Power of Jesus' Name." Edward at this time occupied the Canterbury farm. There is no record of Perronet's ordination, nor on whose nomination he was presented to the vicarage of Shoreham, which is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster; but before this preferment came to him he had been for nine years curate of Sundridge.

In 1728, when Perronet was presented to Shoreham, he would be in the thirty-fifth year of his age. He had been married in 1718, that is a year before he went to Sundridge, and soon after his ordination. His wife was Charity Goodhew, daughter of Thomas Goodhew, Esq., of the City of London.

Soon after his promotion to the vicarage of Shoreham, Perronet was appointed chaplain to Philip Earl Stanhope, famous in his time as a mathematician and a liberal statesman.

The Vicar of Shoreham seems to have spent the first years of his incumbency chiefly in philosophical studies. He published in 1736 a defence of Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," when his book was attacked as tending to materialism. Dr. Watts was one of Locke's critics, and this led to an interesting correspondence. Dr. Watts sent to Perronet a copy of his "Philosophical Essays," saying he was now too feeble to write on such subjects. This copy of the Essays is in the British Museum. On the flyleaf is written in a clear elegant hand, "Dr. Watts was

a very pious and learned man. He had some peculiar notions to himself in relation to certain points of philosophy. Some of his objections to the great Mr. Locke I took notice of in my second vindication of that philosopher; Dr. Watts upon this occasion sent me this piece with a most obliging letter, in which he excuses himself from replying on account of his great infirmities."

One of Dr. Watts's letters to Perronet has been preserved.

"Newington. February 26, 1741-2.

"REVEREND SIR,—My last letter and present to you desired nothing but acceptance and forgiveness, for my long delay in writing to you before I cannot pretend to excuse by any rules of civility; but as it was a mere accident that frustrated my design of paying some honours to the papers which you had wrote in defence of Mr. Locke, so I join heartily with you in grieving that my spirits are so worn and weakened that I am constrained to give over all my philosophical studies, and almost divinity too.

"Your new presents command my compliments and thanks, and if ever I can find intervals of time wherein my head is able to read over so small a book as yours, I shall give myself the pleasure of it. As I hope I have endeavoured to follow truth sincerely, whosoever affirms or denies it, and particularly to pay respect to the man whom I honour as I do the memory of Mr. Locke, so I trust nothing shall ever induce me to throw wrong colours upon truth, or to injure the reputation of this great man. We know but in part, sir, and we can judge but in part. May we be all led happily into the most necessary and important truths, and thus be wise and happy for ever, through the gospel of our beloved Lord, who has brought life and immortality to light. Amen.

"I am, reverend sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant.

"I. WATTS."

Perronet's next publication was in 1740. The subject of it was the existence of spiritual beings, referring chiefly to what Hobbes had said about sensation, immaterial substance, and the attributes of God. There was also a refutation of Bekker's "World Bewitched," or a defence on the principles of natural religion of the existence of an invisible tempter.

In 1745 Perronet published a tract called "Some Thoughts on the Divine Hospitality and on Hospitality falsely so called." This was a sermon on Rom. xiii. 13. In it he says: "Excessive luxury, revellings, riotings and drunkenness, are often called by the venerable name of hospitality, and they are as far removed from the hospitality of the gospel as breaking the law is from keeping it. The Christian should spend his wealth not in indulging the senses, but in succouring the distressed and miserable, and especially the poor disciples of Christ."

Though Perronet has been called the Archbishop of the Methodists, he had nothing to do with their origin. John Wesley was a religious power in England before his acquaintance with the Vicar of Shoreham.

There are two accounts of their first meeting.

One is, that a friend of Wesley's, who had relations in the neighbourhood of Shoreham, hearing of the zeal of Perronet, called to see him. Another account is that they were introduced by the Rev. Henry Piers, Vicar of Bexley.

Perronet was the senior of the Wesleys by several years, and on all occasions of difficulty they came to consult him. At this time John Wesley was a pure ascetic; his great object was to subdue his body to his spirit. His mortification was so intense that Perronet thought proper to remonstrate with him.

At this time Perronet's acquaintance with Wesley was very slender. They had met, so far as we can learn, only once; but this same year Wesley visited Shoreham and preached in the church. Wesley's own account is this. "As soon as I began preaching, the wild beasts began roaring, stamping, blaspheming, ringing the bells, and turning the church into a bear-garden. I spoke on for half an hour, though only the nearest could hear. The rioters followed us to Mr. Perronet's house, raging and throwing stones. Charles Perronet hung over me to intercept the blows. They continued this uproar after we got into the house." It is difficult to account for this opposition to the Methodists in a country parish, and where the vicar was friendly. Wesley records that in March next year he preached in Shoreham church without molestation.

The influence of Perronet's life was first visible in his family. It is true as a rule, though not an unsailing one, that a man's children are like himself. If a man's life is genuine, it will have its effect on his children. Two of Perronet's elder sons, Vincent and Charles, while quite young men, were zealous Christians, remarkable for their upright lives and their ardent piety. One of them, Vincent, was carried off by small-pox in the spring of 1746 at the age of twenty-two.

Besides the books already mentioned, Perronet wrote some tracts, controversial, doctrinal and practical.

The tendencies and early predilections of the Wesleys were in the direction of what is known as the High Church rather than in that of the Puritans. One of the extravagances of the Wesleys in the "Catholic" direction had been the disparagement of marriage, and attributing greater holiness to the state of celibacy. Charles, at the age of forty, was convinced that he ought to marry, and rode over at once to Shoreham, where he "told his whole heart to Vincent Perronet." It was a letter from the Vicar of Shoreham which convinced John that "he ought to marry."

The friendship of Perronet with the Wesleys was of the closest kind. He took an interest in all their affairs, public and private, in joy and in sorrow. He wrote a tender letter on the occasion of John Wesley's disappointment with a lady whom he wished to marry, and no one more lamented the unfortunate marriage which he did make.

In February 1763 Mrs. Perronet died. She had been long afflicted, though at last her end was sudden. They had lived together for nearly forty-five years, and as they had a numerous family, their union had been cemented by many

joys and sorrows. The bereavement was a heavy trial, but it was borne with becoming resignation. A letter is preserved, addressed to his children, in which he gives an account of her death, and how he was supported at the time.

In Shoreham church on the north wall we can still read the inscription on the marble monument erected to her memory.

"Near this place are deposited the remains of
Mrs. Charity Perronet, late wife of
The Rev. Mr. Vincent Perronet, Vicar of this parish.
She was the daughter of Thomas Goodhew, of London, Esq.
And of Mrs. Margaret Goodhew, his wife.
Her soul was translated out of this vale of
Sorrow and suffering,

February 5th, 1763, in the seventy-fourth year of her age.
The all-wise God for reasons infinitely wise
Had long held her in the furnace of spiritual affliction,
When she deeply mourned the want of Christ,
But after the Lord had tried His dear
Servant as gold is tried,
And had humbled her to the very dust,
He then exalted her to that kingdom of bliss and glory
Where all tears are for ever wiped from her eyes.
Reader, if thou thus mourn
Thou also shalt be comforted."

John Wesley read the funeral service over Charity Perronet. Two years later he had to perform the same office for the vicar's son Henry, "who had been a child of sorrow from his infancy, but who died in hope and happiness." At this time Wesley was suffering from an injury caused by the fall of his horse in riding through Southwark, and was therefore able to spend some days at Shoreham Vicarage, comforting his old and devoted friend. Perronet was seriously tried by the loss of other children, most of whom died after they had grown up to be men and women. These bereavements were all heavy, and all borne with entire resignation to the Divine will. The heaviest blow was in the death of Damaris, the eldest daughter, who had long taken her mother's place in the management of the house, and as a companion to her father. She is described as a woman of unusual zeal and devotion, never losing any opportunity for promoting the kingdom of God, or doing good to man. Her sudden death added to the bitterness of her father's sorrow. He had used all available means for her recovery, but when she was evidently gone he broke out in fervent prayer, exclaiming, "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou king of saints, who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name." On the Sunday following the funeral he preached on Mark xiii. 33, "Take ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not what your time is." He could say "I have now ten in glory, with their dear mother. He in his eighty-ninth year. He had survived all his children except two, though several of them had lived to be well advanced in life. The two who survived him were a daughter, Mrs. Briggs, and a son Edward, author of the hymn beginning

"All hail the great Immanuel's name."

The last few years of the life of the old Vicar of Shoreham were years of feebleness, but of ever

brightening faith. The eternal and the unseen every day became more real to him. His granddaughter writes that, "like the setting of a summer sun, the close of his life was delightfully peaceful, bright and serene." He was constantly thanking God for the goodness and mercy that had followed him all the days of his life. He always had enough of this world's goods. He had passed the greater part of his life in a quiet and peaceful valley. He had a large family of children, who had been a comfort to him by their upright Christian lives, and their happy Christian deaths. He had many Christian friends, and he had not lived in vain, for though his strict principles encountered opposition from the very first, and still more after his connection with the Methodists, yet he lived to see his work greatly prospering, and to witness a great improvement in the lives of his parishioners. It may be truly affirmed of him as of Archbishop Leighton, that there was a tendency in all that he said to raise his own mind and those he conversed with to serious reflections. As long as his health permitted he watched like a faithful shepherd over his flock; warning the careless, visiting the sick, and instructing the ignorant. In the pulpit he was fervent and faithful, and always used great plainness of speech, for he had but one point in view, to win souls to Christ.

John Wesley visited Perronet as often as he could find time in his busy life, but all the visits are not recorded in his journals. In his journal for 1783 Wesley writes, "I paid one more visit to Mr. Perronet, now in his ninetieth year. I do not know so venerable a man. His understanding is little if at all impaired, and his heart seems to be all love. A little longer I hope he will remain to be a blessing to all that see and hear him." Again in 1784 this entry is found: "Thursday, December 9, at Shoreham, we found that venerable man, Mr. Perronet, ninety-one years of age, calmly waiting for the conclusion of a good warfare. His bodily strength is gone, but his understanding is unimpaired, and he seems to have more love than ever."

The winter of 1784-5 was one of the severest that had ever been known in England. The first snow fell on October 7th, 1784, and the last on April 5th, 1785. The extremely cold weather lasted five months and twenty-four days, and excepting only about twelve days in January, the earth was covered all that time with frost and snow. During this cold weather Perronet suffered much from severe attacks of rheumatism. It was in December 1784 that Wesley saw him for the last time, when his "bodily strength was gone." After the winter was passed he appeared to get much better, but the end was near. On Saturday, May the 7th, 1785, he appeared remarkably cheerful. In the afternoon he desired his granddaughter to leave him alone; when she returned, she observed an inexpressible sweetness and animation in his countenance. He smiled as she entered the room, while at the same time tears of joy ran down his face. He desired her to peruse the three last chapters of the prophet Isaiah, which he told her he had been reading, having such a glorious view from thence of the great things God was to do upon

the earth as had filled him with joy and wonder. The next day was a Sabbath much to be remembered; the souls of many were peculiarly watered under the word, and refreshed in the ordinances. Mr. Perronet continued in the same heavenly disposition as on the preceding day. He saw and conversed with several of the people, and a general hope prevailed that his valuable life would have been considerably lengthened; but the Lord's designs were far otherwise. That evening, when his granddaughter attended him as usual, he was in bed; as she went to take leave of him for the night, he began to bless her in a manner that can never be forgotten in words nearly as follows: "The Lord bless you, my dear, and all that belongs to you. Yes, He will, I know He will." These words he repeated with great emphasis many, many times. And even after she left the room she heard him continue distinctly to repeat the same words. Thus was he parted from her in the act of blessing, for the next morning, May 9th, when she entered his chamber she found the immortal spirit was fled to the paradise of God.

Thus died a devoted clergyman of the eighteenth century after a ministry of sixty-six years, fifty-seven of which he was Vicar of Shoreham. Charles Wesley read the funeral service in the presence of a great assembly of people, and on the following Sunday preached the funeral sermon from the text Psalm xxxvii. 37: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

John Wesley gave an account of his death in the Journal for 1785, to which he adds; "So ended the holy and happy life of Mr. Vincent Perronet, in the ninety-second year of his age. I follow him in years, being now in the eighty-second year of my age. Oh, that I may follow him in holiness, and that my last end may be like his."

On the marble monument erected for Charity Perronet in Shoreham church these lines are added to the first inscription: "Near this place are interred the remains of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, 57 years vicar of this parish. Obit May 1795, aged 91. Be ye followers of him, as he was of Christ."

flowers in the Winter.

FURZE-BLOOM.

WE feeble flowerets cannot proudly claim
Those brilliant hues which draw delighted gaze;
Perchance the only word for our poor fame
Is that we flourished in December days.
Flowers in the winter! This is all our praise.

Sharply our mother plant had fenced us round
And grudgingly bestowed each tiny flower.

In human lives such barren times are found,
When scanty fortune mocks the summer's dower;
Yet even winter brings a milder hour.

And he who gathered us was heard to say:

"Sweet is this afternoon, the mellow day
Is rich with sunset; shall my thought be drear?
God gives His children summer all the year."

FREDERIC MANN.



AN EVENING AT CÆSAREA PHILIPPI.

WE approached that memorable spot one bright day in April, several years ago. After riding through glades, amidst park-like scenery, on the way thither from Kedesh Naph-tali, and then visiting the ruins at Hunin—which look at a little distance as if they formed a line of fortifications—we plunged down into the plain of Huléh, and had a good view of the lake or waters of Merom, glittering in the forenoon sun. Reaching the Jordan, we crossed an old bridge, uniting the well-wooded banks of the ancient river; and observed large wild buffaloes cooling themselves in the stream, as cattle do by our own fair meadows, the whole reminding us of a bit of landscape, in England or Wales.

A little after one o'clock, we were at the side of the ancient City of Dan, close to which is a source of the Jordan—where swift waters are seen rushing through dense thickets; the present name of the spot being *Tell el-Kady*. Close by is an oak covered with rags and tatters, hanging on the branches—a work of devotion in honour of some Mohammedan saint, buried under the shadow of this noble tree. There we sat and lunched; and thought over the strange story of the Danites, in Judges xviii., so closely identified with the interesting spot. In the afternoon we arrived at what was once Cæsarea Philippi—now *Banias*, and found our tent pitched in a field, surrounded by scenery, such as well entitles the place to be called the Syrian Tivoli. The rocks, the trees, the streams, form a most romantic picture, and a strange bizarre appearance is imparted to the landscape by groups of houses, on the top of which are odd-shaped bowers, something like bee-hives, where, we were told, the people sleep in hot weather. Exploring this beautiful retreat, nestled in the bosom of hills beside “living waters,” we first visited the famous grotto temple—a cavern in the rock, of “compact buff-coloured limestone,” reddened here and there by weather stains. It has over it an architectural façade, and niches with scalloped tops; and a Greek inscription to the god Pan, whence the name of *Panias* or *Banias*; and as the waters come pouring out at the base of the cliff, as from a fountain, they are “shaded by a verdant grove of poplars and oleanders.” We next visited remains of the old Roman citadel, a sort of quadrangular castle, having an archway entrance, of bevelled stones. In these walks, we crossed and recrossed an ancient bridge of Roman workmanship, still showing the ruts of chariot wheels, and wreathed about the parapet and sides with ferns and creeping plants; as we lingered on the banks of the narrow river, fringed with rich vegetation, we noticed shattered shafts of limestones, lying here and there, mementoes of the once magnificent city of Cæsarea Philippi.

It is interesting to open the “Antiquities” of Josephus and to read what he says (Book xv.

chap. 10, § iii.) about the origin of the city under Herod.

“Cæsar also made him one of the procurators of Syria, and commanded that they should do everything with his approbation; and, in short, he arrived at that pitch of felicity, that whereas there were but two men that governed the vast Roman empire, first Cæsar and then Agrippa, who was his principal favourite, Cæsar preferred no one to Herod besides Agrippa; and Agrippa made no one his greater friend than Herod besides Cæsar; and when he had acquired such freedom, he begged of Cæsar a tetrarchy for his brother Pheroras, while he did himself bestow upon him a revenue of a hundred talents out of his own kingdom, that in case he came to any harm himself, his brother might be in safety, and that his sons might not have dominion over him. So when he had conducted Cæsar to the sea, and was returned home, he built him a most beautiful temple, of the whitest stone in Zenodus’s country, near the place called Panium. This is a very fine cave in a mountain under which there is a great cavity in the earth, and the cavern is abrupt, and prodigiously deep and full of still water; over it hangs a vast mountain; and under the caverns arise the springs of the river Jordan. Herod adorned this place, which was already a very remarkable one, still further by the erection of this temple, which he dedicated to Cæsar.”

The city of Panias became included in the dominion of “Philip tetrarch of Iturea” (Luke iii. 1), who enlarged it and gave it the name of Cæsarea, in honour of Tiberius Cæsar, adding to it the word Philippi to distinguish it from the other Cæsarea, then already standing on the shore of the Mediterranean. But the old name *Panias* could not be superseded, long since it overcame its rival appellation, and still lingers under the Arabic form of *Banias*.

Hard by the now Syrian village, in the rocky heights above, are first, some rough blocks of stone near a circular grove of ilexes—“perhaps the best likeness,” as Dr. Stanley says, “which now exists of the ancient groves, so long identified with the Canaanitish worship of Astarte;” and next, the Castle of Subeibeh, equal in extent to that of Heidelberg, probably built by some prince of the house of Herod, then transformed by Saracens, and made famous in crusading times, as the abode of “the old man of the mountains.” Noble views of Mount Hermon are obtained from these heights.

There can be no doubt, after all which has been written on the subject, that not Tabor, a conical hill at the north end of the plain of Esdraelon, but some spur of Hermon, above Cæsarea Philippi, was the mount of Transfiguration. Tradition, indeed, for a long while, asserted claims to this honour on behalf of Tabor—a most unlikely place for the occurrence of the

supernatural wonder, which required solitude and seclusion—for Tabor still exhibits the remains of a town and fortress which existed in the days of our Lord.

The word "apart" refers to the position of the disciples, not of the hill on which they stood.

The marvel of the transfiguration of our Blessed Lord was prefaced by a memorable conversation "in the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi," between Him and His disciples.

"He asked His disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I the Son of man am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto Thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

Some recent critics have attempted to prove that not until now had Jesus proclaimed His Messiahship—alleging that previous declarations and incidents pointing to that claim as recorded by the Apostle John, are untrustworthy—but the fourth Gospel can well stand its ground against all assailants; and there is no difficulty in reconciling what occurred at Cæsarea Philippi with the miraculous revelation of our Lord's Divine dignity on the banks of the Jordan, at the time of His baptism. At Capernaum, when He had spoken of Himself as "the Bread of Life come down from heaven," many said "This is a hard saying" (John vi. 60). From that time many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, "Will ye also go away?" Then Simon Peter answered Him, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Some pseudo critics will have it—on what grounds it is hard to see—that the Gospel of John betrays unfriendly feeling towards the Apostle Peter; yet, as elsewhere, in the charge after the Resurrection, high honour is done to Peter by the beloved disciple, so here, he appears as the distinguished spokesman of the twelve; into his lips is put the grandest of all Christian confessions. It was after the defection at Capernaum after many walked no more with Him, after the love of many had waxed cold, and after perhaps even some of the twelve faltered in their steadfastness that "Jesus came into the coasts of Philippi," and the second memorable conversation with Simon as related by Matthew occurred. We thought of it, as we stood under the shadow of the rocky cliff, and the cavern temple of the pagan god. There would the group be gathered, by those poplars and oleanders,—looking towards the buff-coloured limestone with its reddened stains,—as He spake to His disciples.

We cannot fail to recognise an allusion to the

stony cliff so conspicuous, so celebrated in that neighbourhood, when we think of the Rock on which the Lord said He would build His church, a church to stand out in contrast with the temple of Pan, and all other heathen fanes—based upon a Rock—not material and palpable, but spiritual, and more real than earthly substance—even the truth confessed by Peter. That truth has become identified with the meaning of Peter's name, who was its first great preacher, and who, on the day of Pentecost, was seen, keys in hand, opening the gates of the new dispensation of life, against which the gates of Hell shall never prevail. What we saw that afternoon gave a reality and force to our Lord's words such as we never felt before.

But the most solemn charm of the visit was at eventide, as the sun went down, as the stars broke out, as the darkness and the silence grew deeper and stiller all around; and we paced the thick grass, and thought over the history of the Transfiguration. We are strongly impressed with the idea that the Transfiguration was a night scene. The drowsiness of the three companions, "Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep" (Luke ix. 32); their coming "down from the hill the next day" (Luke ix. 37), the morning after the marvel; and the likelihood of such a manifestation taking place, amidst the darkness of nature, and when the busy hum of the working-day world had fallen into silence—these considerations have long satisfied us that not in the broad daylight, but in the solemn, shadowy night, did this miraculous glory burst on the vision of the three favoured ones. The contrast would make what they saw all the more wonderful. "His face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light" (Matt. xvii. 2). The more luminous, the more brilliant, as standing out against the midnight azuro sky, which in the East is as a sea of transparent blue colour, with the star-like silver lamps floating in the liquid air. And again, when we find Mark, who probably heard the story from Peter, saying of our Lord, "His raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow" (Mark ix. 8), we naturally recall to mind the snowy heights of Hermon—the only heights where snow appears in that neighbourhood—as we saw them glittering, the previous afternoon and the following morning. How subduing, how awe-inspiring, must have been the voice, in the calm, quiet, night hour, coming from the clouds, saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear Him."

As we revisit in imagination the hallowed scenes of Cæsar Philippi, we think of Moses. "So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Mohammedan tradition, however, pretends to know the spot; and a short time before we reached Banias, we had seen troops of Mussulmen crossing Olivet on their way to the supposed shrine of the great Prophet of the law. But wherever he lay, here on the sides of Hermon, this man, buried as no one had ever been before, appeared in life and glory, illustrating the words, "As touching the dead,

that they rise: have ye not read in the book of Moses, how in the bush God spake unto him, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? He is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living" (Mark xii. 26, 27). We think also of Elijah. Elisha saw him translated. "And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven" (2 Kings ii. 11). And when he had become invisible, "Let us go," said some, "and seek thy master—lest peradventure the Spirit of the Lord hath taken him up, and cast him upon some mountain or into some valley." And Elisha said, "Ye shall not send; but they urged him till he was ashamed, and he said, Send. And they sent fifty men; and they sought three days, and found him not. And they came again to him while he tarried at Jericho, and he said to them, Did I not say unto you, Go not?" (2 Kings ii. 16-18.) Now here at Cæsarea, Elijah reappears with Moses. Two, who had vanished completely from mortal eyes for hundreds of years, of whom no tidings had been heard all that long time, now came within sight as conscious glorified beings. "And behold there appeared Moses and Elias talking with him" (Matt. xvii. 3). One of these had been a solitary lawgiver, fulfilling functions unique, unshared; and combining with that office the capacities of captain, magistrate, and a whole nation's shepherd. The other had been a prophet, standing up for truth, amidst prevalent error and falsehood,—for the God of Israel, against Baal and idolatry. These men had all their lives, when on earth, served in subordination to the Eternal Word, the fountain of intellect, intelligence, wisdom, and inspiration; and now they came forth from the invisible to talk with Him, their Lord and Master. As on the mount they were in His incarnate presence, so we may well conceive of them as having been before that in His pre-existent Spiritual presence. Now, on the shoulders of that middle one, by whose side they stand, we seem to see laid the keys of Death and Hades; "He who opens, and no man shuts," had turned back the bolts, for Moses had led forth the long hidden one; and for Elias, "He who shuts and no man opens," had locked the door that he should not enter the abode of death at all; both of them now come within sight, wrapped round by a halo and a haze of mystery; and we feel how incomprehensible had been that mode of existence, which to one had lasted nine centuries; and to the other a thousand four hundred years. They had learned, what Paul learned, "that which it is not lawful," not possible, "for man to utter." They had spent ages of a calm, holy, beatified life, more remote from common paths, pursuits, and usages, than were any hours they ever spent on Sinai or on Carmel.

The subject of their conversation is very noticeable. "They spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem" (Luke ix. 32), that *Exodus* of Christ more wonderful, more efficient for good than the *Exodus* of Moses—that which was to prepare for another *Exodus*, even the ascension of which Elijah's was a type

and pattern. We must not separate the conversation from Himself—from His own true and proper humanity. "Among the many ways," it has been well said, "in which we miss the help and hold of Scripture, none is more subtle than the habit of supposing that, even as man, Christ was free from the fear of death. How could He then have been tempted as we are, since among all the trials of the earth none spring from the dead more terrible than that of fear? It had to be borne by Him indeed in a unity which we can never comprehend with the fore-knowledge of victory—as His sorrow for Lazarus with the consciousness of the power to restore him—but it had to be borne, and that in its full earthly terror, and the presence of it is surely marked for us enough by the rising of these two at His side. When in the desert he was girding Himself for the work of life, angels of life came and ministered unto Him; now in the fair world where He is girding himself for the work of death, the ministrants came from the grave, but from the grave conquered."* "For the joy that was set before Him," it is said in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "He endured the cross and despised the shame." Faith and hope sustained Him in the hour of trial. It is one of the aspects of His wonderful history we cannot afford to lose sight of, because it reveals to us the human side of his person, in all the fulness of His sympathy, and in all that tenderness of consolation with which the story of his life recorded by the Evangelist abounds so richly. He was prepared for death by an outlook into that world of light and glory, whither his forerunners, his heralds and types had entered in, after a course of toil and suffering upon earth. So at Cæsarea Philippi we learn a lesson full of comforting strength, for those who "through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage"—from which He who "hath abolished" death came to deliver them.

We often saw clouds in the Holy Land, by day and by night, sometimes floating between us and the sun, and sometimes between us and the moon, and so a "bright cloud overshadowed them"—the three, whose rapture was expressed by Peter, the very man who had made his memorable confession under the shadow of the Banias Rock, before He climbed with his companions up the sides of the Transfiguration Mount. "Then answered Peter, and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here; if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias" (Matt. xvii. 4). The cloud came and wrapt up the glory in greater mystery than ever, and "when they lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, but Jesus only" (v. 8).

Raphael has given, in his world-known Vatican picture, a wonderful rendering of the Transfiguration. He paints both hill and valley, and shows what occurred that night amongst the lower heights of Hermon, and what occurred the next day when the disciples descended. We see above apostles in glory, absorbed in beatific vision—we see below disciples fighting with evil

* Ruskin.

spirits, and that not as conquerors. Most suggestive contrast! We fancied outside the gates of Cæsarea Philippi, near the stream described, we saw not far from the bridge we crossed—still bearing signs of ancient traffic—the multitude with a man kneeling down and praying, “Lord, have mercy on my son for he is a lunatic;” when Jesus rebuked the devil, and he departed out of him, and the child was cured from that very hour. The scene at the foot connected itself with the scene on an upper part of the mountain, reminded us of the nearness of heaven and earth; how, whilst some disciples are with Christ yonder, others remain struggling with sin and sorrow here, and that not always successfully; how, after moments of celestial rapture, there come the chilling mists of doubt and fear; and how, when we have been communing with Christ above, we have to descend into the valley, to renew the old battle with the devil, reanimated and better fitted for the fight by the vouchsafed joys of fellowship with the risen and glorified Lord.

Such was our visit to Cæsarea Philippi, such the thoughts suggested by the study of the Evangelists under the inspiring impressions of its beautiful scenery, coupled with the sacred narrative.

The next morning we started for Damascus.

JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D

SUNDAY EVENING.

BY LADY HOPE.

IT is pleasant to carry the brightness of Sunday right through its sunrise and sunset hours. In the heavenly home there is neither sunset nor sunrise; but reflected in its very streets we find a concentrated light. Is not this one fragment of the idea presented to us in the term—“streets of pure gold, transparent as the glass”? The ransomed ones look up, and they see light; they look down, and they still see light. The clouds above and the shadows beneath have left them forever. They are surrounded by light; they dwell in light—in joy unspeakable, and full of glory.” But in the blended figure of gold and glass, may we not find a blended type? worth and beauty, strength and brightness? However distant from earth’s sombre realities so wondrous a description may seem, there are shadows of resemblance that float between. The kingdom of God dwells in the heart of the believer. In miniature we find its elements here. His laws are unchanging. His rules cannot be reversed. On earth while much that is attractive is worthless, much that is valuable is unattractive. It is not so with the provisions of God. He teaches us of the “beauty of holiness.” Holiness and happiness combined make a true sabbath. “Is this possible?” we ask. “How can it be?”

The great counsellor will reveal to us His will and power in this all-important matter.

We will suppose that our Sunday has been

begun with prayer and the study of God’s word. The morning service too has been attended; the early dinner completed; and the walk, reading, Sunday-school class, or other occupations of the succeeding hours have brought the clock’s hands to five. Then comes the tea hour; and again a short leisure time. How shall this be employed?

Here a variety of answers presents itself to us. Shall we look at some of them?

Painting texts, or illuminating verses of Scripture and hymns, is an exercise enjoyed by many young children. While a manifold benefit may be obtained by it, the “beautiful words, wonderful words,” are thus imprinted on the memory, and often in the heart, in a way that scarcely any other method would impress them; the hand and eye become skilled; the quiet hour is secured; and others are helped by the gifts thus prepared.

I know one lady, who with the aid of her governess, and her little girl, prepares in plain handwriting a number of text cards for hospital bouquets every Sunday-evening, before she goes to church. These little cards may either be cut out in a homely, *impromptu* fashion, or purchased in neat packets, ready made, with a blank space left for the insertion of the text, which should be correctly written from an open Bible, and the chapter and verse given. These will prove a delightful, and very important addition to the flowers that are so gladly received by the patients, in any hospital.

A Christian friend (the wife of a tradesman) once sent me, with a kind encouraging note, a small illuminated text composed of three words only, which had been painted for me by her little niece—ASK IN FAITH. These were the words! and ever since that day, as the simple motto has caught my eye, over my bedroom mantelpiece, they have been a daily monitor.

But, no doubt, we all have our treasured texts and hymns, mottoes, and wishes, delineated for us by kind, thoughtful fingers, and loving hearts; and we know their preciousness. What a blank would be left on our wall to-day if they were removed! and what a blank of comfort in our hearts had they never been placed before us!

The now popular scripture cards, consisting of well-chosen texts skilfully arranged and beautifully designed with leaves, flowers, and even miniature landscapes, exquisitely drawn,—how great has been their mission throughout the world! It is pleasant to feel that this silent mission is always going on; quietly, and unobtrusively, but mightily—and still pleasanter to feel that we may help in it.

In addition to the ever delightsome occupation of painting, we can have its sister art, viz., singing. The variety of sacred music now before us presents an unlimited field for family recreation. Lively bright hymns, chants, and choruses, all are blessed, and owned of Him who is called the “Father of lights, and the giver of every good and perfect gift.” These are truly sabbath employments; and very delightful they may be made. If the presiding spirit be a genial one, almost any recreation may be made a congenial one; and certainly the sound of praise may well rise from

the homes of those who are daily seeking the Lord's blessing. Has he not done much for us? and shall we not praise Him? Moreover, apart from its obedience to the divine command given us in Col. iii. 16, and the example shown us in Old and New Testament history (see 1st and 2nd Chronicles, for instance), is there not a "sweet influence" in the power, rightly used, of hymn-singing? It may almost be compared to the power so mysteriously alluded to in the Book of Job, as the "sweet influences of Pleiades."

Music exercises a spell, it may be for good, it may be for evil. But when rightly used the results are often wonderful.

Have we not seen these results in the softening of hearts, and binding together of hearts in the home circle? Many of the roughest classes too can only be reached by singing. If the lyre of Orpheus might be supposed to tame the wild creation, we may boast a far higher lyric influence; in the cheerful and yet musical hymns of our own day, with their accompaniments of piano, harmonium, flute, or concertina. A consecrated talent is a blessed one, whatever it be. Should we not consecrate the talent of music to the benefit of God and man?

Looking down into the far, clear depths of the western sea one day, I said to a stranger who happened to be doing the same at the same moment, "This reminds me of the peace of God. It is both still and deep; and yet it is so clear and bright!" He turned round and said, "I know nothing about it, do you?" "Oh, yes!" I could gladly reply. This conversation was the first of many that followed, on the same subject. But when we parted the stranger only said, "I wish I had it!" A year afterwards I met a lady who told me the sequel of my little story. This same gentleman had come to her lovely home in the western highlands for a short visit. Expeditions were planned, amusements of various kinds succeeded one another. Feeling lonely and rather sad amidst all the gaiety and mirth around her, the lady withdrew to her pretty sitting room, and opening her hymn-book, began to sing some of her favourite melodies, when the door opened, and the guest entered. She was going to shut her piano, but he said, "Pray go on singing, I came in on purpose to listen." She sang

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,"

and other hymns; and when she turned round, he said, "And is this peace for me?" Timid and reticent though she was naturally, as well as by the pressure of surrounding circumstance, she soon found herself explaining as simply as to a little child the way of salvation through a crucified Saviour. She told him the glad tidings of the gospel of peace; and urged him to make them his own. The simple words spoken by the sea were finished amongst the mountains. God owned the hymns to finish, or rather to begin His work in that soul.

Luther, speaking of the power of sacred music, says, "It exercises a kind and gentle discipline; it refines the passions and improves the understanding." How many a heart has been soothed, and lives changed, and how many homes have been

purified and blessed through the consecrated power of music.

Another resource that might be mentioned here, is the *Art of reading aloud*. This talent is employed much less than it might be. In the stores of miscellaneous literature that now abound on every side, we have delightful varieties for Sunday reading; pictorial magazines, books, and papers, really fascinating for almost every taste and age. If a little judicious care be devoted to their selection, there is almost no limit to the good influences that may be introduced by this means to our homes. One day in the month might well be devoted to the study of missions in foreign lands; another Sunday to that of home missions. Oh! what thrilling stories can be sought out—authentically true—and read or told of real life, needs and sorrows, wants and sins, with the ever ready remedy provided, even a Saviour's love and power. We know the remedy; can we not think a little about the possibilities that lie within our power of applying it? For this consideration Sunday seems a quiet, beautiful opportunity, to be made of a lasting use. And these subjects are very interesting—intensely so! It often surprises me to see how easily people become interested in any matter connected with the welfare of their fellow creatures. "I did not know it before; why did no one tell me?" they say; and their eyes fill with tears at the simple story. It seems a pity that these stories should not be oftener told and read than they are. The children ought to know them—the boys and girls, yes! and the big people too! With a large map and a few missionary pictures, large or small, as the case may be, attention may be concentrated on one particular portion of the globe, and information gathered respecting it. Perhaps some of our friends will try this plan; and let us know whether it be a success, or whether it may prove a greater difficulty than it might seem at first sight.

Suppose, for instance, the subject for the missionary study for one Sunday were to be *southern India!* A few, even one or two, Indian figures, lamps, palm leaves, or other curiosities, would serve as a famous addition to the map and story. Ocular demonstration goes a long way in effecting our purpose; and helps to imprint on the memory the facts related, better than any other or more complicated method that we could devise. China, Japan, Africa, America—these sound large words, and it is true that these words represent millions of people, but can we not take our telescope, and look into something of the life, and manner and custom thus represented, and thus have our interest and sympathies enlarged, and our love to our neighbour increased?

"God so loved the world." Shall we not love also?

Thus our Sunday afternoon may become a medium for blessing to our own souls, but also a far-radiating blessing to the souls of others at home and abroad.

Scripture proverbs, historical questions, and narratives of various kinds, may all find their place, and that a very delightful one, in the leisure hours of Sunday Evening.*

* A large collection of Sunday Exercises will be found for ready use in the volumes of the "Sunday at Home."

Pages for the Young.

NASH SHARPE.

CHAPTER II.



HE next morning Naah Sharpe duly made his appearance at "The Cedars." Properly speaking, Nash did not belong to that purely imbecile class who not unfrequently with smiles upon their vacant faces go through life apparently happily unconscious of their grievous mental deficiencies. Though Nash would always have been somewhat odd and unlike his fellows, careful training would have done great things for him. As it was, he had developed into the wild, untutored, half-dافت lad, over whom kindness had but scanty influence, and who under provocation would lapse into fits of savage, ungovernable rage, often showing himself more than a match for his antagonists, proving the truth of his grandmother's words, that he was "Not so foolish as he looked."

Hearing Nash had arrived, Mr. Arnold went at once to speak with him. Close to, the lad was of repulsive appearance; his restless, furtive dark eyes looked out from under a narrow lowering brow, his thick shaggy hair fell in untidy profusion, the general expression of his face being that of low, cruel cunning. Miss Arnold, who had accompanied her brother, drew back with a look of sudden recoil, an action not lost upon Nash, who rewarded her with a sullen frown. But Mr. Arnold spoke cheerily and smiled pleasantly into the dark, repellent face. The voice, and moreover the smile, seemed to have some influence over Nash; his brow slightly cleared as he followed Mr. Arnold to the plot of ground assigned to him to weed. Then after a few instructions given in the same friendly tone, Mr. Arnold left Nash to his task.

It seemed Mrs. Sharpe was correct in her opinion concerning his working abilities.

Very shortly after Mr. Arnold's departure the rake and hoe were laid aside, and Nash stood glancing round him with a covert scrutiny, evidently seeking some new channel for his energies. Finally, he drew from his pocket an old pocket-knife, and after one or two more furtive glances round began whittling and paring away at a tall rose bush near him, apparently working some subtle design upon its stem.

From the dining-room window Miss Arnold had him plainly in view. His suspension of work had not surprised her, that he would be indolent she expected, that he should be mischievous was another matter, and whatever his operations on the bush in question, they evidently were not likely to be beneficial. For a few minutes she quietly watched him, then going out of the house she walked briskly towards him.

"Come, my good lad, you were put here to weed this piece of ground, not to notch the rose trees about. Now put up your knife and go on with your work."

She spoke in a bright, cheerful voice, but there was unvarnished directness in her words. Nash stole a side-long glance at her from the corner of his eyes. Seeing he made no response nor effort at compliance, she added—

"Come, now, there's a good lad, do as I say. Do you hear?"

Nash darted a rapid resentful glance at her, then he said slowly—

"Yes; I hear ye."

Miss Arnold thought it wisest not further to contend the point; she walked to another part of the garden, gathering here and there a blossom as she went, all the while keeping secret watch over Nash's proceedings. Seeing him at length again handling his hoe, and concluding her remarks had been of use, she re-entered the house.

Standing before the dining-room mantelpiece arranging the freshly-gathered flowers in some vases, the garden and Nash were plainly reflected in the pier glass before which she was standing. The performance she witnessed was not encouraging. Nash, evidently ignorant of the fact of his actions being thus plainly revealed, seeing through the wide-open window Miss Arnold's back towards him, was executing a series of pantomimic grimaces and gesticulations, evidently so many gross mimicries of the lady herself. Miss Arnold for the moment felt an honest indignation rising within her, but her good sense prevented her taking active notice. She hastily left the apartment for a part of the house where Nash and his grotesque performances would be no longer visible.

Later on in the morning she recounted the little scene to her brother.

"These characters," replied Mr. Arnold, "are difficult indeed to deal with. Patience and kindness are the things most likely to succeed with them."

Mr. Arnold was right, though the task might prove even more difficult than he anticipated; but an influence unforeseen was about to bear upon Nash's benighted soul. Only one thing kept him at his post at that garden plot, the memory of that piece of silver that Mr. Arnold had promised him at the end of the day. But for that Nash would long ago have relinquished his task, and gone wandering off on one of those purposeless, rambling, excursions in which so many of his hours and even days were spent. Already the subtle consciousness of restriction was becoming unbearable to him, when his attention was diverted by the appearance of a child coming up the garden path—a boy about eight years old, well and prettily dressed, and with fair hair falling in soft bright curls over his shoulders. Yet there was something in his face different to that of an ordinary child, and as the little figure slowly advanced, an observant eye would have noted something peculiar in the careful, cautious manner in which he proceeded. He came straight towards where Nash was standing, but of the intervening barrow directly in his path he seemed to take no heed, he was almost in collision with it, when Nash abruptly stopped him with the uncouth exclamation—

"Mind, or ye'll be right over that barrow!"

The little figure gave a slight start and stopped instantly. The next moment he seemed to regain his composure, then in a sweet childish voice, which yet had in it a quaintly measured tone, he said gently, stretching out his hand as he spoke, "Will you lead me past it, please? I cannot see it, I am blind."

Nash hesitated, for a moment glancing instinctively from the small white hand held out to him to his own grimy fingers. Finally he complied with the request, and awkwardly led the child past the barrow, hastily dropping his hand as soon as the task was performed. But the child still lingered:

"Are you Nash Sharpe?"

Nash gave a low affirmative.

"I thought so, and I am Bertie Arnold, you are the new boy come to help weed the garden. I heard father speaking about you this morning at breakfast." Bertie paused a moment, then with still that measured cadence in his voice he continued, "When I meet fresh people, as I cannot see them, I like sometimes to put my hands on their faces

and feel what they are like; after that I seem to know them. May I put my hands on you?" And again Bertie held out his hands in the direction of Nash. Nash fairly started. It was generally his wont to meet kindly advances with repellent sullenness or fierce resentment, and now the first instinct of his rough untutored nature was to take refuge in sudden flight. But something seemed to hold him spell-bound to the spot, he could not, dared not flee away from those fair sightless eyes and softly outstretched hands. As he could not flee, he made the best of the circumstances, and as for the first time in his life a vague concern for his personal appearance crossed his mind, with one hand he hastily threw back a shaggy lock of hair falling low over his forehead, then with still that fascinated expression in his eyes, stooping, he brought his face on a level with the child's hands. With quiet precision Bertie went through the work before him, then the operation concluded, "Thank you," he said, "I shall always seem to know now just what you are like. I shall come and talk to you another time, but I must go in now. I begin, you see, to know the place, and sometimes I go about the garden alone; but I have stayed some time, they will be looking for me. Perhaps there are other things in the way, will you lead me, please, up to the front door?"

Mutely Nash complied, shambling along by the child's side with an awkward, shuffling gait. The child's presence seemed to awe him; Bertie might have been a being of some higher order, so lightly, almost fearfully, Nash held the small delicate hand entrusted to him. At the doorway Miss Arnold encountered the incongruous looking couple.

"Bertie, child!" she exclaimed, then stopped suddenly short, wisely restraining any words of disapproval of the company he was in. But Bertie answered gently, "Nash was good to me and led me past the barrow, or I should have fallen over it, so I asked him to lead me up to the house. Thank you, Nash, and remember I shall come and talk to you another time," he added, turning in the direction of his companion, who, with eyes glittering furtively beneath his brow, was already shrinking back evidently intent on escaping from Bertie's subtle influence.

Miss Arnold drew the child inside; in her heart she felt something akin to alarm at his associating with Nash; but she uttered no word of thwarting or fault-finding. Perhaps seldom was a little life so free from the experience of cross or censure. The affliction under which he suffered—"born blind," expressed his case—seemed of itself to put him beyond the pale of ordinary childish discipline or correction. And added to this was a disposition sweet and docile, while an abundant share of that inner sunshine of heart and soul which so often seems given in merciful compensation for the outer physical darkness, irradiated all his life. From his birth Bertie had been tenderly loved; of all the little family group he was nearest to his father's heart, and his elder brothers and sisters rendered him ever gentle consideration and homage. The place of the mother so early lost had been so amply filled by Miss Arnold, that the sorest loss that can befall a young life, left scarce a lingering shadow over Bertie's days. All this might have spoiled some children, but his nature seemed only to expand beneath loving influence. In fact, he was no ordinary child, and there was about him that nameless something which sometimes made those just outside the family circle predict that the little blind child would never live to face life's sterner battle. His thoughts and perceptions were deep and matured beyond his years, and those eyes of his, whose entire vision was so closely sealed, seemed ever looking with clear insight on into eternal mysteries. That heaven which lies around us in our infancy seemed shining with never-fading lustre over his inner life.

Mr. Arnold did not enforce long hours' service upon Nash. In the afternoon, taking Bertie with him, he went to

give him his dismissal, and the promised piece of money. After a few words of kindly encouragement Mr. Arnold walked away to another part of the grounds to superintend some alterations going on. Bertie lingered to speak with Nash a few minutes. "I have been thinking," said Bertie, when he and Nash were alone together, "about your name. Is it Nash—just Nash Sharpe only?"

Nash looked bewildered, a half interrogative "Ha!" was the only answer.

"Is Nash your real name?"

Nash shook his head.

"I'm Nash," he said slowly—"Nash Sharpe."

"Yes, I know that. Now mine is Herbert, but those who love me very much call me Bertie—that is my nickname. I thought Nash might not be your real name; I never heard it before. Perhaps those who love you best call you so."

For a moment the bewilderment on Nash's face deepened, then suddenly, as though Bertie's words had stirred some curious feelings within him, he uttered a low short laugh, a sound so devoid of actual mirth that it sounded something between a deep chuckle and a savage growl. But Bertie nothing abashed, merely said—

"I only thought perhaps it might be so."

"I don't know, I dun know nothing about it!" Then, as a gleam of sudden enlightenment crossed his mind, Nash added quickly—"but I'll ask Grannie—Grannie knows!"

"Yes, do, please, and tell me to-morrow."

Shortly after Mr. Arnold appeared and led Bertie away

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXIII.—AN EXHORTATION TO CHRISTIANS.

1. The residence for two years of a man who was dead day and night to a soldier.
2. A man whose descendants are likened to "a mist turned."
3. A potter who "dwelt among plants and hedges."
4. A descendant of Shem who gave his name to a land of country famous for its gold.
5. A royal prince of Judah who treacherously slew the governor of his people.
6. A man who, as a reward for truthfulness, was allowed to outlive all the men of his generation.
7. A great grandson of Kohath who was raised to eminence by his father's death.
8. A high priest who "prepared a great chamber in the courts of the house of God" for a heathen.
9. The subject of the preacher's discourse.
10. The father of a king of Israel who became "servant" to a king of Assyria.
11. A heathen who delivered an insulting message to a worshipper of Jehovah.
12. The name by which a woman asked her friends to call her, on her return from a foreign land.
13. The man whom God blessed because the Ark of God was in his house.
14. The name of a man who is compared to the tail of a smoking firebrand.
15. An Ethiopian who rescued a prophet from death.

S. A. E.

NO. XXIV.—SQUARE WORD.

1. God says to the house of Israel, they have set this of theirs by the side of His, and defiled His name.
2. To do this is "better than sacrifice."
3. A mountain the Lord will "make desolate" when the whole earth rejoices.
4. The city that is to be forgotten for 70 years.

S. A. E.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .

THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Henderson.*



THE SILK-MERCHANT.

MUST I GIVE HIM UP?

CHAPTER V.

FOUR years—a long time in passing, though short in the retrospect, proved long enough to work great changes in the little group whose fortunes circled round those of Jean Fabre. He was now no longer a convict, a "slave." The generous Duke de Choiseul had taken the trouble to verify

his story in every particular, and to bring it before the king, who was induced to grant him a free pardon. One of the first uses he made of his liberty was to marry Julie Durant, the ceremony being performed almost openly, by the esteemed pastor, Paul Rabaut. Then he resumed his former calling, which was that of a silk merchant; and in partnership with a friend, who advanced the necessary capital, set up a shop in his native town of Nismes.

It was early winter, but the room in which

Julie sat was well furnished and comfortable. It is true that the stove did not look as cheerful as an open English fireplace would have done, but it was almost as useful in diffusing warmth, and the light of a well-trimmed lamp revealed a supper table spread with a snowy cloth, on which places were laid for three. A pretty fair-haired girl of seventeen sat near Julie embroidering a little dress, probably intended for her god-son, who lay placidly sleeping on a couch near the stove.

"Is not M. Fabre late to-night?" asked Fanchette, looking up from her work.

"I feared he might be kept in the shop a little longer than usual," Julie answered. "No less than three large orders from the country came in to-day, and he is always so careful to execute them promptly. Since you are with us I am the more sorry."

"Never mind, dear; I am overjoyed to have such a long quiet time with you. And then, you know, my father dines out to-night. When he is at home, I do not like to leave him," said the young housekeeper with a little air of importance.

"You are quite right. It is pleasant to see you and him together. He is so fond and proud of you."

"True," returned the young girl more gravely, "we are very, very happy. And indeed, dear Julie, I owe much to you, for your wise and loving counsel, and your ready help have tided me over many a difficulty. But I think that is M. Fabre's step I hear on the stairs. I wonder will the 'petit bonhomme' wake up to greet his father?"

"Ah," said Julie laughing, "if he does, and you and he together get hold of Jean for a game of play, we shall not have a word of sensible talk the whole evening."

"No, no, Julie, I mean to be a pattern of sobriety to-night, for I have twenty things I want to ask M. Fabre about. M. Rabaut's sermon last Sunday puzzled me greatly."

"I am not sure that Jean will undertake to explain it to you,—but here he comes to answer for himself," said Julie, as the tall, good-looking, well-dressed tradesman entered the room. Quiet months and years of every-day duties, fulfilled well and thoroughly, but amidst the unexciting surroundings of every-day life, had smoothed over the traces left on the outer man by keenest suffering of mind and body. It was hard, even though he looked much older than he actually was, and his hair was touched with grey, to realize that this comfortable, prosperous silk mercer had been a confessor, almost a martyr; and yet one day spent in his company would have showed that the same strong sense of duty, the same living fear of God that upheld him during those terrible years in the convict prison, were still the law of his being. He saluted his wife's friend with a courteous "Bon soir, mademoiselle;" and then every one turned to the baby, who was now awake, and loudly putting in his claim for his father's notice. Fabre soon had him in his arms, and, as Julie predicted, a lively game began, at which Fanchette assisted in high delight. Julie meanwhile made some preparations for supper, remarking, as she did so, "I don't know which is the more delighted to get hold of

that boy, his father or his grandmother. And the dear grandfather is quite as much taken up with him as either, even though he cannot hold him in his arms."

Presently, however, she came to the side of her husband. "Here is a packet for thee, which came by the post to-day," she said. "Do open it quickly, for I have been looking at the seals, and they evidently belong to some grand personage. I am quite longing to see what is inside."

"I will look at it as soon as this little man pleases to take his fingers out of my hair. There, little rogue, go to thy god-mother." After some not unwilling delay, he resigned the child to Fanchette, took the packet from his wife, and examined it. "It is from M. le Duc de Choiseul," he exclaimed in great surprise.

"What in the world can he be sending you?" asked Julie. "Perhaps a large order."

"No!" cried Fanchette clapping her hands. "I have it! It must be an appointment. M. Fabre, Silk Mercer to His Majesty the King—would not that sound grand? Open it—do open it quick, and see."

"Ah," said Fabre as he broke the seals. "Court appointments do not come in the way of us Protestants. No matter. We should be ungrateful indeed—ay, and mean-spirited too, if we were to grumble at that, when we are allowed to serve God in our own way almost without concealment, and seldom have to think of persecutions now, save as stories of the past. Actually! a letter in M. le Duc's own hand. How kind and gracious of him!"

"We all know you are a favourite," said Fanchette. "Is it not true, Julie, that the Duchesse de Grammont, the sister of M. le Duc, was perfectly charmed with the story of M. Fabre, that she——"

"Would you not like to hear the duke's name, mademoiselle?" Fabre interrupted, not unintentionally. "He says, 'I send you a dramatic poem, which will, I think, interest you.'"

"A dramatic poem! That means a play, such as they act in theatres. M. le Duc must be out of his mind. Everyone knows we Protestants do not go to theatres and such places," cried Julie, a little disappointed, and more than a little mystified.

"It is really that," returned Fabre, "that and nothing else. Except this short note. Look for yourselves," and he showed a small unbound volume to his wife and her friend. "'The Virtuous Criminal, a tragedy in five acts. By M. Feneuil de Falbaire.' It has been acted it seems, before all manner of great personages, and with tremendous applause. As if that signified to me! I cannot imagine what M. le Duc is thinking about."

"Oh, I begin to see!" said Fanchette brightly, as a new idea struck her. "It is all a mistake. The packet has been misdirected, and while a grave Huguenot is puzzling his head over a stage play never intended for him, some fine literary gentleman is staring indignantly at an order for Lyons silk or brocaded satin."

"No, this is meant for me. Note and parcel both bear my name."

"Then Fanchette and I will leave you to the

enjoyment of your tragedy for a few minutes," said Julie, "while we take Monsieur Jeannot to his quarters for the night. Come, Fanchette!"

"Don't be long," said Fabre, as he began, half idly, to glance over the opening pages of the little book which had been sent him in so strange a manner.

They were longer than they meant to be; as women usually are when engaged in the service of the most absolute of despots and the most willingly obeyed—a baby. When they came again, followed by a neat maiden bearing a dish, Fabre was still reading, and with an air of intense absorption. He did not move or look up as they entered; and Julie drawing near, saw a flush on his face, and a smile hovering about his lips, which, however, changed quickly to an expression of something like disgust.

"Jean," she said at last, "the omelette is growing cold."

"Did you speak?" he asked with a start.

"Really you seem to find that book wonderfully interesting."

"On the contrary, it is the greatest nonsense I ever read in my life," he said, throwing it down on the table with a gesture of contempt, but a moment afterwards, recovering his equanimity, he indulged in a hearty laugh.

Fanchette took up the little book with curiosity. "What is it all about?" she asked.

Fabre involuntarily made a movement as if to take it from her;—but checked himself, for why should she not read what all the world had read or seen acted? "I feel as if I were dressed out for a Christmas mumming," he said. "It seems I have the honour to figure as M. de Falbaire's 'virtuous criminal.' All manner of fine sentiments I never dreamed of are put into my mouth; and, to crown the absurdity, I am in love with a great lady belonging to the noblesse. I confess I do not like myself at all masquerading as the hero of a tragedy."

"Oh, but it is grand to think all the world knows now what you have done and applauds it! I am so glad!" cried Fanchette, uttering the thought which was expressed yet more eloquently by Julie's glistening eyes and cheek flushed with fond, proud pleasure.

"I am not glad," said Fabre briefly and a little sadly. "I had rather not talk about it. I suppose however I must write to M. le Duc, and thank him for his condescension in sending it to me." But I flattered myself hitherto that he thought me a man of sense."

There was a short pause, then Julie laid her hand on his arm, and said gently, "I do not think, dear, that you quite see the real meaning of this."

"I see that someone has written a foolish book, dragging the facts of my obscure life before the public. It is hardly fair to make a simple honest man, who only did what was perfectly natural, look like a harlequin."

^o The Due de Choiseul did actually send the tragedy founded upon his own history to Jean Fabre, as described above.

"Take my word for it, dear husband, there is much more in this thing. It is not the facts of one obscure life which are being brought before the public, but the struggles, the sufferings, the heroism, of the great army of the faithful here in France. And you say they are being talked of, read about, acted with applause before princes and nobles, great men and fine ladies, in court and city. Jean, dear Jean, do you not see what will be the end of all this?" asked Julie, looking into his with a face radiant with hope and joy.

"I do think indeed," he answered thoughtfully, "that the time for favouring Zion—yea the set time—may be almost come at last. God may be about to break the yoke of the burden and the rod of the oppressor, and to give peace and liberty to His Church under the cross."

"And if the story of what you have done and suffered helps to bring that about, as I can see it will help—will you not rejoice, even though you may think it unwisely told?"

"If it does any good to the cause, I suppose I ought."

"For that cause you were willing to bear the loss of all things, and to face the world's shame and scorning, are you not as willing now to face the same world's empty glory and idle vain applause?"

"It was not for a cause," said Fabre in the low voice of deep feeling, "but for my dear father, and—still more—for my Lord."

"True, mon ami. For Him you were fain to wear the convict's garb and the badge of slavery; can you not—for Him also—wear as patiently the tinsel trappings of a tragedy hero?"

Julie Fabre spoke the truth—and not all the truth either—when she said that her husband's simple story, thus strangely made known to the world, would help to hasten the day of the church's deliverance. When several causes work together, as they generally do, to accomplish the final downfall of a bad system foredoomed to destruction, it is hard to assign to each its due place. But it is certain that the drama of Feneuillet de Falbaire—poor as it was in literary merit—took power and vitality from the true story it told, and the noble cause it advocated, and thus became a living force in the France of his day and generation. It brought that cause and that story before the eyes of a frivolous public and a corrupt court, where however, in spite of vice and folly, men and women still retained the capability of admiring virtue in others. In France henceforward the absurdity was no longer committed of dooming men like Jean Fabre to a degrading slavery, because, as Voltaire phrased it, they chose to pray in bad French instead of in Latin. Thus it was that when Jean Fabre, by the sacrifice of himself, won his father's deliverance, he won also the deliverance of many another "Forçat pour la Foi." A noble deed rarely, if ever, stops short at its immediate object: it passes on and goes forward, a living and life-giving power, and the end thereof no man knoweth save He from whom the impulse and the inspiration came at first.

IRISH GOSPEL WORK IN ANCIENT GERMANY.

WE have lately celebrated the Luther centenary, remembering with grateful hearts the time when the light was lit in Germany, a candle from the Lord, to illumine the world. England, rejoicing in the Gospel, owes much to Luther, though she had her Wiclif and her Tyndale, who gave her the Bible. The Reformation of the sixteenth century may be compared to a great wave of spiritual freedom rising in Germany, overspreading her boundaries, and drawing other nations into the vortex of its blessing. England was ready for her own large share of that blessing, and she had it. Her Protestant people therefore will ever think of Luther as the divinely fitted instrument who gave an impulse to that yearning for liberty common to all, Teuton or Briton, who felt the burden of Romish oppression, who strove to rise above the darkness and see the light. England then is indebted to Germany for the Reformation.

But nations are as individuals in this: none shall have all the giving nor all the taking. None is for himself in the kingdom of God, but each for all; and the good things of heaven coming to one enfold others. When Andrew had seen the Lord, he straightway findeth his own brother Simon and brings him to Jesus. When a nation has "seen the Lord," she will send abroad the glad tidings. There is a passing and repassing of the unspeakable gift, all are receivers and all shall be givers.

In the sixteenth century Germany gave good things to England, but it was England, or rather Britain, which gave them to Germany at an earlier period. Germany owes her first knowledge of Christianity not to Rome, but to the British Isles, even to "poor Ireland." We are apt to forget in these days of pity for her griefs, that she was not always lost in the darkness of superstition, since there was a time when the sister isle was not poor Ireland, but fair Ireland, blessed Ireland, shining as a very star in the west; her church renowned for learning, possessing the true Gospel, and sending it forth to England, to Scotland and beyond the confines of the sea. Germany to a large extent was christianized through Irish missionaries. Sweet and fair was the first sunrise of Truth, undimmed by clouds from Rome. And Ireland held fast what she had for a longer period than any of the more favoured countries, as we now deem them; it was not till the twelfth century that she yielded to the power of Rome. It could be said of her church as late as 1185 that "she had not conformed to the reigning superstition, but devoutly served God." Looking at her early history of fair and happy records, her later times become more enigmatical still. How is it that, having stood so high, she fell so low?

The early church of Ireland was eminently a *mission church*, and the manner in which she set to work was not without a tinge of colonization. Her missionaries went forth by twelves: twelve messengers of the Gospel under an abbot, and taking with them their wives and families, would

go and settle in the wilds of pagan lands, would raise a house of worship, oratory they called it, would preach the glad tidings, their lives being a living song to the Lord their God. Such a mission station was called a *cenoby*, the oratory, a round massive stone structure, forming the centre. The latter was always circular, surmounted by a cupola, the little bell suspended therein calling over the neighbouring wilds, inviting the people to turn from their false gods and worship the Lord. We can judge what these oratories were like from ruins of such still extant both in Ireland and Scotland, at Devenish for instance, at Clondolkain, near Dublin, on the Flannan isles and other places. The brethren were named *presbyters*, whence the later "priest," but there was nothing of sacerdotalism among them, and as we have seen they lived in honourable wedlock, practising none of the inventions of the pope of Rome. Their young men were trained for the Gospel work, together with capable converts from the heathen, and in their turn were sent forth by twelves to found new cenobies. Such bands of apostles would call themselves "monachi," that is, men of solitude, because they had forsaken their home in fair Erin to preach the Gospel to the heathen, living in lonely cenobies among strangers who loathed them not, and not because they were *maioris cloister cells*, making long prayers and deeming marriage a sin. They had no worship of sun nor of images, and they always preached the Gospel in the language of the people to which they addressed themselves, striving to make the Scriptures known. They instructed their own children together with those of heathen parents, baptism thus following upon instruction.

That early mission church, having its roots in Ireland and Scotland, and which may look upon St. Patrick as its founder, is known in ecclesiastical history as the Culdean church. The Culdees carried the lamp of truth all over western Europe, till Rome took possession of the fair lands which they had tilled. For derivation of the word Culdee several explanations have been offered, Latin, Greek and Gaelic. As a root of the latter some have given *civil* or *ceal*, meaning a place of retirement, and *civil-deach*, a hermit. But since the Culdees were not hermits or monks, there would seem to be a far truer derivation from the Gaelic, *céile* (fellow or man), and *De*, God: at any rate "men of God" the Irish missionaries were called by the heathen wherever they went.

St. Patrick was the founder of that church of dawn from which sprang the Culdean mission-work spreading over centuries, and truly he was a "man of God." We are apt to think of him as the patron-saint of Ireland merely, who chased away the snakes from Erin, in honour of whom the Irish wear shamrock on Patrick's day. But he did drive the snakes from Ireland in a far deeper sense than those who would venerate him seem to remember! This is how it came about.

On the shores of the Clyde in the Christian

village Bonaven, now Kilpatrick, about the year 400, grew up a boy, Succat by name; his father Calpurnius was a deacon. Christianity had come to Britain more than a century before, in the days of Constantine; a church had grown up of good promise, but not fulfilling that promise, paganism once more overspreading the land. Habitation along the Clyde being in constant danger of the Picts and Scots, Calpurnius, with wife and children, fled into Bretagne. There a great sorrow befell the godly household. Irish pirates carried off the youthful Succat, and sold him to some petty chieftain of an Irish clan. For six years he kept the swine, but in his sorrow he remembered the teaching of his pious mother, and came forth from the school of adversity a holy man, one to whom the Lord could say, "Feed my sheep." But the time had not yet come, and the sheep had yet to be gathered in. In a dream he is told to escape, and he rejoins his parents. Twice a captive and twice rescued Succat felt an appeal to carry the Gospel to the people of Ireland. He fancied he heard voices crying, "Come, holy child, and walk once more among us." He departed, spending his life for the people among whom he had first found peace for his soul. This was St. Patrick. "It was not done in my own strength," he says, "it was God over all."

A hundred years after Patrick the whole of Ireland was converted, the missionary spirit stirring from the first. As early as 500 A.D., a messenger of the faith went to the continent, taking the Frankish name Fridolt. About two centuries after Patrick arose Columba, son of Feidlimyd; he went to Scotland "to repay to the country of Succat, what Succat had done for his." Making a bark of the pliant osier, he sailed with his little band of followers, and after being driven by storms and tides about the Hebrides, he landed to the south of the basaltic caves of Staffa, fixing his abode on the rocky island Iona, known as Iona or Icolmkill, i. e., the island of Columba's cell. A cenoby was founded, which from the fitness of its situation, as between Ireland and Scotland, soon gained a central distinction, the primacy as it were; the abbot, that is "father" of Iona, being head of all the abbots in Ireland, Scotland, or on the continent. An abbot was more than a bishop, the former being head of a cenoby, the latter a presbyter who shepherded a flock of converts.

To the continent then the Culdees took the Gospel. The earliest messenger, Fridolt, founded a monastery at Poitiers, a church and monastery at Strassburg, also at Glarus and Choire in Switzerland. Towards the close of the sixth century Columba the younger preached the Gospel to the Burgundians, to the Franks and the Swiss, amid frequent persecution, leaving his disciple Gall in Helvetia, who founded St. Gall.

Towards the close of the seventh century Killean (whom the Franks called Kilian) left the shores of Ireland as abbot over twelve presbyters, with their wives and little ones, to carry the good news to Germany. Landing at the coast of Friesland after a stormy voyage, during which, like Paul, he upheld his companions by his faith,

they sailed up the Rhine and founded a Christian settlement at Moguntia (Mainz). And from that town, situated at the confluence of the Main and Rhine, they directed their efforts to the conversion of the warrior heathen of Thuringia, Hesse and Bavaria, raising cenobies all about, notably at Würzburg,* which in its turn became a centre of the work.

Willebrord, another "man of God," laboured in Friesland, Hesse and Thuringia, the power of the Gospel fast conquering the heathen tribes, and towards the close of the eighth century Germany may be said to have become a Christian country, the turbulent Saxons excepted, whom Charlemagne forced to the Gospel with the sword.

Thus was Britain faithful in planting the standard of saving truth in the heart of Europe. But the British Culdees failed in gaining the pagan Saxons of England who, being conquerors, naturally would not listen to the teaching of the conquered race. The Britons were driven to their mountains, losing ground more and more. By not striving, or not being able to strive, for the Gospel against the invaders within their own land they left room for other workers, Rome sending forth her priests; and England yielded to a foreign power, beneath whose heavy yoke she groaned for centuries.

In Germany too Rome gained ground. There was Winfrid, better known as St. Boniface, come from Northumberland, who did the work of papal pretension. For three years he lived by the side of Willebrord, hiding his true intention, and finally entering upon the field of labour of the faithful Culdees. St. Boniface has been called the apostle of Germany—yet it was not he, but the Irish mission presbyters who brought heathen Germany to the feet of the Lord.

Both Willebrord and Winfrid suffered death in Friesland. Rome took possession of the land, with her monks, her saint-worship, her images. The first purity was lost, the Gospel was hidden for centuries till other "men of God" arose at Wittenberg and elsewhere, breaking the fetters that bound the land.

The Culdean simplicity of worship survived longest in Ireland and the west of Scotland. In England too it left its traces lingering with the Lollards and the "poor priests" of Wicif, the garment of undyed sheepwool of the latter being an actual memory of the Culdees of old. Thus the sunset of that early church blended with the sunrise of a new Gospel light shed abroad in the land. Wicif arose, and his voice was heard in distant Bohemia, John Huss nourished by his spirit took up the sound and with dying voice proclaimed that the "swan of Wittenberg" would sing a better song a century hence. Luther came and did the work, England participating in the blessing. Germany repaid her debt to Britain. There is a mutual giving and taking in the Kingdom, and that nation which has received most shall give most: he that is greatest shall be servant of all.

JULIE SUTTER.

* A little story entitled "Bilhild," just published by the Religious Tract Society, gives a graphic account of the Irish missionaries in Germany.

A SPANISH INCIDENT.

GALICIA is a large province on the north-west coast of Spain, enjoying a delightful climate, especially those parts of it which lie along the sea-coasts, extremes of heat or cold being unknown; heavy rains fall in the winter season, interspersed however by days of most brilliant sunshine, and frequently in November a cloudless blue sky, accompanied by the warm rays of the sun, cheers the heart of the traveller, and he contrasts with it his reminiscences of dense London fogs only on the other side of the bay of Biscay. The mountains whose grey granite peaks rise on all sides are cultivated as far as there is a sufficiency of the surface earth to allow of it; on these majestic slopes pine forests rise, and flourish, in some instances extending their dark foliage even to the edge of the cliffs which overhang the sea.

The wood and fir cones of these forests are of great value to the inhabitants for fuel, as they contain a quantity of turpentine and other resinous substance, coal being unknown, excepting in the large towns, where it is very expensive. The beautiful bright verdure of the vines, which are extensively cultivated in Galicia, contrasts pleasingly with the dark foliage of the surrounding trees, among whose number must not be forgotten the orange and lemon trees which flourish on all sides, the former bearing fruit twice in the year, so that fruit and blossom are often to be seen on a tree at the same time. Cork trees are also abundant in these parts, and down in the fertile valley, maize, wheat, rye, potatoes, garlick, and flax abound, the latter forming a great source of industry to the inhabitants, who first spin, and then weave it into a beautiful strong linen, of both coarse and fine texture.

Extensive Sardine fisheries are carried on at the seaport towns; the octopus is also caught in large numbers at certain seasons of the year. It is dried in the sun, and sold as an article of diet. The inhabitants are honest, industrious, and frugal, very sensitive to kindness, and have a high appreciation of the English; but all this fair land is blighted, its people enslaved, impoverished, degraded, and sunken in ignorance and superstition.

A few months since, travelling by coach in this interesting part of Spain, I sat silently reading a Spanish Bible. It was a warm day, but a refreshing breeze came in at the open window of the coach, when about midway on our journey, as we were slowly ascending a hill, a tall, well-dressed man stopped the driver, and entered the coach, being saluted as he did so by a priest who sat in the far corner. On my leaving the coach at the end of the journey, he followed me, saying,

"Pardon a stranger asking a question; was that book you were reading a Bible?"

I said, "Yes, sir, it was."

He then continued: "I have been secretly trying to get that book for fourteen years. You are doubtless aware that in this unhappy country it is condemned, but I have a very great desire to possess it that I may read it, and judge for myself; I should be more than grateful if you

would name a price, that I may purchase your Bible."

The copy of the Scriptures I had had with me was the gift of a dear friend, and not wishing to part with it, I said, "Sir, if you will kindly give me your name and address I will send you one by post."

"Oh no," he replied, "I cannot give you my name as I wish no one to know that I am seeking that book; in the present unhappy condition of our country, it would only get me into trouble."

In this difficulty a thought came to my mind, and I said, "If you will go with me to the house of Señora — close by here, she has a large Bible, and will no doubt sell it." Arriving at this cottage, we found the good old woman who lived there at home, and much gratified, that one of her countrymen should be so anxiously seeking a Bible. At first she tried to persuade him to try a New Testament, saying that he would find sufficient for the salvation of his soul in that, but this offer he declined. I have been seeking that book fourteen years he said, and wish to possess it entire, that I may compare the Old Testament with the New."

Hearing this, Señora brought out her large print Bible, which had been her daily companion for the previous eight years.

The Spanish gentleman on viewing the book made earnest inquiries as to whether this was a real copy of the holy Scriptures, and if it contained the *whole* of the sacred writings, and being assured that it was so, he gladly paid for thirty reals (about 6s. 3d. English money), saying as he tied a brilliant red handkerchief round the sacred volume, "I have purchased this book for thirty reals, I will not part with it for thirty dollars."

He went on to say that he now wanted to find some one who could instruct him in it, adding that he was returning from the fair at P—, and as he walked past our coach, he noticed through its open window that a foreigner was reading a book. Something told him that the book might be the Word of God he had so long been seeking for, for which reason he immediately paid the fare, and entered the coach. He also told us that he had a son a priest, but, said he, "That is only a profession, the same as a lawyer, or doctor, it is just a way of making a living." A little more conversation followed, in which we spoke to him of the Saviour. "The mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." Our friend became so interested that he proposed to put off continuing his journey, and stay up the whole night that he might be further instructed in the wondrous book he had purchased. I was not able to stop however, having to be in V— that evening. So he proceeded on his way to his distant home, taking with him the Word of God in his native tongue.

As I reflected on the incident, I could not but be struck with the power of unconscious influence. Seeing a priest in the coach, I could not distribute any tracts among my fellow travellers, and so, after inward prayer for direction, I had opened

my Spanish Bible and sat reading in silence, looking to God to give me some opportunity of usefulness. That little act it will be seen led to the gentleman entering the coach, and his ultimately purchasing the Scriptures. We have since heard that he holds the office of alcalde or chief magistrate in the town where he resides. I was, I confess, the more struck with the providential character of the incident, as it was by an apparent accident I travelled that day in the coach. I had attempted the previous evening to take my ticket by another conveyance, but was prevented doing so, by its complement of passengers being full.

L. B.

PROFANE JESTING.

JEREMY TAYLOR, one of the most eloquent writers of the English language, rich in imagination, fervent in feeling, copious and forcible in words—has the following striking passage about profane jesting :

" But of all the abuses which ever dishonoured the tongues of men, nothing more deserves the whip of an exterminating angel, or the stings of scorpions, than profane jesting ; which is a bringing of the Spirit of God to partake of the follies of a man ; as if it were not enough for a man to be a fool, but the wisdom of God must be brought into those horrible scenes. He that makes a jest of the words of Scripture, or of holy things, plays with thunder, and kisses the mouth of a cannon just as it belches fire and death ; he stakes heaven at spurn-point, and trips cross and pile,* whether ever he shall see the face of God or no ; he laughs at damnation, while he had rather lose God than lose his jest ; nay (which is the horror of all), he makes a jest of God himself, and the Spirit of the Father and the Son to become ridiculous. Some men used to read Scripture on their knees, and many with their heads uncovered, and all good men with fear and trembling, with reverence and grave attention. ' Search the Scriptures, for therein ye hope to have life eternal,' and ' All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is fit for instruction, for reproof, for exhortation, for doctrine,' not for *jesting* ; but he that makes *that* use of it, had better part with his eyes in jest, and give his heart to make a tennis-ball."

The language is somewhat old-fashioned ; and no wonder, for the writer lived above two hundred years ago, in the time of the Commonwealth and of Charles II. ; but its very quaintness makes it all the more forcible. Some may think that the fault is out of date, as well as the language. The time of Charles II. was, doubtless, a profane age, especially at the court. The court wits used to jest at all sacred things, and the Bible was little read or known in that gay circle, save for furnishing a pun, or giving point to a joke, if not actually turned into mockery. But, though the profane treatment of the Bible may be less common than at that time, and generally less gross, yet it has not ceased.

I pass over the case of those who deliberately scoff at the Word of God, actual unbelievers and

mockers. Such there have always been, and such, also, there are now. They are not likely to read what is written here. I write rather for such as do believe the Bible to be the Book of God, and yet allow themselves to treat it with irreverence, applying its sacred sayings to common things, and using as a jest or plaything the words which God the Holy Spirit has breathed. Often this is done in mere thoughtlessness ; but thoughtlessness there ought not to be in using the Word of God.

There is a temptation, I grant, to use the words of Scripture thus, arising from their very force and fitness. On the same ground the words of Milton and Shakespeare and some other writers are much quoted and applied ; but there are no words, even apart from inspiration, so apt and forcible as those of Scripture ; and our English translation stands alone and unrivalled in the English language. There is a temptation, therefore, to quote it thoughtlessly for common purposes, especially as the words are familiar to most.

But it is a temptation to be resisted. We might complain if even the words of Milton and Shakespeare were degraded, how much more must we protest against the misuse of the Bible. For this is not man's book, but God's. We have no right to use it so. It is God's gift to us ; but not for such a purpose as this. He who gave it tells us for what purpose He gave it, and how we are to use it. It is "to make us wise unto salvation ;" it is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness ;" we are to "search the Scriptures," because they testify of Christ ; we are to take them as our guide, a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path. How opposed is all this to a light, irreverent use of the words of Scripture !

A lesser fault may fairly be reproved by holding up to view the same fault carried to a great length. Those burning words of Jeremy Taylor against profane jesting should be laid to heart by all who have let themselves fall into the way of using Scripture words lightly. Many such persons would shudder at the thought of making a mock at the Bible ; far from that, they find daily comfort there ; but let them beware of taking even one step in the direction of these scoffers. It may seem a comparatively harmless thing to take some pithy sentence of Scripture, and apply it in the way of a sparkling joke, or an apt illustration of a trifling subject : but even this is a step towards profane jesting, if it be not such itself. Let not that first step be taken. Let the temptation be resisted. Let the joke be lost and the illustration be missed, rather than that sacred words should be misused.

A ridiculous application of Bible words is not easily forgotten. When, on some serious occasion, those words are heard, or read again, that foolish use of them will come back to the mind ; and so the solemn force of the words may be lessened or lost.

This evil habit too is catching. A joke that takes in one company is likely to be repeated in another ; and he who uses Scripture thus knows not how many of his hearers he may be encouraging to do the same. On every ground, this habit may be classed with the "foolish talking" and "jesting, which are not convenient," not right or fitting.

x.

* Two ancient games of chance ; the latter answering to our "Heads or tails."



*image
not
available*

of us was troubled with uneasy dreams. At midnight we heard a great noise on deck. We hastened thither to know the cause, and found the ship driving fast towards a huge ice mountain, on which we expected every moment to suffer shipwreck. The sailors exerted themselves to the utmost, but it was by God's merciful providence alone that we were saved. The night was exceedingly cold with rain, and the poor people suffered much. We were now driven to and fro at the mercy of the ice, till one in the morning, when we succeeded in fastening the ship again to a large field. But all this was only the prelude to greater terrors. Deliverance from danger is so gratifying, that it raises one's spirits above the common level. We made a hearty breakfast, and retired again into our cabins. At one o'clock the cook, in his usual boisterous way, aroused us by announcing dinner, and putting a large piece of pork and a huge pudding upon the table, of which we partook with a good appetite, but in silence, every one seemingly buried in thought, or only half awake. Shortly after, the wind changed to north-east and north, increasing gradually, till it turned into a furious storm. Top-masts were lowered, and everything done to ease the ship. We now saw an immense ice-mountain at a distance, towards which we were driving, without the power of turning aside. Between six and seven we were again roused by a great outcry on deck. We ran up, and saw our ship, with the field to which we were fast, with great swiftness approaching towards the mountain; nor did there appear the smallest hope of escaping being crushed to atoms between it and the field. However, by veering out as much cable as we could, the ship got to such a distance, that the mountain passed through between us and the field. We all cried fervently to the Lord for speedy help in this most perilous situation, for if we had but touched the mountain, we must have been instantly destroyed. One of our cables was broken, and we lost a grapple; the ship also sustained some damage. But we were now left to the mercy of the storm and current, both of which were violent; and exposed likewise to the large fields of ice, which floated all around us, being from ten to twenty feet in thickness. The following night was dreadfully dark, the heavens covered with the blackest clouds driven by a furious wind, the roaring and the howling of the ice as it moved along, the fields shoving and dashing against each other, were truly terrible. A fender was made of a large beam, suspended by ropes to the ship's sides, to secure her in some measure from the ice; but the ropes were soon cut by its sharp edges, and we lost the fender. Repeated attempts were now made to make the ship again fast to some large field; and the second mate, a clever young man, full of spirit and willingness, swung himself several times off, and upon such fields as approached us, endeavouring to fix a grapple to them, but in vain, and we even lost another grapple on this occasion. The storm indeed dispersed the ice, and made openings in several places; but our situation was thereby rendered only still more alarming, for when the ship got into open water, her motion became more rapid by the power of the wind, and consequently the

blows she received from the ice more violent. Whenever, therefore, we perceived a field of ice through the gloom, towards which we were hurried, nothing appeared more probable than that the violence of the shock would determine our fate, and be attended with immediate destruction to the vessel. Such shocks were repeated every five or ten minutes, and sometimes oftener, and the longer she remained exposed to the wind, the more violently she ran against the sharp edges and spits of the ice, not having any power to avoid them. After every stroke, we tried the pumps, to find whether we had sprung a leak; but the Lord kept His hand over us, and preserved us in a manner almost miraculous. In this awful situation, we offered up fervent prayers to Him, who alone is able to save, and besought Him that, if it were His divine will that we should end our lives among the ice, He would, for the sake of His precious merits, soon take us home to Himself, nor let us die a miserable death from cold and hunger, floating about in this boisterous ocean.

It is impossible to describe all the horrors of this eventful night, in which we expected every approaching ice-field to be fraught with death. We were full ten hours in this dreadful situation, till about six in the morning, when we were driven into open water, not far from the coast. We could hardly believe that we had got clear of the ice; all seemed as a dream. We now ventured to carry some sail, with a view to bear up against the wind. The ship had become leaky, and we were obliged to keep the pump a-guzzing, with only about ten minutes' rest at a time. Both the sailors and we were thereby so much exhausted, that whenever any one sat down, he immediately fell asleep.

During the afternoon the wind abated, and towards evening it fell calm. A thick mist ensued, which, however, soon dispersed, when we found ourselves near a high rock, towards which the current was fast carrying us. We were now in great danger of suffering shipwreck among the rocks, but by God's mercy, the good management of our captain succeeded in steering clear of them; and after sunset the heavens were free from clouds. A magnificent northern light illuminated the horizon, and as we were again among floating pieces of ice, its brightness enabled us to avoid them. I retired to rest, but, after midnight, was roused by the cracking noise made by the ice against the sides of the vessel. In an instant I was on deck, and found that we were forcing our way through a quantity of floating ice, out of which we soon got again into open water. The wind also turned in our favour, and carried us swiftly forward towards the Hopdale shore. Every one on board was again in full expectation of soon reaching the end of our voyage, and ready to forget all former troubles. But alas, arriving at the same spot from which we had been driven yesterday, we found our way anew blocked up with a vast quantity of ice. The wind also drove us irresistibly towards it. We were now in a great dilemma. If we went between the islands, where the sea is full of sunken rocks, we were in danger of striking upon one of them, and being instantly lost; again, if we ventured into the ice, it was doubtful whether the ship

would bear many more such shocks as she had received. At length the former measure was determined on, as, in case of any mishap, there might be some possibility of escaping to shore.

After encountering a succession of further perils and disappointments for three additional weeks, the "Jemima" was brought safely into Hopedale harbour on the 9th of August.

To the foregoing narrative the following remarks are appended by the editor of the Periodical Accounts:—"The captain and mate report, that though, for these three years past, they have met with an unusual quantity of ice on the coast of Labrador, yet, in no year, since the beginning of the Mission, has it appeared so dreadfully on the increase. The colour likewise of this year's ice was different from that usually seen, and the size of the ice-mountains and thickness of the fields immense, with sand-stones imbedded in them. As a great part of the coast of Greenland, which for centuries has been choked up with ice, apparently immovable, has, by some revolution, been cleared, this may perhaps account for the great quantity alluded to."

THE BENEFITS OF AFFLICION.

M. ROSSEEUW SAINT-HILAIRE, Member of the Institute of France, has recently written a treatise entitled "Les Bienfaits de la Douleur," or the benefits of sorrow. It is a remarkable treatise, both from the eminent position of the writer, and the special circumstances under which he wrote. After having seen removed from him, within a short period, his only daughter and his loved wife, the old man, left solitary, at eighty years of age, believed that he could express some thoughts which might be useful to others, in recounting the steps by which the Lord first led him to the faith of the gospel, and then brought him to a state of submission and of peace. Some extracts we give, as likely to be profitable to all who read them; for it is a personal and experimental commentary on the truth that "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby" (Heb. xii. 11).

THE UNBELIEVER AND THE BELIEVER IN THE PRESENCE OF SORROW.

There are two kinds of sorrow as well as two ways of enduring it. The sorrow of the unbeliever cannot be of the same sort as that of the believer. In the presence of sorrow the unbeliever has only two ways to take—rebellion or despair. The believer has indeed but one course to follow: that of submission, filial submission to the will of the Lord, which is always beneficial and perfect, and which ends by becoming pleasant when it is willingly resorted to.

SORROW WITHOUT GOD.

I am very seldom in the habit of speaking about myself, but now, dear friends, you must pardon

me in thus speaking, for I am a living proof of what I am going to declare to you. During rather a long life, the Lord has made me pass through the extremes of human experience. By a well-chosen union, I have twice tasted the most satisfying happiness that can exist below, and afterwards, roughly severed from this happiness, I have had to endure twice during widowhood, the most bitter of all sorrows. Thus during my first marriage I saw taken from me after two years, and by a stroke unexpected and sudden, at first my child and afterwards the mother, and in three days, from being the most happy of men, I became the most miserable.

I had not at that time, as I now have, a living faith to sustain me in this sharp trial; I did not know then, as I know now, why God, whom they told me was so kind, chastised me so severely—I who had not offended Him, for I was far from thinking myself to be a sinner. Struck by this unexpected blow, I saw no other refuge against the evils of this life than that of suicide. The only God I knew of at this period was the God of deism, indifferent to our troubles, and who retires from us at the moment when we have the most need of Him. I tried to destroy myself. I have never been afraid of death, but I feared, I acknowledge it, what would become of me afterwards! I thought I heard the Lord demanding of me an account of this life which He had entrusted to me to make a good use of it until He should take it again, and I resigned myself to live. Without religion this thought saved me.

SORROW WITH GOD.

But at length, some years later, a second union not less happy, but more lasting than the first, brought me, blessed be God! to the faith in Christianity for which I had been born, and which I had sought, without being able to find it, during the first half of my life. Now, at length, I learnt why God had so long tried me, and by what painful courses He had resolved to bring me to Him. I have enjoyed a second time the chief happiness that a man can find in this world, and I have perceived that, whatever may happen, this happiness cannot be taken from me, for if I lose it on earth, it will come to pass that I shall find it again in heaven! And in truth, after thirty-five years of union which no cloud of trouble has disturbed, the Lord has been pleased to try me afresh, and affliction again came to knock at my door. An only daughter, at the age of thirty-three years had been taken from me by a stroke as sudden as it was unexpected. She was ripe for heaven, and for her sake, if not for my own, I have not been able to lament for her. Her place was not here below. But I had not even the sad privilege of seeing her expire in my arms. I saw her again in her funeral bier, all covered with flowers, and having a sweet smile on her countenance, which she carried to her tomb.

In all this mournful experience, I am happy to say so, God has sustained me above all expectations, and I have been able to repeat the words of Job: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be His holy name."

But I had not yet drunk the cup of bitterness to its dregs. My dear companion, after having seen her daughter expire one night at her side, and being herself struck to the heart by a blow so sudden, found her poor health declining every day, and ten months after the death of her daughter, she expired in consequence of a heart disease, supported by a patience that faith alone can give.

As for myself, at the age of eighty years, I am doomed to survive all that I loved, and am now alone in the world, with the bitter yet sweet remembrance of those whom I have lost.

Well, my friends, do you think that this time I have had any desire of destroying myself? No; a suicide has never entered the gates of heaven, and I have a very great desire to find there all that I have loved! Moreover, I do not think myself alone here below, for I live in constant communion with God, who has thus deprived me of my dearest on earth only to compel me to give myself to Him. I live already more in heaven than on the earth. Like an exile who sees the term of his banishment at its close, I inhabit by anticipation in my thoughts that celestial country I am going soon to see. I belong to this world only in the desire to do again some good in it. But I am not here alone, for I still find in every place my dearest deceased companions. In the silence of the starry night, in the celestial tones of music in church they seem to reply to my voice when I call them.

WHY IS THERE SORROW ON THE EARTH?

After six weeks that I have just passed near a bed of suffering, I have derived from it some useful instruction, and I wish you to profit by it, my dear friends. I have sounded the depths of sorrow, and I shall not complain, for I have there found God.

Why is there suffering in this world, created for innocence and enjoyment? It is in consequence of sin. You know that the state of man is changed. This earth was a paradise, and it has become a place of exile, with two doors to go forth from it; one leads to hell, the other to heaven.

What is sorrow in the divine plan of this life? In the first place it is a chastisement, moderated by the blessing of our Judge, for "the wages of sin is death." But if, instead of being obdurate and rebellious, we bend as submissive children before the paternal rod, we confess by this that we are deservedly punished, and suffering, being thus accepted, is changed into a blessing. Job at first cursed the day of his birth, but after that the Lord had revealed to him His ways, which are very often mysterious to us, he bent and kissed the hand that chastised him. "Is any one suffering," said Saint James, "let him pray." And here is the secret of Christian endurance; to accept suffering is to triumph over it."

Whether it attacks our bodies or our souls, suffering is the law of our nature, weakened and corrupted, since the Fall of our first parents. Without suffering there is no pardon here, no happiness hereafter. Why did our Saviour come

upon the earth, if not to suffer? Was it for His own sins? No! it was for our sins. Well, this atoning or expiatory sacrifice, made once for the salvation of the world, each one has nevertheless, in obedience to the conditions of humanity, to suffer sorrow and to shed tears. It is the law of our nature, and the ordinance of God.

Sin drove us out of paradise, suffering is one of the ways which brings us back there. Does that imply that suffering alone has any virtue to reopen the gate of heaven? No, indeed, but, by the Divine appointment, suffering brings in its train repentance, and then the heavenly mercy descends upon the guilty soul from the moment that it feels its guilt, and accepts chastisement here below, to find pardon on high; for "to the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses" (Dan. ix. 9).

THE SOURCE OF CONSOLATION.

The sacrifice is completed, Jesus has paid all our debt. But we must be prepared to suffer with Him. Without his blessed cross, without His redeeming agony, we do not know the benefits of suffering.

There are two short but beautiful sentences in the Holy Book, "God is love," and "Jesus wept." These two sentences contain the whole substance of the Bible. Ah, if God had not so loved the guilty world, He would not have given His only Son to save it! Suffering existed in this world ever since the Fall; but the tears have been made sacred since Jesus wept. Then, besides the tears of the Saviour, we can refer to those of the patient Jesus wept at the grave of His friend whom He was about to restore to life; but the penitent weeps for himself, and for his sin, and this crucifixion of the soul, this agony of repentance, has also its grandeur, because it is precious in the eyes of Jesus who has said "He that humbles himself shall be exalted."

The true source of consolation is the Gospel: it is at the cross of Christ that true streams of penitence flow. Is it not Jesus himself, "the man of sorrows," who has said "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted" (Matt. v. 4). See in what magnificent language the Holy Book speaks to us of affliction. "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." (2 Tim. ii. 12). "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you" (1 Pet. v. 10). "After you have suffered a little," do you understand this, my friend. We mourn readily, and for little cause, but what are our greatest sorrows, beside those of the Messiah? He, the innocent one, the Just One, by excellence! He has suffered, in His body and in His soul, for us, miserable sinners! And we, ought we not to enter into His work, ought we not to share in the afflictions of Christ, and so "fulfil the word of God" (Col. i. 24, 25).

SUFFERING DETACHES US FROM THE WORLD.

But some may say, how is it that a God so good, a Father so pitiful and tender, lifts thus His rod to His children? Why? It is to detach us

little by little from this life, and to make us long for our deliverance, till we are ready to cry with the prophet, "It is better for me to die than live" (Jon. iv. 3).

"Yes, God is good," exclaimed my own dear child, after a crisis of terrible sufferings, with a look turned toward heaven, and an expression which I shall never forget. What meant that appeal so touching to the tender compassion of a Father, if not to express a wish for the termination of her suffering, and for repose? And this repose was granted to her, for she ended by passing away gently, almost without the least pain in the last hours of her life. Yes, affliction is blessed when one knows how thus to be resigned in submission, and how to drink even to the dregs the bitter cup which the Heavenly Physician gives to us. Affliction thus breaks the bonds which fasten us to the world; it prepares us for a better life; he who has not suffered, and who has not said to suffering thou art welcome, is not yet ripe for heaven.

To behold the suffering of one loved by us is perhaps more cruel than to suffer one's self; but God thereby prepares us, slowly and gradually, for that brief separation, when we part here with what we shall soon find again above, for death is the way to heaven, and the way to death is by suffering and sorrow! In seeing our much beloved one struggling with a fearful agony, the sacrifice is gradually prepared in our own hearts; we are being taught to render back to God that which He only lent to us for a short season in this world where nothing is enduring, but which He will soon restore to us for a life that is everlasting.

SORROW IS THE SCHOOL OF SYMPATHY.

Yes, affliction is a blessing, for it awakens in our hearts those tender sympathies and compassions whence true charity or love ought to spring, that charity which the world scarcely knew before our good Saviour came to bring it to this earth. It is often suffering that brings men together whom prosperity had separated; it can fill up the gulf which lies between him who has all and him who has nothing, and thus in trial "The rich and the poor meet together" (Prov. xxii. 2).

The most mighty preacher of equality that I ever knew, save death, is suffering; it brings to one level all men and all ranks, from the slave to the monarch.

Do not, my friends, ever speak hard or heedless words about affliction, for if it is the punishment of our race, it is also the privilege of our race. The lower animals suffer pain in their bodies, but they do not suffer as we do in our hearts, in the sufferings of our fellows, so that we make their sorrows our own by sympathy. Whence comes pity, if not from heaven? If our poor race has been saved, it is because Christ had compassion upon it, has died for us on the cross. Let us then unite with our Saviour in this concert of sorrow which has been rising from our earth to heaven, for these six thousand years; the Sinless Victim, sacrificed for our salvation, has shed His blood, and we may well give our tears.

THE LAST STEP TO FREEDOM.

Nevertheless, a last step remains to freedom, and it is the hardest of all. The Lord has permitted me to arrive thus far, by the rough way of trial, to resignation and peace; but he wishes that all should advance to joy; yes, my friends, to joy. There is in the gospel one verse which is apt to cause doubt and fear, because it seems to transcend our poor nature, and to demand of it more than it can give: the verso is this:—"My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations (or trials)" Jas. i. 2.

But in the first place we must understand what is meant by this word joy; has it here the sense which we usually attach to the word? No, evidently not. It cannot here have any reference to the vain joys of this world, which are false and delusive. No, the apostle is here dealing with a fact which rises into the region of the soul, far above the events of this life of change and of sadness. At the bottom of every cup of sorrow truly accepted, and drunk to the dregs, under the bitterness one ends by finding sweetness. Under the tears is joy, the austere joy which comes from a feeling of duty accomplished, the joy of a soldier who dies at his post in fulfilling his trust.

The duty of the Christian is not to die, it is to live as long as it pleases God to leave him on this earth, and to forget his own troubles in lightening those of others. This is the joy of the Christian, the joy of perfect obedience. Such is the joy that I desire for you, my friends. But this obedience, it is faith alone that can produce it, and this faith we must seek from the Lord in prayer; for this faith alone can arm you against the sufferings of this life, awaiting the blessed hour which shall put an end to all separations, and renew for eternity the ties which death has broken!

The Gardener.

I WATCHED a gardener at his patient toil,
Where leafless vines their barren branches
spread,
And tall chrysanthemums lift a golden head,
And giant ferns their mystic fronds uncoil.
His eye was all intent on future spoil
Which the long, slowly-ripening hours would
shed;
While with wise hand the unlovely shoots
he led
Where least the shade their fruitfulness might
foil.
No shining leaf of green or flower of gold
Could make him once forget the purple glow
Of swelling clusters he would fain behold;
And no fair Now shall lead me to forego
The great To Be, whose harvest manifold
Will crown all faithful service done below.

RICHARD WILTON.

Pages for the Young.

NASH SHARPE.

CHAPTER III.



HE next day, rather late in the morning, Nash again made his appearance. As before Mr. Arnold himself gave him some light work to perform, but Nash's attention evidently was not with the work before him. Constantly he kept glancing restlessly round, as though seeking something or someone, and occasionally his lips pursed, and some word or sentence was half-audibly uttered. Soon after seeing Bertie sitting under the shadow of some trees at the other side of the garden, he rapidly shambled off to that spot at once.

Poking his head under the low sweeping branches, without further prelude, he at once began. "It's Nash—Nash." At that point he hastily withdrew his head, and his eyes worked furtively. Evidently his mind, so long unaccustomed to concentrated thought, failed him, and the idea he had all the morning been keeping uppermost treacherously escaped him, then suddenly thrusting forward his head, he added, "It's Nashville—Nashville—Grannie said Nashville."

Happily Bertie comprehended. "Oh, that's your name, Nashville—Nashville Sharpe. How pretty the two sound together; and Nash, you see, after all, is your short name. I like Nashville very much."

A vacant smile of something like pleasure gleamed on Nash's face, but the next moment the flutter of a dress caught his attention, and he observed Miss Arnold sitting just round the other side of the tree. Instantly the lad's face clouded over, with a quick glance in her direction he hastily drew back, and returned to his work as swiftly and suddenly as he had come.

That afternoon Mr. Arnold came into the room where his sister sat at work. "I have been talking to that poor thing, Nash Sharpe," he said, "and the lad is not so very far behind. Some of his answers were quite intelligent."

Miss Arnold related the incident of the morning.

"Ah, my opinion is, that if that poor lad had from the first been in wise and judicious hands, though he would never have been on a level with other folks, still he might have been trained at least to some simple and useful occupation, but instead of that he has known only rough and cruel treatment, or been laughed and jeered at all his life."

"Yes, and there are others far worse than Nash, some, with scarce a gleam of intelligence. I confess the very existence of these poor helpless beings has been to me a great mystery."

At that moment a slight stir of the curtains betrayed Bertie seated in a little nook behind them. He rose now, and Mr. Arnold, putting out his hand, drew him towards him.

"Ah," he said, "a mystery time itself can never solve."

Bertie drew close to Mr. Arnold.

"I expect Nash has a very little soul, hasn't he, father?"

"Yes, dear, I suppose so."

"But a little soul can go to heaven?"

"Yes, my child, of course."

"Then Nash can go there, because heaven isn't only for great souls and people who know a great deal, is it?"

"No, love, heaven is for all who enter through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Yes, and the Lord Jesus never worries any one. There's something in a hymn I have just learned makes me think of this, it is one of auntie's favourite hymns, she has taught it me, and talked to me about it till I quite understand it, and there's something in it makes me think of Nash. Shall I say the hymn to you?"

"Yes, my child." Mr. Arnold drew the child on his knee, folding his hands quietly in his lap. Bertie, in that measured rhythmical utterance peculiar to him, said through the old time-honoured beautiful hymn of Dr. Watts ending—

"He'll never quench the smoking flax,

But raise it to a flame;

The bruised reed he never

Nor scorns the meane'st name."

"There, that's what I think might mean Nash. You were saying he had always been badly treated and laughed at and jeered at all his life, but Jesus would not despise him. I think that line seems just to mean him, don't you?"

"Yes, my child."

Just then a servant appeared to wheel out Bertie for his afternoon ride. When the child was gone, Mr. Arnold was his wont when deeply thinking, began pacing slowly up and down the room.

"How naturally," he said, "little children speak of heaven and of those who are to go there, as though confident of themselves being thither bound, they speak of it as of a place they have been to and known, and we are so much older and wiser, though we believe in it faithfully and desire it as ardently, yet sometimes can hardly catch a glimpse even of its gates. We picture to ourselves its bliss, as best we may; but, oh! to look once more ~~up~~ up to heaven with the pure vision of a child."

Well might the Divine Master say, "Except ye become the kingdom of heaven as a little child, ye shall in no enter therein."

Just then Nash, with shuffling gait, passed the window. Mr. Arnold observed him. "Ah," he said, "and for poor souls like Nash, we plan and provide our best for their earthly comfort and well-being, but it needs a little child to look on beyond all this, and see for them too a future in heaven. Aye, and Bertie was right; surely these poor dwarfed stunted souls through the long ages yet to come will not remain thus imperfect, incomplete. Surely in heaven all tears are wiped from off all faces. Look at our little blind child; he has never once seen the sunshine, or any of the beauties of this earth. Could we think of him through a long eternity blind also to the light and glories of heaven?"

Miss Arnold started.

"No, no," she said quickly; "I should never have thought of such a thing. Bertie will see in heaven, dear, blessed little lamb."

After those two first days, Nash's attendance at "The Cedars" became a very uncertain affair. For whole days together he would absent himself, and then suddenly announce to his grandmother in unceremonious fashion that he was going up to Arnold's for Arnold's bit of silver. This habit with Nash of utterly ignoring any handle or adjunct to people's names was one of his odd ways. Thus with him the heads of the family of "The Cedars" were spoken of as Arnold and Arnold's sister. The only one upon whom he bestowed the least appearance of honour was the youngest member of the household. This sense of awe of the little blind child had never quite worn away, and Nash was wont to speak of Bertie decorously, not unfrequently conferring on him the title of Master Bertie.

Between these two most dissimilar in life and character

existed a subtle but powerful attraction. Bertie, in his quiet way, felt keen interest in the strange untutored lad, while Nash, could he so have expressed it, would have ranked Bertie foremost among the mysteries of his life. Nash had been used all his life to the scoff and jeer, or at best the look of compassionate though instinctive recoil; but this little creature who certainly had never ridiculed him, and whose fair face was never darkened by a skeleton of fear or aversion, exercised a potent spell over the lad's crude dark mind and spirit. Sometimes Bertie would bring out his little Testament for the blind, and with his small finger tracing out the raised characters, his eyes not directed to the page but looking straight before him, bright with the shining of the pure soul within, would read aloud in his slow musical utterance. Nash, edging to the far edge of the garden bench, would watch him with a mingled expression of awe and curiosity; but a greater wonder still was Bertie's concertina, the child possessed considerable musical skill, and could play a few simple airs with taste and accuracy.

When these performances were executed in Nash Sharpe's hearing, his first sensation was of pleased surprise, and once or twice, as though to touch the wonderful thing would be a satisfaction, he furtively extended his hand towards the concertina; then, as though some sense of awe restrained him, he as suddenly withdrew it. But when Bertie himself placed the instrument in his hand, showing him where and how to press his fingers so as to evoke something of the same sort of sounds, a low gurgling laugh of pleasure broke over the lad's lips, and perhaps for the first time in all his life, a look of genuine thorough delight shone upon his dark clouded face.

CHAPTER IV.

One day when Nash was at "The Cedars" another source of interest arose for him, stronger even than Bertie and his concertina. The house was very old, the back part of it being built out in two separate wings, between which was a paved court-yard. One of these wings was in much worse condition than the other, and the workmen engaged in its repair, breaking through a wall of brown wainscoting, came suddenly upon two secret compartments, quite in the centre of the building, opening one into another; access to the inner one being gained by a heavy door fastening with a stout spring.

The existence of these two rooms was not very difficult to account for; the house was an easy distance from the sea, and some generations back the former owners of "The Cedars" had been noted for their smuggling enterprises. Doubtless these two rooms had been used as secret storerooms for the stolen goods. The two rooms thus strangely discovered were soon eagerly examined.

"I should not wonder," said one of the workmen, as he stood holding the door of the inner room in his hand, "but what there be treasures hidden away in there."

"Aye," said another lounging in the doorway, "treasure and money too, and who knows what."

As he spoke he peered curiously into the room beyond, but the air inside was musty and damp, and hastily drawing back his head it came into sudden and violent collision with another head, which whatever might be its inner qualities, possessed an unusually hard and durable exterior. The intruder thus in the way was none other than Nash Sharpe; the lad had been on the spot when the two rooms were discovered, and hearing the remark about the hidden treasures and money, his cupidity, of which naturally he possessed an unusual share, had been instantly aroused.

The man rubbed his forehead angrily.

"Get back, you lazy loaf, haven't you nothing better to do than to stand hulking round for folks to knock their heads off at you?"

Nash retreated a step or two with a sullen frown, but a little later, seeing the course clear, he again advanced to the threshold, and stood peering cautiously into the dim recess beyond. The door which had a propensity to close of itself had been propped open by a piece of wood. All at once there was a wink and a nod, a smothered exclamation, and Nash received a violent push which sent him reeling forward into the enclosure. Simultaneously the door closed with its secret spring. A shriek, a scream merging in a savage yell of terror and rage was the result. Then sounds as of a creature worked into a passion of madness.

"Shame on ye, let the poor dast thing out, let him out, I say."

The speaker was the foreman among the band of workmen. The man whom Nash had so innocently victimised sullenly obeyed.

The door opened, out flew Nash gibbering, inarticulate, his face livid with passion and terror. With one bound he cleared the second room and rushed from the building to the court-yard beyond, without a moment's delay, seizing the loose bricks and woodwork lying around; in a blind fury he hurled them savagely at his foes.

From the back of the house Miss Arnold viewed the whole scene, and without knowing the cause saw the brick-bats thus flying wildly in all directions. Promptitude of action was one of her main characteristics. Braving the shower of ungainly missiles, she went straight up to Nash and laid her hand on his arm. The lad turned towards her his white contorted face, his lips quivering with their unexpressed rage.

"If you throw another brick, Nash Sharpe, I'll have the policeman to you."

The threat made at a venture was appropriate; his look of rage modified into that of abject fear. Wriggling himself free from her grasp, he slunk away to the other end of the paved court-yard, turning towards her a mingled look of hate and aversion.

Miss Arnold went back to the house, entering the kitchen from whence she had a good view of the court-yard outside. Once she was sure Nash passed the window, but the men appeared quietly back at their work, and no further disturbance took place. Then her thoughts became unpleasantly diverted; a valuable gold ring was missing. Miss Arnold had felt sure that, having some kitchen duties to attend to, she had laid the ring on a table in the back hall. But at that moment Nash Sharpe's strange behaviour had so distracted her attention, she could not positively recall whether she laid it down as she had intended or had afterwards accidentally dropped it. Search proved vain; she confided the case to Mr. Arnold, adding, "I can hardly think he would meddle with it, but my mind runs upon Nash Sharpe. He went past the window, do you think he might see it lying on the table and take it?"

Mr. Arnold slightly shook his head. "I don't know," he said slowly; "Nash has a hankering after small possessions. His grandmother says that the bits of silver he earns here, he puts in a little bag and hides away under the hatch of the little attic where he sleeps. It is just possible if he saves it, the thing might strike his fancy; but I will speak to him."

Mr. Arnold went out at once. He met Nash emerging from the shrubberies, a curious half-cunning expression on his face. Mr. Arnold called him to him. After a few general remarks, holding up his hand, upon the little finger of which flashed a gold ring—

"Look here, Nash," he said. "Do you know what this is?"

Nash shot a covert glance from out the corners of his eyes, and slowly nodded his head.

"It is a gold ring," said Mr. Arnold. "Did you ever see one like it before?"

Nash came a step nearer, devoting another side-long glance. "Would ye give it me, then, Arnold?"

Mr. Arnold smiled.

"No, Nash, it would be no good to such a lad as you; but what I want to say is this. My sister, Miss Arnold, has lost a ring something like this one; have you seen anything of it, Nash?"

Nash instinctively fell back a few steps. Evidently his intention was to dart away from his interrogator; but Mr. Arnold purposely assuming a severe expression, exercised a restraining influence over him. Then suddenly unclasping both his hands, Nash held out the wide, open palms towards Mr. Arnold.

"Na, Mr. Arnold, I've na got it, I've na got it," he said.

Mr. Arnold allowed his face slightly to relax.

At that moment a woman appeared walking up to the back entrance; at sight of Mr. Arnold she came towards him. He recognised her as a poor woman belonging to the parish.

"If you please, sir," she said, and then glanced expressively towards Nash. "Could I speak to you a minute, sir?"—Mr. Arnold stepped a little aside—"It's about him, sir," she said, glancing towards Nash. "May be you haven't heard, sir, Nash Sharpe's father met with a bad accident a few days back; he's a bricklayer you know, sir, and he fell from a great height and got badly hurt. Now the doctor says they have no hopes of him, and he doesn't think as he'll last the night through. And all the poor man keep taking on for, is to see this poor boy, Nash. It is much he cared about seeing him in his lifetime, but things look different now he's come to die. So hearing how he kept taking on, I said I'd step up here and see if I could find the poor lad, and take him to his father. That is, if he will go with me, but he's a strange lad is Nash."

"Wait, I will bring him myself," said Mr. Arnold.

The woman thanked him and withdrew.

Mr. Arnold found Tom in dying circumstances; but the arrival of his poor neglected son had evidently been earnestly desired and expected, he turned his haggard face and eagerly expectant eyes towards the door as Mr. Arnold and Nash entered. His mind was quite clear, though he spoke slowly and with difficulty.

"It's kind of you bringing him, sir," he said, looking at Mr. Arnold. "It isn't much goodness he's had done him. I'm afear'd now as I've not done the right thing by him. Such as he are trying enough; allers a trial; but 'tis no beating or cuffing can make 'em like other folks. I'm afear'd about him, sir, and I don't see what's before him."

"God alone knows that; can you not confide your poor son to Him?"

The sick man moaned and closed his eyes; then, after a few minutes looking up—

"Aye, sir, you're right no doubt; but I've not done my duty by him, and I don't see the right I have to trust now; he can't work nor get no money for himself. He can't do nought. There's them too," pointing to his wife and son by his second marriage, who were sitting closely together at the other side of the bed. "There's them to leave too, but they'll shift; but he can't do nought, he is not like other folks."

Mr. Arnold did his best to comfort him; but the memory of his past failure in duty towards his poor son, was a thorn in the dying man's pillow no human touch however wise or gentle could extract. His last leave of Nash was in supplicatory form.

"Forgive your poor father, Nash, lad. I can't help you now, but forgive me, lad."

Then Grannie hurried back, only fearing the excitement for her dying son. Mr. Arnold at the sick man's urgent request stayed with him; the end came sooner than

expected. In the first hush of the soft summer night, a soul from Tom Sharpe's little cottage remorseful, humble, and, as Mr. Arnold would fain have hoped, sincerely penitent, took its flight unto the Eternal and the unseen.

The next morning Grannie returning to her home found Nash awaiting her, calling loudly for his breakfast. Apparently he showed no proper estimation of the trouble that had befallen him; instead there was a half-suppressed look of inward satisfaction, as though some particularly happy thought was uppermost in his mind. This lack of appreciation touched his grandmother's soul more than loud tears or lamentations; seating herself on a low stool, covering her head in her apron, sobbing bitterly, she swayed wildly in her grief—

"Oh, poor lad, poor lad, and ye don't know, ye don't see that there's just no one left now to see to ye; that's your poor old Grannie? The time'll come soon for her to go, aye, it's high time, when the youngest of the little family you nursed on your bosom and dandled on your knee goes home before you. And who'll there be for you then, poor lad? Only your old Grannie between you and the workhouse now; and her time so nigh come; and ye don't know, ye don't see how ye can do nought, can't earn silver like other folks. Oh, ye poor helpless thing, ye poor wifie child!"

Nash stood looking at her half stupidly. Then Grannie having wept out the passion of her woes, rose and began quietly getting Nash his expected breakfast. She had not been long so engaged when Nash rushed out of the house. She followed him, and soon saw that he was returning to the cottage where his father lay dead. Nash passed by suddenly, and without word or look of explanation went swiftly in front.

"What may it be he's after now?" said Grannie to herself; as to her surprise she saw him enter in a quiet and measured manner. The old woman walked after him briskly.

Evidently his return had not been perceived; his mother and one or two women were talking together at the back of the house, they had not noticed the lad's quiet entrance.

Nash was not in the little downstairs room. Following a sudden instinct, Grannie ascended the stairs. At the threshold of her son's room, she stood still for a moment, startled by the scene before her. Nash had thrown back the sheet from his father's face,—happily the countenance was peaceful, as if he slept calmly. Nash, who had never seen death, was looking at him, evidently not understanding what had happened, and dangling the small canvas bag, in which were his precious bits of silver, close to the dead man's face.

"Look ye, look ye, it's all mine, Arnold gave it me, I worked for it, look ye father, look."

Then as though to cause attention, Nash thrust the little bag close down by his father's hand. Grannie recovering from her momentary surprise, at this moment came forward. She laid her hand gently on Nash's arm.

"Don't you see, poor lad, your father, it's no use offering your bits of money to him, man. He's gone where he'll never hear you no more in this world."

A gleam of something like intelligence of the truth passed over Nash's countenance at that remark. His stepmother was heard ascending the stairs. Grannie's grasp tightened.

"Take your money, lad, we shall be for having it and keeping it too."

Nash comprehended this, but making a sudden snatch at his property, his hand came into close contact with his father's cold, icy fingers. The touch acted on him like an electric shock, he started and shuddered violently. Then with his secured money held tightly in his hand, with one of his sharp movements he turned and hastily quitted the room before any one could arrest his steps.

The Story of Her



She had always been a quiet person, preferring the company of books and solitude over social gatherings. But as she grew older, she found herself yearning for connection, for someone to share her stories with. And so, she began writing them down, capturing the essence of her life in words. At first, she wrote for herself, reliving memories and finding solace in the process. But soon, she realized that her stories had a way of touching others, of inspiring them to find their own strength and resilience. And with each new story, she felt a sense of purpose and fulfillment that she had never known before. In the end, it was through her writing that she found the love and support she had been searching for all along.

to know which was which. His hair was short and stiff, so as to prohibit all attempts to smooth him down. In short, Viper and Job were much of the same cut, and suited each other to a T. Those who knew Job best, said that he was not so bad after all, and that under all the snap and the snarl there was something like a heart, if you only could get at it. And some who took the trouble to think about it, imagined that he might have met with some great unkindness or treachery in his youth, which had turned him sour, but nobody knew anything about it. And they said that Viper was much the same, as crabby and unamiable a cur as could be, but he never did anyone an injury, so that in time the little children let him bark and snap at their bare legs, without any fear of his taking a bit out. And Viper too had a heart somewhere under his bristles, for he would sit by the hour on the corner of Job's tailoring table with his good eye next his master, watching every motion of the old man, and if he did but put out his hand for the scissors, you would hear the stumpy tail tapping the table, and his whole body would vibrate in an ecstasy of affection.

As to Job's religious opinions, he never aired them. He never went to any place of worship, and nobody knew whether he was Church, or Presbyterian, or of any denomination whatsoever. To be sure, old Betty Tipple, who got a growl instead of the penny she had asked at his door, set him down as a "heathen and a Turkey," but as her verdict may be suspected to be the result of her disappointment at not getting anything wherewith to procure a drop of "something comfortable" at the sign of the 'Three jolly Pigs,' it had little weight. The rector and his wife had done their best to make friends with Job, but he and Viper apparently put their heads together to keep them at arms' length; so after patiently weathering much gruffness from the one, and many snappings and snarlings from the other, they decided to leave the old man to himself, and to wait till some favourable circumstance should open his frost-bound heart to kindness. Whatever theological creed therefore Job might hold was still to be a mystery to his neighbours.

But as to the blessed religion of the gospel, which not only brings peace and sunshine to a man's own soul, but which ought to spring up within him as a well of water to comfort and refresh all around him, it was pretty plain that poor Job knew nothing of it. And if there had ever been a well even of kindly feeling in some hidden away corner of his soul, it had long been frozen over hard; and having, as we have seen, resolutely shut out every ray of the sun of love, human or divine, no wonder if it only grew harder and colder every year.

He was not an original inhabitant of the place of his present abode. A few years before, he had suddenly made his appearance, none knew where from, and his surly manners had kept off all inquiries. He had apparently some little means besides what his trade brought him, took a small decent house, and settled down. Once, or twice a year, he locked up his house, and went off with Viper, no one knew where. He would

come back in a week or two, looking worn and weary, as if he had been wandering a long way.

The neighbours used to say it was a dismal home-coming. The cold empty house, no hand to greet him, no voice to welcome him; and perhaps it was this very thought that made him peculiarly gruff and irritable at such times.

Miss Matty Meddle (his opposite neighbour) found it so to her cost; for being very curious to know where he could have been on one of these occasions, she ventured to "hope he had had a pleasant visit wherever he had been." His early answer was a signal to Viper, who so far forgot himself as to leave the mark of his teeth in her stontright leg. However, as in her terror and pain, she kicked out like a young colt, and as Viper moped about on three legs for some time after, it may fairly be considered as an honourable business transaction, on the principle of give and take.

They were indeed dismal home-comings, and no mistake. And if you could have looked in a hour or two later, you would have thought a dreary indeed. The old man at his solitary fireside, the relics of his cheerless meal on the table, an unsnuffed candle showing a dim light. He sat with his cold stony gaze fixed on the fire, a hopeless, loveless, miserable old man. His usually wide-awake little companion lay tired out and sleepy, but true to his nature he still yelped and barked faintly even in his dreams.

Another companion of Job's solitude remains to be mentioned. A black bottle stands on the table with a glass beside it, and while you are sitting he will stretch out his hand, pour out a draught, and swallow it at a gulp, and perhaps a mile after, he will take another before he goes to bed. He was not what you would call a drunkard. No one ever saw Job the worse for drink, as they say. I wonder, by the bye, if any one was ever seen the better for drink? But it is to be feared that he was gradually getting to care for the black bottle more than was quite respectable. What wonder? And in this lonely, loveless, prayerless life, this heart empty, swept and garnished, what wonder if the evil spirit of drink should enter in, and dwell there, and so the last state of that man should be worse than the first.

II.

"Oh, Christmas Bells! in your gladsome strain
We hear the angels' song again,
Glory to God! Goodwill to men."

It was a few days before Christmas, fine, bright, seasonable Christmas weather it was. The snow lay pretty thick where the sun had not melted it, and the trees were all twinkling and sparkling in the frost. The robins were sitting in rows some of them, on the eaves, watching for the crumbs after breakfast, the children were running about full of life and fun and noise, tossing up the snow, sliding, tumbling, jumping, shouting, rosy and happy. But there were no robins, no children, no fun or life to be seen round the door of Job Hennessey's house, and the snow, which had been swept from the doorsteps of the other houses, lay white and thick upon his; it had even drifted up a little against the door. Miss Matty Meddle

happened to be looking out of her door that morning, as indeed she did pretty often, and she was rather expecting the postman to bring her a letter, so as she saw him coming up the street, she waited to get it. But when he came opposite Job's house he stopped and looked into his bag, took out a letter, looked up at the house, and shook his head in a puzzled, hesitating manner. Miss Matty, who was always longing to pounce down on somebody, thought it was quite time for her to have a shot at the poor dawdling stupid body who couldn't see that the letter was for her, and called out, in her sharp brisk voice, "Here, good man, it's for me!"

"Is this house inhabited, ma'am?" said the postman.

"Yes, to be sure, but what has that to do with my letter?" screamed Miss Matty; but instead of replying he gave a short quick rap at Job's door. Viper instantly answered the knock, though not in the usual way by opening the door, but by a series of barks and yells and springs suggestive of an eager desire to get at the intruder. Presently the door opened, not so wide however as to let Viper out or anyone in, and Job's pale, wintry face peered out. He took the letter and shut the door, and the postman trudged on, leaving Miss Matty nearly beside herself with anger and surprise. Anger that she had got no letter, and surprise beyond expression that Job had. Why no one had ever heard of such a thing before. One would as soon think of one of the quiet tenants of the churchyard getting a letter. "Could a fortune have been left to him? Or was it a law letter, charging him with some deed of darkness? She had always suspected there was some bad mystery about him." These and an endless variety of variations on the same tune percolated down the street in the course of the day, and might have gone on much longer only for a greater surprise next day, namely, that when Miss Matty opened her door next morning to sweep her doorstep, she saw, from unmistakable signs that Job Hennessey had left home. The chief of these signs were, first that the usual very thin column of smoke was not ascending from the chimney; and secondly, that Viper (between whom and herself there was always a war, partaking largely of the element of fear on both sides, and who always sat at the window watching for her) invariably barked himself into fits on her appearance, and this morning Viper was neither seen nor heard. Of course the letter had something to do with it.

Had he gone to get the fortune? What a pity she hadn't taken more pains to ingratiate herself with the old man! Or, could he be gone to give himself up to justice? Dear, dear, wasn't it well she had never made free with him! for she had been sharp enough to know there was something wrong!

But Christmas times were coming, and the good folks were too busy baking and washing, and cleaning up for Christmas to concern themselves long about Job's absence, and the snow lay on the roof of his cold empty house as if it were a grave.

Well, Christmas day came, a cheery, sunshiny day, just as it should be.

The bells were ringing for early service, when Miss Matty opened her door. What was it made her start, and drop her brush, and stand as one amazed? Just this—Job Hennessey's door was open, and on the door-step stood—

A little girl! a plump, rosy, little maiden, about six years old. She was eating a piece of bread, and feeding the robins—and wonder of wonders, Viper was sitting just inside the door, watching her and the robins so intently that he never observed his old enemy! When she had finished her bread, she turned into the house, giving Viper a pat on the head, but came out again immediately with a broom, with which she tried to sweep away the snow from the door-step, but it had lain so long it was too hard for her, so with a shake of her little flaxen head she went in again. Miss Matty heard the clinking of cups suggestive of breakfast, the door was shut, and she saw no more. Was it all a vision? or a dream? Leaving Miss Matty to her ejaculations we will take a peep into the house.

I cannot say much for its tidiness or comfort, but there was a bright fire, and a pervading smell of buttered toast, which made up for a good deal. The little girl—we don't know her name yet—sat on a stool by the fire, with a chair before her, doing duty as a table. Her attention seemed equally divided between her breakfast and Viper, who sat close by, but who evidently found a difficulty in managing matters with his one eye.

Job was sitting at the opposite side of the fire with his mug of tea on the hob (you see his manners were primitive), and Viper's perplexity was this. Every now and then the little one held out a bit of toast to him. Now, if Viper was looking her way all went well, but long established habits of loyalty to his master obliged him to sit with his good eye next to him, so that Viper was sorely puzzled how to keep a good look out at both sides. His queer starts and snaps amused the little one, and every now and then her laugh rang through the room—a new, strange sound there—a clear bell-like laugh, just the joy in her heart set to music. It was curious to see the old man sitting there as gruff and silent as ever, and yet how the child bubbled over with her innocent glee, and prattled away, sometimes to herself, sometimes to Viper. Presently, he woke up as it were, and began putting away the things. The child watched him for a minute or two, and then began to help him to clear the table. She ventured even so far as to put away the cups as he washed them, into the corner cupboard, though she was obliged to stand on tiptoe to reach the lowest shelf. She was evidently used to help in this kind of work. When that was done, she looked about for the broom, and did her best to sweep the floor, only the broom was so much too big that it nearly swept her away in its gyrations, and she got so hot and tired that she had to sit down and pat Viper to rest herself. The old man moved about, still putting things to rights, but after a while he sat down too, but instead of gazing moodily into the fire as he was wont to do, he looked at the little one sitting as she was on the floor with her arm round the dog's neck. And as he looked, his thoughts went back—back.

III.

"Then memory approaches, holding up her magic glass,
And shadows from the Spirit-land across the surface
pass."

Back to the time, forty years ago, when he lived with his father and mother on a good farm in the far north. A time when he liked everybody and everybody liked him. A steady hardworking cheery lad he was, and he was only waiting for the harvest to be over, to bring Susan Moss home, for his father and mother were getting old, and he was their only child, so they would welcome his young wife gladly. And as he followed the plough or walked beside the cart, what pictures he would draw of the happy times in store for them all!

But trouble came when least expected. A friend for whom his father had gone security, and whom they had lost sight of for years, suddenly failed, and the creditors came down on old Hennessey. Farm, stock—everything, had to be sold—and nothing was left to them but a few things, enough to furnish scantily a small cottage in the village. Job's father never held up his head again—he pottered about half doting for awhile, and then died—and Job hired himself out to work on the farm he had thought to have for his own, and took care of his poor weakly old mother. The neighbours said he was like a daughter to her. He kept up his courage too,—he and Susan must wait now, but they were both very young, and by hard work and saving, he would soon have a home to bring her to. And so he hoped on—and toiled on—till one day he fell from a stack they were building, and was carried home to his mother badly hurt. His back was injured, so that for many weeks he had to lie still; and he had also hurt his head, and lay in a dazed state, unable to speak much or even to think. And thus it came to pass that he knew nothing of what was going on—never heard that Susan had forgotten the lad who loved her so faithfully, and who even now was thinking of little else but her, and how she must be fretting about him. Never heard (for they would not tell him) how she had married off-hand a smart young fellow who had come into the neighbourhood a month or two since, and that they had gone away to London, where he had a good business. But it could not be kept from him for ever—and when he did hear it, it well-nigh killed him. When he recovered and could get about again he was not the same man. He took to tailoring, for he could not do farm-work now on account of the strain in his back, and he shut himself up so that nobody should see him or speak to him; grew gloomy and sour, and because one girl had been untrue, thought the whole world false. He was still good and kind to his mother—like Kathleen O'More's cow,

"Though so wicked to others
It was gentle to her."

So they lived on—he growing old, and more and more gloomy every year—then the old mother died, and the one soft spot in his heart was empty. He lived on in the old cottage till he was left a small annuity by a relative, and

being no longer tied, he left the north, and came, as we have seen, to the little town of B—.

Once or twice a year a fit of restlessness came over him, and he used to set out on his wanderings, always ending in a visit to his mother's grave.

He had heard nothing of Susan for years—till the other day he had got a letter from one of the London workhouses, saying, "A woman was dying there, who had begged the writer to let Mr. Hennessey know that Susan Moss wanted to see him before she died. Her husband's name was Mitchell, but she said he would know her best by her own name." Job went through a fierce struggle that day—the long years had not quenched the anger and bitterness—but yet, a yearning came over him to see her again, and so he went.

When he arrived, Susan was dead and buried, but the clergyman who had attended her on her dying bed, had left word that Mr. Hennessey was to go over to his house to get a message Susan had left for him. Job had half a mind not to go. Why should he be ordered about in this way? but he went all the same.

He was kindly received by the good man, who told him that Susan Mitchell had asked him to give her message to Job when he should arrive. She begged him to forgive her—she had repented as she had sown—and she was dying in a workhouse. Nobody in the world to care for her, or to look after her daughter's child, who had been left to her as a baby, when both its parents died. In her extremity she thought of the friend of her youth, and from what she knew of him, ~~sure~~ he would take pity on the child—he ~~were~~ was Susan.

Job said not a word. He sat with his rugged face turned away. The clergyman left the room, and in a minute or two returned, leading a child by the hand. "Here is the little girl," said he. "and Susy, this is your grandmother's friend." The child had been crying for her grannie, and when Job hastily looked up, he saw a pair of very tearful blue eyes fixed questioningly on him. Something in the look, perhaps something in the name once so dear to him, touched the old man's heart, and he held out his hand to her—the instantly went over and put both her little hands into it.

Viper, who had been sitting quietly under his master's chair, and who had, indeed, behaved in a wonderfully gentlemanlike manner during his London visit, now came out of his retirement, and after a preliminary sniff or two, licked both her little round elbows (her hands being engaged) and so the compact was sealed.

And he brought her home that Christmas Eve, when the snow lay so soft and deep, that no one heard the wheels of the carrier's cart stopping at the door.

IV.

"The little child in trustful glee,
With love and gladness brimming o'er,
Many a cup of minstry
May for the weary veteran pour."

This Christmas morning Job Hennessey was going over it all in his mind, and his eyes, from

old habit, had gone back to the fire. He was roused from his reverie, by a gentle pat on his knee. "Mr. Dobe," said little Susy, "what are the bells ringing for?" "It's Christmas day to be sure, child, and it's church time." The child looked about anxiously, "Shall I fetch you your boots, Mr. Dobe?" "My boots!" said he fiercely. "I'm not going to"—he stopped, for Susy looked startled—"Not to-day Susy, we'll rest after the journey, and it's time to be looking after the bit of dinner," said he, getting up. So Susy and he washed and peeled the potatoes, and put the small bit of meat into the oven, laid the tables, and then having nothing more to do, Job sat down again at the fireside, while the little girl perched herself on the window seat with Viper, watching the passers-by.

"No, no," said Job to himself, "I'm not *that* soft yet. Church indeed! I've done without it for nigh forty years, and I'm not going to be marched off just because a brat wants to go!" He fell a thinking. Why, the last time he went, he had his old mother on his arm. She always said she found comfort and help there. Ah! she was a good woman, and no mistake. Others might be, and were, false hypocrites, but *she* was true to the backbone. What had she said to him just before she died? 'Meet me in heaven,' said she 'That book,' said she, pointing to the old Bible, 'will show you the way.'

As he remembered the words his eyes unconsciously followed his thoughts to the top shelf, over the cupboard, where his unused lumber lay, and among which was his mother's old Bible covered with dust and cobwebs and mildew.

At that moment little Susy opened the door, and let in a flood of sunshine; wintry sunshine indeed, but unspeakably cheering. It lighted up even poor old Job, as he sat down with his face bowed on his hands, shone in every brass button of his threadbare coat, danced upon the dingy walls, and glorified the old tins on the dresser. Little Susy clapped her hands, and jumped for joy. She sat down presently at the open door, right in the sunshine, and like a little bird that *must* sing out of the fulness of joy in its heart, she began in clear childish notes

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

I am not sure that she knew she was singing, it comes so naturally to children. She went on from one hymn to another, looking out, sometimes at the robins hopping through the snow, sometimes at the clear blue overhead, dappled with fleecy clouds. Viper sat opposite to her in the doorway, apparently listening, and refraining from all disturbing sounds.

At last her eyes wandered towards the old man sitting with his face still hidden in his hands, and her kind little heart immediately set about devising something to cheer him up.

"Shall I read you a chapter, Mr. Dobe?" said she, coming over to him, and putting her hand on his knee. "Grannie used to say it cheered her up ever so, and she looked about for the book. 'No, child,' said he hastily, 'I want no reading,

but I want my dinner. Come along, it's ready.' Was he going to let her see *where* the only Bible in the house lay? Certainly not! and for decency's sake he would bring it down and dust it. Not that he would *read* it. No, no, he had done without it well enough all these years.

They had their dinner—almost in silence, on Job's part, but by no means so on Susy's. She thought the dinner so good—and Mr. Job so kind—and Viper the nicest dog that ever lived, sitting up begging for bits!

That night when Susy had kissed Job,—how strange it felt to him, the soft dewy touch of the loving lips on his withered cheek!—when she had kissed him, and had gone into the little room, he had fitted up in his poor way for the child, Job got a chair and mounted by it to the top shelf. He took the large book with a somewhat tremulous hand, laid it on the little table, and began rubbing off the dust of many years. Ah! Job, every grain of that dust has an accusing voice! but you do not hear it yet. When he had got it pretty clean, he sat down in his usual place, to rest after his exertions; fell asleep, and dreamed. He thought he was wandering through a dark, dark forest. He could not find any path, and he heard the howlings of wild animals, Filled with fear, he knew not where to turn, when lo! a hand brought to him a lamp. Beautiful bright rays shone from it on all sides, and showed him a narrow path. He was just beginning to follow it, when a storm arose—the wind howled—and the thunder pealed—and the rain fell—and quenched his lamp. He lost the path, and wandered on not knowing whither, and a horror of great darkness fell upon him. Just then he heard a child's voice singing clear and sweet

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

He tried to follow the voice, and presently saw a light borne in a child's hand, who walked along the narrow path he had wandered from. He followed the light and the voice, and just as he got up to the child, and put out his hand to grasp the light, he awoke, and found himself in the dim light of his own little room, with his hand stretched out, and laid on his mother's Bible.

v.

"Oh! Sun of Love,
Shine from above,
So peace and hope, like summer flowers
Shall spring on this cold world of ours."

"Well! Well! wonders will never cease! Who would have thought of that sour, crabbed old being taking up with a child! and I declare his house looks a different thing now—the door nearly always stands open, letting in the air and the sunshine, and that mite of a child is always busy at something; sweeping or dusting or rubbing the windows, and would you believe it! there's a row of flower pots in the window. That's what I call waste! spending good money on

flowers!—and he has got new clothes for the child, and the last thing I heard was that she is to go to school every day. Why, the very dog is not half as vicious as he used to be. I do believe its the way she's for ever patting his ugly head and talking to him, that has taken all the bark out of him—I can stand at my door now without constantly watching that he doesn't take a mouthful out of my legs."

Such, and much more in the same strain, were Miss Matty Meddle's observations to a neighbour who had dropped in for a chat, and though she did sometimes colour her conversation rather highly, I don't think she did on this occasion. On the contrary, she might have said a good deal more about the change in Job Henessey himself.

Since the night he had taken down his mother's Bible, a change, gradual indeed, and with many a falling back, had crept over the old man. For a time, he had been miserable—more miserable than ever—for the coming to from a frozen lifeless state is always attended with much pain; and the habits of hardness, and bitterness and unbelief, were of such long standing, that nothing short of a Divine hand, strong in its love, and loving in its strength, could break them down.

But half the work was done, when Job's pride gave way, and he knew himself to be a poor old sinner, worse than the worst in the world that for forty years he had hated and condemned. The difficulty now was to get him to believe he could ever be forgiven. And this difficulty was greatly increased by his natural reserve. No one knew what depths he was struggling through, so no friendly hand could help him out. But, little by little, the light broke in upon his dark, troubled soul.

The Bible had no dust on it now, for he read it diligently, and as he read the story in the gospels, his fears and his doubts melted away before the love and power of the Saviour there made known to him. Whatever had been his sin and misery for so many years, he felt that "Jesus knew how long time he had been in that case," and was now saying to him, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee."

And so poor old Job Henessey, the sour, irritable, unhappy old man, became as a little child, and received the gospel as simply and gladly as little Susy herself.

And now we will take a farewell peep into Job's house this fine summer afternoon. The door stands open, to welcome in the sun, or any other friend who chooses to step in. The room is brighter than it used to be; the walls are freshly whitewashed, and a little paint and a few gay pictures make a wonderful difference, to say nothing of the row of flowerpots that Miss Matty grudges us so. The corner cupboard in its new coat of white paint we would scarcely recognise as our old acquaintance, and if we look in, there is a goodly array of cups and plates—but what of the black bottle?

It is gone! gone long ago, and it went in this wise.

Susy was one day cleaning up vigorously, and

mounted on a chair, she was rubbing the cupboard shelves. The black bottle stood in the corner as usual. She took it up, applied her little button of a nose to it with a sniff. "Oh, Mr. Dobe!" cried she "there's some nasty stuff, here. Mayn't I throw it out?" Job looked up.

"Yes, yes, Susy, throw it out, bottle and all, it is nasty stuff, and no mistake."

And so away it went. And *had no successor*.

But to return from this digression on the subject of the black bottle, the little table is neatly laid for dinner, and a savoury odour of fried bacon nearly overpowers the fainter perfume of a large mugful of primroses which adorns the centre of the table. Job sits at his work. I think he looks younger than he used to. Fresh air, and sunshine and peace, have smoothed away some of the wrinkles.

He looks at the clock now and then, and so does Viper, who sits in his old corner on the table. The church clock strikes three, and down jumps Viper with a joyful bark, and trots away down the street.

And Job shuffles down too, folds away his work, and sees about the dinner.

A minute more, and Susy, rosy and out of breath, dashes in, followed close by Viper, throws her arms round Job's neck, and after a hearty kiss runs off to put away her little sun bonnet and her books.

We will leave them now. And from this little story may we not learn that there is no heart, however dark and frozen it may be, that the Light of God's word cannot brighten, and the love of Christ cannot melt. That a child's light and a child's love may lead into the narrow path, the feet that have wandered the farthest, and finally—that the dreariest house may become a happy home, if fresh air, and sunshine, and love, make it their dwelling place.

Christmas Day.

*In vesture white the Eternal Child
Lay on His Mother's lap and smiled:
What joy to see that longed-for sight—
Her spotless lily of delight,
Her love, her dove, her undefiled!*

*She recked not of the anguish wild,
The sorrow upon sorrow piled,
His dead Form swathed one awful night,
In vesture white.*

*Oh, let our hearts this Birthday bright
The sorrow and the joy unite;
While, by the twofold grace beguiled
Of suffering Man and Infant mild,
We walk with Him on Faith's calm height
In vesture white!*

RICHARD WILTON.



"THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR THEM IN THE INN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE."

CHRISTMAS Day again, and again for us that old, old story of the first Christmas. An old story, but that yet keeps its newness, I think, more freshly than any other long familiar story can do. An old story, but indeed ever full of marvel, if we once set ourselves to think of it. A Saviour born into this sin-worn world; the Star in the east that led to Him, the great light that shone from heaven upon the sleeping shepherds; their dread, and the glad tidings of the Angel of the Lord, swelled on the instant by the sudden chorus of the multitude of the Heavenly Host, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men." How familiar it all is to us, and yet how ever new! How naturally we look for the old Christmas texts when Christmas comes, and yet how they strike a chord in our heart, which is not surpassed in gladness, hardly equalled, by the joy of Easter—Christmastime, the very word comes full of kindly thoughts and kindly words; and well may we join in them, and say to readers in all lands, "A happy Christmas to you all, my friends."

But I am going to take you back now to that first Christmastime, and to the Inn at Bethlehem, and to the manger hard by. Let us try to fancy the scene, colouring it, no doubt, much with our English ideas of these things, but at any rate in some degree realising the strangeness of the announcement in the text. "There was no room for them in the Inn." Luke ii. 7.

"No room for them." For whom? Even for the Virgin Mary, and the child Jesus. No room, in the Inn at Bethlehem, for the Saviour of the world!

Picture the scene. Crowding guests, some bound on traffic; some on pleasure; the Inn thronged, two weary travellers, even the aged Joseph and his virgin wife, coming late, knocking for admittance. Both travel-worn; one especially needing rest, care and comfort. But the blunt answer comes from the door held half-open; "No room;" other earlier guests had thronged the resting place: "There was no room for them in the Inn."

So they had to go where they might; to house them even with the cattle, in the manger, and there, while the bustle and confusion of the inn went on, and men were busy or merry, as though nothing were happening in the world, there, in the lowly manger, was brought to pass the one stupendous event, I must really think, the one mighty marvel of Eternity. There, in that lowly manger, jostled and pushed on one side because of the press of more important guests,

our God became man—yes, He whose name was and is, Wonderful: Counsellor; the Mighty God the Everlasting Father; the Prince of Peace. He whose name is called King of Kings, and Lord of Lords—was born of a lowly Virgin, and became the Babe of Bethlehem. Think; our God, our Maker, enduring such humiliation in order to become our Redeemer! Think of that little Babe, the Maker and Sustainer of all these worlds! Ah, how could this sin-sick world enough welcome, enough honour, such a guest, how could it make enough of Him who endured such humbling of His mighty majesty for its sake and for its salvation? How could it enough worship Him? Well, here was the beginning of it, an unconscious beginning, no doubt, still a foretaste of the welcome which throughout attended Him from that world which He came to save, here was the beginning of that life of slight and rejection of men.—"There was no room for them in the Inn."

"From the Bethlehem Inn to-night,
See the windows stream with light;
Crowds across the threshold tread,
Cheerly hailed to board and bed,
While the greatest, the chief guest—
Friend the dearest and the best,—
Rudely thrust aside must be—
'Lord, there is no room for thee!'"

No room for Him; and so the world's Maker and the world's Saviour was born in a manger, no better place found for His welcome; even thus early, He came to His own world, and His own creatures received Him not. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." This was seen even in its first beginning, and the hour that the whole world had waited for, whether consciously or not, arrived, and was fulfilled; and who knew of it, or who cared for it? The lowly carpenter and his virgin wife; the Eastern sages that followed the bright Star; the simple Jewish shepherds who had witnessed that irrepressible joy of Heaven, which contrasts so strangely with the apathy of earth. No room for Him, on that night of His first lowly advent, no room for Him in the Inn. Yes, and it has been, ever since, the same. I speak not now of His sad earth-life, of His faring even worse than His brute creatures; "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." I speak not now of what happened 1800 years ago; I speak of what has been ever since; of what is the rule even at the present time.

There is room in this world of ours, in these hearts of ours, for a thousand thronging guests, cares, and businesses and pleasures. But often, O too often, *there is no room for Him*, no room for Him, the Saviour, the Inn is full, and if He can find a spare neglected corner, anywhere, why, that is the best often that is allowed for Him, many have not even a manger for Him, not even in their thronged lives as it were an outhouse unoccupied where He may be born to them; a thousand occupations crowd, a thousand businesses importune; sometimes apologetic, sometimes sharp and rude, the answer comes still when He seeks admittance. "There is no room for thee."

O precious Saviour; and hast Thou endured, and wilt Thou yet endure, this rebuff from the creatures whom Thou madest, and whom Thou wouldest redeem? Ah, with which of us here, hast Thou not thus graciously dealt? Which of us, even if he have happily received Thee at last, has not, time after time, replied to Thy condescending importunity, "There is room nearly for all beside, but no room for Thee. This presses and that presses, and Thou, O sad, sweet Pleader, must stand without, must house Thee where Thou canst. Come again, at a more convenient season; at a more leisure time; there is no room for Thee in the Inn."

No room in the Inn, in the preoccupied heart, in the life of busy traffic, room for this and room for that; room for sorrow and room for joy; room for work and room for play, but no room for Jesus. Often He is still kept outside, outside of our hearts; outside of our best love; all the crowd of world traffic, and world merrymaking is admitted, but He stays without.

How few take Him into their heart's Inn,—well called an Inn, for how its inmates change with the passing days;—how few take Him in at all; how fewer give Him their hearts best room; how few take care to be not overcrowded, but that, whoever else is shut out, there may be, for Him, always reception, always attendance, always the best of all ready; and let who will shift as they may, all that the heart is and all that it has, may be ready at His call. How seldom we find this; no, He is put off, if He be not quite and rudely rejected. There is no room for Him in the *Inn*; perhaps some by-place may be found; some manger, where He can be sometimes, however rarely visited; and where He will not be always in the way. A poor manger perhaps, we some of us reserve for Him. For can the common type of religious worship and observances, (if these even ever rise so high as worship,) be called much better? But not in the Inn's best room; not in the heart's throne; not, indeed, in the Inn at all; not at all in the heart's absorbed regard, can Jesus find room. And so, O miracle of love! He condescends still to plead, and still to be rejected. "Lord, there is no room for Thee!"

"Oh, how meekly didst Thou take
Thy sore portion for our sake!
All along the path of Pain,
Urging the same plea in vain,
Entrance now—as entrance then—
Entrance to the souls of men,

Must the answer ever be,
'Lord, there is no room for Thee!'"

—Now I call it keeping only a manger for Christ, if we do offer to Him and in His name, some degree of devotion; but only as it were the scraps and leavings, not the first offering of that we are, and that we have. Do the wants of the body crowd and press out our time for quiet meditation, for holy prayer? Is Sunday a day of open heartedness for Him; a day for drawing near to worship, as the Eastern Sages and as the blessed Virgin did; or even on that His day, are many cares and interests suffered to throng and disturb us? Is there, in fine, room for Him in every heart here, or must He sadly at last turn away and leave you, think of this, more forlorn than the world was ere His first coming. It expected and yearned for a Saviour; but for you He would have come, and gone! Think of it; He would have come; sought admittance, been shut out from your too crowded and busy heart, and have gone! No Saviour to look for any more; only a certain fearful looking forward to judgment and fiery indignation.

For some will not keep any place at all for Him, even a manger for Him; they will have none of Him; He must go. Ah, blindness and self-cruelty! While he was at hand, even though without, in the manger, there was hope for better things, hope that at least when its throngs of guests first served had left the heart, and it was empty, desolate and deserted, hope that then ungraciously, at last, He might be invited to enter. But, if there be no room at all, and no room as life goes on; and if once, He begins driven away, ah, think of a time coming, when earth must make room for the Judge, whom to shut out as the Saviour.

"Son of God, when Thou shalt come,
Heralded by trump of doom—
Companied with legions bright,
Steeping all the world in light—
Laying bare the secrets dread
Of the quailing quick and dead,
Late, too late, the cry will be,
'Lord, we must make room for Thee!'"

Nay, then, at this Christmas time, let us find, let us make, room, among other thronging pleasures and importunities, let us make room for Him, the chiefest Guest of all. Let us beseech Him, if He hath hitherto been kept out, to break in, to force the closed door by the might of His grace. Room there is, room there must be, for Him, room in the noisiest, busiest heart; there is while He is kept out, ever a vacancy, ever a hollow craving; until He be taken in no guest can compensate at all, or take His place; until He enter, the best room still stands empty. When we see Him, shall we not wonder, even those who did not altogether drive Him from the premises,—shall we not wonder, those whose preoccupied hearts shut Him out from their best time, their chief devotion, their choicest love;—shall we not wonder, beholding Him at last; the King in His beauty; the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley; the chiefest and the best, that we ever could have kept *Him* without, and cared instead, to let in any other?



The Old Organist.

THEY talk of what I "might have been,"
And look at me with pitying smile;
My life has never shifted scene,
And I've been lowly all the while.
Though fame and wealth in reach once seemed,
I've only loved, and worked and dreamed!

I own I had my dreams in youth :
I dreamed I heard a nation's praise ;
I dreamed my name was writ with theirs

Which centuries can scarce erase.
Thank God, I also prayed I might
Keep true to Him, and seek the Right.

And still for me those dreams were crossed ;
Meek duties led me day by day ;
And still the angels sang for me
The music I delight to play.
But others pleased the public taste,
And say my life has run to waste !

WAIT!

Yet mother blessed me ere she died,
 My dear wife wore a happy face—
 There was a poet used to say
 She was the sunbeam of the place.
 —You would not wish your dreams were true,
 If dawn brought better things to you!
 And as those dreams have faded dim
 The angels' song has nearer drawn;
 'Twas humble shepherds on the plain
 Who heard it when our Lord was born.
 —The children like to hear me play
 That sweet old hymn of Christmas day.
 And one sweet prattler said to me—
 Ah, can such words as these be true?—
 "If Christ-child came to earth again,
 I think he'd like to live with you."
 Do Childhood's love and Love Divine
 Find some delight in lives like mine?

ISABELLA FIVIE MAYO.

WAIT!

A GARDEN PARABLE.

"Oh, how beautiful! how very, very lovely," sighed a Holly-bough, one bright spring morning, as he gazed, in wonder and admiration, at a fine cherry-tree, arrayed in her snowy beauty of pure, white blossoms. "I wish I were a cherry-tree. Dear me, I hadn't thought of it before, but all the garden seems to be waking up to life and beauty, and only I am shabby and ugly, and quite behind the season. I have enjoyed the same sunshine and rain as others, yet with how little result," and he sighed deeply again. A bitter winter had passed away, somewhat tardily, and a late spring had kept back the blossoms rather beyond their usual time for opening, but they were all the more beautiful and perfect for the delay, and now that the sweet sunshine had come, and a soft west wind whispered secrets of bright summer days in store, the cherry-tree had ventured to throw off the brown cases from her white buds, and shake out the beautiful, delicate, shining petals in the sunlight. She had come out into blossom so very quickly that the Holly-bough opposite was quite taken by surprise. But why sigh over it? Why not admire and enjoy the spring loveliness?

The fact was this young Holly-bough (for he was but young or perhaps would have known better), was perplexed and dismayed at his own condition. Wasn't all the garden breaking into beautiful blossoms, or, at least, vivid green leaves? Why, even the hedge, over the brook by which he grew, was covered with "living green," and here and there white flecks of "May" showing. The pretty innocent faces of the daisies peered up from the lawn below, and those chumps of scraggy, half-dead leaves in the garden-border

had all been alive with sweet, pale, yellow primroses, and broad crinkled new leaves for weeks past. Why, the very moss, that crept up the old palings beneath him, was like emerald velvet now; and how the bees hummed and danced in the sunlight, among the fruit-blossoms, after their long winter's sleep; but they never came near him of course, he had no sweet flowers to tempt them, and he felt quite dingy and shabby in the midst of all this fresh beauty, for, now he came to think of it, his prickly shining leaves looked sober and dull, and, as for blossoms, there were some funny little screwed up green knobs, close to his stem, but he felt so ashamed of them he was a great mind to toss them off altogether. What promise had *they* of sweet fruit? What mission could they ever fulfil? And so he brooded over his troubles till the fair spring day had passed away, and twilight fell before he had enjoyed it a bit, and he went to sleep, as he swayed to and fro in the warm gentle breeze, in a state of great bewilderment and not a little vexation.

However, the next morning broke as fair and sunshiny as ever, and the Holly-bough resolved he would ask the beautiful tree if she could tell what terrible mistake he had been making, and how she had come to wear that beautiful bridal dress. "Madam," he began rather timidly, "may I venture to inquire how it is that you are now such a picture of beauty, when, only a few weeks ago—I beg your pardon—but you had nothing but long, naked, black stems."

The Cherry-tree was so occupied watching some little children, who were screaming with laughter and fun, under her boughs, as she shook her wealth of white flakes over their heads, that she did not answer for a moment, or, indeed, appear to hear the Holly-bough's remark at all, but, as the little ones ran off, she waved her finest branches in the wind, shook off some fury bees, and replied, "'A picture of beauty,' did you say, my young friend, 'long, naked, black stems.' No, I am not at all offended," she went on, as the Holly-bough tried to murmur some apology for the expression, "of course, everybody has long naked stems in the winter, except those strange evergreens, that seem to me to be always standing still, and, of course, everyone of any consequence blooms in the spring. Yes, I've lots of lovely blossoms haven't I, and so has the William-peach over the lawn. The Ribston pippin and the five-crowns are promising well, but they are rather slow about it, and they indulge in a little pink. I prefer white. I shall not wear this dress, it is true, very long, but there is something much better to come. My branches will soon be laden with rich, black cherries, and if the children love me now, they will love me far more then. There will be plenty for them this year, plenty for everybody," she went on, in a self-satisfied tone, "and enough to spare for the birds. Of course, foolish Bough, all the trees have blossom on them now; if they haven't there will be no fruit in the summer and autumn, and, in fact—why they're just no use at all," she added, shortly.

The Bough thanked the Cherry-tree for her kind reply, but he did not care to talk any more, for what the tree had said made him more

miserable than ever. "Everybody has blossoms now," he mused, "yes, that's what she said, and it's quite true, why even this prickly wild plum in the hedge is covered with tiny white blossoms. Trees—and bushes—and plants all in blossom, or full of buds, ready to burst out, all but my poor stem. 'No fruit in the summer,' yes, she said that too, 'if there isn't any blossom,' the time is all going by and I shall be 'just no uso at all' or beauty either," and the Bough sighed, more deeply than ever, and then fiercely shook off some faded, dry leaves, in disgust, which pattered down into a bed of wood-anemones, that ran, where they liked, on the bank at his feet. "Did I say all the trees were blooming," he went on, presently, "there is that strange, silent old yew hasn't a sign of blossom, but then he is such an odd, eccentric person, he is hardly a rule for others. Still, he is very old, and, I have heard, very wise, I wonder what he would say about it. It won't do to shout across to him, but I'll send and inquire by the first civil little bird that will take a message."

No messenger was at hand, however, or could be met with for some days. A hedge-sparrow and a tittit lit on the bough for a moment, but the one was much too busy attending to the wants of a large family, and the other was not going in that direction. A hen chaffinch called the next day, but her mouth was so full of insects, that the Bough could not understand whether she promised to go, or not, and, moreover, she flew away before he had given her half the message.

This delay was very trying, but, at last, a blithe, good tempered little robin hopped in one morning, in a friendly way, and promised to take the message, quite correctly, and bring back the answer. His wife was sitting, so he was a little more at leisure just now, and "Bobby," was always as cheerful and bright himself, that he did not mind paying a visit to the solemn, old yew-tree.

The Holly-bough swung to and fro, impatiently, while he was gone, and anxiously inquired for the reply, when the little scarlet breast appeared among his prickly leaves, once more. "Only this," said Robin, "was the message. 'Wait,' I could not get a word more."

"Stupid, tiresome, provoking little bird," burst out the angry Bough, "to think you could bring nothing better than that. 'Wait,' why it is simply foolish, spring isn't the time to wait, but I want to know why I have grown no blossoms, like other people. I don't believe you stayed long enough to hear half the message."

"Indeed I did," chirped Robin, "but the old tree wouldn't say another word; you know he is always very silent, and, perhaps, a bit gloomy, but what he does say is wise, and, do you know, Holly-bough, I can guess, a little, at what he means,—I think."

"Hold your tongue," snapped the Bough, "and be off with you, I didn't ask your opinion, and I can do very well without it."

With that he gave himself a violent jerk, and Robin, seeing he was much too cross to talk any more, flew away without receiving one "thank-you" for his kind service. But this did not depress the cheerful little bird, for he had done a kind action, whether he had thanks for it or not,

and he went back to his wife and poured out a sweet song of joyous thankfulness for the holly-berries he had eaten in the past bitter winter from the very tree he had just left. The Holly-bough recovered his temper after a while, and felt really very sorry that he had treated his kind little messenger so rudely, because the message had been shorter than he expected, and seemed so senseless. "It's no use to ask again, I suppose the old tree will tell me no more," he said to himself. "They say the brook that goes sliding by, just below, has seen a good deal of life, perhaps he would know; he is much more cheerful than that dismal old tree, and, besides, no messenger will be needed, for I could never have the face to ask Robin again." So the Bough inquired the Brook's opinion about his difficulty, and found him much more chatty than the old tree.

"Blossoms?" said the Brook, "yes, I see a good many as I go winding through the meadows and woods, lots and lots of blossoms, of all kinds. A little higher up, there are the sweet, blue forget-me-nots, by my waters, in the summer-time. Tiny, fair, frail things. Fruit? no, there isn't any fruit. Nothing but small dry seeds, and very few of those. But they are so loved, and sought after, pretty dears; and then there is the perish-ing grass-blossom, falling at the lightest breath, and all cut down before the summer is turned, and made into sweet, fragrant hay. And lots of orchard-blossom, like that on your friend the cherry-tree, is flung into my waters, and comes sailing down, like little flakes of snow, on my bosom. But there are blossoms that no one sees, my friend. How the children race over my banks, and through the woods, in the autumn after hazel-nuts, but who ever admires their blossom? How welcome fall the plump walnuts, in their green shells, to the ground, but who watches for their blooming, or sees them grow? And then that queen of all fruits—the rich, dark, luscious grape, grown here under kindly shelter, and fostered, and pruned, and nurtured for the sake of its purple clusters—who but the anxious gardener, who 'waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth,' ever notes its bloom? And there are just a few, dear Holly-bough, who keep all their fruit for the dark, icy, stern winter-time, and, when other trees are bare and leafless, when grape, and cherry, and plum are eaten and forgotten, these brave sturdy trees yield their welcome harvest. And even your leaves, you say, are shabby and old-fashioned by the side of the gay, young, spring green. Never mind, be content, green is plentiful enough to-day; some-day the young leaves you are patiently growing, unnoticed now, will be welcomed and valued beyond anything else. The old yew knew that. Now can you wait?"

"I'll try," said the Holly-bough, a little more hopefully, "but is it a very long time?"

"Never mind that," returned the Brook, "just attend to your growth now, and, if you are not tired of advice, I would add, do not envy other people their spring and summer joy."

The Holly-bough felt rather more cheerful after this, and, while he watched the cherry-tree's blossom all flutter to the ground, and, as the

weeks went by, hard, green berries and then ripe fruit take their places, he tried to do his best with his young leaves. There were some little green balls coming on his stem, but they were quite out of sight. The cherry-tree looked almost as beautiful with her clusters of dark, juicy fruit, as she had done in her spring attire, and, truly, the children flocked around her now, and what a bevy of birds she had! Indeed, she was quite the centre of attraction in the garden, for a whole fortnight. But the branches were stripped and forsaken, at last, and sprang high up in the air, again, freed of their load; and the pears began to mellow; and the autumn days drew on; and the flower-garden looked a little wild and seedy, for the brightest flowers were over; and a good deal of "tidying up" was needed, to keep down straggling weeds, and clear away dead leaves and blossoms. A few October peaches lingered on the south wall, and the bullace waited a touch of frost for their pretty pink cheeks.

One day, when the Holly-bough was watching the five-crown apples being carefully gathered for winter store, the Robin turned up once more with his blithe greeting, and, hopping with a lively little jerk into the bough, inquired how he had passed the summer. "Really I was so busy after I last saw you," he began, that I never could find time to come round again; we had so many darling nestlings this year, and an anxious time I've had of it. However, they all fly, and look after themselves now, and I've time to turn myself round, and go and see my friends."

"I feel much better than when you were here," returned the Bough; "but I hardly expected to see you any more, little bird, I'm sorry I was so rude."

"Oh! pray don't mention that," said Robin. "I had quite forgotten it, but, tell me, did the old yew tree explain his message that you should feel so much better?"

"No, I've never had but that one word *Wait*, but I've been trying to do so, patiently, all the summer, with the help of my dear, kind friend here, the Brook, and though I've no fruit that anyone thinks worth gathering, and my new array of leaves came so gradually that no one saw them, perhaps I shall find out some day what I've waited for. Hope has sprung up, Robin, and if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it. I have quite done dropping dead leaves, and my new ones have grown thick, and strong and shiny. Come and see me again little bird, for everyone seems too sleepy to talk, the bees have all laid up for the winter, and indeed, they were never very sociable, and even the brook is quite silent, on frosty mornings now."

"See you again, I should think I would," returned Robin, "why, the tree on which you grow was my best friend all last winter; let the hard frost but come, and the worms be all frozen up, and you'll have plenty of my company." And away he flew.

The Holly-bough felt quite elated when his berries all turned a beautiful, bright red; now he was good for something surely, the gardener would be here soon to gather his fruit, which had come at last. But the weeks passed away, and the

last apples were stored, and the bullace mellowed, and dropped; and then gathered in November. But no one noticed the holly-berries, nor did Robin come back. But the Brook had grown quite friendly, and the Bough felt grieved, when, as the days grew dark and cold, his friend told him that, perhaps, he would not be able to talk with him much longer. "I feel numb and icy this afternoon," murmured the stream, languidly. "I cannot hear what you say so well, and a film is gathering over my surface that tells me that a time of silence and darkness awaits me, and, Holly-bough, perhaps I shall not see you any more. You are brave and strong now, and I can just catch the sparkle of your lovely scarlet berries. Be patient still. 'It is good both to hope and to quietly wait.' You will be honoured and useful yet. Other harvests are over, yours is at hand; though it tarry, wait for it. As for me, I shall soon join the mighty river, and roll down, with ships on my bosom, to the everlasting ocean. I have reached here through many tedious windings, and there may be many more, but I am content, I have waited patiently and wearied not. 'Even all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.'"

The Holly-bough felt a little saddened to lose the Brook's voice, even though the last words were so full of hope; but the farewell had been spoken none too soon, for the next morning when he woke, his friend was frozen and silent, yes, and buried too, for a thick mantle of snow covered the thin sheet of ice, and fringed the naked cherry stems, and rested in heavy masses on his own sturdy bright leaves. How prettily the scarlet berries shone out!

With the early morning Robin appeared. "By your leave," said the bright little bird, and shaking the fleecy snow in a shower as he hopped on the Bough, he peered with a sly, wistful eye at the tempting food. "Now, friend Bough," he went on, "may I have my breakfast? There is simply nothing to eat, and if yon holly-boughs hadn't provided berries for me, why I must yes; die at once, and these really are the fattest, and the reddest, and the best I ever saw."

"Pray, help yourself, my dear little friend," returned the Bough. "It is pleasant, indeed, to feed the little messenger who was so civil to me, and got no thanks for it." And the Robin had a sumptuous breakfast, and then poured out one of the sweetest loudest trills on the frosty air. But it was the first and last meal the Bough gave his friend, for he discovered that day that he had waited for another mission beside feeding a hungry thankful little bird, pleasant and good as that was. A more public and honoured one, though whether really more lofty who shall decide?

The gardener came into the garden in the afternoon, not with a basket, this time, but the great wheel-barrow, and cut large boughs from the evergreens and piled them up. Some spreading branches came down from the old yew tree, and laurel and bay mingled with them, cut from the shrubbery. The children, who had played, in the spring beneath the snowy cherry-tree, followed the gardener with great excitement, as he cut and carried off the glossy, green boughs. "Now for

the berried holly," cried Conrad. "Come, Gardener, down by the brook it's just lovely. There are more berries than ever, I'm sure, this year." Carefully the old man selected some fine boughs, loaded with fruit, without spoiling the shape of the tree, and amongst them our friend, with his store of great, ripe berries. "Oh! how beautiful," exclaimed the children. "Why, those are the biggest of all, Eva, I'm sure," added Conrad; "there are more, too, on this bough than on any other."

Into the hall of the old mansion went the high piled up load, and presently, over the stag's horns, and among the pictures and old armour, gleamed out the scarlet berries. Just a few of the finest and best were laid aside to go up to the church for the Christmas services, but, before the gardener carried them off, Eva sprang upon the beautiful holly-cluster, once more. "Just one little sprig, please, Gardener, for old Widow Weston's Christmas pudding." And a lovely sprig the little girl had given her, all strung with berries, and both the children insisted on going with the servant who carried the liberal Christmas gift, from the hall to the widow's home. "Bless my heart!" said the old woman, as the basket was opened, "and if there isn't a bit of holly, and all so cheerful-like. Many thanks, my little lady, and thank the Lord too," she added, reverently, "for all His benefits, He is indeed good unto them that wait for Him."

Meanwhile the biggest part of the Holly-bough went on Christmas Eve, with some other choice evergreens, up to the grey, stately old minster, and, among the sombre colouring up the richly carved oak in the chancel, and the cold gray of the Gothic arches, gleamed out the shining green, and warm, red berries. And when the early sunlight penetrated the frosty air on Christmas morning, and flung, through the east window, patches of brilliant colouring on the stones below, it rested, too, on the holly-bough, whose leaves and berries partly encircled the Sacred Book on the lectern, from which the angel's message of peace and goodwill would shortly sound forth to the listening worshippers.

And many a waiting heart came up that Christmas day among the throng that streamed into the spacious building. Hearts that had long rested in the Lord and waited patiently for Him, and had found the promise true "that they shall not be ashamed that wait for Me." Hearts, that while remembering with thankful joy their Lord's First Advent were gazing, expectantly into the future, "waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Blessed indeed are such. They shall never wait alone or be forgotten, "for these will the Lord wait that He may be gracious."

And for what are they waiting? Verily, they know not, any more than the Holly-bough could understand in May what mission he should fulfil, or what honour receive in December hours. But their Lord knows, and they are satisfied. Satisfied to wait through days of darkness and cloud, of disappointed hope and chilling gloom, never wearied in the patient waiting for Christ, for they know that the future is full of joy, though "eye hath not seen what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him."

L. T.

Pages for the Young.

NASH SHARPE.

CHAPTER V.



T was late in the afternoon when Nash, after a day of purposeless wandering, appeared at "The Cedars." In the garden he encountered Bertie, his Testament under his arm. At Bertie's request the two crossed the lawn to their favourite seat under the shady trees. Seating himself, Bertie still kept his hold on his companion's hand. He had heard of the loss Nash had sustained, and also had heard of and comprehended enough of the details to understand, that Nash's father had never filled the ordinary position of a parent towards his child, but this knowledge had only stirred still deeper his young heart's pity, and there was an additional ring of compassion in his voice as he said, gently, "Nash, I have heard about your father's death; I am so sorry for you, Nash, but you have still your heavenly Father to love you, and watch over you."

Nash made no audible reply, and Bertie opened his book as though to read. Being thus freed from the potent clasp of the small hand, Nash as usual shuffled away to the far end of the wooden bench, while with covert, half mystified glance he sat watching the child's proceedings.

Bertie found the 21st of Revelation. Its clear sweet voice he read aloud of that glorious vision of the holy heavenly city coming down from heaven adorned as a bride for her husband. He read on into the 22nd chapter, to the 6th verse, then at the words, "And they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and the Lamb is the Light thereof." He paused, "You know what I have been reading about, don't you, Nash? It means heaven."

How much Nash had comprehended of the actual reading was doubtful, but the last uttered word arrested his attention.

"Where be that, what be heaven, Master Bertie?"

"I don't know," said Bertie, "simply because you see people must die before they can go to heaven, and no one ever comes back to tell what it is like, but," and a soft glow of enthusiasm kindled on the young face, "I know, I am sure it is such a lovely place, and it is always bright there, for you see they need no candle nor light." And with a blind person's repugnance to darkness, a smile played round the child's lips as though the idea was apparently a happy one to him. Then, the smile never fading, he added gently: "But we must die before we can go there; you will die one day, Nash, I shall die too, I don't know when, but when we die the angels come for us and bear us away to a glorious beautiful land, and Nash"—a sudden hush pervaded the childish voice—"I think myself perhaps it will not be long before I go there." The child paused: through the thickly interlaced boughs of the shady trees, the brilliant afternoon sun shot a slanting ray of glory directly on the firm, upturned face, bright with its intensity of happy thought.

Nash from the far end of the garden bench sat curiously watching his young companion. Suddenly Bertie turned his head in his direction.

"You will go to heaven, Nash, won't you?"

"I don't know," said Nash slowly, in a tone of half-stupid bewilderment.

"O yes, you must. If you love the Lord Jesus you will be sure to go there when you die. We call it dying because when people die they lie so still and silent, and seem not to know anything any more, but you will really keep on living, you will never come to an end, Nash Sharpe. I don't quite know where heaven is," added Bertie, speaking rather to himself than to his companion, "but I know the Lord Jesus will be there, and the holy angels and every man, woman and child who has loved the Saviour—and, oh, fancy Nash what it will be like! And Nash"—a winning sweetness stole into the child's voice—"you need not be afraid the Lord will turn you away. All who love and trust Him He takes into that happy home of His. Little children are there, He turns no one away because they are poor or little." It was no unusual thing for Bertie to thus half-soliloquize and converse. Nash generally at such sermons lapsed into wondering silence, but this afternoon he listened with a dull sense of comprehension, a comprehension that stirred in his soul a strange awakening, a thrill of unconscious terror as with fascinated gaze he sat watching the rapt shining little face and hearkened to the gentle but expressive voice. For a few moments there was silence, then Bertie, slowly raising one small hand, began, "Oh, Nash, just fancy——"

At that moment a shadow crossed the grass, a voice spoke quite close to them, a servant had come to fetch Bertie to the house. The child rose at once and went with her, and Nash rising also crept silently away. A rush of new ideas and feelings stirring through his soul. As he went along his thin fingers nervously laced and interlaced, and his lips, as was his wont when new or perplexing thoughts were aroused within him.* Bertie's language and simple imagery had struck firmly upon his understanding and a dull sense of that immortality of which more or less every common soul has the innate perception for the first time dawned vaguely on his dark unenlightened mind. As to death, Nash was not wholly unacquainted with the term, limited as his instruction had been. His father was dead, he knew and understood that; nay, with death, in a sense he felt himself familiar. He had seen funerals pass down the village street, he knew a body lay hidden in the long box which was lowered into the deep, dark hole, dug for it in the quiet churchyard. And once as he had stood watching a moving cortége, his stepmother happening also to be standing near had remarked with ungracious emphasis, "Aye, lad, your turn will come one day." And Nash, with the readiness of retort peculiar to his class, had replied promptly, "Mebbe your turn 'll come first."

And his grandmother one day, speaking of him to a neighbour, looking towards Nash, with a dolorous shake of her head, said, "Aye, I no sorrow if he were laid to-morrow away under the churchyard sod."

By all which Nash understood that death meant putting people out of sight, making an end of them as it were. But now there was something more than this. Nash could not have recalled the words, consecutive sentences scarcely lived in his memory, but the sense of what Bertie had said to him stirred wildly through his soul. He, Nash Sharpe, would never come to an end, would keep on living always, always, and there was a great heaven and a great God, and bright angels, who would one day come for him, and take him away to that strangely glorious land.

These ideas which filled Bertie's soul with sweet hope and expectancy, only impressed Nash with a sense of overwhelming awe.

With his usual quick, eccentric pace he had gone on

* Some one who has nobly given a life long devotion to character thus mentally deficient has said of them, that of all instruction, religious instruction is the most readily received.

rapidly, till crossing a piece of lonely unenclosed common, he threw himself down on a slightly raised grassy hillock, for a few minutes' rest. Straight before him the sun was setting in gorgeous brightness; brilliantly-tinted clouds, flushed into rosy splendour, flashed and spread far along the horizon, while the centre, just where the sun was setting, gleamed like a gold and crimson lake of resplendent light and glory. For a few minutes Nash sat staring stupidly at the glorious scene before him, then suddenly through all his soul stirred a wild, strange idea—there is the midst of, or just beyond all that shining brightness, there—there was heaven itself!

The thought grew upon him, he glanced timidly round, nothing was to be seen but that lonely stretch of common, save on the right hand, where a group of tall fir-trees, sentinel-like, stood in sternly-defined outline against the clear sky. Nash turned round again towards the glowing sunset, and as he looked, so fully impressed became his mind with this last new idea, that had the gleaming heavens suddenly rolled back and opened wide, displaying beyond a vista of celestial glory, with forms of light moving hither, thither, through the dazzling brightness;—nay, had they come stepping out on to that lovely common, come for him, Nash Sharpe, as Bertie had said they would one day come, it would all hardly have seemed incongruous to his disturbed, perverted imagination. With a quick thrill of terror, folding his arms on his knees, he buried his face from sight. Poor Nash! he had come suddenly face to face with that mighty problem of dying yet ever living, of coming to an end yet so surely continuing; that rock of truth against which many a resisting soul has dashed in an agony of conviction. For in this strange compound of humanity contending powers utter their conflicting woes. The flesh, oppressed with its manifold ills, trembling ever at the dull tread of an approaching dissolution, grows—mortal, mortal; but the soul, aerial, invisible, such as whom death cannot conquer, nor the grave destroy, with exultant throbs pulsates through every fibre of our being—immortal, immortal. This truth, towards which young and untrained minds are led gently, or by slow degrees, but come all at once upon Nash, flashing upon him in all its naked splendour. Then as he sat there in fearful, crouching attitude, those words so often upon Bertie's tongue, "The Lord Jesus," came softly into his mind, and associated with that name came feelings of tenderness, love, and pity, and though he could not have repeated a line of it, the metrical refrain of Bertie's favourite verse,

"He will not break a bruised
Nor scorn the meanest thing."

seemed ringing gently in his ears. The Lord Jesus was full of love, was full of pity; it seemed as though an unheard voice was speaking this deep down in his soul; the oppressive sense of awe melted slowly away, a new feeling something akin to peace, to consolation, broke over his spirit. Under this feeling of calm within him, raising his head he glanced timidly up. But in that brief interval the scene had changed, heaven had shut-to her flaming doors, the gorgeously-tinted clouds had paled into tender grey; even the tall fir-trees, no longer sternly prominent, seemed blending with the soft harmony of all around. Nash rose, and in the first gloaming of the summer evening walked quietly towards his home. That evening his grandmother noting his rapt absorbed demeanour eyed him keenly. Was the lad mourning for his father? Nash never mentioned his name; then another thought occurred to her—his mind was bent on no good—plotting some more mischief. With this thought on her mind she admonished him to go early to bed.

Almost to her surprise Nash instantly obeyed and quietly

ascended the steep staircase leading to the little loft designated his bedroom. His grandmother stood watching him with a tearful sigh, shaking her head mournfully. "Ah, lad!" she said, "there's no one but me to do for ye now."

CHAPTER VI.

The spring was verging into early summer when Mr. Arnold had taken up his residence at "The Cedars." Since then several alterations and improvements had been made in the house and grounds; no more secret chambers had been found, and the first and largest of those already discovered had, under Miss Arnold's wise directions, been converted into a commodious store-room; the inner and smaller recesses had no use assigned to it, but remained with its door and spring lock the same as when first discovered. The idea of treasure lying hidden there never quite left Nash Sharpe's mind, but with the recollection of the trick that had been played upon him still fresh in his memory, he dared not approach near to the spot while the men were there at their work. Often he stood looking eagerly on at a safe distance, but no happy opportunity had occurred when he could satisfy his curiosity alone and unobserved.

Mr. Arnold's chief motive in coming to "The Cedars," had been that the sea air might brace and strengthen him. Grown robust, that wish seemed fulfilled.

During their sojourn at "The Cedars" Mr. and Miss Arnold had made a few pleasant acquaintances. Society in that rural district was rare, but they found a few new and congenial friends. Foremost among these was Mrs. Clarkson, the rector's wife. Mrs. Clarkson was a warm-hearted, quick-witted Irishwoman. The family at the rectory was by no means small, but this did not deter Mrs. Clarkson from daily intercourse with the outside world. Her pony phaeton bowling swiftly down the village street, filled in every available space with children apparently of every age and description, was a matter of daily occurrence. She came in fresh as a stirring breeze upon the monotony of "The Cedars."

From the first Bertie attracted her attention; her warm heart beat with quick sympathy over the gentle, delicate child. Drawing him to her one day and kissing him fondly, "Pretty darling," she said, "sure he's like a pale blossom without sunlight, he should come for an hour or two with my boys and girls, they'd put new life into him."

Miss Arnold answered quickly, "Oh, no, Bertie has been so little used to companionship, he would not understand healthy, romping children, he would only be in their way."

"In their way, not he, and I'd never own a child of mine again that could speak an ungentle word to such a lamb."

Mrs. Clarkson urged her point, and her request was at length acceded to, though on his first visit Miss Arnold herself accompanied him. Mrs. Clarkson's predictions seemed verified. The change was evidently pleasurable to Bertie, and as his pleasure was the chief thing concerned, the visit was again and again repeated, till it was no uncommon thing for Mrs. Clarkson's phaeton to drive away from "The Cedars," with Bertie sitting by her side, like a meek chicken under her amply protecting wing. One day Mrs. Clarkson asked for an extension of privilege, she wanted to keep the child all night; her husband was absent from home at a town a considerable distance on business, where her eldest son was placed at school. Bertie, she explained, should sleep in a small bed in her own room. Miss Arnold hesitated, but Bertie, who had formed a warm attachment for Mrs. Clarkson, expressing his wish to go, the matter was decided as Mrs. Clarkson had proposed.

Miss Arnold stood at the open door as they drove away

watching them till the carriage was out of sight. It was but a little thing surely, yet out of little things how large events may grow. That afternoon the rectory was thrown into a state of dire alarm and confusion. A telegram arrived from the absent husband, he was returning home in haste, fever had broken out in the school where his son had been placed, the lad himself had symptoms of illness, and his father was bringing him home at once with all speed. The news caused the greatest consternation, Mrs. Clarkson, lively in her fears as in her affections, threw herself and her household into a panic of disorder and agitation. In the midst of the general tumult Mrs. Clarkson came suddenly upon Bertie, sitting silent and affrighted at the alarm and disorder around him. With a fresh burst of tears Mrs. Clarkson caught him in her arms, "And you, precious lamb, must be got safe out of it, some one shall be sent home with you, darling, anyhow." This seemed obvious, Bertie certainly could not now remain the night as proposed. At length a young maid-servant was dispatched to walk home with him.

It was only about a mile to "The Cedars," and they had come within sight of the house, when they encountered Nash Sharpe. Bertie with that quaint forethought for others which was one of his special characteristics at once proposed letting the servant return to the rectory. "Nash will take me home quite safely," he said, "I can tell auntie and father just as well as you why I am come back, and Mrs. Clarkson wants you so much, do go, please," and slipping his hand away from the girl's, he held it out to Nash. The girl hesitated, still the house was in sight, the request appeared reasonable, and after a moment's pause, leaving Bertie under Nash's care, she turned and hurried back towards the rectory.

Nash conducted his little charge safely. Coming to the back entrance first they went in that way. In the middle of the paved courtyard Nash suddenly stopped. That day the store-room had been finally completed, the men had finished their work and gone away; the opportunity Nash had long wished for seemed at last to have arrived. There was no one now to play him any tricks—not even a servant appeared in sight. Moreover, that morning Nash had overheard two of the men talking together, one had remarked to the other, he supposed their work was done there now, as nothing seemed likely to be made of the little room inside. "No," said the other, "if I were the master, I'd keep it just as it is, as a sort of hiding place, if ever he has anything he wants nobody to find, he can put it in there, it will be safe enough." As Nash stopped, Bertie pulled at his hand, "What are you waiting for, Nash? what do you want to do?" he asked. Nash's reply was not very coherent, perhaps even Bertie was not quite to be trusted, but the child gathered something of his companion's wish to visit the two rooms.

Bertie had heard of Nash's former adventure, and fearing he had some dread about visiting the places again, tightening his grasp on his hand,—"Poor Nash," he said, "if you are afraid to go I will go with you."

Nash hesitated no longer. Still holding Bertie's hand, he went at once towards the store-room. The place had now a very different aspect, light had been let into it, and shelves conveniently arranged. Just beyond lay the inner recess, its door wide open. Had that door been shut Nash might have lacked skill and courage to unfasten it and enter. As it was standing thus invitingly open, it allured him on. Crossing the store-room, still leading Bertie by his side, he passed over the threshold, and advanced half-way inside. It looked black and gloomy, the place had no pleasant associations for Nash. A sudden sense of fear came upon him, turning hastily he struck with considerable force against the open door. As the result the door swayed on its hinges, and swung slowly to, fastening with a sharp, ominous click.

With an appalled shriek, Nash sprang forward, but no handle or latch greeted his trembling fingers. Of the working of the secret fastening, Nash was profoundly ignorant, and this time there was no one outside to respond to his terrified cries.

Bertie gave a faint little cry of alarm.

"Oh! are we shut in, Nash?" he said.

"Y-e-o-e-s," said Nash, as with a howl of despair he began thumping and banging with his fists upon the door.

"Oh! can't we get out?" said Bertie. "Where is the latch, the handle?"

"There beant none." And again Nash resumed his vigorous thumping, kicking also with his heavy boots, uttering at intervals shrill cries for deliverance or help, making such a clatter and din, that had not the place been far removed from the inhabitants of the house they must have been attracted by the tumult and noise.

Bertie stood by trembling. At first he had fallen into a natural panic of childish fear. There came to him that self-command which frequently comes to gentle and refined natures when brought into contact with another's uncontrollable passion or distress. Beside, Bertie had been brought up singularly free from those shadowy tales of fear, which so often unsettle and disturb childish minds; not a shadow of superstitious dread had ever crossed his soul.

At a slight lull in the shower of blows—

"Nash," he said quietly, "don't be so frightened, I am sure there must be some way of opening the door, let me feel for it a minute. I can often find things out by feeling as well as if I could see."

There was a tone of command in the child's voice that quieted Nash; he stood for a moment silent, while Bertie's small fingers vainly essayed the task. Then finding the child's efforts useless, Nash once more resumed his vigorous onslaught on the door. Then finding no help arrive, after a while his mood changed from frenzied alarm to imbecile distress. Sinking into a corner, he sat crouching and trembling in a state of most abject terror and despair. Bertie felt his way towards him, and sat down close beside him. A long time they sat thus together, Bertie still essaying as best he could to restrain and help. Only once his own childish fears asserted themselves with that aversion to darkness and gloom which blind people not unfrequently exhibit.

"Is it very dark here, Nash?" he said.

"Yes! yes! it's black, black, all black."

"Is it!" and Bertie slightly shuddered. Then after a moment he answered more brightly: "But never mind, Nash, after all you know it's always dark to me." Then after a little silence—"Nash," said Bertie, "if it is so very dark here as you say, quite black, it makes me think of something we read about in the Bible. Once there were some wicked people who would not do what God wished them to. As God sent them three days and three nights of dreadful darkness, it was so dark they seemed to feel it, and everyone sat down just where they were, and dared not try to go anywhere or do anything, but just a little way off where God's own people were it was quite light all around them. Yes, it was quite light with them." Bertie said the last sentence over slowly as if to himself, and even as he spoke now strength seemed given to his little trembling heart; and that buoyant, all-conquering faith and courage which no human reasoning can produce, and which nothing earthly can bestow, awoke strong and clear in that childish soul. "Nash," he said, "I have forgotten, we ought not to be so afraid, for after all we are not alone, God is here with us. If He chose He could make this place all light, just as He did for His people of old, but any how," Bertie added solemnly, "God is here with us, Nash."

"Oh! oh! oh!" groaned Nash.

At that moment had a heavy weight been suspended round his neck he would not have found it more difficult to lift his bowed head from between his trembling knees. In the silence that ensued, Bertie prayed softly to himself. Then speaking aloud—

"Nash," he said, "I have been asking the Lord to take care of us, and I am sure He will. I think now I should like to say my evening prayers just as I do every night."

Then through the oppressive darkness, through the silent gloom of that lone place broke out in clear sweet reverent tones, the words of a child's simple evening prayer. At its conclusion Bertie crept closer to his companion.

"There, Nash," he said, "I don't feel a bit afraid now. I am sure the Lord will take care of us just as we have asked Him."

And overcome with excitement and fatigue Bertie's fair head sank on to Nash's shoulder, and soon for a time he fell into a light slumber. It might have seemed that Nash slept also, so heavy was the stupor of terror and despair that had fallen upon him.

After a little while Bertie awoke with a sudden thrill of fear, he realised their situation, his physical weakness now made itself felt, and his brave little voice grew tremulous with tears, as he said,—

"Oh, Nash, I am so cold, I am so cold."

Then once more there came the voice of prayer, this time in plaintive, pleading tones: "Oh, dear Lord Jesus, do please send some one to let us out of this dark place;" and again in answer to prayer came that full sense of hope and assurance. "Nash," he said, "don't tremble so, I feel sure some one will come to help us, I feel as if they would come soon, but put your arm round me Nash, it will keep us both warmer, that's nice." And again Bertie's head nestled down on Nash's shoulder. But this time he did not sleep. "Nah," he said, after a little while, "when you are very all alone, it is such a good plan to sing. I think if we sang a hymn now it would do us both good." He paused again, then to a low sweet measure in firm clear tones he sang the words, "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah."

Little possibility there seemed that the child's frail voice could reach beloved ears, yet the singing of that hymn effected what Nash's clamorous uproar had failed to achieve.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

AN EXHORTATION TO CHRISTIANS.

NO. XXIII.—p. 784.—"REJOICE EVERMORE."—1 Thess. v. 16.

1. R-ome Acts xxviii. 16, 30.
2. E-phraim Hosea viii. 8.
3. J-okim 1 Chron. iv. 22, 23.
4. O-phir Gen. x. 29; 1 Kings ix. 23.
5. I-shmael Jerem. xli. 1, 2.
6. C-aleb Num. xiv. 29, 30.
7. E-leazar Num. xx. 28.
8. E-liashib Nehem. xiii. 4, 5, 7.
9. V-anity Eccles. i. 2.
10. E-lah 2 Kings xvii. 1, 3.
11. R-abshaketh Isa. xxxvi. 4-10.
12. M-arn Ruth i. 20.
13. O-bededom 1 Chron. xiii. 14.
14. R-ezin Isa. vii. 4.
15. E-bed-melech Jerem. xxxviii. 7-13.

NO. XXIV.—p. 784.

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| P O S T | | Ezek. xlivi. 8. |
| O B E Y | | 1 Sam. xv. 22. |
| S E I R | | Ezek. xxxv. 14. |
| T Y R E | | Isa. xxiii. 15. |



on a handful of sticks, and soon brought a cup of tea to her mother. She was a sturdy girl of about thirteen, with an open honest countenance, but with tangled, unkempt hair, and generally disordered appearance which even her hasty night toilet did not altogether warrant. Their mother took the tea and drank it in silence, and then, as she gave back the cup, said :

"Some folks sets a sight o'vally on a cup o'tay, but there don't seem much heart in it to me, happen the water didn't boil."

"I thought it did," said Molly, the tears welling up to her eyes, "but I'll brew ye another cup and be sure on't this time."

"Never fret, child, 'tis my own fault, for I never taught ye anything, but just let ye run wild while I was able to do for myself, and I can't expect ye to know now; but come and lie down beside me and then I'll say what's on my mind."

The girl complied, and the mother went on faintly. "My little lass, I can't last many days longer, I feel it, and when I'm gone there'll be none but thee to look after ye'r feyther and the baby, and its heavy on me that ye should have such a burden to bear. I've been but a poor weak sinful creature or praps, I might have guided yer feyther better; he ain't bad in the main, but when the drink gets hold on him he don't know what he's at. I never thought I was doing wrong to take my glass o'beer or sup o'gin for I never took too much, but now it seems to me if I'd kept the drink out of the house, he mightn't ha' been tempted whiles he saw it about. And then I got downhearted at the poverty, and left off caring about myself or the house, and I thought I was a wonderful woman 'cos I never said him a wry word; but happen if I'd always looked clean and had a bright hearth for him to come to, he'd sometimes ha' stayed away from the public. Since I bi'n laid up here, I ha' thought o' these things, and now I want you to promise me that you'll do better, that you won't get down like when feyther don't bring no fish and no money, but just keep up ye'r heart and ask the good Lord to help ye: if it wasn't that I know He will I don't know how I could bear to leave ye. But Mr. Graves says "if we leave all in His hands He will never forsake us." So my lass you must just do your best to keep things straight and teach the poor little lad in his cradle there to be an honest God-fearing boy. Mind I trust him to you to keep him from harm and bad ways; and whatever you do, keep ye'r feyther from the smuggling. 'Twas little harm I thought of it once mysel', but I see things different now, and I knows 'tis a sin against God and man, and money badly got comes to no good. Now do you promise me to remember all I've said to ye; and then as soon as 'tis day, go you up to shop, and ask Mrs. Brand to come down and speake to me. I'll just ask her to keep an eye on you and the child."

"But, mammy, I thought ye didn't like Mrs. Brand; you allays said she set herself up to be better than her neighbours."

"Happen I did, but I think different now; she's a decent body, and she'll look after you better than the other women folk; they're much the same sort as myself, idlers and wasters most

on 'em. Now bring the Bible here and lay your hand on it and promise."

The child obeyed, awed by the unwonted energy displayed by her mother, and so with her hand on the holy book she gave her solemn promise to look after her father and the child, and keep them both from evil. Then when the winter morning dawned she went into the village, and told her mother's errand to Mrs. Brand, and ere long the latter stood beside the sick bed.

"Eh, neighbour," she said, "you look but poorly, I expect you'd be the better for a cup of my gruel."

"I want nothing," said the poor woman feebly, for all the unwonted strength of the past night had faded away and left her prostrate, "I want nothing but that you'll promise to look after my Molly a bit when I'm gone. I know you're a good woman, Margaret Brand, tho' I've thought too little of the likes o' you, and I think you won't mind giving the girl a good word, and teaching her to do a few things when I'm gone. God forgive me that I've left her to her own ways so long, but Mr. Graves says He will look after the fatherless if we only trust Him."

A softened look came over Margaret Brand's stern face. "I'm glad you've learnt where to look to for comfort," she said, "but I didn't know that Mr. Graves had ever been to see you; it's six miles from Ferry Bridge to your house, and he keeps no horse. I know he comes to the village at times, and they do say he is going to rent a room to hold service in Sunday afternoon as many's the heart will bless him for it. I'll leave off worshipping God at all, because we do it in the fashion we like best. But never mind at rest, neighbour, I'll look after the little maid and make a tidy woman of her I promise you; now lie down while I read a line of comfort to you." And taking the well-thumbed Bible from her pocket she read the twenty-third Psalm, stopping every now and then to comment on the words; then kneeling down she prayed long and earnestly for the sick woman, her husband and children, and left her easier in her mind than she had been for long.

Mrs. Brand proved herself a true neighbour while Mrs. Rance was living, and when in a few weeks the end came, her hand straightened the worn body and arranged the humble funeral; for John Rance, though sobered towards the last when he saw his wife's hopeless condition, seemed too utterly bewildered to do more than shed a few weak tears and wander aimlessly about the house. She followed the body to its last narrow home, carrying the baby in her arms. Then when the last clod had been thrown into the grave she turned, and grasping poor weeping Molly by the hand, said, "John Rance, I'm going home with you;" and John moved stupidly away in her wake. "My shop is shut up and I can't stay long, for I'm a woman who has to get her living, but I have a word to say to you, John Rance, before I go. You have come from standing beside a grave to-day that ought to teach you a lesson; I don't want to be hard on you, but every body knows you had something to do with laying that poor soul there. If you'd given her the money you wasted she might have been alive

now, but she was so weak from lack of decent food that when the child came, she had no strength left, and just wasted and faded away."

John, thoroughly subdued, muttered something about never meaning any harm.

"Never meant any harm," she echoed indignantly; "bah! I hate the men who don't mean a thing and then always do it. 'Tis alway those poor weak things that don't mean it that do the most harm in the world."

"But now, listen to me, you've got these two children to look after, and the sin will be upon your head and nobody's but yours if you let them come to harm. I promised your wife that I would look after them as much as I was able and I shall keep my word; but that won't absolve you from your duty, you've got to provide for them and set them a good example. This little maid of yours is coming up to me some time every day, and I'll teach her to cook, and clean and mend, so that she can keep your house comfortable; but you'll have to give her something to keep it with. And that little fellow in the cradle isn't likely to grow up good for much if he sees his father idling and drinking, and maybe worse!" she added significantly, "so 'tis for you to look to it. Now, Molly, do you get your father a cup of tea, see that the water boils and make him a bit of toast to it, and don't black or scorch it; if, 'tis only a bit of toast, 'tis worth doing well. And before you go to bed this night you can read him a chapter out of the Book, 'twill do you both good. And see you wash that baby, the way I showed you, to-morrow; and then as soon as your father can spare you, wrap him up well and come up to me, I must begin at once to make you a housewife."

For some weeks Margaret Brand's exhortations seemed to have a good effect on John Rance. He attended diligently to his fishing, shunned 'the village alehouse, and when not called away by business, kept about the home, doing odd jobs of carpentry to make the place more comfortable, nursing the baby, and watching Molly's awkward but well meant attempts at household work. Except in years and appearance the child was a child no longer, the solemn promise she had made her mother was always before her. Never did she touch the old Bible without thinking of it. And now her evenings were often spent in spelling out a chapter, sometimes to herself and sometimes aloud to her father, who would listen to the narrative parts with attention. But to Molly a deeper meaning was beginning to appear in the holy word, and she learnt lessons from it which were hidden from her father. Little by little her steps were turning towards the path her mother had followed during her last days, ignorantly and stumblingly she climbed the path, but with her face turned always heavenward.

Mrs. Brand was as good as her word. She taught all that laid in her power to teach; and every moment that Molly could spare was spent in the neat little kitchen behind the shop, where her clumsy fingers began ere long to grow deft and handy; she learnt to sweep and scrub, and to cook the simple food which forms the poor man's fare. Margaret Brand was far more

thrifty than most of her class, and the knowledge she had gained during the years she was in service she now applied to her altered circumstances. "Many's the man," she would say, "gets driven from home, because the house is dirty and uncomfortable, and there is nothing cooked fit to eat." And many a basin of good soup would she make from scraps her neighbours would have thrown away.

"If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well," she would often say to Molly, whose early training, or rather lack of it, had not been such as to make her at first appreciate all Mrs. Brand's economical niceties.

At first Molly had regarded her with something approaching fear, but use had shown her that the harsh stern manner was only on the outside and covered a warm kindly heart.

Long before Molly had learnt half that Mrs. Brand could teach her, changes had taken place at home. John Rance had tired of the quietude of his life, and began to take his relaxation at "The Smack," as the village public house was called. One morning Molly arrived at the shop with red eyes, and when questioned told how her father had come staggering home on the previous night, had sworn at her and struck her, and when he got up would not taste the breakfast she had prepared for him, but had gone out, and "I saw him at the 'Smack' as I came past," she concluded with a burst of tears; "what shall I do, oh! what shall I do, what will mother think of me? I promised I'd keep him from the drink."

"You promised you would try, child; but 'tis little you can do unaided, you must pray to God to help you. 'Tis only He can really turn your father's heart from that snare, you must pray."

"Shan't I say anything to father, then, about it?"

Mrs. Brand hesitated. "'Tis a hard matter to advise you in such a case, sometimes they won't take a word from their children, and sometimes it will shame them; so you must pray to be guided in that too, but remember, never speak to him when he is the worse for drink, and if you do speak at all let it be kind and loving; there must be no angry words or quarrelling between father and child."

Poor Molly tried to carry out her friend's advice, but as the months went on and grew into years none knew the trials she had to bear. Poverty and hunger, harsh words, curses and often blows fell to her share; and an innate feeling that she must not expose her father's wrong doings kept her from talking of her trouble even to Mrs. Brand. To God alone would she pour out her heart, in supplication for strength to bear her daily burden.

Her visits to the shop had to be curtailed, for did Rance come home and find her absent, he would abuse her so cruelly that she was afraid to go out unless her father was fishing and she knew he could not be home for some hours. These visits were now the only bright spot in her life, and her kind friend's advice and consoling talk were as balm to her soul. The love of her little brother was also very sweet to her; as she had tended him as a brother, he gave her all the

affection of his warm little heart. Rance too loved the child, and as soon as little Jack could toddle would take him about with him; but as the child grew, this became a source of intense anxiety to Molly, who dreaded the contaminating effect of contact with her father's companions upon him. When Rance discovered this, he would make a point of teasing her by carrying him off to the alehouse, where he would make him sip from his glass. One day she found Jack on the sands, the centre of a noisy company of men who were laughing immoderately at his baby attempts to repeat the oaths and foul words they taught him. Molly snatched the child up in her arms and hurried off with him, more hurt than she had ever been by her father's hard blows, when Jack beat at her with his little fists and cried to go back.

At times in his more sober moods her father would render her some justice, and would swear to his comrades that "there wasn't a smarter, tidier lass in all the country round than his Moll;" but this was seldom, as a rule her honest face was a reprobate to him, and he would try to shake off the sense of shame he would feel after encountering her glance by a cruel word or a blow. As time went on she learned to make baskets from a kind of flag which grew plentifully near at hand; and so dexterous did she become that Mrs. Brand was able to dispose of them for her to the grocer, in the big town from whom she brought her own stores. The remuneration she made from this, slight as it was, was often the only thing which would stand between her and starvation. Mrs. Brand would gladly have helped her as far as lay in her power, but the feeling that she must hide her father's faults kept Molly from hinting at her poverty. Often weeks would pass by and she could get neither fish nor money from him, and her own little earnings would be absorbed in buying a little tea, sugar and bread, so that, whenever her father came home she might have a cup of tea and a bit of toast to give him; fuel she could get for the gathering, or she might often have been cold as well as hungry. Her life was one constant round of care, toil, and penury, but never did she repine; her promise to her dead mother would have kept her from that even had not her own sense of right, and the lessons of content she gathered from her well loved Bible taught her that the path of duty only is the path of happiness, and that only by bearing the cross could she hope to wear the crown.

By the time Jack was five years old and Molly eighteen, a new element was introduced into her life. Mention has been made of Mr. Graves, the clergyman who had visited Mrs. Rance, and who had been anxious to establish a service in the hamlet. Since that time a room had been hired, and on every alternate Sunday service was held in it. Molly had vainly coaxed her father to attend; he turned a deaf ear to all her entreaties. Great was her disappointment if she was herself prevented from going; the troubles of the past week would seem lighter when she heard Mr. Graves voice in the Litany appealing for succour, help and comfort for all in danger, necessity and tribulation.

Latterly she had often been joined on her homeward walk by William Brand, a nephew of her kind old friend, who was a shepherd in a neighbouring farm and whose road led by her father's cottage. Molly's life, so different to that of most girls, had kept her free from all thought of lovers and love-making, and though she was conscious of a new and fresh pleasure in her homeward walk when she had company, it was with no small surprise that she heard him one afternoon beg her to link her fate with his and marry him.

"I know you've got a poor home," said he, "and I should like to take you out of it. Never a harsh word shall you have said to you. I've got the offer of a shepherd's place over at Garston, and there's a nice little house and garden where we could live as happy as king and queen."

For a moment she hesitated, an almost irresistible desire to have some one to care for her, for a life in which she would not always be in dread of a curse or blow, came over her; but it was only for a moment. The promise to her dead mother came to her remembrance. "I cannot leave Jack and father," she said.

"Bring Jack and welcome," said Brand; "and as for your father, you won't fling away an honest man's love for him,—a drunkard and a smuggler, who treats you ill."

All the colour left Molly's face as she heard the word "smuggler." "Oh! not that," she cried. "At least he is an honest man."

"I didn't think those were your ideas of honesty," he retorted, "and unless folks lie, no father knows a deal about smuggling. Come, Molly, promise me you'll think about it."

"If people tell lies about father, there's the more need for me to stand by him," she answered firmly, "and beside, I promised mother; I can't go away from my word." And before the young man could speak again, she had entered the cottage and shut the door.

Terrible were her feelings. She blamed herself, and thought it must be her own short-comings that had caused her father to take to these evil ways; but kneeling down, she prayed for direction, and when soon after, her father entered, she had made up her mind as to what course to pursue. She prepared his tea, and while he was drinking it, told him as gently as possible what she had heard.

"Tell me it isn't true, father," she said, "I promised mother I'd never let you take to smuggling, if I could help it."

Rance told her savagely to hold her tongue.

"Oh, father!" she implored, "do listen to me; think of little Jack; will he ever grow up to respect you if you do wrong now?"

Her father sprang to his feet, and with a fearful oath, struck at her. She avoided the blow, but he followed her, and felled her to the ground, and as she lay senseless and helpless, he caught up little Jack, and hurried away.

When Molly recovered consciousness, it was nearly dark. Terrified for the safety of the child, she went down to the landing-place, where from some of the idlers, she learned that her father had gone off in the boats, and had taken the child with him.

"Don't be feared for the child, lass," said an

old man. "He's right enough, and yer father'll be back before mornin' light. Go home, and get a sleep."

Molly returned home, but not to sleep. Slowly the long hours dragged by; she strained her ears to catch the first sound of the returning boats, but nothing broke the stillness of the night. At length, just before dawn, she heard a shout, and then wild cries came borne upon the breeze. Then a shot. When Molly reached the landing-place, she could see nothing but a confused and struggling mass of men. Blows and cries resounded on all sides. The boats had come in, but as they were landing, had been surprised by the coastguard, who had been lying in wait for them. A desperate resistance followed, some fled, but the arm of the law prevailed, and eight men were captured, Rance among the number.

Molly pushes among the crowd in her search for Jack, imploring some one to tell her where he is, when she catches sight of a still, motionless body lying on the sand. It is little Jack, struck down by some chance blow in the struggle. The blood is slowly oozing from his temple. Molly snatches him up, and flies rather than runs with him to Mrs. Brand, and together the two women try their simple remedies to recover the child in vain; he lies so still that only the faintly beating heart shows that he lives, and so he lingers for some days. The doctor whom Molly has fetched from the nearest town can do nothing, and so little Jack fades from her sight, leaving her well-nigh heart-broken.

By this time the smugglers have been committed for trial, but not until the trial comes on does Rance know that he has lost his boy. The circumstance is mentioned by the counsel for the prosecution, and when the wretched man hears it he starts, and then falls heavily to the ground; the shock has been too great. Callous to every other human affection, he had dearly loved his bright-faced boy, and he feels that his blood is on his own head. He is carried from the court, and is still unconscious when the verdict of five years' hard labour is passed on the prisoners.

Five years later a young woman might be seen pacing the platform of the station at the county town, it is Molly waiting for her father; he has been released from the convict establishment at which he served his term of imprisonment. No earthly temptation could have kept Molly from her father now, after the sentence had been pronounced.

William Brand had again come forward and begged her to marry him, and go with him to the far country to which he was about to emigrate, but she was faithful to her trust. "Father will want me when he comes out," was all she said, and no persuasion could turn her from her resolve. She entered service in a farmhouse, saving her wages till she should need them in her father's service.

The train comes steaming in and the passengers alight. Can that gaunt, pale man be Rance? Changed as he is Molly knows him, and is soon sobbing on his breast. Not more changed is he in body than in mind. Rance had only recovered from the fit to be stricken with brain fever, and when he got over that he sank into a state of morbid melancholy. The chaplain of the gaol had heard his story and took an especial interest in him, and strove long and earnestly with him; at first he was repulsed, but after a while the good man's prayers and ministration took effect. A ray of light seemed to break through the cloud of sin and guilt which shrouded Rance's mind, and the long years of solitude had served to soften and strengthen him, so that he came out of his gaol a free man in more senses than one, free by the power of the cleansing blood of Christ, which had washed away his stains and guilt.

A situation had been found for him in a distant county on the estate of a friend of Mr. Graves. There he and Molly live together happily and cheerfully doing their duty, never does she regret the home in the sunny distant land to which even now she would be welcome; and never above all does she regret the promise made to her dying mother, which God has given her grace and strength to fulfil.

MISSIONARY VOYAGES OF AN "EVANGELIST" CANOE, ON THE LAKES AND RIVERS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

IV.—ON THE HAWKESBURY RIVER.

ABOUT sixteen miles to the north of Sydney Heads, the traveller enters Broken Bay, which forms the entrance to the Hawkesbury River. The banks of this river present to the tourist some of the grandest and most beautiful scenery in New South Wales. Broken Bay evidently derives its name from its waters being divided into several branches.

The first thing which attracts the attention of a stranger is Barrenjoey, a mass of isolated sandstone rock, which, covered with vegetation, rises

to the height of 300 feet, and is crowned by a noble lighthouse, the stone for which has been found on the spot. Ascending the tramway which has been used in the construction of the new lighthouse, you arrive at the summit of Barrenjoey, from which you command one of the finest views on the coast. Beneath you to the south a narrow strip of land connects the mass of rock upon which you are standing with the main land. The waters of Broken Bay run up for seven miles just inside the coast line forming the

beautiful Pittwater Lakes, while a ridge of hills alone separates Pittwater from another sheet of water named Cowan's Creek. Looking inland you see the hills and points on each side of the Bay, running up for three miles towards the Hawkesbury River, while to the north you catch glimpses of Brisbane water, an estuary about fifteen miles long, the entrance to which is found on the north side of Broken Bay.

When homeward bound in Oct. 1881, the "Evangelist" canoe was dropped into the water from the deck of the steamer "St. Albans," and before proceeding on my way up the river to my home at Windsor, I spent a pleasant day upon Pittwater, running past its little bays and sandy points with a fair breeze and flood tide. After lunch at the hotel (the only building in the neighbourhood except two or three fishermen's huts) I walked over part of the site of a new township which had been surveyed and partly sold by Sydney auctioneers. It was a pleasant spot for a country house, having water frontages both to Pittwater and the ocean.

In the afternoon I returned to Barrenjoey, and found a welcome and accommodation for the night at the cottage of one of the custom-house officers' boatmen. My first service was held at the custom-house officer's residence at Pittwater; the congregation was small, consisting of one family and my host from the cottage below.

Immediately after, I prepared for my voyage of 102 miles up the Hawkesbury River.

After travelling about three miles, the stream takes a sharp turn to the right, and Broken Bay with Barrenjoey, Elliott Island, and the sea, were shut out of view, and I ceased to feel the swell of the ocean. Dangar Island lies right ahead, a picturesque and tempting spot for a picture; partly wooded, but having open and grassy slopes very inviting to a pleasure party, or a weary traveller, but my day's travel had only commenced. Leaving the island to my right hand, I turned into the river. With an even stroke of the paddle gliding up the centre of the stream, or, laying back with a fine fair wind carrying me on my way, I was able thoroughly to enjoy the wonderful prospect, with nothing to distract my attention.

The great characteristic of the Lower Hawkesbury are the cliffs, which rise in solemn grandeur from 200 to 300 feet from the bed of the river, their surfaces sometimes bare and blackened by exposure to the atmosphere, while in other places gnarled and stunted trees cover their faces from the water's edge to the summit, forcing their roots into clefts in the rock. It is said that every seventh year these trees have an amazing wealth of pretty grey blossoms, and the air is then alive with bees, gathering honey and carrying their precious store home to their hives among the hills.

The river is deep and broad in its lower reaches, the stream being at times a mile in width; so winding is its course that very often it describes the letter S. At the end of every reach there is nearly always a point of rich alluvial land, and little cottages are found nestling above the low land under the shadow of the hills; the sweet scent of the orange trees is borne off the land,

maize is growing green and strong on the slopes near the houses, ducks and geese paddle in the water, while the crowing of barn-door fowls can be heard for a long distance. The traveller is pleased with a succession of contrasts. Going along the centre of the reach, he finds himself among the solitudes of nature, a lofty cliff upon one hand, a bush forest rising in broken hills upon his left, but upon arriving at the end of the reach, before going round the bend of the river, the pleasant sights and sounds of a country homestead suddenly burst upon his view, and very often quite a large family stand gazing upon him as he passes. Sometimes the white sails of a small river sloop is seen close in to the bank taking in cases of oranges, or being filled with maize, while across the stern and projecting from each side of the vessel, is a large coop, to take the poultry to the Windsor market.

In the afternoon I arrived at Bar Island, twenty-one miles from the mouth of the river, which is here two and a half miles wide. Upon the summit of a small island in the middle of the river is a stone building which is used for a church and public school. It is a central spot, and the worshippers and children come down the river for miles in boats, to church and school. In a little bay to the right stood several cottages. From the verandah of one of them I caught sight of the waving handkerchief of a friend. I had been a little help to a fellow-passenger in the steamer "St. Albans" and I was to call at the house near Bar Island to see him and the natives with whom he was staying. The boy of the canoe was turned to the shore, and in short time I was welcomed by my fellow-passenger and his brother-in-law, who was the schoolmaster of this romantic spot.

The kind lady of the house prepared tea, and it was arranged that I should hold a cottage service in the evening. As we sat on the verandah of the cottage gathering clouds and distant thunder indicated an approaching storm, and the wide waters of the river became darkened with squalls of wind, while we could hear the storm long before it reached us, as the wind swayed the trees among the hills. Before sunset the storm had passed away, and the calm waters, the island church, the distant hills, and lofty cliffs, lit up by the setting sun presented a scene which I shall not soon forget. The little parlour was presently well filled with an attentive audience.

Before six on the following morning I was in the canoe, having before me a journey of thirty-one miles to Wiseman's Ferry. For the greater part of this distance, I was favoured with a fair wind. The breeze came down upon the water in squalls from the face of the cliffs, and my tiny vessel in some places tore along, to the astonishment of the dwellers on the shore.

As I drew near to Wiseman's Ferry, the alluvial flats near the river became more extensive, and the farmhouses built of stone indicated larger means. On one fine meadow there were forty cows grazing, and all the surroundings of these large farms seemed to speak of a fertile soil, rich pasture and comfortable circumstances.

Wiseman's Ferry is named after an old resident, and is a little settlement having a large hotel, a

public school, post-office, and an old church in ruins, its square tower still standing, but the roof gone and walls broken. On the opposite side of the river towards one of the loftiest cliffs on the Hawkesbury and within sight are several farm-houses. In days past as a convict settlement, Wiseman's Ferry was the abode of misery, cruelty and crime; happily those times are gone by forever, and now this little place is a pleasant peaceful locality shut in by its hills from the busy world.

The postmaster having arranged for a service in the school-house, I walked down there, and found a small audience, to whom I preached the Word of Life.

Securing a package of provisions for breakfast, the canoe started on the following day at an early hour, and I worked hard with the paddle against wind and tide for some hours. The scenery was pretty, but the grandeur of the cliffs were gone, farmhouses lined the banks, the country became level or undulating. After twenty-eight

miles of steady paddling, I was glad of a welcome at the house of a ministerial friend, and enjoyed a refreshing cup of tea, after which I resumed my voyage. I had paddled about three miles when I heard a shrill whistle, and discovered a little steamer puffing away behind me; in a few moments the canoe was towing astern of the steamer, and I felt that my journey was drawing to a close.

The little steamer picked up a laden boat, and lashed her alongside.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, so I relieved my new friend at the helm, who rejoiced so much in his liberty, and fraternised so long with the men on the laden barge, that I steered the whole fleet, steamer, barque, large boat, and canoe nineteen miles to Windsor; but I did not mind, it was a change from the paddle.

My voyage was over. We arrived at the wharf at 11 P.M.; the canoe was left alongside the steamer until morning, and in a few moments I was in my own home.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

BY THE REV. G. DESPARD, M.A.

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others, which have no hope."—1 Thess. iv. 13.

ALTHOUGH they were "ensamples to all that believe" in some respects, it is evident, from what is here said, that the Thessalonian Christians were imperfectly instructed as to the state of the dead in Christ, and therefore they erred in the manner of mourning for them. The Gentiles, who had no hope of seeing their departed friends again, indulged grief for them in extravagant forms. The Jews had been forbidden to imitate heathen nations in this respect (Deut. xiv. 1), "Ye are the children of the Lord your God; ye shall not cut yourselves, nor make any baldness between your eyes for the dead." There were, however, Gentile Christians at Thessalonica, accustomed to the Pagan forms of mourning for the dead, and who seem to have thought that such displays of extravagant grief were natural and proper. The object of the Apostle, in this part of his Epistle, was to set them right upon the subject. "You have been mourning for your departed brethren," he virtually said, "as if you were Pagans who have no hope of seeing them again, but let mourning in that way cease, in view of what I have now to say unto you by the word of the Lord as to the blessed condition of 'them that are asleep.'"

What he so said unto them does not occupy much space, but it is very clear and positive, and he might well close the subject by saying "wherefore comfort one another with these words." If his words be indeed true, and divinely true, what solid comfort there is in them for Christian hearts, under all the trials and bereavements of this mortal life!

We may view the words in connexion with the

happy sleepers of whom they speak, their return, and their final blessedness.

The dead in Christ, then, are spoken of as sleeping—"them that are asleep." By this it is not meant that they are in a state of unconsciousness, but that they are in a state of rest—"blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours" (Rev. xiv. 13). Life here may be compared to the weary work-days of the week,—but at the moment of death the spirit of the believer in Jesus enters into the enjoyment of the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." While he is here, he is exposed to all the hardships of the wilderness. He has a stubborn and rebellious nature to contend with, many infirmities to weary him, and heavy burdens of care and sorrow to carry. But the moment he dies, the burden is dropped, the fight fought, the work done, the conflict ended. They "rest" from their "wailings" the words in Rev. xiv. might better be rendered, the word for 'labours' in the original being one which signifies "to beat," as one beats on the breast to signify sorrow. Words are too poor to express what must be the blessedness of that "taking of rest in sleep" to a soul just escaped out of this evil world, "delivered from the burden of the flesh," and from all the miseries connected with it. Peace may be perfect in its *kind* even here—for there is "the peace of God keeping the heart and mind." But it is as perfect in *degree* as it is in kind for the spirit of the believer, when freed from its tenement of clay.

The Apostle, however does not speak of the dead in Christ merely as asleep, but as, "sleeping

in Jesus," and it is this that makes their sleep in death a happy sleep. To be in Jesus is the root of all happiness now—and as this continues after death in a manner more perfect than is possible here—death, so far from interrupting the happiness of the saint, is the means of increasing it. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord" it is emphatically said; those who in their lifetime ventured upon Christ: who knowing themselves not to be perfect, became joined to Him who is: and who joyfully embraced that grace, wherein they were made "accepted in the beloved."

Living or dying, there is no real blessedness possible for us, except we be in Christ. But once in Christ, by that faith which is the gift of God, and the work of His Spirit upon the soul, "there is no more condemnation." Blessed are they who sleep, after going hence, in the same arms of redeeming love in which they were embraced in life;—having the same faith and resting on the same promises. If we wish to "sleep in Jesus" when we die, let us remember how essential it is to "be in Jesus" while as yet we are in the flesh! "To me to live is Christ"—and then—to me "to die is gain."

But there is to be a return of these happy sleepers who sleep in Jesus. As truly as Jesus died and rose again, "them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." How wonderful that it is in the body they shall thus return! Not indeed in the body, subject as it now is, to those things which cause suffering and sorrow—but in the body raised and glorified. The body is laid in the grave in weakness, in corruption, and in dishonour. It will return in power, in incorruption, in glory. The Lord Jesus Christ "shall change our vile body into the likeness of His glorious body, by the mighty power whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself." Those who "sleep in Jesus" will return in the body—but in the body clothed with immortality, shining in the light of glory, as the humanity of Jesus shone on the Mount of Transfiguration. How glorious, then, will be the return of "them that sleep in Jesus!" How we should bless God for revealing these things to us, for having caused it to be "said unto us by the word of the Lord," that there will be a waking even for that flesh which "dwells in the dust," a return, in a glorified and immortal body, of "them that sleep in Jesus!"

And with this assurance of the return in glorified humanity of them that "sleep in Jesus," there is united, also, an intimation of the nature of their final blessedness, for in the resurrection-day all the saints—whether living or dead—will be gathered unto Christ to be thenceforth "for ever with the Lord." "For ever with the Lord!" That is the essence of the final blessedness reserved for "them that sleep in Jesus." The fellowship we have with Him here is real, but it is not perfect. We are in Christ now by faith, but we are not with Him, as regards place, or actual sight. "Now are we the sons of God." But it doth not yet appear what we shall be. But we know that when he doth appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as He is." For this we pray, when, standing by the open grave, we beseech Almighty God "to accomplish

the number of His elect, and to hasten His kingdom;" "that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of Thy Holy Name, may have one perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy Eternal and Everlasting kingdom!"

THE LATE W. R. ELLIS, ESQ.

THE foregoing sermon was preached in Holy Trinity Church, Kilburn, on the Sunday following the decease of Mr. William R. Ellis, of Maida Vale, a member of the church, and one of the oldest residents in the neighbourhood. Well known and highly esteemed as a servant of Christ, there is special reason for our giving some account of his life and character, as he had in his later years been one of the most devoted and useful members of the committee of the Religious Tract Society.

His father, Sir William Ellis, was an eminent physician, distinguished as one of the first who introduced successfully moral influences in the treatment of the insane. But he was something better than any earthly distinction could imply, for he was a godly man, who framed his life after the example of Joshua, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." His influence was felt by his son, who even in his earliest years was under strong religious impressions, though for a time, during his university life at Cambridge, they appeared to have entirely died away. Not that he was at any time ~~shaken~~ in his conviction of the truth of the Bible, or in his respect for religion, but evil example and evil companionship led him into worldliness and ungodliness, so that he looked back upon this period of his life with sorrow and penitence.

It was not till three or four years after he had left the university, and had been called to the bar, that the great and decided change took place in him, which affected the whole course of his after life.

It is always interesting and useful to have a clear and intelligible account of the circumstances attending a decided conversion, and this we have from his own lips. He was visiting Switzerland, in 1834, in company with his father, for whom he had ever the greatest love and reverence. One day when in a boat sailing on one of the Swiss lakes, the father complained of being nervous. The son laughed at his fears, and in his thoughtlessness spoke to his father in hasty and disrespectful terms. But he had scarcely done so, when his heart smote him, and he felt as if he would have given the world not to have spoken to his loving father as he did. The feeling laid such hold of him that when he reached his hotel that night he threw himself upon his knees to ask God's forgiveness for the disrespect to his good and fond father of which he had been guilty. While thus engaged, the thought flashed suddenly into his mind (was it not the Holy Spirit that prompted the thought?) that if he felt so keenly the sin he had committed

against an earthly parent, how much more ought he to feel the sin which he had been committing against his Heavenly Father, for so many years, and the insult to Him which his life had hitherto been. So powerful did that thought become, that from confessing his sin against his earthly father, he earnestly confessed his sin against his Father in heaven, and continued long in wrestling earnest prayer for forgiveness. And the Lord heard his prayer. He rose from his knees a deeply penitent man, and also with a heart resolved from that hour to give himself wholly to God.

He did not find peace for some time, although the love of God in Christ, and the long-suffering mercy shown to himself, led him to a humble, holy walk. The circumstances under which he did at length find peace are also remarkable and instructive. There was a particular person, who for some reason or other had become the bitter enemy of his father, and had shown his hatred in a manner which roused the son's indignation, and caused him to bear a strong feeling of ill-will to his father's maligner. While this feeling was cherished he had no sense of peace. But on one occasion, when engaged in prayer, the thought was borne in upon him that the unforgiving spirit which he cherished was not right in one seeking anxiously for a sense of God having forgiven him. He acted at once upon this feeling, and spent some time in earnest pleading for the person against whom he had cherished such bitter thoughts. And in the very act of so doing a great burden seemed to be lifted off, and there was given to him a sense of his acceptance with God through Christ, which never left him afterwards, however sensible he might be of his many short-comings and imperfections.

It is said of Job that the Lord turned again his captivity when he prayed for those who had been vexing him; and so the young Christian barrister dated his deliverance from the captivity of doubt and fear from the time that he prayed for the forgiveness of one who had despitefully used and hated one dearer than his own life.

Often it will be found that some cherished sin, or some secret fault, hinders the clear shining of God's love upon the soul, and prevents the peace and assurance which ought to be the heritage of all true believers.

For nearly fifty years after the great turning point in his life, till his death at the ripe age of seventy-six, Mr. Ellis walked with God, and his conversation was in all things becoming the Gospel. He early was united in marriage to a partner like-minded with himself, one of the family of the Elliotts, of Brighton, niece of the author of "Just as I am," and other sweet hymns. His domestic life was one of singular happiness and sympathy, though clouded at times by heavy sorrows. His was truly a Christian household, and a numerous family had good cause to honour and love such parents. His house was indeed a Bethel. Its doors were ever open to all works of charity and beneficence. In the "drawing-room meetings" many a good cause has been pleaded, and has found assistance. City missionaries, and other Christian workers went thither for prayer and for counsel. The poor and the afflicted knew

the place, and left it relieved or comforted. And the house, where the voice of prayer and praise was often heard, at times resounded with the cheerful merriment of blind or orphan children, who were brought to enjoy its hospitality.

A few words must be added about the personal characteristics of Mr. Ellis. Every one who knew him can testify that he was a bright Christian, if ever there was one, his countenance telling of the happiness within; and he had a kind and cordial word for everyone who came in contact with him. He was also, and very notably, a working Christian, always seeking to do something for Christ, from the hour when he dedicated himself and his substance to his Master.

After his conversion he could not refrain from telling his intimate friends of the change, and begging them to seek their happiness where he had found his. They all liked him personally, but some thought that he had become fanatical, and shunned his society. His influence was, however, blessed to not a few, and one of them, an avowed Socinian, who began by ridiculing him, afterwards became a decided Christian, and an associate in all good works. He never lost an opportunity, such as a Christian gentleman could feel to be fitting, to appeal to his friends about their souls. He never did so without begging them not to judge what religion could do for them by such a poor specimen as himself. Perfect likeness to Christ was his standard of what a Christian should be; and he carried with him a deep and humbling sense of the degree he fell short of it. But to all who knew him, he appeared to be as thorough and consistent and exemplary a Christian as could well be met with in this world of imperfection.

After his retirement from professional life, in 1874, his time was wholly devoted to active Christian work. The London City Mission and the Religious Tract Society were the institutions to which he gave most of his time. The early morning committee meeting of the latter he attended regularly, week by week, and he gave much labour to the business of the society. The afternoon of the last Sunday he spent on earth he occupied in carefully reading three of the tracts which had been sent to him for consideration on the following Tuesday, that he might be prepared to give his opinion on them, as he fully hoped to be able to attend on that day as usual. But a fatal disease was already upon him, as he died during the week, after a short illness. In these few days his mind was clear and in peace. He asked for favourite portions of Scripture to be read to him, the 32nd, 34th, and 51st Psalms, and the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel.

Always a man of prayer, almost his last words were words of intercession. He seemed to remember all; and he ended with an earnest prayer for the Religious Tract Society, that it might faithfully uphold and promote the cause of Scriptural and evangelical truth.

In perfect peace, and without distress or pain, he passed away; "as a shock of corn cometh in his season," he was gathered into the heavenly rest, Thursday Sept. 18, leaving a notable example of what the grace of God can do to make a man's life bright and happy and useful.

Pages for the Young.

NASH SHARPE.

CHAPTER. VII



T is recorded in sacred writ that once there was a night when King Abaenurus could not sleep, and though a king's one sleepless night may seem a matter of little import, it was a fact followed by great and serious results. That night, while Bertie and Nash were thus hopelessly imprisoned, sleep forsook Miss Arnold's eyes, in vain she arranged herself for sleep, her mind seemed in a tumult of unrest. How was Bertie she wondered, how much she missed him, was he sleeping well and comfortably? Then she reproached herself for such foolishly anxious fears. Where could the child be safer than under Mrs. Clarkson's motherly care? Then her thoughts took a new turn. Only the evening before she had discovered one of the servants carrying a lighted candle through the lately repaired rooms, loose shavings and woodwork lying around. She had reproved the girl sharply for her carelessness. What if the offence had been again that night committed? That part of the house being so remote, a fire might get considerable hold before an alarm could be given. Miss Arnold tried to reason down what she considered her foolish fears, but finding herself no nearer repose she determined to set her mind at rest on the matter. Rising and throwing on hastily a loose wrapper, she opened her bed-room door. From the landing window she could see out on to the paved court-yard outside. It was a clear autumn night, the moon shining brightly, the court-yard and shrubbery beyond lay clearly revealed, nothing appeared amiss in that quarter. But Miss Arnold having left her couch, determined at least to make a tour through the upper rooms of that side of the building. A little investigation assured her all was right. She was about to retrace her steps, when crossing a small landing she caught the sound of a voice, a child's voice, surely Bertie's voice, singing clearly, sweetly—

Miss Arnold stood spell-bound. Then the practical part of her awoke, whence did the sound proceed? Darting a swift glance around, she ran swiftly in the direction of her brother's room, the words "Bertie, Bertie," ringing wildly from her lips. At first Mr. Arnold appeared incredulous. Bertie in the midst of the night, singing there, somewhere in the house, Bertie who was at least a mile away, the thing seemed impossible.

Miss Arnold grew impatient. "I tell you," she said, "I heard that child sing as plainly as I now hear you speak."

Mr. Arnold seeing his sister thus resolute, taking a light, prepared to accompany her. She conducted him to the landing. "I was standing just here," she said; "where could the voice have come from?" The exact locality arrested Mr. Arnold's attention. "This landing," he said, "is directly over that secret room the workmen discovered." Conviction flashed on Miss Arnold's mind. "Then Bertie is shut up in there," she said. Before Mr. Arnold could reply, a sound, not this time singing, but a low, dolorous groan smote upon their ears. The groan was followed by a

child's voice, crying faintly, yet clearly, "Oh, help! help!"

Mr. Arnold laid a convulsive grasp on his sister's arm. "That is our child's voice," he said.

With tumultuous haste the two descended the stairs, and through the back entrance passed into the court-yard. They entered the storeroom. Mr. Arnold touched the secret spring, and pushed open the door of the inner room.

Holding aloft the light he had brought with him, at first through the dense darkness he could see nothing; then he discovered what seemed a form huddled close in a corner; but that little figure by its side, that little child with its long fair hair could be no other than Bertie. The child's quick senses had heard the voices speaking above him, and also detected the sounds of coming deliverance; he sat with his head slightly raised in expectant hope. Mr. Arnold sprang towards him, the next moment the child was in his arms, clinging convulsively round his neck. Miss Arnold also hovered over him full of fond embraces and questions.

Neither of them at first noticed Nash Sharpe. Miss Arnold was the first to give heed to him. Save that he had raised his head, Nash still retained his crouching attitude, and now sat looking straight before him with stupid, vacant gaze. Miss Arnold went to him, and laid her hand on his shoulder. "Is it you, Nash Sharpe?" she said, "how did you come here?"

Nash appeared to be incapable of replying, it seemed impossible to arouse him.

"Get up, Nash Sharpe," she said, "or you will be shut up in here again."

Nash struggled to obey, but only by Miss Arnold tugging hard at his arm could he be raised, then like one dead, he staggered on with uncertain steps. Not till having crossed the courtyard and gained an entrance to the house, did his dormant faculties seem to awake.

Miss Arnold, intent on following her brother and the child, unmindful of Nash, was about to close the door in his face, when Nash sprang himself suddenly forward. Stretching out wildly entreating hands he cried aloud, "Oh, Arnold, Arnold, let me in, let me in; oh, Arnold, let me in." Mr. Arnold glanced back at the trembling form and haggard face. "Let you in, poor creature, of course I will," and the next moment Nash found himself safely inside the house.

To kindle a fire, to chase Bertie's cold benumbed limbs, to prepare him some warm food, these were the first duties to be attended to. As Miss Arnold sat with him on her lap feeding him with some warm bread and milk, he said gently,—

"Give Nash some, too, please, auntie."

A similar repast was quickly prepared for Nash, who having eaten the food, so far revived as to fall into a fit of pitiful weeping.

Jane the cook, who had been aroused from her slumbers to give assistance, eyed him indignantly. From what could be gathered from Bertie's fragmentary details, she rightly concluded Nash to have been the cause of the mischief.

"You had better leave off that blubbering, Nash Sharpe, she said. "It's you have been at the bottom of it all."

Bertie slightly raised his head.

"Don't let Nash be scolded, auntie; poor Nash has been so frightened."

"Well, he has had so much punishment certainly," said Miss Arnold, who herself regarded Nash in no favourable light.

A little while after, as Mr. Arnold, with all tender care, was carrying Bertie up to his warm little bed, the child made one more request on his poor friend's behalf. "Let Nash have a bed here somewhere to-night, dear father," he said.

As usual with Bertie the request was granted.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Nash, I am so sorry you were so frightened last night." Bertie slightly raised himself on his couch as he spoke. Happily he seemed to have taken no harm from his night's experience, but Miss Arnold chose to consider him in an invalided condition, and kept him that morning lying on the sofa watching him with solicitous care. At his urgent request Nash had been brought in to speak to him, Miss Arnold leaving them awhile together alone."

"Come quite close to me, Nash," said Bertie; then as Nash obeyed, the child bending towards him passed one hand with gentle tenderness over his face; except his mother's perhaps never indeed had fingers lingered with such loving interest over those rough, uncouth features. The action in some way seemed to affect Nash; as on the previous evening, he fell into low, fitful weeping. His nerves were still unstrung, his mind unsettled. Besides that morning among the servants in the kitchen scornful reproach from unraised lips had been unsparingly dealt out to him. Yet though Nash might not know it, abject, crestfallen, as he was, even then was his day of grace. For to the most flinty, sterile natures come seasons when they lie broken up and open to good impressions, if only there be a hand wise enough to drop in the good seed. To a little child in his simplicity was this work given.

Half an hour later Miss Arnold coming in overheard Nash saying, "I mean to be good—like you—Master Bertie."

"Oh! no, no, not like me," said the child quickly; "we must pray and strive to be like the Lord Jesus."

Miss Arnold's entrance at that moment prevented further conversation.

Later on in the morning, Mr. Arnold passing through the shrubberies, came suddenly upon Nash scratching and digging vigorously in the ground with his fingers.

"Nash, my lad, what are you doing," said Mr. Arnold quickly.

Nash glanced up, with a scared look like that of an animal about to flee, but the next moment catching sight of something in the ground, he eagerly resumed his task. Bringing to light a small paper wrapped curiously together. Unfolding it, he held it with a jerky movement towards Mr. Arnold. Inside the paper was Miss Arnold's long lost ring.

"Take it," he said. "It's hers—I don't want it no more."

Mr. Arnold for a moment glanced at it in blank astonishment, ere the truth flashed upon his mind, that Nash had all along been the unlawful possessor.

"Nash," he said sternly, "don't you know to take what does not belong to you is stealing, and to steal is very wicked."

With a half-downcast yet curious expression Nash answered promptly. "But I'm good now, Arnold."

Mr. Arnold hesitated how to reply. The mere act of restoration was like a ray of light from a dark soul. Mr. Arnold was too wise to check this faint glimmer of right feeling. After a few words of admonition, not of chiding, he left Nash and hastened off to his sister, to give back to her her recovered property.

"Well," said Miss Arnold, "his night of imprisonment seems to have done Nash good, if it has brought him to some sense of right doing."

Then she confided to Mr. Arnold the few words she had overheard.

"Ah," said Mr. Arnold thoughtfully, "we most of us need some dark night of affliction or trouble to bring us to our right minds; perhaps poor Nash, with his small capacities and understanding, needed that it should be very literally a dark night for him."

From that time Bertie never seemed to lose his hold of

Nash. The two had several other conversations together. Verily it was light falling on dark places, yet it was teaching nevertheless, though the teaching was at first received by Nash in his own grotesque fashion. One night, with half-suppressed joyfulness of expression, and a smile half-curious and half-genuine, he remarked to his grandmother that "Master Bertie was making him good now."

The old woman eyed him narrowly. "Ye've need of it, poor laddie, ye've need of it," she said.

But whatever amount of instruction was received, one result was achieved. A simple, child-like prayer, the first thing Nash had ever learned by rote, was by many repeated efforts carefully and successfully implanted in his memory.

Then shortly afterwards Bertie fell ill, the doctor advised his speedy removal, and the little household at "The Cedars" took a hasty departure, but even after his arrival in town for some weeks Bertie lay in a critical state. When he was recovering, Mr. Arnold proposed sending for Nash to London, having some plans in view for his future culture and improvement, but just then a letter arrived from Mrs. Clarkson. That lady had long since recovered the fright of the boy's illness, her son on his return home having seemed so little indisposed that it was doubtful whether he had ever really taken the fever at all. Certainly no other members of the family exhibited symptoms of the complaint, therefore now she had wrote as usual in full life and spirits. But the letter contained one item of news, Nash Sharpe's grandmother was dead—had died suddenly. Just at the time of her death an uncle of Nash Sharpe's, a sea-captain, owning a small vessel, had arrived, and had taken Nash off to sea with him. This cut short Mr. Arnold's plans on the lad's behalf.

CHAPTER IX.

Rather more than half a year later, when spring was again melting into early summer, as Mr. Arnold was sitting in the library of his town house, a strange man, named William Nashville, was announced, who particularly wished to speak to him. The name Nashville at the moment brought no associations of old memories to Mr. Arnold's mind. Glancing up absently from the book before him, he bade the servant show the man in. A minute later a man entered, dressed in sailor fashion, with rough sunburnt face, but of frank, genial expression. He bowed respectfully, and was silent.

"I think," said Mr. Arnold, "you wanted particularly to see me. What is it you wish to speak to me about?"

The man answered slowly. "Maybe, sir, you remember a lad the name of Nash Sharpe."

Mr. Arnold's face expressed quickened interest. "Yes," he said, "I remember him. Well, what of him?"

"It's just this, sir, I've brought a message from him, at least to the little young gentleman, Mr. Bertie, I think."

Mr. Arnold turned away abruptly towards the window,—it was some minutes ere he looked round.

"My good friend," he said gently, "you've come too late. Our little Bertie is gone where earthly messages can no longer reach him."

The man's face expressed mute sympathy. Then a slow smile illuminated it, as he said, "I'm thinking, sir, if that's the case maybe Nash may have given him the message himself before now."

"What do you mean? is Nash —?"

"He is dead, sir, he went out in my ship with me, but he never came back; he was drowned at sea."

Mr. Arnold placed a chair for his visitor, and seating himself near him, "Tell me all about it, please," he said.

"It were like this, sir. I came home about the time of the

old grandmother's death, and there was no one to look after the poor lad, Nash. He was my own sister's son, and I felt I had a claim to do something for him. I could not keep him on land, so I took him off with me to sea.

"Folks said I should have my hands full with him, but I must say I found him gentle, and more easy to rule than I had expected. I warned my men never to tease or vex him, and, as I say, I found him easier to manage than I'd thought, for kindness would do most things with the poor lad. And there was one other thing I noticed about him. Every night and morning he would kneel down and say, half-aloud to himself, a short prayer. I could not catch what that prayer was at first, but afterwards once or twice I heard the words. They were these: 'Lord Jesus save my soul, help me to love Thee, and take me to heaven when I die. Amen.' That was it, sir, as near as I can remember, and those were almost the last words he said while he was alive."

Then followed one of those sad yet familiar stories of disaster, storm and shipwreck. Of men fleeing for their lives into open boats, of days and nights of toil and privation, of hardship increasing, and provisions becoming more and more scanty. "But through it all," continued William Nash, "no one was more patient and gentle than poor Nash, only I could see his strength was fast failing him. It was the third night, and we had drifted into still waters. It had been a bright, clear night, and I must have been dozing, it was getting bright daylight when I awoke. Just opposite me Nash was lying propped up against one end of the boat, like a person whose strength was wholly exhausted. I leaned forward and spoke to him, but he didn't seem to notice me, and as I watched him more closely I thought he looked altogether different. He seemed to look quite right and sensible, just like other people, his face was turned full to the sunrise, the sun was now mounting high up in the sky, and the eastern heavens were full of bright light. They seemed to shine like a glory straight down upon the lad. I spoke to him again. 'Cheer up, Nash, cheer up,' I said, but he took no heed, he lay quite still, his eyes, looking far out over the sea. Then I heard him speaking half-aloud as though to himself. I caught a word or two, and I knew it was his little prayer he was saying over, and after that prayer such a smile broke over his face. Glancing up he saw me, and looking straight at me in the faint yet clear voice, he said, 'Give my love to Master Bertie, and tell him I was not afraid to die.' 'Ah, lad,' I said, 'but cheer up a bit longer, help may come soon.' But as I spoke I saw it was no use, his hold on life was gone. A change passed

over his features, and with that glory shining full on his still smiling face he fell into that last long sleep which sooner or later comes to us all.

"My heart was very full as we lowered his poor body over the boat to its rest under the deep waters. It seemed directly after that a vessel sighted us, all hands were saved except poor Nash. I grieved much over that at first; that he should have been the only one lost, for I had grown, in a sense fond of the lad, and as I said afterwards when I thought of how he went to rest with that smile full on his face I felt that Nash had gone to something better than this world could give him, and so I was content."

"Thank you," said Mr. Arnold, "I am so glad you came here this afternoon to tell me this."

Mr. Arnold found in William Nashville a true fellow Christian and brother indeed.

"Our little child," said Mr. Arnold, "who has been dead about a month, was much attached to your poor nephew, Nash Sharpe. In his last illness he spoke of him. 'Father,' he said, 'I feel sure Nash learned to love the Saviour; I like to think Nash Sharpe's soul was just as worth being saved as other people's, and that the Lord Jesus turns no one away.' These were the two main points of our little one's faith, no one so dark, or poor, or weak, but that his soul was worth saving, and the Lord would turn no one away. On these two things his faith rested firmly."

"Ah, sir, we all need more of such faith."

"That is true," said Mr. Arnold.

Then to that man, hitherto a stranger, Mr. Arnold spoke more freely and unreservedly of his little dead child, than he had spoken of him to anyone outside his home since his death.

* * * * *

One day that summer, a lady and a gentleman were standing by a small grave in a large cemetery. The headstone had been just erected. On it was Bertie's name, his age, and the date of his death. Underneath was engraved the verse, "He shall see the King in His beauty, his eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."

"Dear little Bertie," said Miss Arnold, then, as though the two names were invariably connected, she added, "Poor Nash!"

"Ah," said Mr. Arnold, "when I think of that poor lad, and the gross darkness which for so many years mentally surrounded him, and the light and glory which we trust and firmly believed he has now passed unto, I feel sure we may say of him also, 'once he was blind, but now he sees.'"



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